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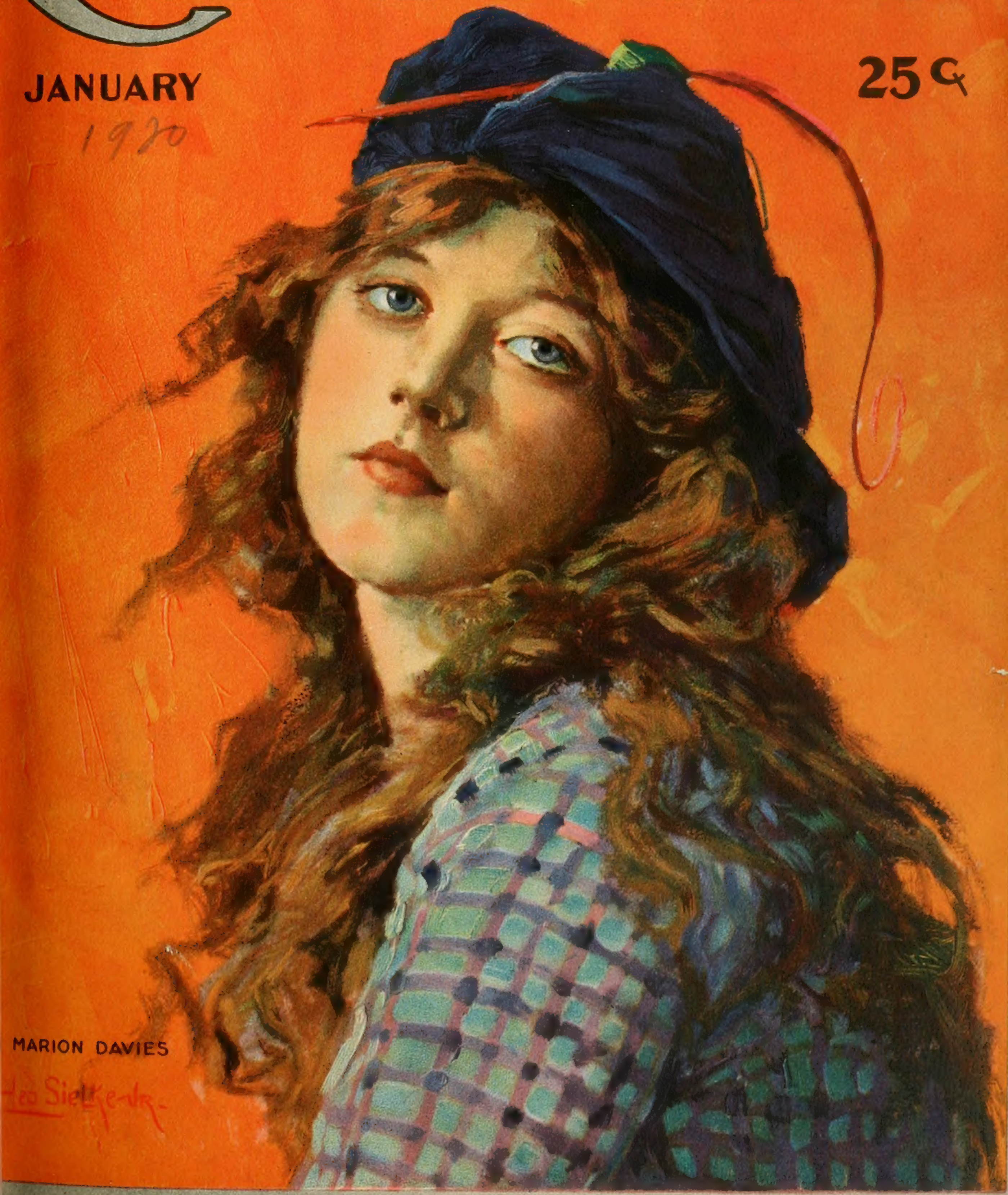
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A Startling Memory Feat That You Can Do

How I learned the secret in one evening. It has helped me every day

WHEN my old friend Faulkner invited me to a dinner party at his house, I little thought it would be the direct means of getting me a one-hundred-and-fifty per cent. increase in salary. Yet it was, and here is the way it all came about.

Toward the close of the evening things began to drag a bit, as they often do at parties. Finally some one suggested the old idea of having everyone do a "stunt." Some sang, others forced weird sounds out of the piano, recited, told stories, and so on.

Then it came to Macdonald's turn. He was a quiet sort of chap, with an air about him that reminded one of the old saying that "still waters run deep." He said he had a simple "stunt" which he hoped we would like. He selected me to assist him. First he asked to be blindfolded securely to prove there was no trickery in it. Those present were to call out twenty-five numbers of three figures each, such as 161, 249, and so on. He asked me to write down the numbers as they were called.

This was done. Macdonald then astounded everyone by repeating the entire list of twenty-five numbers backwards and forwards. Then he asked people to request numbers by positions, such as the eighth number called, the fourth number, and so on. Instantly he repeated back the exact number in the position called. He did this with the entire list—over and over again, without making a single mistake.

Then Macdonald asked that a deck of cards be shuffled and called out to him in their order. This was done. Still blindfolded, he instantly named the cards in their order backwards and forwards. And then to further amaze us, he gave us the number of any card counting from the top, or the card for any number.

You may well imagine our amazement at Macdonald's remarkable feat. You naturally expect to see a thing of this sort on the stage, and even then you look upon it as a trick. But to see it done by an everyday business man, in plain view of everyone, blindfolded and under conditions which make trickery impossible, is astonishing, to say the least.

"Our president complimented me on always being able to tell him instantly facts he wanted to know."

* * * * * * *

ON the way home that night I asked Macdonald how it was done. He said there was really nothing to it—simply a memory feat, the key to which anyone could easily learn in one evening. Then he told me that the reason most people have bad memories is because they leave memory development to chance. Anyone could do what he had done, and develop a good memory, he said, by following a few simple rules. And then he told me exactly how to do it. At the time I little thought that evening would prove to be one of the most eventful in my life, but such it proved to be.

What Macdonald told me I took to heart. In one evening I made remarkable strides toward improving my memory and it was but a question of days before I learned to do exactly what he had done. At first I amused myself with my new-found ability by amazing people at parties. My "memory feat," as my friends called it, surely made a hit. Every one was talking about it, and I was showered with invitations for all sorts of affairs. If anyone were to ask me how quickly to develop social popularity, I would tell him to learn my memory "feat"—but that is apart from what I want to tell you.

The most gratifying thing about the improvement of my memory was the remarkable way it helped me in business. Much to my surprise I discovered that my memory training had literally put a razor edge on my brain. My brain had become clearer, quicker, keener. I felt that I was fast acquiring that mental grasp and alertness I had so often admired in men who were spoken of as "wonders" and "geniuses."

The next thing I noticed was a marked improvement in my conversational powers. Formerly my talk was halting and disconnected. I never could think of things to say until the conversation was over. And then, when it was too late, I would always think of apt and striking things I "might have said." But now I can think like a flash. When I am talking I never have to hesitate for the right word, the right expression or the right thing to say. It seems that all I have to do is to start to talk and instantly I find myself saying the very thing I want to say to make the greatest impression on people.

It wasn't long before my new-found ability to remember things and to say the right thing at the right time attracted the attention of our president. He got in the habit of calling me in whenever he wanted facts about the business. As he expressed himself to me, "You can always tell me instantly what I want to know, while the other fellows annoy me by dodging out of the office and saying 'I'll look it up.'"

* * * *

I FOUND that my ability to remember helped me wonderfully in dealing with other people, particularly in committee meetings. When a discussion opens up the man who can back up his statements quickly with a string of definite facts and figures usually dominates the others. Time and time again I have won people to my way of thinking simply because I could instantly recall facts and figures. While I'm proud of my triumphs in this respect, I often feel sorry for the ill-at-ease look of the other men who cannot hold up their end in the argument because they cannot recall facts instantly. It seems as though I never forget anything. Every fact I now put in my mind is as clear and as easy to recall instantly as though it were written before me in plain black and white.

We all hear a lot about the importance of sound judgment. People who ought to know say that a man cannot begin to exercise sound judgment until he is forty to fifty years of age. But I have disproved all that. I have found that sound judgment is nothing more than the ability to weigh and judge facts in their relation to each other. Memory is the basis of sound judgment. I am only thirty-two, but many times I have been complimented on having the judgment of a man of forty-five. I take no personal credit for this—it is all due to the way I trained my memory.

* * * * * * *

THESE are only a few of the hundreds of ways I have profited by my trained memory. No longer do I suffer the humiliation of meeting men I know and not being able to recall their names. The moment I see a man his name flashes to my mind, together with a string of facts about him. I always liked to read but usually forget most of it. Now I find it easy to recall what I have read. Another surprising thing is that I can now master a subject in considerably less time than before. Price lists, market quotations, data of all kinds, I can recall in detail almost at will. I rarely make a mistake.

My vocabulary, too, has increased wonderfully. Whenever I see a striking word or expression, I memorize it and use it in my dictation or conversation. This has put a remarkable sparkle and pulling power into my conversation and business letters. And the remarkable part of it all is that I can now do my day's work quicker and with much less effort, simply because my mind works like a flash and I do not have to keep stopping to look things up.

All this is extremely satisfying to me, of course. But the best part of it all is that since my memory power first attracted the attention of our president, my salary has steadily been increased. Today it is many times greater than it was the day Macdonald got me interested in improving my memory.

* * * * * * *

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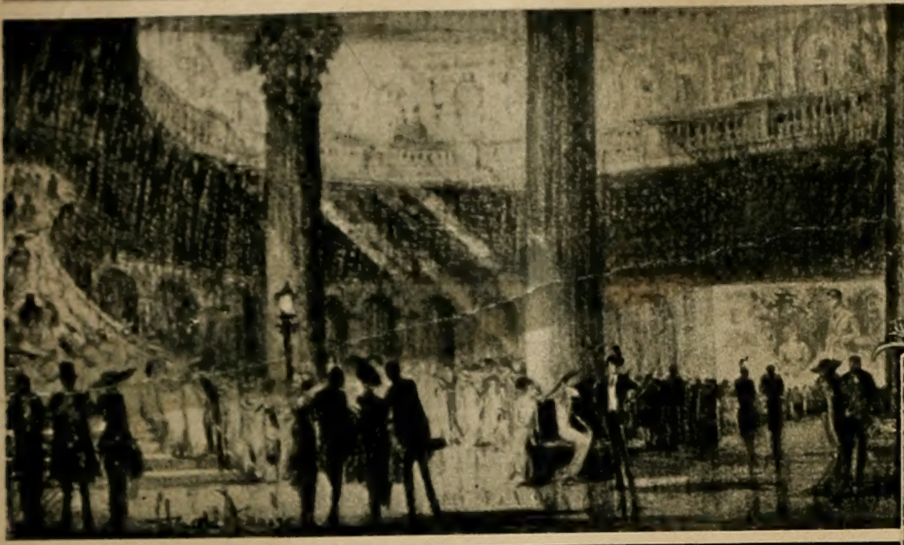

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CONTENTS OF MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

(Painted by Leo Sielke, Jr., from a photograph by Campbell Studios.)

Probably no player who has yet graced the silversheet has ever received the vast publicity campaign accorded Marion Davies, the star of International pictures.

Miss Davies, it will be recalled, was very well known on the musical comedy stage before she invaded the celluloid world with "Runaway Romany." Widely known as a footlight beauty, Miss Davies proved to be a remarkable camera beauty, as well. She has been steadily developing in the films.

PAGE

Photogravure Gallery of Players. Full page studies of Lou-Tellegen, Mary Miles Minter, Corinne Griffith, May Allison and June Caprice 11-15
Barthelmess: The Boy. A composite study of the beloved Yellow Man of "Broken Blossoms" .... *Frederick James Smith* 16
The Youngest of the House o' Hammerstein. Elaine is the junior of a famous family .... *C. Blythe Sherwood* 18
The Owner of the "Uncas." No other than John Bowers, who is one of our few seagoing leading men .... *Elizabeth Peltret* 20
The Amazing Interview. An informal little chat with the real Norma Talmadge .... *Faith Service* 22
An Old-Fashioned Girl. The happy life of Mary MacIvor and her hubby, William Desmond .... *Fritzi Remont* 24
The Holidays in the Theaters. The footlight successes at Christmas time 26
On Vamps and Vamping. Dorothy Green tells what she thinks of the screen adventuress .... *Ethel Rosemon* 28
If I Were King. William Farnum's newest romantic photoplay told in interesting fiction form .... *Olive Carew* 29
Erich Von Stroheim and the Miracle. The story of the man who a short time ago was a life-saver on Lake Tahoe .... *Maude S. Cheatham* 34
The Director-Diplomat. Edward Jose, master statesman of the studio .... *Mary Keene* 36
The Cinema Comes to Carleton. A breezy chat with William, Jr., Elsie Ferguson's leading man .... *Harriette Underhill* 37
The Gorgeous Gloria 38
Victory. Short story based upon the silverscreen version of Joseph Conrad's famous novel .... *Faith Service* 39
At the World's Foremost Screen Theater. Interesting scenes at the New York Capitol Theater 44
The Hidden Egyptian. The vivid Edith Storey and her return to the world of motion pictures .... *Elizabeth Peltret* 46
Marie: the Mystic. Marie Walcamp and her odd vein of mysticism .... *Fritzi Remont* 48
The Girl From Out Yonder. Fictionized version of Olive Thomas' newest screen vehicle .... *Dorothy Donnell* 50
Double Exposures .... *Conducted by F. J. S.* 55
The Celluloid Critic. The newest photoplays in review .... *Frederick James Smith* 56
Filming Treasure Island 58
The Riddle Man. Meaning William Russell .... *Pearl Malvern* 59
An Earle and His Domain. Mr. Williams in Sunny California 60

Look for the Last Minute Features in the Advertising Section.

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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these spoken plays appear in their vicinity.)

Astor.—Fay Bainter in "East Is West." The story of a quaint little Chinese maid who falls in love with a young American. Racial barriers seem insurmountable, but there is a happy and surprising ending. Has all the ingredients of popular drama. Miss Bainter is picturesquely pleasing.

Century.—"Aphrodite." Highly colored and lavish presentation of a drama based upon Pierre Louys' exotic novel of ancient Alexandria. Superbly staged adaptation of the play that caused a sensation in Paris. Dorothy Dalton, the screen star, returns to the stage in the principal rôle of the Galilean courtesan, Chrysis, and scores. McKay Morris is admirable in the principal male rôle. The ballet, directed by Michel Fokine, is spirited and colorful.

Cohan and Harris.—"The Royal Vagabond." A Cohanized opera comique in every sense of the words. A tuneful operetta plus Cohan speed, pep and brash American humor. Also tinkling music. And a corking cast, with Grace Fisher, Tessa Kosta, John Goldsworthy and Frederick Santley.

Casino.—"The Little Whopper." Lively and amusing musical comedy with tuneful score by Rudolf Friml. Vivienne Segal pleasantly heads the cast, which also numbers Harry C. Browne, who does excellent work, Mildred Richardson, and W. J. Ferguson.

Comedy.—"My Lady Friends." Highly amusing entertainment adopted from a Continental farce. Much of the humor is due to the able work of Clifton Crawford in the rôle of a guileless young manufacturer of Bibles whose efforts to spend money get him into all sorts of difficulties. June Walker scores in Mr. Crawford's support.

Eltinge—"The Girl in the Limousine." A daring, boudoir farce, by Wilson Collison and Avery Hopkins, centering about a bed, which is invaded by every member of the cast during the evening. John Cumberland is very amusing, and pretty Doris Kenyon, fresh from the screen, lends every aid.

George M. Cohan's.—Elsie Janis and her gang. Lively entertainment built about the experiences of the A. E. F. on the other side. Well put together by Miss Janis, who shines with decided brightness. A pleasant entertainment.

Globe.—"Apple Blossoms." The ambitious and much heralded operetta of Fritz Kreisler and Victor Jacobi, plus colorful Joseph Urban settings. An offering far above the musical average. John Charles Thomas sings admirably. Wilda Bennett is an attractive heroine and Florence Shirley lends a piquant personality to the proceedings.

Hippodrome.—"Happy Days." Big and spectacular production typical of the Hippodrome. The diving girls are again a feature, disporting in the huge "Hip" tank.

Hudson.—"Clarence" Booth Tarkington's delightful comedy, built about the way a returned soldier reunited a disturbed but typically American household. Superb performances by Alfred Lunt, Glenn Hunter and Helen Hayes give the comedy a fine verve.

Harris.—"Wedding Bells." A light and highly amusing comedy by Salisbury Field. Admirably written and charmingly played by Margaret Lawrence and Wallace Eddinger. One of the things you *should* see.

Henry Miller's.—"Moonlight and Honeysuckle." Ruth Chatterton in a charming comedy that might have been a big hit had the playwright taken full advantage of some splendid situations in the last act. As it is, it starts like a hare and ends like a tortoise.

Maxine Elliott's.—"The Unknown Woman." A very emotional melodrama with Marjorie Rambeau in Bendel gowns and tears. Jean Robertson contributes a vivid bit as a "dope."

Morosco.—"Civilian Clothes." A delightful comedy to please everybody. Brand new idea and cleverly worked out. Thurston Hall in the title role shares the honors with beautiful Olive Tell. Support excellent.

Playhouse.—"Palmy Days." A picturesque drama by Augustus Thomas, in which Milton Lackaye does the finest work of his career since "Jim the Penman."

Plymouth.—"The Jest," Arthur Hopkins production of Sem Benelli's colorful and gripping Florentine drama. John and Lionel Barrymore are again seen in their original rôles. An admirable cast and Robert Edmund Jones' settings lend splendid aid.

Princess.—"Nightie Night." Described by the program as a "wide awake farce," "Nightie Night" lives up to its billing. It has plenty of verve, ginger, and some daring. There are scores of laughs. Heading the very adequate cast are Francis Byrne, Suzanne Willa, Malcolm Duncan and Dorothy Mortimer.

Shubert.—"The Magic Melody." A "romantic musical play" with a tuneful score and a picturesque Willy Pogany setting. Charles Purcell, Fay Marbe, Julia Dean, Earl Benham and Carmel Meyers, the last two well known to the screen, head the cast.

Thirty-ninth Street Theater.—"Scandal," Cosmo Hamilton's daring drama which Constance Talmadge played on the screen. Francine Larrimore and Charles Cherry have the leading rôles in the excellent footlight production.

ON TOUR

"An Exchange of Wives." Another Cosmo Hamilton comedy which, however, never attains the spontaneity or piquancy of "Scandal." The chief blush-inducer is a scene on a sleeping porch.

"See-Saw."—A pleasant musical entertainment. The delightful Elizabeth Hines stands out and Dorothy Mackaye is pleasantly cast.

"She Would and She Did." Grace George in a light (very light) comedy founded on a little hole in the golf links which Grace angrily made, resulting in her suspension from the club for two months. Society and golf folks will probably find this an entertaining little play.

E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe in Shakespearean repertoire. These artists represent the best traditions of our theater and their revivals of "Twelfth Night," "Hamlet," and "The Taming of the Shrew," are distinguished in every sense of the word.

"The Better 'Ole." The Coburn production of the musical comedy based upon Bruce Bairnsfather's new immortal cartoon creation, Old Bill. Mr. Coburn's characterization of Bill is still as remarkable as ever.

"A Lonely Romeo," with Lew Fields. A light show running in the usual groove. Frances Cameron, who is developing remarkably, is the bright figure of "A Lonely Romeo." while Mr. Fields is his humorous self. There's a decidedly funny scene in a men's hat shop.

"Chu Chin Chow." An opulent and beautiful musical extravaganza based upon the Arabian Nights tale of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. Dazzling series of sensuous stage pictures. "Chu Chin Chow" is presented this year with an entirely new edition and new costumes. Marjorie Wood makes a colorful desert woman, Lionel Braham is very effective as the robber sheik and Eugene Cowles makes the rôle of steward stand out. George Rosely plays the young lover admirably.

"La La Lucille." Musical comedy built around the efforts of a loving couple to arrange a divorce in order to live up to the terms of a millionaire aunt's will. A co-respondent is engaged and troubles begin. John E. Hazzard and Janet Velie play the would-be divorcées, while Marjorie Bentley and Helen Clark give able assistance. Light summer entertainment.

The Shubert Gaieties of 1919. A lively revue with scores of statuesque girls and stunning frocks. A decidedly attractive entertainment.

"John Ferguson." A straight drama that compares favorably with anything of the kind that New York has seen for years. Beautifully staged and acted. Masterpieces of this kind should be liberally patronized to encourage others.

George White's "Scandals of 1919." All sorts and variations of dancing make up for a lack of story or humor. The real star is piquant little Ann Pennington—as seductive a little jazzer as ever shimmied on Broadway. Then there's the lively dancing of Mr. White himself.

"Friendly Enemies." This is the record-breaking comedy drama of last season, with Louis Mann in his original rôle.

"At 9:45." An absorbing melodrama by Owen Davis. One of those thrillers in which every one in the cast is suspected of murder until the final curtain. Marie Goff proves to be a genuine discovery as the heroine, and an excellent emotional performance is given by Edith Shayne.

"Three Wise Fools." Austin Strong's human little drama of three crusty old bachelors who are bequeathed a young woman and who are subsequently rejuvenated. Melodrama with a heart throb. Helen Menken gives a striking performance of the nerve-racked heroine, while Claude Gillingwater is a delightfully testy old Teddy Findley.

"She's a Good Fellow." A light but pleasant musical comedy built about the efforts of old folks to break up a marriage between a loving young couple. Joseph Santley is a likeable lover-husband, masquerading in skirts for a whole act. Ivy Sawyer, the very pleasing Ann Orr and Scott Welsh lend delightful assistance.

"Listen, Lester." Lively, dancy show with considerable humor. Cast includes Gertrude Vanderbilt, Clifton Webb, Ada Lewis, Ada Mae Weeks and Eddie Garvie.

"39 East." A charming comedy founded on a boarding school romance in which many interesting characters make love-making difficult for a pair of young lovers.

"Up in Mabel's Room." Piquant, daring but decidedly amusing farce built about the pursuit of a dainty pink undergarment which bears the same name as a recent jazz dance. Admirable cast, including the radiant Hazel Dawn. "Up in Mabel's Room" is an admirable example of well-knit farce.

"The Unknown Purple." Interesting and well sustained thriller. The story of a convict who discovers a way to make himself invisible, transforming into a purple ray, and who starts out to get revenge. The invisible man steals necklaces, opens safes and passes thru doors. Richard Bennett gives a vigorous performance of the human ray.

"Take It From Me." A comedy with music, in which a sporty young man falls heir to a department store and runs it according to the latest musical comedy methods.

"Three Faces East." Another Secret Service-German spy drama, this one by Anthony Paul Kelly, one of our most successful photoplaywrights. The principal charm of this play is in trying to guess who are the German spies and who are the Allies, just as we were puzzled in "Cheating Cheaters" to know who were burglars and who were not.

LEADING PICTURE THEATERS.

Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.—Photoplays; first runs. Daily program.

Loew's Metropolitan, Brooklyn.—Feature photoplays and vaudeville.

Rivoli.—De luxe photoplays with full symphony orchestra. Weekly program.

Rialto.—Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

Strand.—Select first-run photoplays. Program changes every week.

Capitol.—Special screen productions plus a de luxe "demi-tasse" revue. An extraordinarily beautiful playhouse.

AN APOLOGY AND AN EXPLANATION

On October 1st, 1919, practically all of the printers and typesetters in and around New York went out on strike, including those who print this magazine. Without going into the merits of the controversy between the employers and the employees, we will simply say that we had no voice in the matter one way or the other. Several labor unions had differences among themselves, and these differences caused the Publishers' Association to refuse to comply with the demands of certain labor unions. We do not belong to the Publishers' Association. That body conducted all the negotiations. When the printers and compositors walked out, it was not in our power to make them walk back, even if we had been willing to give them everything they asked. Had we terms with one union, another union would have refused to handle our paper, and another union would have refused to make the plates which are necessary for us to have. In other words, our hands were tied. We were helpless. Some publications were fortunate enough to have some of their printing done for them in distant cities, some had it done by some other process (such as typewriting photographed) and some could not have their work done at all. The strike did not end until the latter part of November, having lasted nearly two months.

During this time we did everything possible to supply our readers with this, their favorite magazine, on time and in good condition, but such was not possible. We left no stone unturned and were willing to go to any expense, but in spite of every effort, we were unable to meet the schedule, hence we were late. Furthermore, the magazine that you received was not the one we intended to give you. When the strike came on, this magazine was partly made up and partly printed, but we were unable to move either the type or the parts that had been printed. We managed to get out a MAGAZINE, but it was not the kind of magazine we wanted, it was the best we could. We could not even print an explanation and an apology, hence this one. We hoped, and still believe, that all of our esteemed readers, even those in distant parts, had heard of the great tie-up strike and that they would patiently wait. Some of our contemporaries took advantage of our extremities by issuing extra large editions on an advanced date, hoping thereby to secure some of our readers, instead of extending us the brotherly hand and saying, "Is there anything we can do for you in your distress?" We hope that they have largely profited by their business sagacity, but we believe that we have not lost a single reader. Once a reader always a reader.

We are now fully recovered from the disaster and from now on our readers may expect the finest magazine possible We have done this for ten years and we can do it now. WATCH US.

THE M. P. PUBLISHING CO.

Why Do People Like William S. Hart and Dorothy Dalton

What Dr. Blackford Says

[Partial analysis made from Photographs]

Miss Dalton has a particularly fine physical organization. She belongs to the vital-motive type. Note the roundness of her features and the fullness of her figure. The motive qualities show in the squareness of her face in full front view, and in the graceful poses and movements of her body. She has splendid recuperative power. This gives vivacity, responsive energies, warmth and enthusiasm of nature.

Miss Dalton is distinctly feminine in type. Note the slightly concave nose, tilted up at the end, the soft curves of her face and body, and the cupid-bow lips. Feminine characteristics are further shown in her large, soulful eyes, her long, curling lashes, and the subtle humor and coquetry in her facial expression.

Miss Dalton belongs to the convex type, with the exception of the nose, which is plane tending to concave. Convexity of features indicates keenness, quick responses, quickness in action and directness in speech. These qualities Miss Dalton manifests in her quick responsiveness to conditions of environment, in her quick comprehension of artistic values and her readiness to make the most of a dramatic situation.

She is very emotional and strongly sentimental, and appeals to these qualities in her audience. One loves Dorothy Dalton because she has the art of winning your affection through her heart appeal.

WHY is Dorothy Dalton so well loved by her followers? Why does William S. Hart attract and hold the admiration of almost every one? They both know the secret of making people like them.

If Dorothy Dalton and William S. Hart can do the thing that makes themselves liked by the most cosmopolitan audience in the world—people they never see—think how much easier it will be for you to master this ability—win the confidence and liking of the people with whom you come in contact.

You too can have the power of making people like you. For by the same method used by Dr. Blackford in analyzing Miss Dalton and Mr. Hart, you can, at a glance, tell the characteristics of any man, woman or child—tell instantly their likes and dislikes, and YOU CAN MAKE PEOPLE LIKE YOU. Here is how it is done.

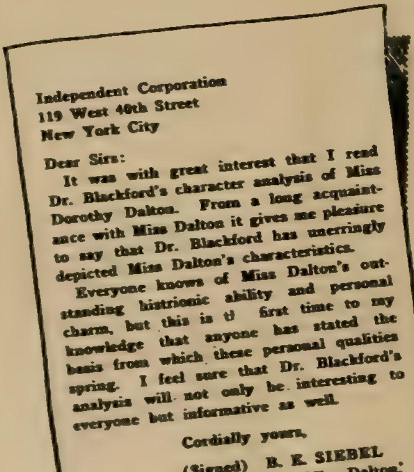
Everyone you know can be placed in one of two general types—blond or brunet. There is as big a difference between the characteristics of a blond and those of a brunet as there is between night and day. You persuade a blond in one way—a brunet in another. Blonds enjoy one phase of life—brunets another. Blonds make good in one kind of job—brunets in one entirely different.

To know these differences scientifically is the first step in judging men and women; in getting on with them; mastering their minds; in making them like you; in winning their respect, admiration, love and friendship.

And when you have learned these differences—when you can tell at a glance just what to do and say to make any man or woman like you, your success in life is assured.

Paul Graham was a blond, and not until he had learned that there was all the difference in the world between the characteristics of a blond and those of a brunet did he discover the secret of making people like him.

Paul had been keeping books for years for a large corporation which had branches all over the country. It was generally thought by his associates that he would never rise above that job. He had a tremendous ability with figures—could wind them around his little finger—but he did not have the ability to mix with big men; did not know how to make people like him.



Independent Corporation
119 West 40th Street
New York City

Dear Sirs:

It was with great interest that I read Dr. Blackford's character analysis of Miss Dorothy Dalton. From a long acquaintance with Miss Dalton it gives me pleasure to say that Dr. Blackford has unerringly depicted Miss Dalton's characteristics.

Everyone knows of Miss Dalton's outstanding histrionic ability and personal charm, but this is the first time to my knowledge that anyone has stated the basis from which these personal qualities spring. I feel sure that Dr. Blackford's analysis will not only be interesting to everyone but informative as well.

Cordially yours,

(Signed) B. E. SIEBEL
Manager to Miss Dalton.

What Miss Dalton's Manager Says:

Then one day the impossible happened. Paul Graham became popular. Business men of importance who had formerly given him only a passing nod of acquaintance suddenly showed a desire for his friendship. People—even strangers—actually went out of their way to do things for him. Even he was astounded at his new power over men and women. Not only could he get them to do what he wanted them to do, but they actually anticipated his wishes and seemed eager to please him.

From the day the change took place, he began to go up in business. Now he is the Head Auditor for his corporation at an immense increase in salary. And all this came to him simply because he learned the secret of making people like him.

Another example—the case of a large manufacturing concern. Trouble sprang up at one of the factories. The men talked strike. Things looked ugly. Harry Winslow was sent to straighten it out. On the eve of a general walkout, he pacified the men and headed off the strike. And not only this, but ever since then, that factory has led all the others for production. He was able to do this, because he knew how to make these men like him and to do what he wanted them to do.

Another case, entirely different, is that of Henry Peters. Because of his ability to make people like him—his faculty for "getting under the skin" and making people think his way, he was given the position of Assistant to the President of a large firm. Two other men, both well liked by their fellow employees, had each expected to get the job. So when the outside man, Peters, came in, he was looked upon by everyone as an interloper and was openly disliked by every person in the office.

Peters was handicapped in every way. But in spite of that in three weeks he had made fast friends of everyone in the house and had even won over the two men who had been most bitter against him. The whole secret is that he could tell in an instant how to appeal to any man and make himself well liked.

A certain woman who had this ability moved with her family to another town. As is often the case, it was a very difficult thing for any woman to break into the chill circle of society in this town if she was not known. But her ability to make people like her soon won for her the close friendship of many of the "best families" in the town. Some people wonder how she did it. It was simply the secret af work—the secret of judging people's characters and making them like you.

You realize of course that just knowing the difference between a blond and a brunet could not accomplish all these wonderful things. There are other things to be taken into account. But here is the whole secret.

You know everyone does not think alike. What one likes another dislikes. And what offends one pleases another. Well, there is your cue. You can make an instant "hit" with anyone if you say the things they want you to say and act the way they want you to act. Do this and they will surely like you and believe in you and go miles out of their way to PLEASE YOU.

You can do this easily by knowing certain simple signs. In addition to the difference in complexion every man, woman and child has written on them signs as distinct as though they were in letters a foot high, which show you from one quick glance exactly what to say and to do to please them—to get them to believe—to think as you think—to do exactly what you want them to do.

As unerringly as Dr. Blackford has told the characteristics of Miss Dalton and Mr. Hart you can tell the weak and strong points of character in everyone you meet.

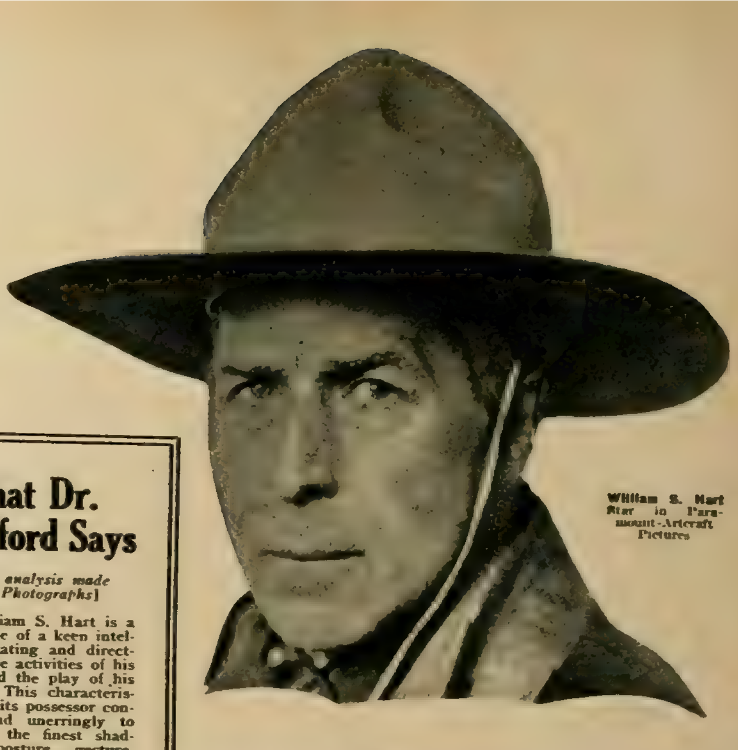
In knowing these simple signs is the whole secret of getting what you want out of life—making friends of business and social advantage. Every great leader uses this method. That is why he IS a leader. Use it yourself and you will quickly become a leader—nothing can stop you.

You have heard before of Dr. Blackford the Character Analyst. Dr. Blackford's development and application of the science of Character Analysis has been built on a solid foundation of direct professional study of all kinds of men and women. After years of extensive consulting work among business concerns, merchants, manufacturers, Chambers of Commerce, and trade associations, Dr. Blackford made a trip around the world, observing widely different races, comparing notes with leading specialists of forty nations, comparing theories with such famous authorities as Alfred Haddon, Metchnikoff and Giuseppe Sergi, and studying the exhaustive records of Bertillon. So Dr. Blackford's store of ideas in the realm of human relations has become probably the most carefully arranged exhibit of facts on character study in the United States.

It is not surprising, therefore, that many concerns will not employ a man without first getting Dr. Blackford to pass on him. Concerns such as Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, Baker-Vawter Company, the Laurentide Company, Ltd., and many others pay Dr. Blackford large annual fees for advice on dealing with human nature.

So great was the demand for these services that Dr. Blackford could not even begin to fill all the engagements. So Dr. Blackford has explained the method in a simple seven-lesson course, entitled, "Reading Character at Sight." Even a half hour's reading of this wonderful course will give you an insight into human nature, and a power over people which will surprise you.

Such confidence have the publishers in Dr. Blackford's Course, "Reading Character at Sight," that they will gladly send it to you on approval, all charges prepaid. Look it over thoroughly. See if it lives up to all the claims made for it. If you do not want to keep it, then return it and the transaction is closed. And if you decide to keep it—as you surely will—then merely remit five dollars in full payment.


William S. Hart
Star in Paramount-Artcraft Pictures

What Dr. Blackford Says

[Partial analysis made from Photographs]

Mr. William S. Hart is a fine example of a keen intellect, dominating and directing both the activities of his muscles and the play of his emotions. This characteristic enables its possessor consciously and unerringly to express in the finest shadings of posture, gesture, walk, and features, just the meaning he wishes to convey.

This is shown, first, by the height, breadth and depth of his forehead and the keenness of his eye, indicating intellectual power of penetration; second by the length and firmness of his upper lip—indicating control of emotion—and the length and firmness of his chin, indicating control of physical activities.

Keen observation is shown in the fine development of the lower part of the forehead, which is prominent just above the eyes, while judgment of human nature is shown in the height of the forehead directly above the root of the nose.

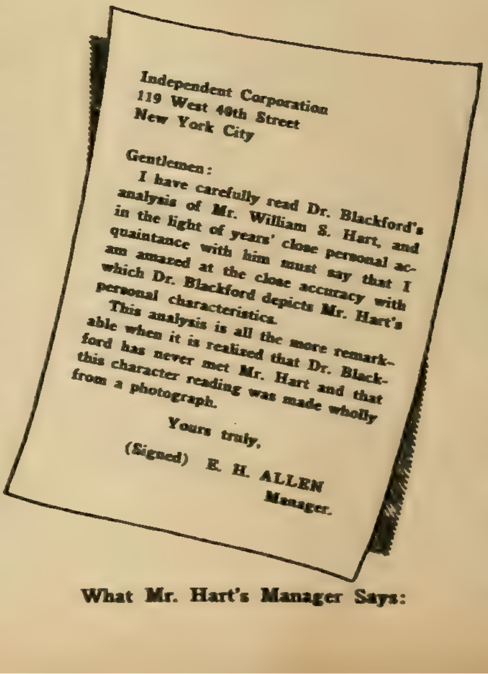
It follows from this that he is keen, shrewd judge of human nature. He uses this knowledge of people not only to portray their joys, their sorrows, their passions, and their sympathies, but also as a basis for judgment as to what will please them in the pictures.

One of the most marked traits about Mr. Hart is his determination which is shown in the long, firm upper lip, the square, deep jaw, the straight, dogged cut of the lips across the face, and the high head.

His determination is backed by courage. Courage is shown in the long, large but well-balanced nose; the straight, level gaze; and the prominence of the lower end of the chin.

So we have in him a man who by keen observation and smoothly working intellect, fixes upon his purposes, who knows how to influence, persuade and direct people to play their parts in his plans, who has the courage to attempt big things and the determination to accomplish them in spite of difficulties and obstacles.

These are qualities which largely explain Mr. Hart's success in motion pictures, but he adds to them an unusual capacity for concentration. He not only starts, but no matter how disagreeable and difficult the job, he sticks and he finishes.


Independent Corporation
119 West 40th Street
New York City

Gentlemen:

I have carefully read Dr. Blackford's analysis of Mr. William S. Hart, and in the light of years' close personal acquaintance with him must say that I am amazed at the close accuracy with which Dr. Blackford depicts Mr. Hart's personal characteristics.

This analysis is all the more remarkable when it is realized that Dr. Blackford has never met Mr. Hart and that this character reading was made wholly from a photograph.

Yours truly,

(Signed) E. H. ALLEN
Manager.

What Mr. Hart's Manager Says:

Remember, you take no risk, you assume no obligation to buy. The entire course goes to you on approval. You have everything to gain—nothing to lose. So mail the coupon NOW, and learn how to make people like you, while this remarkable offer is still on.

Free Examination Coupon

Independent Corporation

Publishers of the Independent Weekly,
Dept. B-571, 119 West 40th St., New York.

You may send me Dr. Blackford's Course of seven lessons entitled "Reading Character at Sight." I will either remail the course to you within five days after its receipt, or send you $5 in full payment of the Course.

Name ....

Address ....

M. P. Classic 1-20

If you long for more color

Use this famous treatment for rousing sluggish skin

Just before retiring, wash your face and neck with plenty of Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. If your skin has been badly neglected, rub a generous lather thoroughly into the pores, using an upward and outward motion. Do this until the skin feels somewhat sensitive. Rinse well in warm water, then in cold. Whenever possible, rub your skin for five minutes with a piece of ice and dry carefully.

For pale, sallow skins requiring greater stimulation, use the new steam treatment. You will find it in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

To make your skin noticeably lovely - Give it the regular care it had when you were a baby

When you were a baby, your skin was exquisitely soft—clear, delicate—daintily rose-pink and white.

People loved to touch your rose-petal cheeks, your soft smooth little hands.

Do you ever stop to think what kept your skin so fine and soft? What is keeping it now from being as fine and soft as it can be?

No matter how you have neglected your skin, you *can* make it exquisite in texture. You *can* have the glorious color of youth. You must begin at once to give your skin the tender, regular care it received when you were a baby.

Every night before retiring, cleanse it thoroughly—just as thoroughly as a baby's skin is cleansed every night. If your skin has lost its delicacy and clearness, use the particular Woodbury treatment indicated for its needs.

Do you want more color? Are your pores enlarged? Have you disfiguring blemishes or blackheads? These conditions are the result of neglect and the constant exposure to which your skin is subjected. The right Woodbury treatment, used nightly, will correct them.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and have your first treatment tonight. The feeling the first two or three treatments leave on your skin will tell you how much good its regular use is going to do you. In a week or ten days you will begin to notice a decided improvement — the greater clearness, smoothness, fineness and color you long for.

Woodbury's is for sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada. A 25 cent cake will last a month or six weeks.

Sample cake of soap, booklet of famous treatments, samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream, sent to you for 15 cents.

For 6 cents we will send you a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love To Touch". Or for 15 cents we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address the Andrew Jergens Co., 901 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address the Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 901 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

A-SKIN-YOU
LOVE-TO-TOUCH
Woodbury's
Facial Soap

Wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is the booklet, "A Skin You Love To Touch." It contains scientific advice on the skin and scalp, and full directions for all the famous Woodbury treatments.

LOU-TELLEGEN

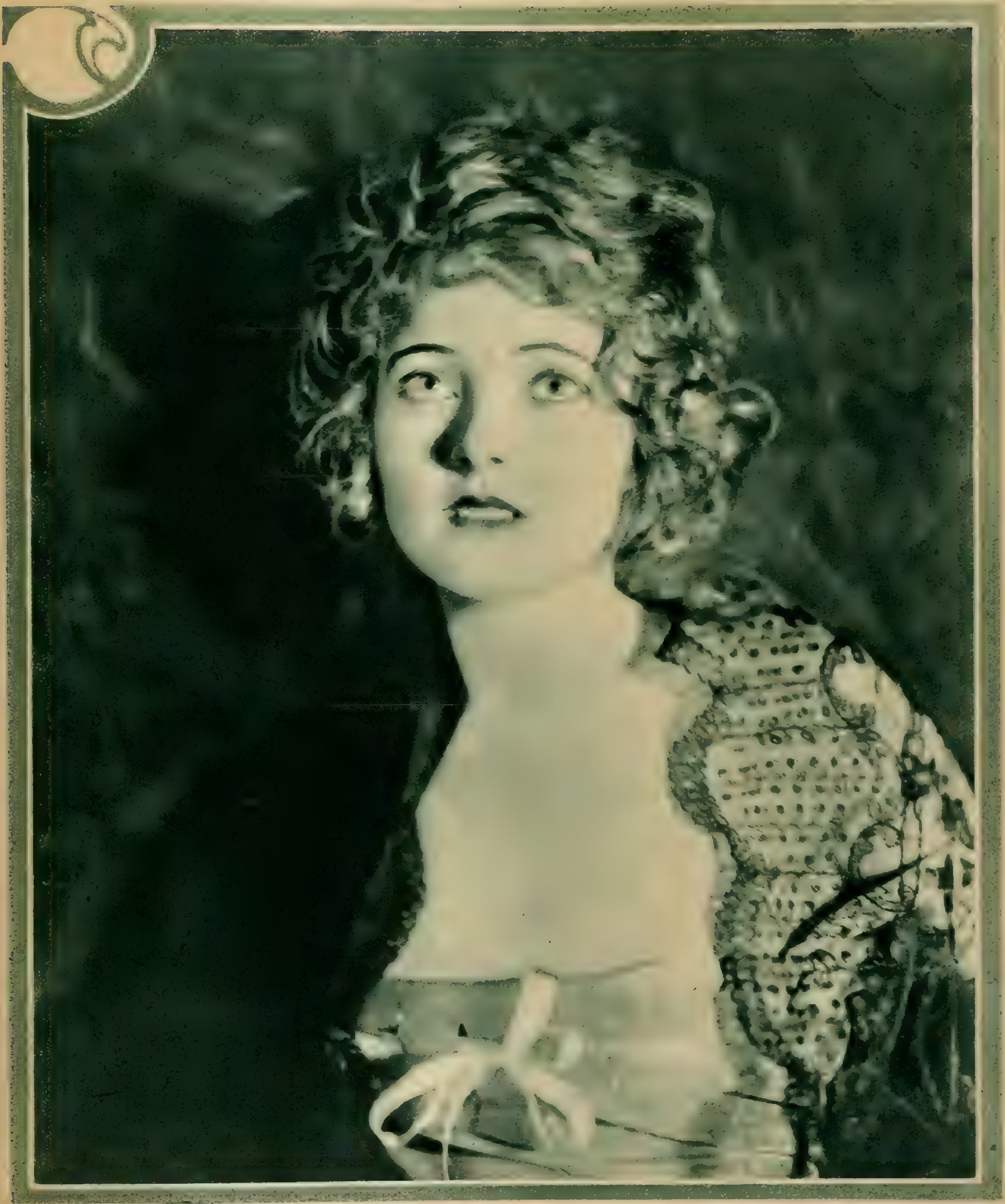
Photograph by De Meyer

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

Photograph © by Alfred Cheney Johnston

MARY MILES MINTER

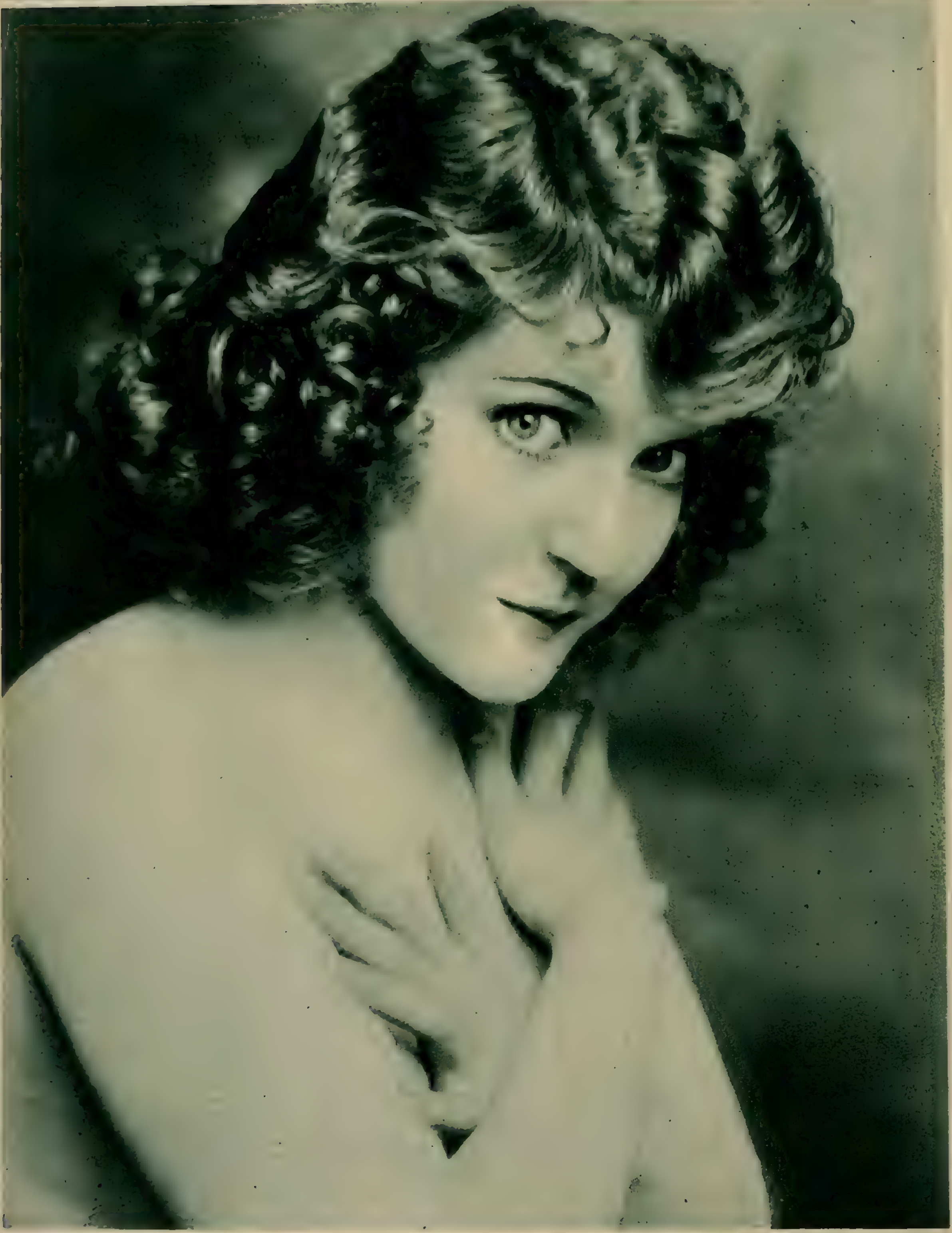
A Louisiana girl, little Miss Minter, then known as Juliet Shelby, served a long stage apprenticeship as a child. Her real hit came in the girl in "The Littlest Rebel" with the Farnums. "The Fairy and the Waif" shortly after marked her silversheet début



Photograph © by Alfred Cheney Johnston

CORINNE GRIFFITH

Miss Griffith is universally recognized as one of screenland's beauties. Born in Texas, Miss Griffith started with Western Vitagraph—and she has since continued with that organization; altho society drama, rather than rugged frontier stories now serve as her vehicles



Photograph by Evans, L. A.

MAY ALLISON

May Allison is now accepted as one of our foremost comédiennes. Miss Allison is a Dixie girl and a member of the famous Wise family of old Georgia. The stage served as a stepping stone to the screen, where she first attracted attention as a leading woman for the late Harold Lockwood

Photograph by Campbell Studios

JUNE CAPRICE

Miss Caprice is a Boston girl. She made her film début as a star with William Fox in "Caprice of the Mountains" and a star she has been ever since. Just now she is under the Capellani banner

Barthelmess: the Boy

Dick Barthelmess isn't the least like a player. None of the things we call temperament are there, just a down-right, regular, breath-taking boyishness. Not a slam-bang, certain-of-himself boyishness, but a quiet, introspective sort

THIS is no conventional chat-for-an-hour interview — this composite view of Dick Barthelmess. For it is the product of many hours together; in the country, in the city, under varying conditions.

I would shudder to write my impressions of Barthelmess after seeing him once. He is too elusive, too much within himself. He sits half broodingly, saying ery little, laughing now and then ith typical boyish high spirits, tempered by an odd mi-worldliness. But to paint a word picture of im after one meeting would be impossible.

I know that now I have not wholly found the real Barthelmess. But here and there in our conversation flashes have revealed something of this boy who became famous over night for his Yellow Man in "Broken Blossoms."

We first met after the première of the Griffith production. He had every reason to have lost his head in the avalanche of praise. But he hadn't. A singular montal balance is his.

Indeed, he is the most unusual young actor I ever met. Because he isn't the least like a player. None of the things we call temperament are there, just a down-right, regular, breath-taking boyishness. Not a slam-bang, certain-of-himself boyishness either, but a quiet, introspective sort.

Just before this "interview" was written we went to a musical comedy together. Barthelmess didn't laugh at the cheap humor of it. Neither did he assume a high-brow air in commenting upon its banality. But he *was* frankly—and boyishly—interested in the girls.

Some one interviewed Barthelmess on the coast and pronounced him a shrinking lad who loved books. They ***didn't*** see him as I saw him.

Yet Barthelmess does love good books. He reads a great deal. One night he dropped a volume of Blasco Ibanez to have dinner with me.

But Barthelmess is many sided.

He loves the feminine note in life.

His ideal type of girl? "Rather tall and slender," he said, (and I know he will shudder to read this), "she needn't necessarily be either blonde or brunette, but she must be attractive."

"What about brains?" we parried.

Barthelmess paused. "I was thinking of an ideal dancing partner. Of course, I hope some day to meet a combination of beauty and brains. Possibly I have met them but they have not been able to see me for dirt." No conceit there.

Yes, Barthelmess loves to dance. Cabarets appeal to him.

But he confessed: "After two or three weeks of New York night life—with theaters and midnight dancing—I feel as if I were wasting myself. Sort of as tho I needed a mental bath."

Then—odd as you may think—Barthelmess goes away into the country, near his home in Connecticut.

"I have a quaint old room in a quaint old farmhouse," he relates, "I sleep in a four-poster *and I sleep*. I read a lot and I dream. Somehow, I guess I like that best of all." Did I say Barthelmess is many sided?

No, Barthelmess is not "temperamental" as the word is used in screen circles. Not that he lacks ambition. He has fought every inch of his way.

His mother an actress, Barthelmess came from college to try his luck on the screen. The rôle of the younger brother in Herbert Brenon's "War Brides" with Alla Nazimova, gave him his start. But it by no means made him. He drifted, not quite able to do anything big anywhere.

"I almost starved before my opportunity with Griffith came." he told me laconically, "really almost starved."

Naturally Barthelmess looks

A Composite Study

By Frederick James Smith

upon Griffith with eyes of genuine worship. "He is more like a father than an employer or the master the world sees," the young actor says. "Gee, I'll be glad when he comes east. I always feel that I can tell him all my troubles and always be told just how to solve things?"

That was before Griffith brought his studio staff east and began producing in Westchester. (Right here let me add that the producer remarks anent Barthelmess and Bobbie Harron: "No cleaner minded boys ever lived.")

Of course, Barthelmess just a bit envies the young stars of the celluloid drama who have every means, particularly financial, to advance themselves. "I wish I had money to buy plays and books now and lay them aside for a future day, when I shall have learned enough and made enough friends everywhere to be a star—that is, if that day comes."

His favorite role? Not the Yellow Man but the lover with Marguerite Clarke in "Three Men and a Girl." He likes that sort of light romantic character best. Probably, "I'll Get Him Yet" is his next choice.

The Mexican vagabond hero of "Scarlet Days" interested Barthelmess a great deal. "It was different, at least, to ride a mustang and wear a mustache," he laughs. Critics have said that it was a boyish Walthall come to the screen, this sensitive, glamorous, dashing desperado with the haunting vein of humor and sadness.

Barthelmess has been playing a beachcomber in a forthcoming Griffith story of the South Seas. This will be his latest contribution to the screen — and a fascinating one it should be, with Barthelmess playing opposite Clarine Seymour, the famous "cutie beautiful." Miss Seymour portrays a hula hula maid—and does it vividly, judging from our studio glimpses.

But to return to Barthelmess.

There is no question but that Dick holds a place all his own on the screen. Comparisons have been made with Charles Ray, but the two young men are poles apart. Youth alone makes them comparable. Ray is the film's foremost exponent of the genre school—Barthelmess of the humanely romantic school.

The silversheet has needed just this touch. It has been missing since Walthall contributed his "little Colonel" to "The Birth of a Nation." The Yellow Man was the first idealistic touch of poetry since that lovable character.

There is one vivid thing in Barthelmess' character that I haven't touched upon.

(*Continued on page 74*)

Barthelmess loves most of all to stay at his old home in Connecticut. "I have a quaint old room in a quaint old farmhouse," he says, "I sleep in a four-poster and I sleep. I read a lot and I dream." Two views of Barthelmess in "Scarlet Days" are shown on these pages

The Youngest of the House o' Hammerstein

It was the first taste of November. Rain shot thru the air and there was sufficient chill to warrant furs and a wrap. Brrr!

The soap-scented elevator lifted me to immeasurable heights, where I got out amongst the clouds at the —th floor, and sailed in upon a soft atmosphere of blueness that was —heavenly. A maid told me to wait. (There *are* maids in these places.) And from my glory of azure velvet, underneath a lamp of golden tints, I looked out on the drizzle—doubting its reality.

Elaine came into the room, and I saw the purple of her kimona, the grey of her eyes, and the tiniest auburn veil that glimpses thru her hair—and I knew movies were never like this!

"Good morning," said Miss Hammerstein. My maledictions on November changed instantly to enthusiasm for the season. "Good morning. It's funny how I *can* say 'Good morning,' isn't it, when I thought a few hours ago that everything in the universe was changed. You see, all day yesterday I was working on 'The Country Cousin' at Glen Cove. Last night we were called upon to go to Scarborough to take some scenes of a garden fête, and, due to the many lights that had to be used, and the extras that had to be placed, we didn't actually get started until three this morning, and mother and I didn't get home until five, and—O, well, the world's going around just the same."

She laughed and curled up in a brocaded chair. I was glad it was near the window, because every now and then, as she turned, the light reflected the moist greyness of her eyes, and from the twinkle they flung out I knew I liked her right away—that she was the sort everybody liked—enormously—right away. She was so vibrant, so full of fun.

"Yes, the suburbs of Philadelphia. They were my background until I was seventeen," began Miss Hammerstein. "I was brought up at a perfectly dear seminary called 'The Armitage.' If it wasn't for 'The Armitage,' I suppose I'd be a musical comedy star today. So—thank the Lord for 'The Armitage'."

Then she jovially told me of the sum-

The suburbs of Philadelphia were Elaine Hammerstein's background until she was seventeen. She was brought up in a seminary called 'The Armitage.' Across the page is a glimpse of Elaine and Myron Selznick, her manager

By G. Blythe Sherwood

mer she was vacationing in Canada. Elaine loves the outdoors. She is crazy about swimming, riding, paddling, and keeping generally fit for sportsmanship. Along towards the end of a glorious August came a note from her father which read, "Come home. I have had a part written for you in 'High Jinks'." Elaine's father is Arthur, and Arthur's father was Oscar—the late Oscar Hammerstein. *The* one.

Elaine went. She rehearsed. And had a violent time with the make-up. For "The Armitage" even powder had been forbidden. And the day after the première at the Casino Theater in New York, Elaine—by the critics and by the public—was acclaimed *a hit!* Everyone went wild over the freshness and piquancy of Mr. Hammerstein's young, beautiful daughter. They thought she had the most delightful, natural way. But no one, except Elaine and her mother and her father, knew that she had never sung or danced before in her life!

Elaine Hammerstein loves the outdoors. She is crazy about swimming, riding, and boating. Indeed, she went on the stage in her father's "High Jinks" after a summer in the Canadian wilds

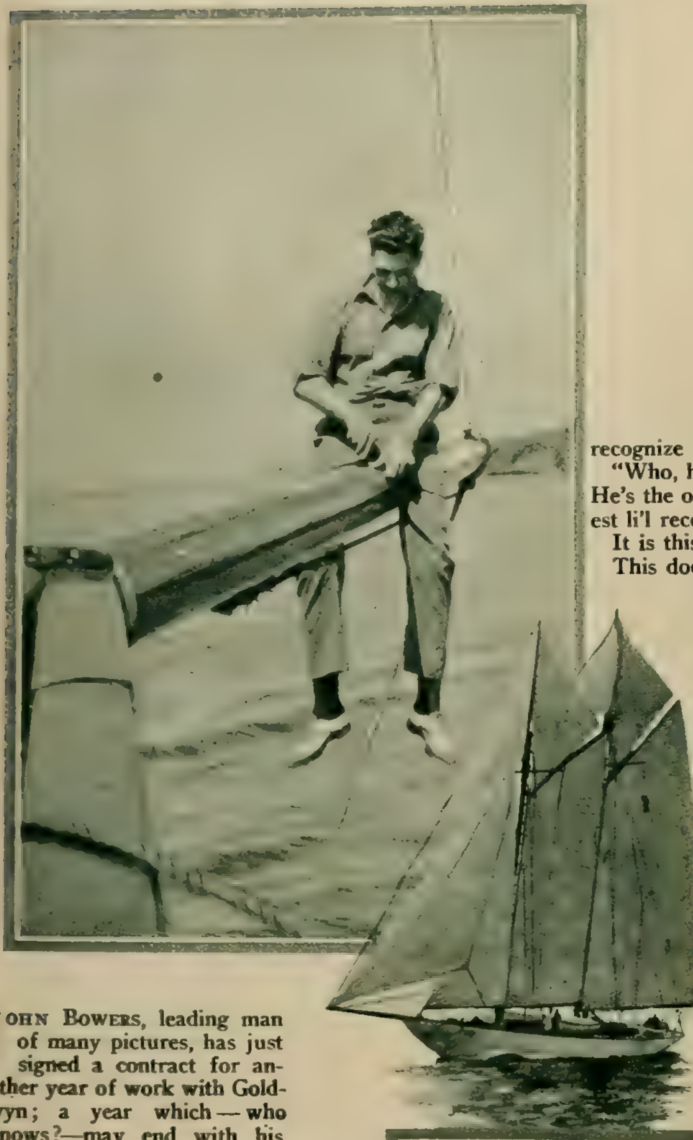
Miss Hammerstein laughed so deliciously as she confided all this to me now, but a moment later she sobered, when she recalled the nights that followed nights with her pictures in the papers—and how it hurt her—along with the way the people of the company felt towards her because of that publicity.

"I didn't care a bit for the old clippings, and worse than that, I couldn't stand the footlights, and the necessity of having to work on Wednesdays and Saturdays—when the sun was out—and on evenings when there was another play I wanted to see, or a party of my friends who were going off to dance or skate. It was a miserable time for me. The only nights that were happy ones were when the boys and girls from school would come and sit in a box, and wave to me. And I'd return the salutations and forget the play—and father would send

(*Continued on page* 78)

The Owner of the "Uncas"

> *"When the northwest wind is blowing hard,*
> *And blue and white is the sky,*
> *And the sharp-cut waves are streaked and scarred,*
> *Where the darting squalls race by;*
> *When the leeward shrouds are whelmed in green*
> *And the leeward deck's afoam,*
> *And a dancing wake all white is seen*
> *Back toward the shores of home—*
> *Oh, that is the day my heart would choose*
> *For setting sail on an August cruise."*
> *—M. A. DeWolfe Howe.*



John Bowers loves his yacht, the "Uncas," more than most anything else in the world. The "Uncas" is a $25,000 schooner yacht—a 70-footer—built on long, graceful lines, painted white and with fittings of mahogany

JOHN BOWERS, leading man of many pictures, has just signed a contract for another year of work with Goldwyn; a year which—who knows?—may end with his becoming a star.

He is very handsome, is John Bowers—but this could hardly be called news—at least six feet in height and athletic looking with dark eyes and chestnut brown curly hair.

He tells a pathetic story about those curls which is worth repeating here in order to have it over with. It seems that recently, when he went to see one of his own pictures run off at a local theater, he heard a violent argument between two women about his hair. One insisted that "no hair could curl naturally like that" and offered to bet the other "every cent she had in the world" that it was marcelled. Let me say right here that he was more indignant than amused; he has done everything possible to keep it plastered down ever since.

But to get to my interview:

The fact that he is a good actor and handsome are not his only claims to distinction. Along the water front many people entirely unfamiliar with the famous ones of the stage and screen recognize the name of John Bowers just as soon as it is spoken.

"Who, him?" one of these will say, "Why, sure! I know who he is! He's the owner of the *Uncas*, a racing yacht with just about the classiest li'l record you ever saw; bought her some little time ago—"

It is this yacht that John Bowers thinks of as home.

This doesn't mean that he has no love for the little white bungalow just two blocks from the Goldwyn studio, where he and Mrs. Bowers play at keeping house. He couldn't help being fond of it, the place is so pretty. And, too, "We have lived so long in hotels and apartments," he said, "that life in a real house seems like a game." But "a man's home is where his heart is," and on the day I saw John Bowers his heart was away off with the *Uncas* on the Hudson River. He was, I think, the most homesick young man in the world. It was a warm day in early August and a light breeze blew in from the Pacific, reminding one that Venice (and solid comfort in a bathing suit) was only about twenty minutes away. He was playing the part of a photographer. He stood on a London roof at the Goldwyn studio; a nice, solid, realistic roof about twenty feet from the ground with no house underneath, and under Frank Lloyd's direction, photographed the funniest family group I have ever seen. Director and

By ELIZABETH PELTRET

cameraman were precariously perched on a movable platform opposite, which rocked lightly at their least energetic movement while an orchestra, there for "atmospheric" purposes, played teasingly a few bars from "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."

"The *Uncas* is really coming," John Bowers said, joining me when the scene was over. "I've made definite arrangements at last. Hal and Doc Wilson (shipbuilders of Balboa, a sea-side resort near Los Angeles, and his inseparable companions on many a cruise) are going to make up a party of seven or eight people and bring her around thru the canal. I almost think I'd like to sleep until she gets here, the waiting will be so long! Talk about your passionate love scenes—I'm going to stage one when that boat arrives." He was speaking lightly and whimsically but with an undertone of seriousness. "I'm going to wade out into the Pacific to meet her and kiss her right on the bow-sprit!"

He laughed at the idea but he was more than half in earnest. Anyone who has ever owned any sort of a boat knows that it may seem as vivid and living a thing as one's dearest friend and as full of unaccountable moods and actions. And when, in addition to this, she is a beautiful boat and famous — well, one could not ask for more. And the *Uncas* is both beautiful and famous; she has a racing record known among yachtsmen everywhere.

She is a $25,000 schooner yacht—a seventy-footer—built on long graceful lines, painted white and with fittings of mahogany. Her staterooms are large and comfortably furnished. He could take nine guests for a thirty-one day cruise without their missing any necessities or luxuries. One does not wonder that her young owner speaks of her with all the warm enthusiasm of a young man describing his sweetheart as "the only girl." John Bowers has been interested in boats ever since he can remember, he told me. The first one he owned was a twenty-one footer and he built her himself when he was still in his 'teens. He used to sail her around Lake Wawasee, Indiana, and he grew so expert in handling her that the only way he could get any excitement was by purposely "turning turtle" when he knew his parents were watching him, frightening them almost to death and getting a lot of fun out of the many attempts to rescue him. He is, by the way, one of a

(*Continued on page 79*)

John Bowers has a broad and characteristic philosophy—a belief that everything moves in cycles and that individuals return again and again, each time on a higher plane, until they reach perfection

The Amazing

By FAITH

Photograph by Puffer, N. Y.

THIS is an amazing interview because, (this will require elucidation), it is not amazing at all; that is, save as an interview. It is with Norma Talmadge, and the day I sallied forth to "get" her, I sallied prepared to be amazed. "Of course," I thought, subwaying jerkily along, "of course . . . young, very young, really . . . the extraordinary and undeniable touch of a real genius . . . widely acclaimed . . . at the top of the ladder, so to speak . . . things are bound to have happened in her . . . yeasted in her, as it were . . . sybaritic, perhaps . . . some distinguishing eccentricity . . . couldn't be helped . . . I dont know just what . . . but *something* . . ."

Nothing at all. The girl who, admittedly, stared, some years ago, at the screen and murmured to her mother, in the surrounding darkness, "That's what *I* want to do . . . be a movie actress," who, afterward, wandered solitarily about the Vitagraph studio until she was given a chance—that self same girl talked with me in her own studio, the Norma Talmadge Film Corporation, the other day. Talked *with* me, not *to* me. I say that advisedly.

In one preconceived particular I was right. She *is* young. Marvellously young. More as to viewpoint and general mannerism, or rather, total lack of conscious mannerism, than either line or tint. She is possessed of that sophistication which appears to be unconscious of itself. She has ideals and does not attempt to conceal them. There is no thinly applied veneer of cynicism, nor, on the other hand, is there the sugar-coated baby-staring of the curly ingénue. She is just a girl with a spice of the divil in her and a belief in things . . . probably Santa Claus and fairies. She appears to be quite unconcerned about herself, the eminence she has achieved, the altitude from which she could look down upon the lesser lights.

A (if not *the*) consuming passion with her is her work. It is interesting to know that she really and absorbedly loves it; not the results, only, generally she feels a dissatisfaction with them, but with the work itself, the details of it, the everyday, all-night details. "I took a three months' vacation this summer," she said, "or tried to and after about one month I nearly went mad. 'Phoned the studio every day and finally cut it a month short and got back into harness. I could never stand the gentle art of doing nothing. *That* would be too strenuous for me!"

We had a plain chummy sort of an afternoon, Beulah Livingstone, who does all of Norma's publicity and also that of her sister, Constance, Norma and I. There was only one tentatively uneasy person present. That person was Beulah Livingstone. She had "arranged" the interview and she was immensely anxious that the interviewee and likewise the interviewer should, as it were, come up to scratch. Such did not seem to her to be the case. What possible press-value could result from two giggling people who seemed to be saying nothing more pertinent than admissions of fondness for the same brand of cigaret, for "hen parties" and for certain unimportant persons having nothing to do with the intensive field of interviewing? *What* indeed, thought Miss Livingstone, prodding first Norma and

Norma Talmadge is young. Marvellously young. More as to viewpoint and general mannerism, or rather, total lack of conscious mannerism. She has ideals and does not attempt to conceal them. There is no thinly applied veneer of cynicism not anything of the baby-staring of the ingénue. Center, Miss Talmadge and Wyndham Standing at Miami, Fla.

Photograph by Puffer, N. Y.

Interview

SERVICE

then myself, furtively and occasionally, in the vain hope of turning the talk into publishable channels. Eventually, be it said, she, too, succumbed and we smoked and gossiped and laughed a perfectly good interview away. Also, this is probably more important to me than to anybody else, we spent, Norma and I, several more of the precious interrogative moments in comparing palms, both hers and mine being equally wrinkled, lined and then crosslined. "My child," said Norma, with sagacity, "you're going to have a fearful life, all sorts of weird and interesting things. That is what everybody tells *me.*"

We were holding this frivolous session, be it said, in Norma's (I am a realist, so it *has* to be Norma . . . that is, she is going to censor this interview, so it may NOT be Norma, in which event you will know that she has blue-pencilled it, which I lay an even wager with you she will *not*) as I was saying when I interrupted myself, the wholly desirable "hen party" was held in Norma's private apartment built for her and by her in the Talmadge studio. I believe it is the only thing of its kind in studioivity. I may be mistaken, in which event there will be more blue-pencilling done. This relieves me of all strain. The apartment is delicious, compact and complete, aside from being an innovation. You step from the hammering and shifting and shouting and general activity of the studio into quite another world, quiet, tasteful, apart. There is a tiny entrance hall. There is a large sort of a main room, part living room, part dressing room, which is, of course, its chief use. The walls are a soft cream effect and the high windows are hung in some sort of effective cretonne. There is a mammoth black wicker dressing table topped by an oval mirror framed in black wicker. There is a comfy black wicker chaise-longue, occupied that afternoon by a diminutive and much-beloved "Pom." There are one or two made-to-be-sat-in black wicker chairs. A broad window-seat, upholstered, runs beneath the cretonned windows. There are two capacious clothes closets containing sundry costumes. Aside from all this, there is a complete little

(*Continued on page* 87)

Photographs by
Puffer, N. Y.

Norma Talmadge is a "regular person." She is essentially human. She is nothing of the snob, nothing of the highbrow. She detests the easily and prudishly shocked. She is free and easy and talk to-able and at-able

An Old-Fashioned Girl

Photograph above by Hoover

Wee Willy Winken rins thru th' toon,
Upstairs an' doonstairs in his nightgoon;
    Peerin' in th' window,
    Cryin' at th' lock—
"Are th' bairns a' in bed? Noo, it's ten
  o'clock."

THAT was one of little Mary MacIvor's favorite nursery rhymes. Her ancestors on both sides of the family were Scotch, and tradition has it that the women of her clan are small, the men tall and handsome—true defenders of their kith and kin.

Mary never saw her father, but she loves to hear how splendid and how good he was and to look at his pictures. When her brother had passed his ninth birthday, the young father died of double pneumonia, and the shock of his death caused the premature birth of the child. After his death there were money worries, and when all the debts had been paid, the great farm sold and the little family forced to leave the beautiful old house for a smaller place in the mountains of Virginia, Mary's mother had nothing to start on but an income of twenty-five dollars a month derived from some property of her own. The brave young mother did the thing she knew best how to do. She raised blooded stock and pedigreed hunting dogs. Her parents came to live with her and a new life began.

Mary MacIvor was a delicate child. She was unable to attend school regularly and was taught by her mother at home. Her maternal grandparents were scholarly people, and Mary's first recollections are of the poems her grandfather used to recite. His collection of books was her playground. She began to read very early and whiled away the hours curled up in an armchair, either reading to herself or listening to her grandfather. Mary's first

Left, William Desmond, husband of the "old-fashioned girl" and, below, the Desmonds at breakfast in their Hollywood bungalow. Miss MacIvor is just past eighteen and looks like a mere schoolgirl, rather than a leading lady and wife of a star

Photograph below by Stagg

By FRITZI REMONT

Photograph by Hoover, L. A.

great grief came with the death of the only real "daddy" she had ever known.

As she grew up and became stronger, Mary was taught to ride the fine horses her mother bred. She was afraid to take the high jump, but she would nerve herself for it whispering her mother's instructions, "Give him his head when he goes down, pull him up as he lands."

Mary MacIvor is an old-fashioned girl, rich in the traditions of the South. She knows how to do fine hand-sewing and can darn a hole in such a way that it improves a frock. On certain days of the week, her mother used to have Mary prepare the luncheon and taught her how it should be served. At such times Mary put on a tiny cap and apron and waited on the table with great formality. It was a game, but it prepared the girl for the home she manages so gracefully now.

"We had the prettiest wedding! An old friend of ours, in Pasadena, has a rare collection of Chinese works of art. She insisted that we should be married at her home, and we were. We were married in a Chinese room, with a low seat, covered with handsomely embroidered draperies serving as a prayer-bench with canopies overhead of the same rich materials. At our engagement dinner, given by Mr. Desmond, every one had place cards of Kewpies save Little Mary. Mr. Desmond turned to the guests and announced the fact that 'Mary gets an Irishman!'" She opened a Chinese box and took out a funny little image of an Irishman.

Photographs by Stagg

Glimpses of the Desmonds at home and motoring. Mrs. Desmond is a typical Dixie girl and related to the Buchanans and other Southern families

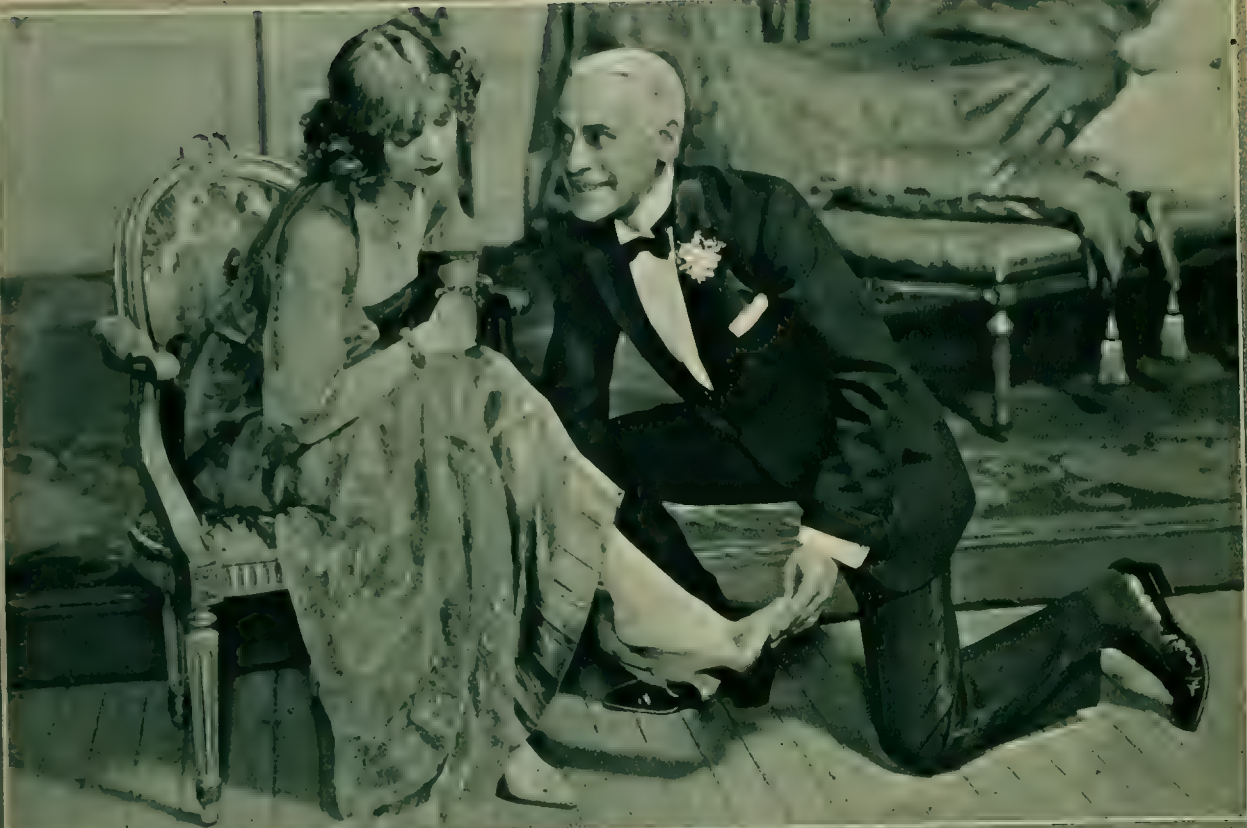
That Chinese box is a veritable treasure house. It contains miniature Buddhas, temples, sombreros, furniture, dishes, holy-water fonts, dice that are almost too small to be seen with the naked eye and hand-carved ivories. Nothing is more than an inch long and most of the treasures are a good deal smaller. They have been sent to Mary from her admirers all over the world who know her fad.

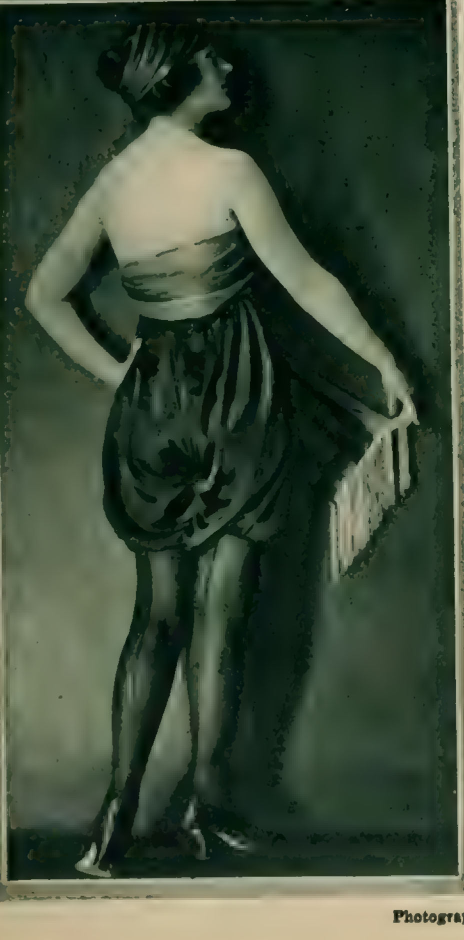
Mary's biggest hobby is—bottles! When she told me about that, I said, "Beer bottles?" Laughingly she answered, "They're almost rare enough now to be saved as souvenirs of the twentieth century, aren't they? But no, my bottles are of all sizes, shapes and nationalities."

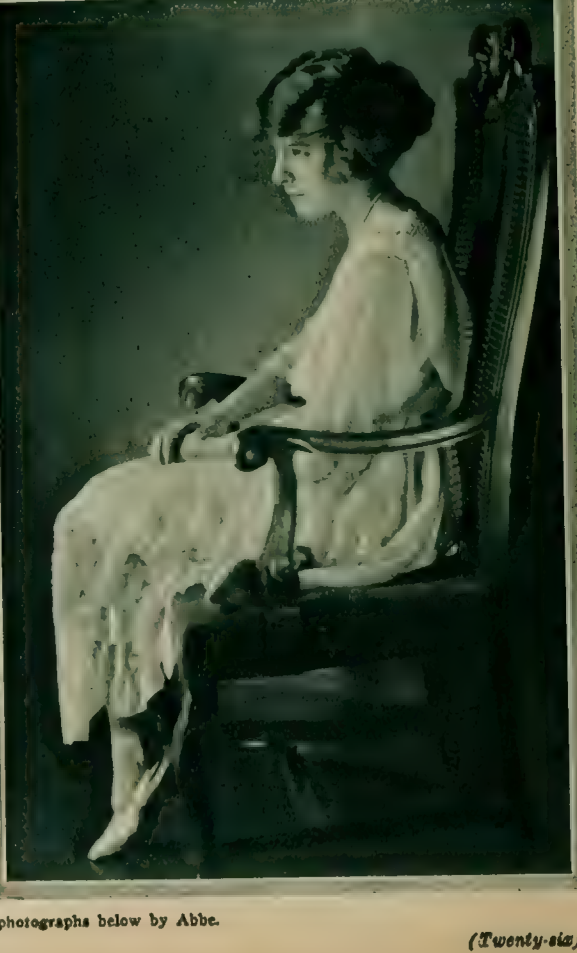
She owns a whiskey flask used by high-bred women of the Civil War period, camouflaged in a peculiar manner. It's of china, colored and built like a small prayer book, with a hole at the top for a tiny cork. A "lady" of that period could carry this spiritual volume in her muff without exciting suspicion. It was the fashion to faint in 1865 and old Bourbon was much in demand.

Miss MacIvor is related to the Buchanans and many other famous Southern families.

(*Continued on page* 90)







Above, an interesting scene in Maugham's piquant comedy, "Too Many Husbands," at the Booth Theater, with Estelle Winwood and Fritz Williams

Left, Betty Morton, one of the prettiest girls in "The Greenwich Village Follies"

Right, Helen Hayes, whose work is a joy in that comedy delight, "Clarence," at the Hudson Theater

Photograph (top) by White. Both photographs below by Abbe.

The Holidays In the Theaters

Right, Allwyn King, in Flo Ziegfeld's Midnight Frolic

Photograph by Lewis Smith.

Below, a lively moment in "Nighty Night," the rollicking farce at the Princess Theater. Left to right, Francis Byrne, Suzanne Willa and Dorothy Mortimer

Photograph by White

On Vamps and Ingenues

By Ethel Rosemon

"FROM the ingénue with the golden curls, the floppy hats, the short-waisted frocks and — and everything; from the vamp with the heavy eyes, the carmined lips, the snake glide, the Oriental jewelry and— and nothing, ye gods of the screen, deliver us."

Dorothy Green sat on the edge of the bed, swung one slippered foot in midair, ran the comb thru her bobbed curls and discussed the vamp "on and off." There was nothing of the picture star about her, everything of the typical young American, mentally keen, physically fit to cope with life. The white shoulders that fairly gleamed thru the sheer negligée, the rounded arms, the clear gray-green eyes, the peculiar luster of the dark hair bespoke joyous, vibrant health. Keeping the machinery of mind and body in perfect order is her main object in life, for with it, she declares, you can accomplish everything, without it, nothing.

Photograph © by Lumiere

"Deliver me from the ingénue with golden curls and the vamp with heavy eyes," says Dorothy Green. Miss Green is a healthy type of young woman. She radiates joyous, vibrant health

Dorothy started life—her moving picture life — as a vamp, but she was never tne type of vamp from which she prays to be delivered. In her opinion there is no state of society in which the shadow conception can hope to fulfill her destined end.

(*Continued on page* 76)

If I Were King

Fictionized from the William Farnum Photoplay

By OLIVE CAREW

"AND you should have the sun and moon to wear—if I were king—"

The pen was rusty, the ink vile, the man who bent over the rude deal table a scarecrow figure in a velvet doublet so bepatched it was hard to say what its original color had been. His hair, dark, long and unkempt, fell about unshaven cheeks on which a week's beard blurred the lines of expression, a battered cap, adorned with a draggled cock's feather lay on the bench beside.

"If I were king—ah, love, if I were king—" he read aloud and his voice shook oddly in the reading, and the wild, bright eyes, deep-sunken and surrounded with the fine lines that told a sorry tale in Life's handwriting were actually filmed with strange drops. For the nonce, Master Francois Villon, of unsavory name, pickpocket, rhymster, marauder, sometime jail-bird, empty of stomach, emptier of purse, was transported to that seventh Heaven of the poet—Inspiration.

The Fircone Tavern on the afternoon of a warm June day in the middle Fourteen Hundreds was hardly such a place as would beget thoughts of love and royalty. Rather would one expect its smoke-stained walls, its atmosphere of stale wine and mouldy cheese and unwashed humanity to spawn a litter of evil deeds, of foul oaths and deformed fancies, but the crew gathered before the wide hearth, tatterdemalions, rogues, girls of the oldest profession in the world, merry vagabonds, all seemed happy and at home as they clattered mugs and cans of ale to the accompaniment of brisk tongue wagging.

"Come, Francois! Art dry as that vile stuff Master Robin here serves us for bread," slim Rene de Montigny called to the silent figure in the corner, "canst moisten your gullet with ink, lad? Be not so chary of your sweet company!"

"Leave him be," said one of the girls, a slip of a lass in boy's habit, who looked despite it no more a boy than stout Colin Cayeux, sprawling on the floor at her feet looked a woman; "he wants none of our company, being in love with his own. Look!" she wagged a derisive hand. "Canst not see he has a goodly crowd about him? There is Sir Villon, poet of Paris, and one Francois, gentleman adventurer come upon evil days; then there is Francois Villon, King of the Cockleshells and Rogue Villon, known indifferent well to the keepers of His Majesty's gaol, and there is Villon the sot, Villon the huckster of rhymes, Villon who has betimes an itch of the dagger and Villon—"

For the nonce, Master Francois Villon, of unsavory name, was transplanted to that seventh heaven of the poet—Inspiration

"The lover!" tittered a full-bosomed wench who seemed bursting with ripeness thru the straining sheath of her bodice; "forget not his best rôle, Abbess! Is no other i' all of France can match him at sweethearting!"

Tigerishly the girl sitting on the table's edge, swinging one shapely green clad leg, twisted her lithe body upon the speaker. "Have you been making eyes at my man, minx? I'll teach you to meddle—"

"Come, come," interposed the swinish landlord, thrusting his fat body between, "no hair-pulling! Settle your differences outside, and," significantly looking about the circle of emptied mugs, "settle your scores here! No excuses, mind, in the stead of coins or you'll find a leak i' the bottom of your glasses hereafter!"

The crew of ragamuffins looked askance at one another, and Jehan, the Wolf, slapped a lean pocket forlornly. "Have none of you the wherewithal to appease this grasping ale-draper?" he whined; "if we would keep up the dear habit of eating and the dearer habit of drinking we must find some good burgher whose purse suffers from a plethora and needs bleeding."

Rene de Montigny thrust his hatchet face mysteriously forward. "Know you any of you, Thibault D'Aussigney, the Grand Constable?" he hissed. "Ods blood, if 'tis not he who has just entered—the fellow in the black cloak yonder in the corner, I'll dine on my doublet! There's no hiding that beak—but what can the Constable of France be looking for in the Fircone Tavern?"

"Shall we stick him?" queried an ill-favored Cockleshell, jerking a dirty thumb, "my dagger has no objections to spilling blue blood as well as red."

"Let's ask Francois," Rene suggested, and approached the figure sprawled over his writing, shaking him boisterously. "Come! Enough of rhyming—can you fill your belly with rhymes? We are hungry, and an ill world demands vile silver in return for food. Poems are good but fat capon, cheese, meat pies, pink ham and brown ale are better!" and the rogue's eyes glistened and he licked his lips.

The figure at the table unhooked itself and rose with a gesture of brushing away cobwebs. Francois Villon looked dazedly about him, at the sanded floor, the guttering candles and the motley assemblage turned toward him, looking in the flaring and uneasy light like so many hobgoblins, and the light went out of his face as tho extinguished by a cold gust of memory. Then, drawing back his lips, he began to laugh with no mirth in the sound.

"Welladay, lads and lassies, so ye are hungry!" He struck a fantastic pose, tattered cloak flung back, palms on hips showing the dagger and the vellum book that kept strange company in his leather belt, "that is a fashion all Paris will soon follow unless our straw King finds himself the guts of a man ere long!"

He would have thrust the paper he held into his doublet but the Abbess, leaping forward like a tigress, snatched it away. "Let's see to what mistress he writes now!" she snarled, "of love that ever finds your face more fair"—bah! should I be jealous of a paper wooing—I know better ways of love than that—eh Francois? Eh, my little monkey?"

Francois Villon unwound the arms she flung about his neck and put her aside gently, with a curious look of pity. "If I cannot fill your stomachs I can fill your ears with a well-seasoned tale," he promised, as he took his place, back to the fire, the leaping flames making him a still wilder and more grotesque figure, a knight of the gutter, a gallant of the gibbet. "Hark then to the story of how one Master Villon met with the One Woman in the World."

The Abbess gave a sound of rage, but Villon shook his head. "'Tis the tale of the moth that scorched his wings at a star, Hugette!" he comforted her. "'Tis not love as you understand it but rather something else that only the good God understands, the mystery of the ages, the riddle of the Sphinx. Know, then, that on Wednesday last as I was strolling—for my health alone!—near the Church of Notre Dame, watching the good folk enter, suddenly, I felt myself caught up to Heaven, and I saw—the loveliest she alive beneath the sun. She saw me no more than the pave aneath her little foot, but I saw her, and I see her now, and I shall see her in all the dreams I dream till it comes my time to die! It was not that

"I was standing near the church of Notre Dame when suddenly I felt myself caught up to heaven and I saw—the loveliest she alive beneath the sun."

her hair was so much brighter than the sun, or that her eyes were bluer than the blue overhead, or that her little mouth was redder than the roses in the King's garden; it was something else — a soul that peeped from her eyes, a God-knows-what that made her the queen among women. The sight of her beauty hurt my eyes, the taste of her beauty burnt my lips, and the ache of her beauty troubled my heart, and she passed me by, unseeing and entered the church, and I stumbled away drunk with a headier wine than you have in your rotting bins, Master Robin. And," he groaned, and mocked the groan with a jangle of laughter, "I think I shall be drunken with her all my days."

"Why didn't you follow her into church and get near her in the crowd and pinch her?" queried Colin, sleepily; "I like not your tale, Francois. It has an ill sound in ears that ring with hunger. Love! Balderdash! Oh, for a roll of sausage—" and he looked greedily toward the cloaked figure drinking a sedate noggin in the corner.

At that moment, as tho summoned, the figure rose and moved toward them. "Is there among you a braggadocio ruffian, a loose-tongued fellow known as Francois Villon?" asked a voice from under the concealing hat brim, "if so I have a word for him."

"At your service, good Cuffin!" bowed Villon, airily. "Your description fits me an ill cloak, and I like not the cut of it, but never mind. Has your word the ring of metal?"

The stranger glanced about the circle of wolfish faces, and apparently decided they were birds of a feather. "It has," he answered surlily, "the sound of a thousand francs to one who can do a simple errand."

"For a thousand francs," smirked Villon, "I would carry a message to the devil himself. Out with it, friend! What's to do?"

"Only this," said the newcomer, lowering his voice, "as you know, the Duke of Burgundy besieges Paris and King Louis Do-Nothing sits idly by, willing his people should starve. But some there are of us this likes not, and we want a trusty messenger to carry word," he regarded Villon watchfully, "to Burgundy that the defence of the city is a pitiful myth, that there is no wall but may be carried, that the army dices, and the Court dances and there is nothing in the way of his entering whenever he wills!"

"Ouch!" Villon gave a sudden cry as if of pain and clapped his hand to his side; "I have a cramp—in my sword! It needs exercise!" He drew it, and flourished it fantastically above his ragged head. "It is a French blade, fellow, and thirsty to drink the blood of a traitor!"

Like a frightened hen, the man in the cloak scuttled across the room, and the door erased him. A murmur of discontent rose among the fellows of the Cockleshell. "You fling away a thousand francs glibly, Francois," grumbled Rene, "who'd have suspected you of such a tender conscience? And what difference does it make to you who sits on the throne of France?"

Villon sheathed his sword. "'Tis a whim of mine," he confessed, half ashamedly, "to be loyal. There's no accounting for whims, but I'll not let mine rob you of your supper. Come! The good moon has drawn a curtain across her window like a tidy housewife and the world's adark. I know a church chest waits us, bursting with spoils pilfered from the pockets of the poor. Let's be gone, what say you, Hearts of Gold?"

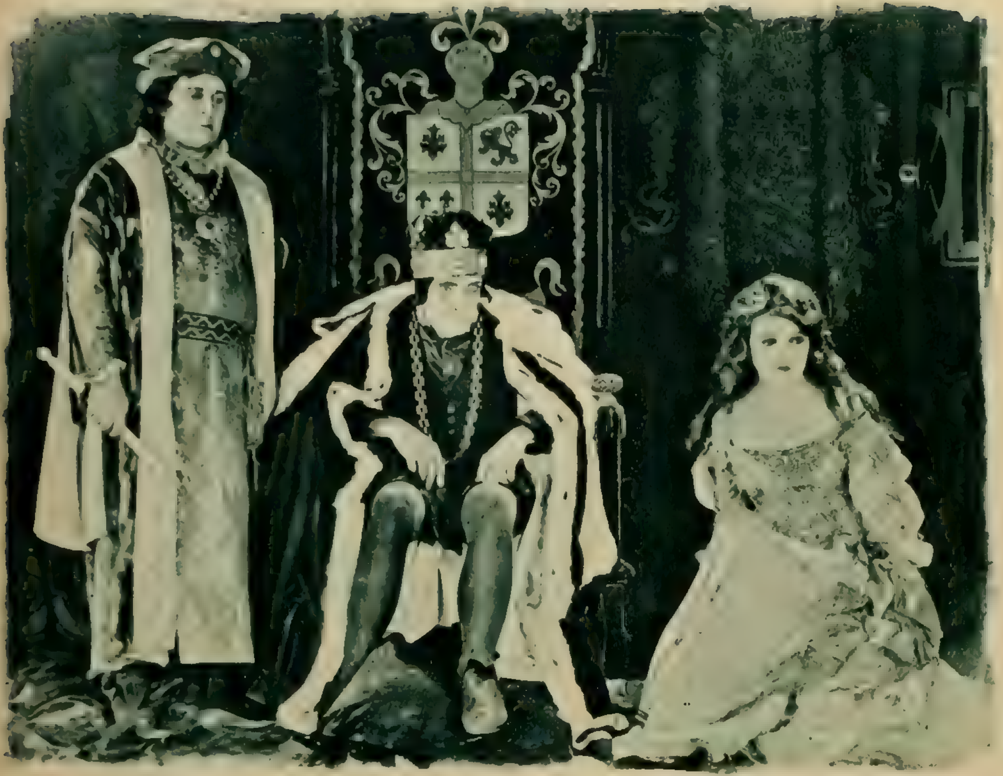
It was a windy night, the gusts rushing down the little crooked lanes, setting the shop signs creaking, and the lanterns flaring overhead. The Fellows of the Cockleshells slunk along the streets like shadows cast by the moon, and without accident eluding the watch, arrived at length at the church. "Ods blood!" then swore Rene de Montigny, softly, "but the fellow's brought us to the chapel of His Majesty!"

"Who better?" whispered Villon, gaily; "one goes for riches where riches are. Does one seek poultry in a draper's? To work!"

A hasp on a window at the side was loose and Colin, who despite his flabbiness, could twist a bar of iron as it had been cheese, snapped it in two. Pell-mell into the dark interior hurtled the pilferers with as much éclat as tho thievery were not a hanging matter, and Villon followed them. The chest was soon located, its contents distributed among the several jerkins which closed over the yellow metal cosily. Then, as they were about to leave, Villon held up a warning hand. "Hist!" he muttered, "one comes!"

A gleam of a torch pricked the darkness of the chancel. The intruders shrank into the shadows as a woman's figure rayed

"Hist!" waved Villon, "one comes!"



Louis turned to Villon, "After such a conquest methinks Burgundy should be easy for you, my Lord Constable," he sneered

about with a nimbus of light paused at the altar and motioned the attendant with the torch away. "Wait me outside," said a voice, like the deep tones of a bell, and hearing it, Villon gave a great start, and forgetful of caution leaned to look down at her. "God in Heaven!" he muttered, " 'tis she!"

There in the darkness the five rogues listened to a woman's prayer, a prayer for the safety of France which was dearer to her than her heart's blood, a prayer that a weak King might be given strength—or "that a man should come to court" and rouse the painted puppets to be men. Only one of the eavesdroppers gave the words much heed, chafing to be gone and taste the sweet fruits of their thievery. When at last the white figure had trailed down the aisle, Rene de Montigny prodded Villon's side.

"Come, let's be off!" he muttered, "before another wench comes a-praying!"

A ray of the moon, prying thru a shutter, fell across Villon's face, showing it aflame! His fellows stared curiously, as tho they hardly knew him, but Villon gave them no heed. "A man would come to court!" echoed Villon, with a great longing shaking his voice into rags and tatters of sound. "Now if there be a God, how He must be laughing! A nincompoop upon the throne, and a gutter rat with the spirit of a king! If I were the king of France—" His head rocked back on his shoulders, he spoke as one inspired in his beloved rhyme—

"We want a chief to bear the brand—
And bid the damned Burgundians dance—
God! Where the oriflamme should stand
If Villon were the King of France—"

In flaming measures he poured his heart into the words, the wild, untamed, heart of Villon the rascal, beating beneath the rags of shame and terrified by the sound of approaching feet his friends fled from him, diving from the windows with their spoils, bent on saving their skin whole. In the vestibule, a small crooked figure in a velvet doublet, with silken hose sheathing his lean shanks listened, and smiled with wry, thin lips. "A braggart, mouthing easy nothings!" Louis of France murmured to his entourage, "still—the fellow has fire in him. Get him, and bring him to me!"

Dazed, Villon saw himself suddenly surrounded with pikes and the flash of steel, he whipped out his poor blade but too late.

Louis looked down at the wretched huddle of limbs they brought him, and laughed softly. "An ill-looking bird, but he croaks like an eagle. Thibault has gone over to Burgundy and the post of the Grand Constable is empty—take him in, wash and dress him in fine linen and lay him on Thibault's bed. When he comes to himself address him as Grand Constable! We shall see whether he has aught can match his bravery of tongue!"

And so it happed that on the morrow, Francois Villon opened his eyes upon purple draperies and tapestried walls, upon servile faces bowing about his bed, upon gold lace and velvet and plumed hat laid by ready for his donning. " 'Tis a monstrous fine dream, at any rate," he murmured, as he was helped to dress, "if I might dream a few gold pieces in my pocket now—"

He thrust his fingers into the wallet at his belt and drew them out full of coins. He raised his eyes and beheld in the mirror before him not the scarecrow figure of yesterday, but a gallant gentleman, barbered, freshly shaven, carrying his fine plumage easily and well.

"His Gracious Majesty the King to speak with the Grand Constable on affairs of state," intoned a voice at the door. The small, crooked figure in black velvet waved his attendants away. He regarded the transformed thief, and sniggered. "Welladay, my good Constable!" shrilled Louis, "I trust you have found all to your taste? We are but humble folk at Vaucelles; you must overlook our failings."

Villon fell upon shaking knees and touched his lips to the hem of the black robe. "Sire!" he choked, "Sire, I know not what to say!"

"Yet last night you were at no loss," chirped the king; "you had a mouthful of fine words and boasts as to what you would do if you were France's king!" His tone grew sharp, his smile more malign; "I have decided to give you an opportunity to make good your words—if you can. For one week you shall be the Grand Constable of France in very sooth. You shall do as you will and drive Burgundy from our gates if you can. Afterwards," the thin lips sneered, the small cold eyes twinkled up at him, "afterwards your final act as Grand Constable will be to pronounce sentence of death upon one Master Francois Villon, scapegrace and ne'er-do-well, provided that in that week you have not made good your words and won the heart of the Lady Katherine of Vaucelles, proudest lady of the court, and hardest to win!" The wry smile became a cackling laugh. "Egad, it would serve Katherine well to have flouted me and to pin her faith to this thing of rags and tatters!" chuckled Louis.

Villon was very white, but his eyes glowed. "Is that the only choice, Sire?"

"Louis made a contemptuous gesture. "Oh, no, you may don your vile rags and go back to your gutter this moment if you choose a longer lifetime of lying in the mud rather than a week of sitting among the stars."

Villon bent his head. The sunshine was pure gold across the floor at his feet, the air was soft with roses. Life was very sweet even to a poor rogue of a rhymster—yet, to play a man's part for a week—to be near his Lady, to speak with her as an equal, to woo her perhaps—

He bowed low. "I have chosen the week, Sire," he said quietly, "if I cannot make good use of it I would rather die than live longer to hate myself."

Of the strange, wondrous days that followed, there is no space to tell. Francois Villon, gutter-born, found himself at no loss among the great lords and ladies of the court. Even when Katherine of Vaucelles bent her shining head to him and spoke in the tone she used toward the king himself, his lips fell into the courtly phrases of compliment and badinage, tho his heart beat to suffocation with great joy and great pain. And the hours sped across the sundial in the castle garden, and still Burgundy crouched without the gates.

Francois Villon caught the slim white hands with a great cry. "You would do that for me?" he asked

Then came a herald, bearing insolent words. "Surrender Paris or taste of our guns!" Louis the King listened, small, weazened face inscrutable, while the court chafed under the insult of the message and the messenger's bearing. "My Grand Constable will give you our answer," said the King, calmly. "He knows our heart, and our will."

Francois Villon rose to his feet, in his soul a great humbleness, in his eyes a flame. He had dreamed always of great deeds that he would do, and now great deeds were possible to him. He spoke with his lips to the herald, with his heart to Katherine. "Go back to your master!" he bade the messenger, "and take him this word from the lips of France Herself. Defiance for defiance, menace for menace, blow for blow! This is our answer"—and he drew his sword and flashed it aloft. "God and Saint Denis for the King of France!"

Up sprang the perfumed courtiers, dragging their sleeping blades from silken sheaths, the air was full of their flashing and the sound of cheers. His words had burned away the painted threads of lassitude that had enmeshed their man-

(*Continued on page* 68)

Erich Von Stroheim and the Miracle

Erich Von Stroheim went thru painful privation when he first came to America from Austria. In those days of frayed collars and run-down heels he engaged in every possible occupation, except bartender and waiter

"IT is like a miracle! I can hardly yet believe it. After so many struggles with heavy odds against me, to have at last become a director—well, as I say, it is like a miracle!" And while Erich von Stroheim smiled, the eyes remained serious. The memory of those struggles is not readily effaced.

There is a saying about the motion picture studios that in every life there is at least one good scenario. If this be true, Mr. von Stroheim has a dozen stowed away behind those serious eyes, for during his 32 years he has touched the dramatic contrasts of life that develops the emotional powers and he has—*lived!*

Before meeting him I had been told that he was by birth Count von Stroheim, of the Austrian nobility, his father having been a colonel in the Austrian army, and he himself a graduate from the War College of that country in 1905.

When I asked Mr. von Stroheim about these early years he shook his head, saying, "Titles mean nothing." I gave up mine for I am an American citizen.

"This American citizen had a hard time during the war, however," he continued, as we lingered over our sandwiches in the little café at the Universal City studios. It was long past the usual lunch hour and the room was deserted.

"My name, my face, in fact, my whole Austrian make up was against me. I was shunned and disliked. At one time I was even under observation, but about six weeks before the armistice was signed I was offered a commission in the Intelligence Department of the United States Government. I had served four years in the U. S. Army when I first came over ten years ago."

"Perhaps it was your splendid acting in the rôle of the hated German officer in various pictures that helped prejudice the public," I remarked. "I confess that your subtleties made me long to see your punishment several times."

"What could I do?" he replied. "The moment a director saw me I was immediately cast in that rôle. I played it in 'The Unbeliever,' 'For France,' 'Hearts of the World,' 'The Hun Within,' and in 'The Heart of Humanity.' Probably I could never have given such a villainous characterization in the latter picture had I not been conscious of the hatred which every member of the cast felt for me. I sensed their antipathy so distinctly that it was reflected in my acting and I put into the rôle just what they were thinking of me.

"It was after a disagreeable affair that my father thought the American climate would be good for me and he sent me over for five years, I doubt if I shall ever go back.

"During the years of

By Maude S. Cheatham

run-down heels and frayed collar bands I engaged in every possible occupation, except bartender and waiter, to keep from starving. Oh, yes, I was often hungry. I recall that once in New York I didn't have one cent and was miles from my lodging in Brooklyn. I stood by a subway entrance determined to ask someone for a nickel; I had frequently helped others, but I didn't have the nerve and walked home after all.

"Struggles are all right to look back upon, but so far I derive little pleasure in contemplating mine, they are still too recent to have gained any glamour. I came from a fighting family, however, and I fought my way thru every inch."

Whatever the battles, Mr. von Stroheim has finally emerged not only as an actor of subtle force, displaying the rare ability to sink one's personality into the rôle he is playing, but he has achieved a signal success as a director, for his first picture, "Blind Husbands," places this young man among the foremost directors of the day. This may well be termed a personal triumph for not only did he direct the production but he wrote the story, under title of "The Pinnacle," and acted one of the prominent rôles.

Once on the coast, Von Stroheim found the screen no easy goal. He was a life saver on Lake Tahoe, with the unlucky number of 313, before he succeeded in breaking into pictures

"It was Mr. Laemmle who gave me my chance," Mr. von Stroheim replied, when I congratulated him. "He came west just as we were finishing 'The Heart of Humanity.' Meeting him, I told him what I wanted to do and he said to go ahead. I still feel it is a miracle, four months ago I little dreamed my chance was so near."

It was after a series of hardships during which he had tried everything, from writing a vaudeville sketch and playing it on the Orpheum Circuit, to being Life Saver at Lake Tahoe (with the unlucky number of 313) that he broke into pictures.

Being down and out but still determined, he walked over to the Griffith studio in Hollywood every day for two months and waited around the outside, hoping to attract someone's attention.

One day John Emerson, who was playing a rôle in Ibsen's "Ghosts," stepped out of the studio in his evening clothes with a ribbon across his breast. "For the first time in my life I was nervy," observed Mr. von Stroheim. "I stepped up, told him my name and asked if he was playing comedy or drama. When he said drama, and that the ribbon was a badge or decoration of a Chamberlain, I told him it was not correct. 'What do you know about it?' he asked. I replied that it was too long a story to tell

(*Continued on page 69*)

The Director-Diplomatic

By MARY KEENE

You are accustomed to see, or at least to think, of a director in more or less stereotyped attitudes and atmospheres. Reasoning with a temperamental star, perhaps; poring distractedly over scripts; scrambling about on location; searching for said location; overlooking sets; all the usual rest of it.

I saw Edward José differently.

Had I not known the nature of my mission, had I been ushered, wholly unprepared, into the spacious tranquil room overlooking the Hudson and cast mine eyes, all unprepared, upon the stalwart, picturesque gentleman with the intent eyes and the courtly, other-world bearing, clad in a Burgundy silk lounging attire and writing at a huge carved mahogany desk I might have made several guesses as to his pursuit in life, and several would have been wrong. Asked what he did in the world's work—and that he did something would be quite obvious—I think I should have hazarded: "Why, he's a foreign diplomat. Or an emissary from some court." I *might* have ventured, "He's an actor—of the stamp of Sothern and Mansfield." I dont *think* I should have called him a director. I can hardly say why.

I found him as diplomatic as his appearance conjectured. Quite charmingly so. He has a fine discrimination in giving his point of view and in keeping it. He is a man pre-eminently fitted to direct because there is always a deep reserve fund within himself of power, of thought, of feeling.

He is wholly void of personal egotism. So much so that I found it very hard to keep him to the topic of the hour — *himself*. He talked readily and engrossingly on many things—on the absurdity, for instance, of the individual pitting himself or herself against tradition; against world-old laws and orders. "It is inevitable destruction," he said. "Take marriage, for example. The scenario I am doing now deals with the revolt of a woman against the sacrament of marriage. She loses thruout—of course. What does one case of unhappiness, or two or three, or as many dozen, *prove?* What have you and I to do with what has been ordained from the beginning?"

I had come, however, to hear him talk about *himself*, and if it had not been for the gentle interpolations of Mrs. José who sat sewing in the adjoining room, I should certainly have gone away with the charm of his indubitable personality about me, but wholly, too, without Joséan information.

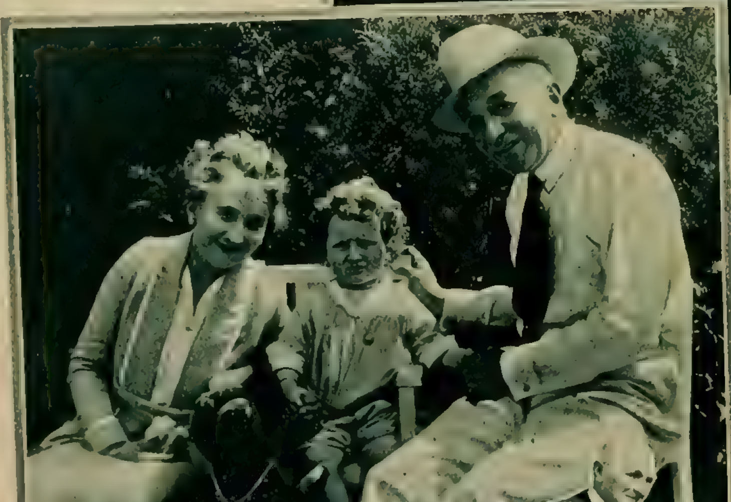
Just as a beginner I asked him what he considered the requisite of a truly great director. It is the prize question.

He shrugged his shoulders, elevated his brows, threw up his hand and took a few steps about the room in what I discovered to be a characteristic way.

"If I say," he said finally, "people will think I speak of, or from, or about myself. It will sound too . . . well, too egotistic. It is better that I do not say at all."

(*Continued on page* 80)

Photograph by Puffer



Edward José with his wife and child and, below, on location with the Norma Talmadge company

The Cinema Comes to Carleton

By HARRIETTE UNDERHILL

WILLIAM CARLETON, JR., laid the corn muffin which he was buttering down on his plate, looked at us seriously and said, "You are right—there is!"

Now William, Jr., is a mild-mannered man and he is particularly fond of corn muffins, so we knew something untoward was egging him on to this display of fierceness and this renunciation of his beloved viands.

"You are right, there is a fly in the ointment. I dont like cinema field days—community acting, if you know what I mean."

"But we dont know," we murmured, outwardly timid, but secretly exultant, because we sensed a story. "What is community acting? Something to inspire good fellowship, like community singing?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Carleton, still gloomily regarding his neglected muffin; "something like community singing, only not so sweet and I cant say that it is particularly conducive to good fellowship—in me, at any rate."

"And what are cinema field days?"

"The same, only more protracted."

And all this because we had inadvertently asked Mr. Carleton if there was not a single fly in his syrup of contentment.

"Never mind," we soothed, "you needn't tell us what community acting is and we can live if we dont know what cinema field days are. Dont excite yourself and we'll talk about birds and flowers."

"No we wont; we'll talk about cinema field days," for William Carleton, Jr., can be a "majerful" man when he wishes. "If it wasn't for them, life in front of the camera would be one sweet song. But people never can be induced to believe that we make motion pictures because it is our profession. They firmly believe that we do it for their delectation. Have you ever made exteriors in a popular summer resort? No, of course you haven't—I forgot."

"Well, you needn't be so superior," we replied. "We have had three offers, but we dont like to work so hard."

"Well, community acting is when the whole community decides to take part in the picture. Cinema field days are those awful days when mothers gather on the site which has been selected for the exteriors for your new picture, bringing with them numerous little Cuthberts and Cedrics who, they fondly hope, will be the picture heroes of the next generation.

"You select a nice secluded spot back of a stone wall for your dressing room. You find a hollow tree evidently placed there by providence to be your make-up table. You work for an hour in the sun. Then the director will say, 'All ready for this scene! Carleton, your nose is shiny. Better touch up your make-up!' and you rush away to your nice secluded dressing room to find an angel-faced, flaxen-haired child digging in your box of powder with a stick. His face is daubed with your grease paint. Mamma sits nearby reading. You take your cherished possessions away from him, get out your mirror preparatory to holding it up to nature and proceed to touch up your make-up. Cuthbert stands wild-eyed. 'Mamma,' he shouts, 'come and see the man putting powder on his nose just like you do!' or, if you carry your make-up with you and hide it under a stone, when you return you'll surely find some coy belle of '84 in a picture hat using your powder puff and mirror. It never fails."

"Poor dear," we murmured, "the subject is evidently a painful one. Tell us some more."

"Well, there isn't going to be any community acting in 'The Copperhead.' That is the picture I am working in now with Lionel Barrymore. Charlie Maigne has made me a deputy sheriff and I am going to wear a 'tin star' and everything just like a regular one. So when the people gather on the field for the ceremonies, as they surely will—10,000 strong, I suppose, to see a real Barrymore, I can order them back and flash my badge and be real impressive."

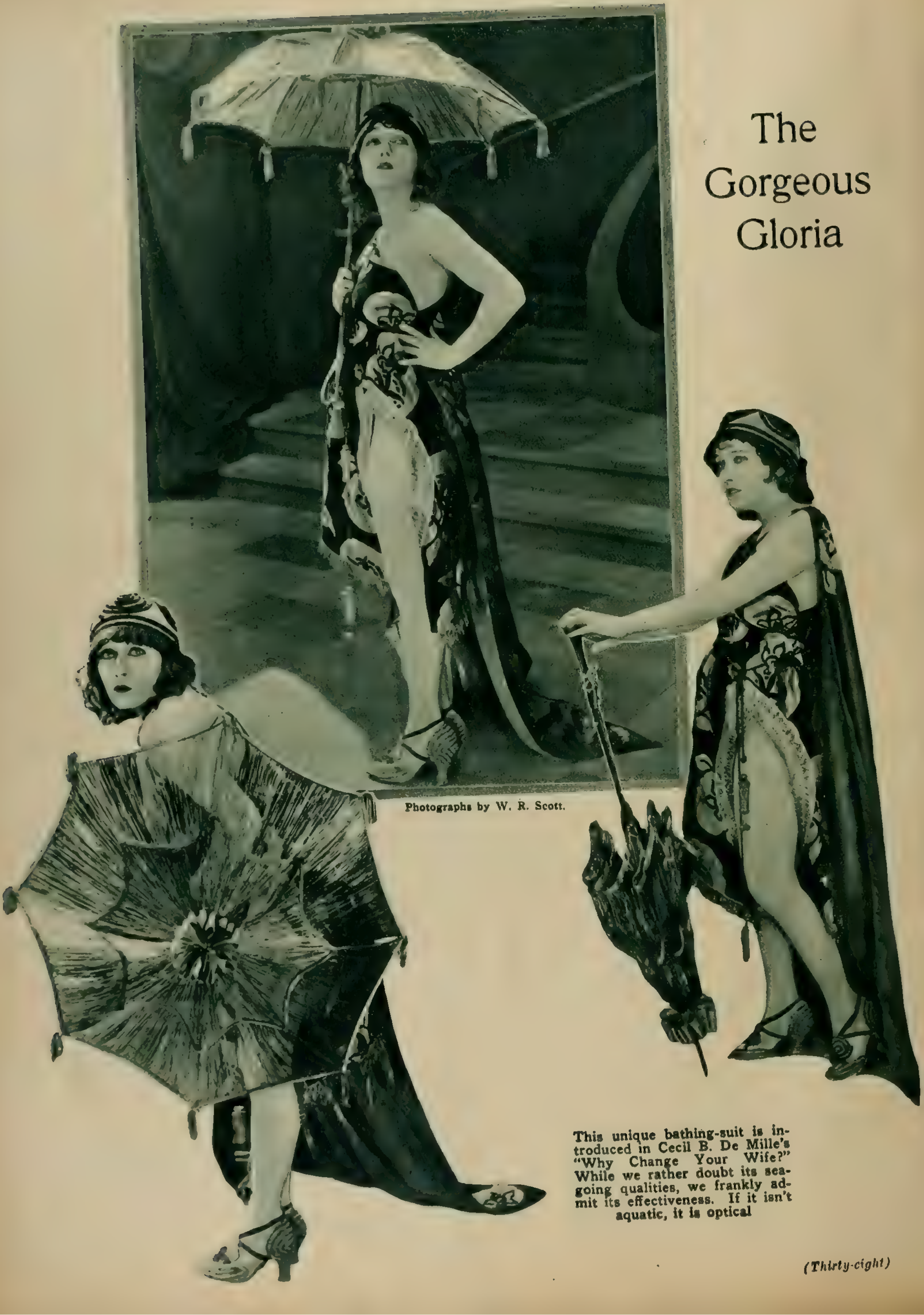
"Did Mr. Maigne select you as a minion of the law because you are six feet two?" we asked. "And important-looking."

(*Continued on page* 70)

Photograph by Otto Sarony

A study of William Carleton, Jr., and two views of him on the screen with Elsie Ferguson. "I love cinema work," says Carleton, "if it wasn't for community acting."

The Gorgeous Gloria



Photographs by W. R. Scott.

This unique bathing-suit is introduced in Cecil B. De Mille's "Why Change Your Wife?" While we rather doubt its seagoing qualities, we frankly admit its effectiveness. If it isn't aquatic, it is optical

Victory

Just now, rankling virulently, was the girl in the Zangiciamo orchestra, lately arrived from Eastern ports and stopping a few weeks at the hotel en route for California

Fictionized from the Maurice Tourneur Photoplay

By FAITH SERVICE

In his very early days Baron Heyst had been badly battered and mauled by life . . . there had been a great many things . . . it had not seemed able to let him be. With the passing of his youth passed, too, his faith. He drew, as it were, an enveloping cape about him and stood aloof, mocking thru badly twisted lips.

"The thing to do," he told his son, shortly before he came to die, "is to do *nothing*. Only by establishing an absolute negation of attitude are you safe. Do not attempt, either, to *be* anything. Be *in* the world, because to remove yourself from it involves an infringement of negation, of all infringements the greatest . . . but be not of it. Stand apart. Live apart. Say little and condemn, inevitably, all that you hear said. If you evolve philosophies, the rabble, swine all of them, will still go nosing for truffles. If you ponder the philosophies of others you will become evolved. Establish an absolute negation."

To establish a negation was not peculiarly hard for Axel Heyst. Curiously, he had never believed very vitally in his own identity, in his own essential existence. He had been, to himself, a shade walking among shades . . . he had established no contacts . . . there had been vague persons . . . even his father with his detached bitterness, so detached, indeed, as not to be bitterness at all, but only a wraith of other days, still shrouded. There had been vague events . . . and many books . . . and travels . . . seen, as it were, thru a haze, darkly . . . nothing had been real, ever. Nothing had given any stabbing joy. Nothing had given any driven pain. There had been no palpable sense of discomfort, nor yet the glow of any substantial comfort.

After his father's death, Axel Heyst left London. He had read of the South Seas and they called to him. There, he thought, on those deep lulling waters, among those drugging scents and thick strong sounds, one might, like mammoth lazy birds, wheel away one's time, suspended between, literally and figuratively, earth and heaven.

One could readily establish negation with the natives. There could be no possible other stand. There would be no intrusions. Things would not happen. There would be no women. Not that Axel thought of women in the way of intruders. Actually, he did not think of them at all. He knew that part of his father's philosophy had had to do with woman's component part in the

VICTORY

Fictionized by special permission from the scenario of Stephen Fox, based upon Joseph Conrad's novel of the same name, published by Doubleday, Page & Company. Produced by Maurice Tourneur and released by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. The cast:

Axel Heyst	Jack Holt
Alma	Seena Owen
Ricardo	Lon Chaney
Schomberg	Wallace Beery
Mr. Jones	Ben Deely
Mrs. Schomberg	Laura Winston
Pedro	Bull Montana
Captain Davison	George Nicholls

She made a difference in the bungalow on the island. Heyst admitted that almost at once

cosmos. And then, with the beginning of the bitterness, woman's part had been ruled *out* of the philosophy and Baron Heyst had expatriated himself from his native Sweden and some sort of a chapter had been shut down, a seal affixed.

Axel Heyst roamed five years among the islands of the South Seas, drugging himself with a sweet narcotism, not so much waking as sleeping. There had been no intrusions . . .

There had been passing dusky faces . . . barbaric sounds and smells . . . lagoons like fluid souls . . . endless blue waters . . . endless gold shores . . . endless sailings . . . coming and goings . . . nowhere . . . to no purpose . . . the world did not knock at his door . . . He might have been his father, entombed, for all life had of him, or he of life . . .

Then, as abruptly as poetry might turn to prose and almost as shockingly, he fell in with Morrison. Morrison was mere man. He didn't know anything about negations. You couldn't have established the abstract fact of negation in his head by any sort of means. He was utterly the positivist. He had a passion, too. A ruling one. An overruling one. It was for his trading brig, the "Capricorn." Morrison had been born on the Capricorn. He had grown up on her, with her, body and soul. He had got his life and his livelihood from her. She was living tissue to him. He had a tremendous sentiment for her, a feeling composed of tissue and blood He had sailed the Java sea on her and now, it seemed, in the port of Timor, because he had no cash, some irregular had been found in his papers and the Portuguese officials were going to impose a fine he couldn't pay on him, arrest his brig and, at the expiration of the week, knowing the fine was beyond him, sell her at auction. Sell the Capricorn . . . It was like the sacrilegious sale, the sacrilegious public sale of some beloved woman . . .

Morrison was in the throes when he ran into Heyst. He was too terribly in the throes to take notice of anything different about Heyst. He was just someone to pour out his heart to . . . his big heart, which was breaking.

It was a sort of a vandalism, after a fashion. Morrison was a sort of a, no, distinctly, a vandal of dreams. He thrust his heavy, hob-nailed boot into the delicate aloofness of Heyst's absolute negation. He showed him a bare heart, a rugged piece of suffering, easily averted.

Heyst was shocked. Of course, he felt at once, the Capricorn could not be sold at auction. He sensed the tragedy there, immediately. Sensed, too, somehow, remotely, the clamor of resistance Morrison was making.

Consummately and very delicately, he made it possible for Morrison to pay his fine and assure the safety of the Capricorn. He turned away before the sight of the big man's heaving joy. It was somehow cataclysmic. The primitive forces in the man slept, or dozed, so close to the surface that one felt the sense of an upheaval of nature in his emotions, forces . . .

"I'll tell you what," said Morrison, after he had released Heyst's sensitive fingers from his blunted ones; "I cant do enough for you. I cant, for a fact. I . . . but what I can do . . . I'll let you in . . . there's coal on the island of Samburan. I happen to know . . . come closer . . . hearkye . . . that's how I know. I've been waiting . . . for the right man. You're him, Mr. Heyst. You're him. You are, for a fact. There's a fortune. A fortune. There is, for a fact. Here's the details. . . ."

Three hours later, Heyst said all right. He didn't know why he had said all right; why he had agreed. It wasn't in accordance—it wasn't in accordance at all with the utter detachedness preached him by his father. He couldn't see why this huge crude man should break thru the delicate, impalpable, yet very potent doorway between himself and the rest of the world. His had been a huge fist knocking . . . knocking smashing sorts of blows . . . he had, it seemed, battened things down. Heyst was conscious of a tingling in his veins. After all, perhaps, outside the thick blue haze shot thru with dreamy gold in which he had lived and had his separate being, after all, there were men who wept immense tears over the threatened loss of a grubby trading schooner; to whom these staple things of life meant breathing and being. Odd sort of a surmise, but probably true after a limited fashion . . .

And then, it had occurred, even to Heyst, that to dream one must have money. Dreams, even, are quite costly. One must pay, it seemed, to float about on the South Seas watching the curious native life thru half-closed eyes. This coal mine of Morrison's . . . it could be got thru with and then he, Heyst, amply supplied for endless dreaming, could go back . . .

But one doesn't *go* back, it seems . . .

Morrison went to London to float the company and in London he died. There was too much fog there, perhaps—the details were never made very explicit. But he died. And when Heyst heard of the big man's death he felt precisely as tho someone had given him a crude rent with a knife. A most unthinkable thing.

Before he died, however, it seemed that Morrison had been successful in forming the company. Heyst found himself nominated manager and with the mushroom growth of such enterprises coolies were imported, engineers arrived from London, bungalows sprang up, a gallery was driven into the productive hillside and coal in vast quantities was taken out. Heyst had felt quite excited up to the actual time of the mining. There was something, he thought, in the nature of a gigantic dream about it all. He felt detached from it, interested, immensely interested, but as a spectator. He missed Morrison. Morrison had a fresh salt tang. There had been an invigoration to Morrison powerful enough to pierce the veil of Heyst's dreaming. Now Morrison was gone and the old lethargy was creeping about him again. His father had been right . . . detachedness . . . all this . . . what did it amount to?

Shortly thereafter the company went into liquidation and Heyst was left alone on Samburan with his chinaman, Wang. He was content to stay. He had his pipe and the bungalow had been fixed to suit him. He rather thought he would stay on . . . indefinitely . . . he was at peace. On the other islands, when he had gone to and from while the mining was on active process, there had been nasty talk back and forth. Schomberg, the big German who kept the hotel on Sourabaya, seemed absolutely to hate him. This seemed absurd to Heyst, who had never hated as he had never loved, a living soul. Schomberg, it seemed, accused him, with equal absurdity of an absurd thing. He had *used* Morrison, Schomberg alleged, had even been responsible in some occult way for Morrison's death. There had been mysterious dealings . . . hidden wealth . . . Heyst laughed at it, silently, after his fashion, yet it was, he thought, as tho something gaseous, noxious alloyed, unpleasantly, a trade wind from the south, spiced and aromatic . . . It was certainly negative on Samburan. He was forgotten by the world. In his turn, he too, forgot .

When, finally, there came an occasion for him to go to Sourabaya on some sort of a final transaction for the liquidated company he had forgotten along with other things, the dead Morrisson and his own brief days of activity, the hatred of Schomberg.

He remembered it when the bearded German glared at him and spat a reluctant consent to his registration at Schomberg's Hotel. The Englishman with the woman's eyes didn't know of Schomberg's hatred . . . Schomberg himself was rather indefinite as to the original source . . . he only knew that he had a deep antipathy for Heyst . . . that his fingers twitched for him and his mouth watered in contemplation of cruelties he might inflict .

Heyst's odd presence inflamed the hatred. Schomberg wanted to talk about it, wanted to plot and plan about it, wanted to allay it. He had wandered on this desert of his de-

And always Ricardo followed Alma, begging her favors, making love to her, threatening her

Alma in the power of Pedro

testation long enough. He was parched.

He couldn't talk to Mrs. Schomberg. The woman had sympathies, despicable trait. Her sympathies, tho, were never for him, for Schomberg. For him she entertained some sort of a primitive passion which did nothing save preclude him from such other, infrequent and diverse pleasures as might chance his way. An occasional native, now . . . Mrs. Schomberg had no sympathies for *him* . . .

Just now, rankling virulently, was the girl in the Zangiciamo Orchestra, lately arrived from Eastern ports and stopping a few weeks at the hotel en route for California.

The girl was different from most people, from almost all the women who came to Sourabaya. She was white, that was one thing, dead white. She was whiter than the whitest flower ever stained with native blood. And her hair was like gold, like the sun that pours like heavy brass, all liquid, over Sourabaya. Her eyes, now, they were blue, sea-blue and sky-blue. She wore a blue uniform, too. Schomberg had a passion, probably Prussian, for uniforms. This one was a particularly taking blue uniform and it matched her eyes. It was adorned with copious brass buttons and considerable gold braid. It fitted her trimly and gave evidence, delicately, of soft, very young lines. She moved gently, too, and rarely spoke.

It was horrible to have the automatic, seldom sympathetic Mrs. Schomberg perpetually between them. It was maddening, like a red banner waved eternally before an inflamed bull. There were so many ways of disposing of automatons on Sourabaya . . .

When Heyst came he listened, the first night, to the Zangiciamo Orchestra. He didn't know why he went in, and once in, he knew still less why he stayed in. The discord, of course, was quite obvious, and outside the sea was murmuring, almost restfully . . . and there was a low sky, all weighted down with depending stars . . . there was a trade wind . . . thickly spiced . . . Heyst had felt a little dizzy . . .

After the Zangiciamo Orchestra had done he knew why he stayed. He stayed because the very white girl in the impossible uniform stayed, solitarily, on the platform, immediately abandoned by the other members of the Lady Orchestra and by Zangiciamo himself. She seemed to Heyst to be shrinking, up there on the platform. She wasn't looking at him, either. On the contrary she seemed to be trying very hard not to look at anybody at all, as tho she were fearful to.

Of course, following the absolute negation, Heyst knew that he should go out at once, lose himself in the night, let it consume him. But he had noticed her as the Lady Orchestra played, vaguely, but still . . . she had had a luminous quality . . . she had seemed to shine softly, faintly, like some fragment of a fallen, drifted moon . . . It occurred to Heyst that she was the loneliest thing he had ever seen. He had always, heretofore, thought that of himself, thought that indigenous to himself. It was a new thought, wholly new. Just as Morrison had been a new thought, Morrison who could weep and wring tremendous hands over the loss of a sailing brig, run with rats and smelling of rope and tar.

Heyst approached the girl and from behind the bar Schomberg glared and chewed his beard, his mustache, his chin itself.

Schomberg had had three new guests the day before and until this instant he had felt some sort of a clammy fear of them. One gets fears of that nature on the South Sea Islands. One of the guests had registered himself as Mr. Jones. That was simple and unfearful enough, certainly, but Mr. Jones belied his name. He had a horrible air of a recent gravel. Schomberg swore to his wife, pinching her the while he mouthed his fears, that there was the smell of grave-mould on this Jones. Ghouls had disinterred him, avowed Schomberg in part, and he had drifted here. The ghouls, he thought, were his two companions, Ricardo, an ex-seaman with a smell of fresh blood about him, and Pedro, their Venezuelan servant with fifty devils in his eyes and a smile cruel enough to congeal the blood Ricardo might well be expected to spill.

Tonight, tho, Schomberg saw the three horrors he was housing in a different light. That they were bent on human death he was convinced. Plain Mr. Jones had been unearthed from some unholy grave and now he, in his turn, was about to destroy and to raise up. Suppose that Schomberg told them about Heyst, over on Samburan, and about the death of Morrison and the hidden treasure. Suppose they left his hotel, these somehow terrible three, and went to seek out Heyst . . . Schomberg crept up to the corridor where the three occupied three lordly rooms. He whispered to them thru the evil hours until the dawn, sickly, turned to bannered splendor. Now and again he rubbed his hands violently together and mopped his brow. The pale proximity of the plain Mr. Jones beaded him with agues of cold sweat.

The second night, too, Heyst waited for the white girl, who waited, too. On the second night she talked to him. Oddly, he had the dawning feeling that a human being was talking to another human being. Always, before this, he had thought a human being was talking to a shade, soon would sense this to be so, soon would chill and draw away.

Tonight, with this girl, it was different; how he could not say, did not want to say. She did not draw away, either. They walked on the curving half moon of the white beach along the edge of a lagoon within whose calm transparent breast a single star shivered, yet remained . . .

She told him about herself. Her mother, who wore a great deal of jewelry and then was kind, or who wore none and was rather terribly cruel, who spent a great deal of time out, grew very tired of walking . . . pavements being hard . . . Of her father whose name her mother was vague on and so, in consequence, was she. He had been a gentleman she said, her mother had told her she was certain of that, as certain as certain . . . a gentleman, she could bank on *that* . . . that nebulous fact, it seemed, was alone substantial in an insubstantial world thru which this child had drifted, white like a fragment of a moon . . . Her mother had died, after coughing a great deal . . . somehow she had got this job with Zangiciamo . . . and she was here and she was very much afraid . . . Zangiciamo and Schomberg were like two maddened dogs, it seemed; she the pitiful bleached small bone between the pair of them . . . She didn't know . . .

On the third night he waited on the curve of the beach for her. When she came, she came flying. "Oh, take me away with you!" she begged, her breast torn like the wings of a bird, "take me away. Take me away! I'll work for you. I'll live for you and die for you. I wont ever bother you, *any*. I wont . . . I wont . . ."

It was like, even tho unlike, Morrison again . . . something battening . . . this time something soft . . . it occurred to Heyst freshly that he was a man . . . that the world about him was made up of two component parts . . . man and woman . . . fundamentally, inescapably . . . and that he was, he, Axel Heyst, was the man and this white girl clinging to him, was the woman . . .

He took her with him to Samburan, escaping that night, with the help of Mrs. Schomberg, only too glad to be rid of her, and Davidson who passed to and fro on his schooner and had done sundry small services for Heyst in the past.

She made a difference in the bungalow on the island. Heyst admitted that almost at once. It seemed to him, unobtrusively, as tho the house were flower-filled, even while he knew that it was not. Everything seemed softer and, at the same time, sharper.. He, himself, seemed to be somehow quickened. Things were more acute, possessed more significance; daily things such as the eating of meals, the drinking of tea before dusk, dinner by candle light. Heretofore they had been things to be got thru with, generally with a newspaper propped before his plate. Now . . . now he liked to linger over each detail of each one of them . . . there were her hands to watch, daily miracles, her eyes catching, holding, giving forth to him, again and again, new and amazing lights. Her talk . . . all to him. Suppose she should ever talk in the same way to any other person, to any other man. He knew, with his newly awakening self, that he wouldn't like that. And then,

(*Continued on page* 81)

Alma made the next sudden move—a knife flashed thru the air—Ricardo toppled over

Helen Lee Worthing, one of the honor leaders in our Fame and Fortune Contest, has an important rôle in Ned Weyburn's revue at the Capitol Theater. She may be observed at the left assisting the Capitol constructors

Photograph (right) by Abbe

At the right is Muriel de Forest, one of the Capitol revue favorites

At The World's Foremost Screen Theater

Broadway's newest home of the photoplay, the Capitol Theater, is now open. This de luxe film institution features an elaborate musical revue, in which Lauretta Harris, at the right, and Helen Herendeen, below, have leading rôles

Photographs (right) by Alfred Cheney Johnston
(below) by Jean de Strelecki

The Hidden Egyptian

Exclusive Photographs by NELSON EVANS

HAVE you ever stopped to think how many different kinds of love affairs there are? But of course you have; everyone does at some time or other! There is, for instance, puppy love that doesn't last, and Indian summer love, that doesn't last either. There is the love of the leading man for the leading woman (on the screen)—and the love of the leading woman for the leading man (who is usually a member of some other company) off of it and this lasts—sometimes. But there is one love that lasts thru life and beyond, and that is the love of a player for his, or her, favorite part.

(It influences his mannerisms, his clothes, and, if he happens to be in "the speakies," it even influences his diction. If the truth were recognized, it would be seen that mentally, at least, he frequently goes on playing it forever.)

Think over all the players, both of the stage and screen, whose work you have followed and see if you can pick out the character or scene that they love the best. Frequently, you will find it very easy. You must use your detective powers, however. No true artist ever repeats a favorite scene or a favorite character in all of its details. But it will creep out; as is the case with all true love, they cannot help but show it. Even the very versatile Edith Storey has a love of this kind hidden behind her many distinct and perfect characterizations. If you watch her closely, you may see it there; a persistent suggestion of the Egyptian, in her clothes, her dry quiet humor, her enigmatic smile. Her favorite part was in "Dust of Egypt," a comedy made by the Vitagraph Company about four years ago.

The most noticeable thing about Edith Storey is her sincerity. She has the most exquisite sense of humor and her viewpoint on life is a very lovely one, indeed. "I am a regular tomboy," she explains. "My brother and I are the best pals in the world"

"It was so entirely different from anything I have ever done that every moment of it was a pleasure," she said (she had on a dress of lavender striped organdie at the time. Later when the photographer saw her, she had on a different dress but it was striped, just the same).

"In the beginning of the picture, I was an Egyptian princess. Nothing could stand in the way of my getting anything I wanted. I could take it or have it brought to me. My will was law absolute. And then this Princess died and her mummy came to life in the present century. (In the end it

By Elizabeth Peltret

turns out that she was the creature of a dream).

"Her surroundings were no longer regal, but the princess had not changed in the least. She wants to use a certain table as a couch. It is loaded with beautiful things, but she just brushes them off—(Miss Storey illustrated with a nonchalant gesture)—and orders a bear rug that she fancies brought to her.

"The sub-titles were so good, too.

"Without being in the least conscious that she is saying anything unusual, the Princess remarks to her host, speaking of his wife, 'The Woman is old and ugly; why dont you send her away and get a younger one?' A man interferes with some little thing her Highness wants done and she deliberately attempts to stab him . . . But always she is possessed of a deep inward sense of her dignity as a princess . . . . ."

Perhaps the most noticeable thing about Edith Storey is her sincerity. She has a dry, quiet way of talking, her voice is low, rather "husky" perhaps, and even in tone, but never monotonous. She has brown hair, with the prettiest possible little wave in it, and large oval-shaped brown eyes.

The first thing you notice about Edith Storey is her deep humanity. She has a gift of fitting in any scene or becoming one of any group of people in any walk of life. The scenes on these two pages show Miss Storey at her California home

She has the most exquisite sense of humor and her viewpoint on life is a very lovely one indeed.

"I'm not looking very far ahead, towards any wide or distant horizon," she said; "I like to do the thing that is with me now, in the best possible manner. I like to keep busy. I dont even like to sit still and read unless I am doing it for some definite purpose. I would much rather be outdoors. I love mechanics; I can do almost anything about an automobile down to taking it apart and putting it together again. I am a regular tomboy; my brother and I are the best pals in the world."

He is three years younger than his famous sister and enlisted in the navy immediately after the declaration of war. Edith Storey enlisted

(*Continued on page 73*)

Marie: The Mystic

By FRITZI REMONT

Three glimpses of Marie Walcamp at home and motoring. Miss Walcamp, before she gained her success on the screen as a daring cinema serial belle, was a show girl in musical comedy

MARIE WALCAMP will do any sort of stunt so long as she has faith in her director.

And let me whisper: Marie is so sensitive to thought transference that nobody working near her dares think anything that Marie isn't supposed to know.

Now isn't that sensitiveness queer in a girl who is a death-defying, gymnastic wonder?

Miss Walcamp's eyes change color while you talk to her—from grey to hazel, from hazel to grey. Everything about Marie suggests mysticism. Her smile is inscrutable. No two people know her in the same way. Inwardly, she is perfectly sincere, but outwardly she is as changeable as a chameleon.

She may be happy one moment and somberly reflective the next. She isn't just exactly beautiful, but her great individuality marks her as one having a beautiful soul. She is reserved and likes to spend odd moments in reading and study. At night she usually reads herself into a sleepy mood, then tucks the book away under her pillow so that it can easily be drawn forth the first thing in the morning.

Miss Walcamp has a great deal of humor. You need watch her smile but a moment to be convinced of that. She has a large mouth, with perfect white teeth, slightly overlapping on the upper row, and that is why Marie wont smile often before the camera. Meeting her occasionally, one would not even notice the slight irregularity unless Miss Walcamp mentioned it, for her teeth give one only the impression of wonderful strength, resistance and perfect health. However, serial pictures never require smiles, so perhaps that's why the girl changed from comedy to stunts.

"Did you ever attend a séance?" I asked. I hadn't known about the Anna Eva Fay business up to that time, but Marie's mystic eyes—eyes which make one think of looking thru seven veils and trying to pierce an inner shrine—had given me courage to accuse her of being a psychic.

"Yes, just once. It was in a town far away from here when I was about twelve years old. Mother heard of a spiritualists' meeting and decided that it would be interesting for us to go and get a 'message,' if possible. I had always astonished her by my sudden hunches, and she was more or less interested in psychic phenomena anyway, so she mustered up courage enough to take me. It was her first experience also.

"We sat in a darkened room. I felt delicious thrills of expectancy and just a little shiver of fear. After a silence, the medium said—and oh, oh, he was so funny, with an impediment in his speech—well, he said, 'Thumbuddy kicked my calvthes awful hard just then. Does anybody here weckonize that spthirit?'

"I forgot all about thrills, fear, spirits and good behavior, because the idea of being kicked on the shins was so irresistibly funny. I laughed and laughed until I almost rolled off my chair, and then it struck mother, too, and she began to suppress giggles, and a man asked us to leave—and we did! So my first and last séance was a real failure and I never tried it again. I told mother I was sorry we hadn't behaved well, for I did want to see a spirit that had gumption enough to announce its presence in such a forcible way. I always did admire people who had the courage of their convictions, no matter what form they took."

"Do you have hunches about getting hurt when you do stunts?"

"Oh, often. Last week, when Mr. MacGowan was going to throw that block of wood at me, of course, aiming to avoid actually hitting me, I said, 'You are going to hit my head with it.' He said he would aim low and never get near my head. A few minutes later I was almost knocked out by the block! I guess that ought to be the other way around, tho." Again the alluring smile brightened Marie Walcamp's hazel-grey eyes.

"Did you ever play anything along occult lines?"

"Well, you know my coming into the pictures was rather strange. I'll tell you just how I happened to be cast for Bob Leonard's 'The Evil Power,' which was a hypnotic play with a very powerful part in it for me. I certainly loved doing it.

"I was a showgirl with Kolb and Dill and had a great admiration for Laura Oakley, who was their leading woman. Every night I'd go to her dressing-room and watch her make up, glad to get any advice from her as to acting and the show business, or ready to sit quietly by and study her if she rehearsed anything. At that time she was working in pictures as well as with the comedians on the stage.

"One night she suddenly turned to me and said, 'Marie, why dont you try for the pictures? I think you'd make good. You have excellent features for the business.' I said, 'Oh, I dont know; I hardly think I'd have a chance, do you?' She replied, 'Well, nothing like trying. Come out to Universal with me tomorrow and I'll introduce you.'

"Next day I accompanied her early in the morning and was put right into a comedy with Lee and Moran; then I had a chance to work for Mr. Leonard in the occult play; then two pictures with Daddy Turner and 'The Village Blacksmith' with Harry Pollard. I did a great many dramatic leads after that with Otis Turner and Mr. Pollard.

"The first two weeks I worked I earned ninety dollars a week. I simply couldn't believe it. You know what the life of a showgirl means—hardly a cent left for necessaries, so much goes for board

(*Continued on page 72*)

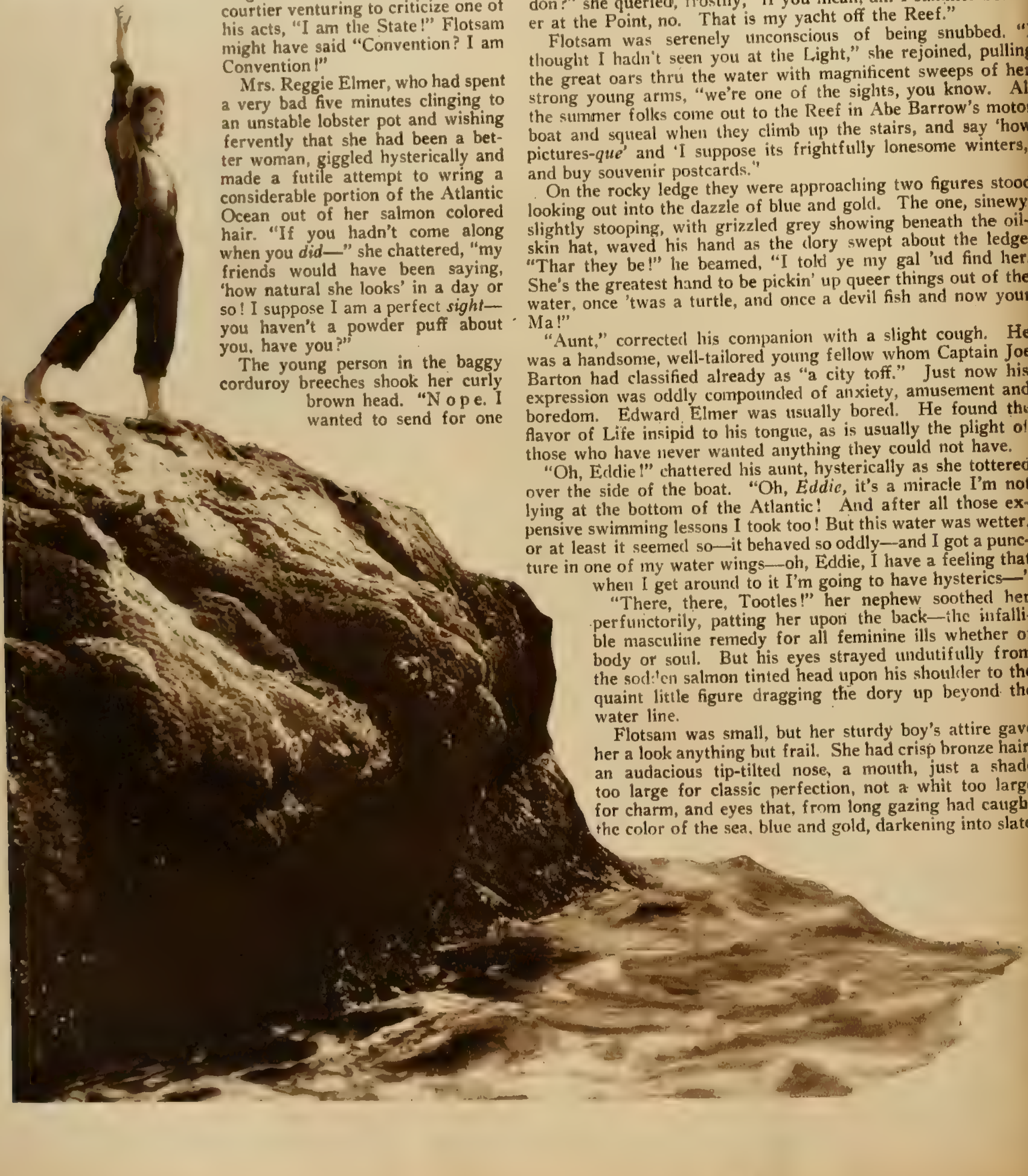
Miss Walcamp's first film work was in a Lee and Moran comedy at Universal. Her first real chance came in the serial, "Patria," with Irene Castle. After that she did "Liberty" for Universal

The Girl from Out Yonder

Fictionized from the Selznick-Olive Thomas Photoplay

By Dorothy Donnell

"You lost some of your hair, and all of your complexion and one sandal," itemized Flotsam, dispassionately. "I guess that's all. Luckily I happened to be out with the lobster pots." She lifted one foot and scratched the ankle of the other with a bare pink toe in a carefree manner. Like that king of France who replied to a courtier venturing to criticize one of his acts, "I am the State!" Flotsam might have said "Convention? I am Convention!"



Mrs. Reggie Elmer, who had spent a very bad five minutes clinging to an unstable lobster pot and wishing fervently that she had been a better woman, giggled hysterically and made a futile attempt to wring a considerable portion of the Atlantic Ocean out of her salmon colored hair. "If you hadn't come along when you *did*—" she chattered, "my friends would have been saying, 'how natural she looks' in a day or so! I suppose I am a perfect *sight*—you haven't a powder puff about you, have you?"

The young person in the baggy corduroy breeches shook her curly brown head. "Nope. I wanted to send for one out of a Sears Roebuck catalog but Fardie wouldn't let me. If you come up to the house you can have some flour, tho. Are you a week-ender or a permanent?"

Mrs. Elmer seemed to be staring thru a lorgnette. It's all very well to have your life saved, and all that but it *does* put one under obligation to such *odd* people! "I beg your pardon?" she queried, frostily, "if you mean, am I summer boarder at the Point, no. That is my yacht off the Reef."

Flotsam was serenely unconscious of being snubbed. "I thought I hadn't seen you at the Light," she rejoined, pulling the great oars thru the water with magnificent sweeps of her strong young arms, "we're one of the sights, you know. All the summer folks come out to the Reef in Abe Barrow's motor boat and squeal when they climb up the stairs, and say 'how pictures-*que*' and 'I suppose its frightfully lonesome winters,' and buy souvenir postcards."

On the rocky ledge they were approaching two figures stood looking out into the dazzle of blue and gold. The one, sinewy, slightly stooping, with grizzled grey showing beneath the oilskin hat, waved his hand as the dory swept about the ledge. "Thar they be!" he beamed, "I told ye my gal 'ud find her. She's the greatest hand to be pickin' up queer things out of the water, once 'twas a turtle, and once a devil fish and now your Ma!"

"Aunt," corrected his companion with a slight cough. He was a handsome, well-tailored young fellow whom Captain Joe Barton had classified already as "a city toff." Just now his expression was oddly compounded of anxiety, amusement and boredom. Edward Elmer was usually bored. He found the flavor of Life insipid to his tongue, as is usually the plight of those who have never wanted anything they could not have.

"Oh, Eddie!" chattered his aunt, hysterically as she tottered over the side of the boat. "Oh, *Eddie*, it's a miracle I'm not lying at the bottom of the Atlantic! And after all those expensive swimming lessons I took too! But this water was wetter, or at least it seemed so—it behaved so oddly—and I got a puncture in one of my water wings—oh, Eddie, I have a feeling that when I get around to it I'm going to have hysterics—"

"There, there, Tootles!" her nephew soothed her perfunctorily, patting her upon the back—the infallible masculine remedy for all feminine ills whether of body or soul. But his eyes strayed undutifully from the sodden salmon tinted head upon his shoulder to the quaint little figure dragging the dory up beyond the water line.

Flotsam was small, but her sturdy boy's attire gave her a look anything but frail. She had crisp bronze hair, an audacious tip-tilted nose, a mouth, just a shade too large for classic perfection, not a whit too large for charm, and eyes that, from long gazing had caught the color of the sea, blue and gold, darkening into slate grey when there was a storm brewing. She gazed directly and honestly at Edward Elmer without a trace of the sex-consciousness which a pretty girl usually shows when meeting a good-looking man.

Gasping and giggling, Mrs. Elmer chattered out an introduction and fled up the rocks to the shelter of the lighthouse for her bathing suit was of the kind that is intended for beach bathing, and likely to dissolve embarrassingly when in contact with water. Captain Barton followed, leaving the two young people alone. Flotsam stood poised on a peak of granite, humming a little song, apparently quite unaware that Convention expected her to make conversation when she had nothing to say. There was nothing uneasy about her silence; it was that of the sea itself, brooding without revealing its soul. Edward, who was used to girls that chattered, girls that tittered, girls that flirted, girls that gossiped, but not to girls who said nothing at all, found himself suddenly desirous of hearing her speak.

And so began, on the rocks beside the morning sea, the story that was to lead to other, stranger chapters

"It was certainly deuced lucky you were out this morning," he began, with a smile intended to put her quite at her ease, a smile that seemed to say, "Dont be abashed by my grandeur, little girl. I'm awfully democratic and all that!"

"Wasn't it?" rejoined Flotsam, continuing to gaze out to sea with unflattering interest in the fleet of fishing boats just jutting out from harbor. Devil take it, but she was really extraordinarily pretty—rigged out in one of Clarice's gowns she'd be a winner. His tone lost a trifle of its patronage and acquired deference.

"Tootles ought not to go swimming in anything deeper than a bathtub," he confided, "she loses her head too easily! So you live out here on the Reef, do you? I suppose you must—"

"No," replied Flotsam, coolly, "I dont get lonesome winters at all. Yes, indeed, I love the ocean. No, I've never been to New York. Yes, I'd like to. I'm not your baby doll, thank you, and I dont care to row over to the mainland some day and take a little ride in your car."

Edward Elmer stared at the mutinous little face blankly a moment then burst into a roar of laughter. "So that's what they say to you, is it? Then I wont say it. We'll talk about anything you choose, only do let me stay and talk. I'd like to awfully well, honestly!"

Unexpectedly the stormy face opposite broke into dimples. Flotsam sat down on the rocks beside him with as much grace, in spite of her salt-stained corduroys and clumsy shoes, as tho she wore organdie and patent leather pumps. "Then tell me," she begged him, hungrily, "every single thing you know about *clothes*." Her tone quickened, her eyes held a light almost holy. "Are they still wearing narrow skirts?" breathed Flotsam, "and tight sleeves, and are the hats turned up or down?"

And so began, on the rocks beside the morning sea, the story that was to lead to other, stranger chapters, as the sea has other, somberer phases. It was the first of many talks they had, Edward doing most of the talking, while Flotsam sat enthralled, listening to the tale of a world as remote from her ken as Fairyland.

"Why you *allow* it!" marvelled Clarice Stapleton, with the edge of spite in her voice, "that common little thing knows well enough who he is and how much money he has! Of course, I dont mean to imply that Eddie could be so ridiculous as to think of *marrying* her, but that sort is dangerous. Marriage isn't the only way to get hold of a rich man's money——"

Mrs. Elmer looked shrewdly at the speaker. Morning was always unbecoming to Clarice, tho she was still able to shine under electricity. In the full, hard light her face showed every one of the thirty-two years—she only confessed to twenty-eight—of struggle and disappointment. Clarice had tried desperately to marry almost every eligible young man she had met since her début, and the campaigns had left their traces in fine lines about her rather pale eyes, in a certain acidity of viewpoint, and drawn expression about lips that art rendered a vivid vermillion.

"She's young and pretty, you must remember," she remarked sweetly, and apparently without guile, "even in those outrageous togs she wears she manages to look like a little soubrette in a musical comedy, and withal she's as utterly natural and unaffected as a wild rose." It was not that Mrs. Elmer really approved of Flotsam as a prospective niece-in-law, but—as any feminine reader will understand—she took distinct pleasure in making Clarice writhe.

There were others than those on the yacht who regarded with alarm the friendship of Edward Elmer, clubman, millionaire, first-nighter of all musical shows and Flotsam—the Girl Out Yonder, the village called her. Of these, one, Joey Clarke, heavy of hand and feature, with hair burned a strange, tawny red by long days of fishing under the blazing sun, was the bitterest. Twenty-nine was Joey, a hard man, his fellows called him—a dangerous man. He could drink any other fisherman on the coast under the table without anything to show for it outwardly save a tendency to smile and talk more than when he was sober. He could strike with his tarry fist a blow like that of a sledge hammer. He could hate faithfully—could love bitterly. And he loved Flotsam Barton. There was a burning in his eyes when he looked at her, a thickness on his tongue when he spoke to her.

"Going to let the city dude cut you out, Joey?" his fellow fishermen jibed as the dory with Elmer and Flotsam put out from the Reef, "I hear they're as good as promised a'ready. What gal who c'n have silk gownds and a fine house in the city is going to choose a fisherman's shack?"

To none of their jeers did Joe Clarke reply but his jaw had an ugly set, and his eyes, under scowling brows smouldered. Alone in his three-roomed shanty he considered possibilities. She had liked him well enough before that damned dude with his silk socks and silkier words had come. She would like him—well enough, if he should go. And he *should* go.

"I could kill him," Joey muttered, and played with the thought for a moment, but in the end relinquished it. "But I'm not going to. I'm not hankering to spend the rest of my years in jail—or mebbe get kicked out o' life with a dose of 'lectricity. But if he stays much longer it'll be too late—he's got to go, but how—"

His great fist came crashing down on the pine table, setting the dishes chattering with nervousness. His lips drew back. "Why didn't I think of that afore?" he blazed, "if that dont send him kiting nothing will!"

Edward Elmer was surprised the next morning, to see the shaggy head and lowering face of the most unprepossessing fisherman on the Cape rise over the edge of the yacht to be followed by six foot two of oilskins smelling vilely of fish long defunct. "I beg your pardon, Mister," Joey Clarke said surlily, "but might it be as how I could speak with ye, a moment?"

But when the desired permission was given he seemed at a loss how to begin. His great hands, shaggy with black hair twisted his greasy cap, his eyes were fixed upon the far-away ledge of the Great Reef Light. When he did speak the words seemed somehow wrung out of himself. "It's about Flotsam Barton. I've heard you're sweet on her—is that so?"

Elmer's eyes flashed dangerously, but his tone was level! "I dont recognize your right to ask such a question. However, if it is the least interest to you I am quite willing to tell you that I intend to marry Flotsam. And now—if that was quite all—" he gestured suggestively toward the gangway, "it would be a pity to lose a morning's fishing—"

Joey Clarke's great hands worked silently with the hat, a slow, dreadful twisting movement as tho he were strangling something. "You cant marry her," he said, "you cant marry her. It isn't safe—she comes from a bad stock—"

Edward Elmer laughed scornfully, then, little by little the laugh became mechanical and forced as his eyes studied the other's face. "Just what"—he wet his lips—"just what do you mean?"

"I mean," Joey Clarke said heavily, with monotonous inflection, "that she's the daughter of a murderer! And what's more Barton killed his own father. That's why he's tending the loneliest light on the coast—to keep out of the way o' the Law!"

"You're crazy," stammered Elmer, ashy of face, "stark crazy!"

"You dont believe it?" Joey pointed toward the Reef, white in the sunlight. "Ask him then! He knows I know it—'twas me as found the old man with his head beat in and *him* lying in a drunk alongside with his hands—red—"

Captain Barton touched the great brass reflector with his chamois as a mother touches the cheek of a new-born child. Next to Flotsam, singing below over her housework he adored his Light. It was somehow a symbol to him, those clear white rays brush-

They're as good as promised a'ready. What gal who c'n have silk gownds and a fine house in the city is going to choose a fisherman's shack?

ing the darkness triumphantly away—

"Captain Barton!" He turned, startled, then extended a hearty hand.

"Mister Elmer! I didn't hear ye, ain't you a mite early this mornin? Flotsam's downstairs—"

"I didn't come to see Flotsam," the boy said tragically. The agony in the young eyes searching the tanned weatherbeaten face before him drove the smile from the lighthouse keeper's lips. "I came to see you. To ask you—this man Clarke here says that you—Oh, I cant say it! He must be lying—he is lying, isn't he, Captain?"

The strength seemed to go from the gaunt figure before them. All at once he was an old broken man, an old frightened man with quivering lips that worked loosely and cheeks that twitched. His eyes roved dully from Elmer's tense face to Joey Clarke's implacable one. "So he's told ye?" he wheezed, "I've been payin' him for fifteen year to keep shet o' it. But—it's true—leastwise I s'pose it's true—"

"You suppose it's true?" the boy snapped furiously, "dont you *know?*"

"I was drunk," Captain Barton said, heavily, "I used to go on sprees—those days. And I come out o' one of them with Joey here, shaking me, and hollerin'—and there was Pap—and my clo'es all over blood—"

And he loved Flotsam Barton. There was a burning in his eyes when he looked at her, a thickness on his tongue when he spoke to her

"God!" said Elmer, and shrank away shuddering. Below stairs came the sound of a brisk broom and the lilt of a clear soprano. "I have heard the mavis singing, her love song to the morn—"

"She dont know," the father cried, as tho in answer to some unspoken argument. "What makes you look so queer like? It ain't her fault! She ain't done nothin'," he plucked feverishly at the boy's sleeve, "what you turnin' away like that for? You aint—going—to leave her 'count—of me—"

"I've got to!" In the face of Life's realities all the affectations and artificialities dropped away from Edward Elmer, and he spoke with his soul to the ears of the other's soul. "I love Flotsam—but I'd be afraid, *afraid* hideously, of the taint in her, afraid of what—my son would be and do—"

"She's good!" babbled the old man. "I wont never see her again—if you'll take her away—I'll promise you you wont never hear of me! I'll give myself up, and tell 'em Pap didn't fall onto the cellar floor like they thought. I'll—I'll do anythin' you say, on'y dont break my baby's heart, dont—"

"I'm breaking my heart, too." But he was turning away, young shoulders sagging, young lips stubborn. "Tell her good-bye for me. I—couldn't bear—I'll have Aunty leave before another morning—oh, Flotsam—"

Moments, hours passed, and the old man in the Light tower stood motionless, then he lifted his face to the great blind blue that showed thru the glass dome overhead. "Help me t' lie, God!" Captain Barton prayed, "help me t' have my little gal."

Flotsam gave a cry at the sight of the face he turned toward her, but he stilled her terrified questioning with a gesture. "I got to tell you something that breaks my heart, baby," he said, thru stiff lips that smiled dreadfully, "but it's the on'y way. I'm not—not yore pappy, not by blood—"

Hours later, Captain Barton climbed the stairs that led to the Light, holding desperately to the iron rail. His knees shook beneath him, his head felt oddly dizzy and confused, incapable of thinking of anything but his duty — the Light that he must send out into the swift autumn darkness, the Light that must not fail whether hearts broke or no.

"First o' all that," mumbled he, as he dragged himself up stair by stair, "and after—I'll think o' Flotsam—an' the rest—"

Out somewhere in the dusk he had left her, Elmer's arm about her, with her face, half frightened, half sorry, yet somehow wholly glad, turned to him as he waved her good-bye and dropped over the rail. The ethics of what he had done did not occur to him. He had denied his fatherhood to save her happiness, that was all of it, no more, no less. He had told his lie so well that it had passed as truth, and he thanked God. Somewhere out there—he looked down upon the dark heaving waters—the yacht was lifting anchor to take his little girl away from him, out into the world where even his thoughts would get lost in trying to follow—

"Th' Light—it's pitchy dark a'ready." He was working feverishly now. "Supposin' it shouldn't be lighted and the boat should go on the rocks! Where'd I leave them matches—*God!*"

For his hand, groping in the thick darkness had touched another hand. Joey Clarke's voice leaped upon his ears like some savage animal. "No you dont! The Light aint going to be lighted to-night. Get me? It *ain't going to be lighted!*"

For a moment Barton did not understand. He even tried to laugh in a forlorn, helpless way. "What do you mean, Joey? You're jokin'! I got to hurry because the yacht is leavin'—and it's dark—"

"It's not leavin!" Dreadful mirth shook the great body beside him, "at least—not far. Send Flotsam away, would you? She was mine, I tell you—*mine!* And she aint goin' to be anybody else's!"

There was madness in the wild words, in the gleam of the eyeballs in the darkness, madness in the clutch of the great, hairy hands. "Git out o' here, Barton! I'll tend the Light to-night! Git out o' here afore I serve you as I served your Pappy fifteen year ago—

It was not until the door crashed behind him that Captain Barton realized the meaning of the last words. He beat the panels with impotent hands, but the stout ash mocked his efforts. He shouted, begged, prayed, and listened to the walls toss his own cries back upon him. From within the Light tower was awful silence. He slid to his knees and peered thru the keyhole—darkness, utter, merciless, and—out there, helpless in the night, the yacht driving on the rocks—Flotsam—

Somehow he had staggered down the stairs and into the kitchen, found matches, a can of oil. "Just a minute, dearie, Fardie's comin'!" the old man groaned. He lifted a wooden chair, brought it down upon the stove with terrific force that nearly tore his arms from their sockets. Feverishly he poured oil on the splinters. Another chair—another—clasping the bundle of faggots in his arm, he staggered out into the windy dark, and felt his way down the rocks. Even by daylight it was a hard path to negotiate, steep, with unexpected pitfalls and fissures, but he panted on, falling, crawling on his hands and knees. Below him, and strangely near, sounded the hiss of the water on the pointed rocks. He strained his eyes and thought he saw lights moving thru the darkness—

"Just a minute, dearie," moaned Flotsam's father, and touched a match to the oil-soaked wood. The flames streamed on the wind like wild locks of a Valkyrie's hair. Above him from the darkened tower came a shout of fury, then, sickeningly the sound of a body hurled from a great height upon the rocks—afterward silence.

Out somewhere in the dusk he had left her, Elmer's arms about her, with her face half frightened, half sorry, yet somehow wholly glad, turned to him as he waved her good-bye and dropped over the rail

The torch flared higher, casting wild shadows. In the red light of it the old man's face was hallowed with prayer. "Keep her safe—please God! My baby—keep her safe, please God!"

"Fardie!" Light footsteps ran across the rocks, and Flotsam was beside him, straining him to her with strong young arms. "Fardie! What are you doing? Dont look so, Fardie; it's me, Flotsam! I've come back, and I'm never going to leave you again!"

He continued to wave the torch, staring down at her stupidly. "But—you cant! You're going to be a lady—" His knees weakened. She pushed him gently down and took the torch from him, holding it steadily.

"I'd rather be just Flotsam. To-night—when I saw them dancing—the fine ladies, in their fine dresses—I knew that you'd lied, and that I was truly your girl, and didn't want to be anything else—" her voice broke, denying her brave words, but she went on. "He told me, Edward—everything. And so I came back to tell you it didn't make any difference and I loved you. I rowed away while they were dancing. They'll never miss me, Fardie—I didn't belong there; I belonged here on the Great Reef—Out Yonder; I belong to the Light, Fardie, and to you!"

"And to me, Flotsam!" said a new voice in from the shadow. Tall and handsome in his evening clothes, Edward Elmer stepped into the golden ring of light, hands outheld. "You didn't suppose you could run away from *me*, did you, dear?

They had both forgotten the silent figure of the old man, crouched among his rocks, and, looking from young face to young face shining with a light that was not from the dying torch, Captain Barton rose softly and stole away. Later there would be things to be told, later he might free his name from the taint that Joey Clarke, lying somewhere starkly on the rocks had fastened upon it fifteen years ago. Later he might reclaim the fathership he had denied. He sprang up the steep ledge, into the tower and up the stairs to where the door swung open at the top. A scratch of the match, a flicker of a wick—and the Light shone out, splendid, serene, over the dark fields of the sea.

He held out his hands to the rays of it, ecstatic. "The Light—is stronger than the darkness—" cried Captain Barton, triumphantly, "what's there for us to be afraid of, God?"

THE EXCEPTION

By Walter Pulitzer

There's change in everything, alas! except a fellow's pocket!
This world is full of changes; there's nothing here abiding;
All things are evanescent, fleeting, transitory, gliding.
The earth, the sea, the sky, the stars—where'er the fancy ranges,
The tooth of Time forever mars—all life is full of changes.
Like sands upon the ocean's shore that are forever drifting,
So all the fading scenes of earth incessantly are shifting.
Change rules the mighty universe—there is no power to block it.

Double Exposures

Conducted by F. J. S.

Courtesy Mack Sennett Comedies

The waif and her pitiful little pet geranium are always with us. Witness the opening scenes of De Mille's "Male and Female" and of Tourneur's "The Life Line."

A company has been formed out in Los Angeles to film the Bible in 204 reels. Some directors we know can hardly get an ordinary story into that length.

Recently we presented our composite feminine star of the films. This month we offer our ideal screen male star with:

Lloyd Hamilton's hair.
Ben Turpin's eyes.
Bull Montana's ears.
Chester Conklin's mouth.
Ford Sterling's chin.
"Fatty" Arbuckle's torso.
Charlie Chaplin's legs.

One of the New York newspapers has been listing the most popular lines of the spoken drama. We submit the following three subtitles to represent the photodrama:

"A lily growing in the mire."
"Poor but honest."
"The dawn of a new day."

Big Screen Moment of the Month
Bebe Daniels in the allegory of "Male and Female."

The British are protesting about American bathing girl comedies. Why? The bathing girl is the screen prototype of the stage chorus girl. There is no other way to logically introduce the flapper except as an aquatic charmer, hence the bathing girl farce. Why permit the real thing behind the footlights and protest at an animated photograph of it?

Erich Stroheim has been purchasing pages in the trade papers to complain about the way Universal shifted the title of "The Pinnacle," which he wrote and directed, to "Blind Husbands." It's about time some one took a determined stand upon the cold-blooded and brainless way producers twist titles about. Incidentally, Mr. Stroheim notes that Carl Laemmle, president of U., defends his change by saying that "there are more blind husbands in the world than pinnacles" and that, therefore, more people would go to see the re-titled picture. Which, we submit, is considerable reasoning!

Our all feminine football team for the season of 1919-1920:

Gloria Swanson	Left End
Dorothy Gish	Left Tackle
Wanda Hawley	Left Guard
Louise Fazenda	Center
Corinne Griffith	Right Guard
Bebe Daniels	Right Tackle
May Allison	Right End
Theda Bara	Quarterback
Lillian Gish	Left Halfback
Katherine MacDonald	Right Halfback
Elsie Ferguson	Fullback

"Syd Chaplin Finds Europe Is Unsettled" is the heading of *The Motion Picture News* story of the comedian's attempt to produce on the other side. Something of a discovery, we'll say.

"Aye, there's the rub," comments some one on noting that Chris Rub has been signed as comedian by Universal.

How impressive are statistics! Mary Pickford's tabulator states that Little Mary will make 15 miles of drama in 1920 and that 100,000,000 people will crowd theaters in every land to see her. The subtitles of her plays will be translated into seven languages, including Chinese and Japanese. We'd like to see "Pollyanna" in Swedish.

"American films are stimulating a desire among Brazilians to learn the English language," says *The London Kinematograph*. "Perhaps the pres-

(*Continued on page* 83)

LILLIAN GISH

By Charlotte Becker

A fairy's gifts were on her cradle shed—
This Pierrette of the screen, whose happy wit
And dainty store of fancy exquisite,
Seems fragrant of old gardens, quaintly spread
With tangled blooms of roses, white and red;
As with swift gleams of joy or sadness lit
Her winsome, little, wistful gestures flit
Thru pictures by her grace dream-garlanded

Sparkling with youth, her charm, shy, whimsical,
Enchanted-wise sets memory astir
Unto the tune of some forgotten dance,
And leads, altho the leaves of autumn fall,
Thru paths of rosemary and lavender,
Back to that far-off country of romance.

The Celluloid Critic

The Month's Photoplays in Review

Two absolutely unheralded photoplays stand out of our month in the screen theater. One takes its place as a veritable celluloid cameo—and easily one of the best pictures of the year.

This silverscreen gem is "The Gay Old Dog," (Pathé), based upon an Edna Ferber story. It was adapted—and admirably adapted—to the films by Mrs. Sidney Drew and produced by Hobart Henley. Since we have long recognized Mrs. Drew's ability to sound the human note and Mr. Henley has heretofore been a director of no particular distinction, we give the major share of the credit to the former. Possibly we are wrong. Anyway, there is honor enough for both.

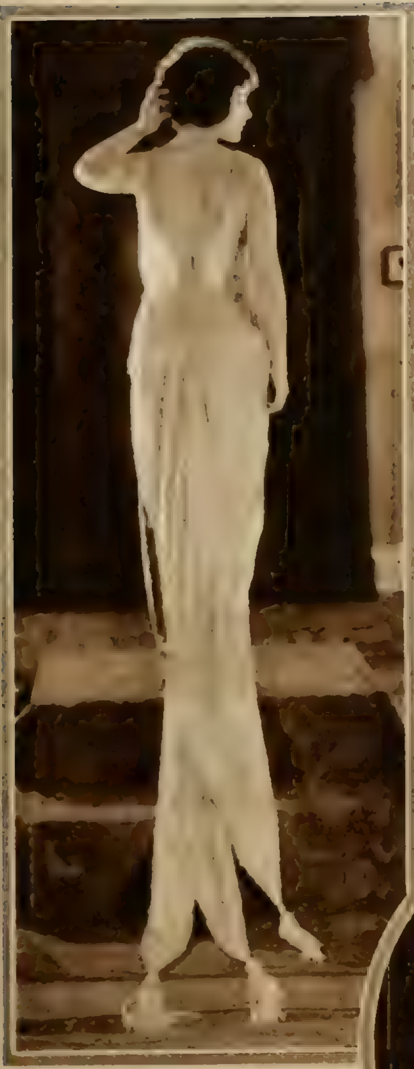
Now "The Gay Old Dog," isn't dramatic, hasn't the so-called "punch"; indeed, it violates most all of what producers have deemed to be photoplay essentials. It is just a slice of life. It moves leisurely, without forcing, to its logical conclusion. Its story? The bitter fate of one Jimmy Dodd, who, weighted down by his dying mother's request that he "look out" for his three sisters, sacrifices his own love and hopes for his family. Then, as the years pass, he finds himself alone and loveless and he tries to be a "gay old dog." But he just cant—and so the picture ends with the "gay old dog" just a "tired, lonely old man in a ridiculous rose-room gone suddenly drab."

This brief summary does not begin to reveal the direct humanness with which Mr. Henley and Mrs. Drew have unfolded Miss Ferber's tale. If "The Gay Old Dog" doesn't reach your heart—well, something is the matter with your heart. The tear is there, the tear of a vital heart-throb. We beg of you to see it, if only to observe the way thought can be put across on the screen.

John Cumberland, "the gay old dog," has been playing so long before the footlights in risqué boudoir farces that we had come to think him just an average comedian. But his playing in "The Gay Old Dog" is superb in its sublety. The remainder of the cast is well chosen. Indeed, "The Gay Old Dog" is well nigh faultless. The subtitles, for instance, are gems of fine screen expression, so rare these days.

The other pleasant surprise of the month was "23½ Hours Leave," (Paramount), an adapted Mary Roberts Rinehart story, which introduces a new juvenile team, Douglas MacLean and Doris May, to the films. This is a delightful comedy revolving around a nervy young rookie's love for the daughter of the commanding officer of his training camp. There is a delightful freshness to the handling and scores of unforced laughs. Young MacLean proves to be a very pleasant young comedian of whom we expect a great deal. And let us not forget the director in giving credit where credit is due.

Since David Griffith gave us his epic, "Broken Blossoms," we again look forward to new productions emanating from his studios with something of the expectation we once awaited his old-time Biographs. Mr. Griffith's latest, "Scarlet Days," (Paramount), is a tale of the mining camps of '49, built around a young outlaw, Alvarez, said to have been a real character of California history. There is nothing particular about Mr. Griffith's melodramatic opus, altho Mr. Griffith, by a multitude of tiny touches, gets a little closer to what the



Above, Sylvia Breamer, in "Dawn"; right, Geraldine Farrar and Lou-Tellegen in "Flame of the Desert"; below, Douglas MacLean and Doris May in "23½ Hours Leave"

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

real pioneers and dance-hall favorites must have been. But "Scarlet Days" is distinctive in at least one item: Richard Barthelmess' portrayal of Alvarez, a sensitive, finely attuned romantic performance. Little Clarine Seymour makes a Mexican spitfire stand out and Eugenie Besserer gives a very commendable presentation of a grey-haired mining camp belle.

That high-spirited little comédienne, Dorothy Gish, is not happy in "Turning the Tables," (Paramount), a farce constructed about the effort of an unscrupulous aunt to put a young woman in a sanitarium in order to get control of her money. Miss Gish has her moments, but the comedy itself is lame stuff. So is the direction.

More of Norma Talmadge is revealed in "The Isle of Conquest," (Select), than in any vehicle we have yet glimpsed. For in it Miss Talmadge plays an unhappily married young wife cast ashore in abbreviated masquerade costume upon a desert island with a dashing stevedore. Of course, she comes to love him, believing hubby dead, and they are about to perform a marriage ceremony of their own, that they may become man and wife, when a steamer appears on the horizon. Friend husband is on board, but he promptly dies of heart trouble and things end happily for the sailor and the widow. Miss Talmadge is adequate enough, aside from being optically interesting, but "The Isle of Conquest" is just conventional screen drama.

"His Majesty, the American," (United Artists), is another routine Douglas Fairbanks celluline cyclone. Doug gymnastics as a young New Yorker who gets involved in a middle Europe revolution and turns out to be the heir apparent to the throne. The star dashes from mantel to balcony and from housetop to window-ledge with his customary dramatic power. In other words, "His Majesty, the American" is just another Fairbanks comedy of the usual sort.

Geraldine Farrar's newest, "Flame of the Desert," (Goldwyn), does not impress us. Miss Farrar has the rôle of a British girl in Cairo during a threatened revolution of natives. She loses her heart to an Arab leader who turns out to be a British officer on secret service. Lou-Tellegen is the Arab-Englishman. "Flame of the Desert" is a machine-made vehicle and nothing more. It has all the careful photography and direction of Goldwyn productions—and all their lack of heart and imagination.

Dolores Cassinelli's "The Right to Lie," (Pathé), is hectic, unreal stuff. Miss Cassinelli is seen as the daughter of an American who has innocently been guilty of bigamy. He cannot reveal his first marriage, but does his best to right matters, making the child his ward. Every one suspects a sordid relationship and there are reels of tears and emotionalism.

Constance Talmadge's "A Virtuous Vamp," (First National), is, despite the cheapness of its title, a bit more amusing than Miss Talmadge's recent vehicles. An artless young British society belle, under an assumed name, invades the American business world and just cant help vamping every man in sight, thereby upsetting business organization with every flash of her smiling eyes. It is adapted from Clyde Fitch's "The Bachelor," the whole comedy being ruthlessly shifted from masculine to feminine

(Continued on page 89)

John Cumberland, above, in "The Gay Old Dog"; left, Clarine Seymour and Richard Barthelmess in "Scarlet Days"; below, Dorothy Gish in "Turning the Tables"

Filming "Treasure Island"

Maurice Tourneur is filming the Robert Louis Stevenson classic for the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. Above is a glimpse of Shirley Mason as the boy hero and Mr. Tourneur himself. At the left is a reconstructed "Hispaniola" and below is a view of Mr. Tourneur visualizing the desert island scenes with the aid of a score or more "pirates"

The Riddle Man

By PEARL MALVERN

When I went to "get" William Russell I went to the Victor Studios somewhere on 11th Avenue and I French-heeled shakily over cobblestones and slunk into weird arched doorways and around somehow sinister corners. There was the rankly humid smell of docks and of salt water against the docks, and I felt that I might be in "Limehouse" rather than on an interview. There was something distinctly "different" about it all.

However, I thought, when I get into the star's dressing-room I shall be in atmosphere again. He will run true to form, some form or other. Perhaps he will be tailored, and correct and, to the eyes, an "objet d'art," and we will discuss his fans and his hobbies and I will *know* that I am on an interview.

Which only goes to prove one dare not think in tracks on *any* man.

I found Bill Russell to be quite in atmosphere. Oh, quite—in Limehouse and the cobblestones. He was *nothing* if not in atmosphere. Besides being Gargantuan in build, which is not his fault but quite to his attraction-credit, he was attired in a flannel shirt open at the throat, nondescript and *very* utilitarian There was a tie bound round about his brow and he talked with great difficulty, having to hold in two recently displaced teeth besides the little matter of enunciating.

The two teeth, one of which fell out upon the floor with quite a thud during the course of the subsequent conversation—I tell you this to kill suspense—I wish mine might have been as briefly killed—the two teeth, I say, had been removed from their moorings during a "scene" taken some fifteen minutes or more, or less, before my toothsome arrival. Which is a rather conclusive proof that when Bill Russell is before the camera he is not merely posturing. He fights his fights as literally as he would fight them were he in the Klondike or the Northwest, or Limehouse or any section where gentlemen with giant builds make pleasant havocs of their fellowmen.

"Men want good women," says William Russell, in discussing marriage, "wholesome women — strong, sanely balanced women. Women who are, primarily, good comrades"

There is none of the obvious about Bill Russell. He gets you guessing. You dont know whether you're going to like him, or whether you're not. You dont know whether he's going to *let* you like him. He doesn't gush. He doesn't pose. He doesn't attitudinize. There is none of the mummer. He has the air of reflecting quite outside of your being there at all. He talks quietly and it takes him some time to warm up to his subject. He weighs things. He does not speak lightly or glibly. Just in the beginning you begin to despair of him as "copy." You dont quite know what to make of it, of him. You fidget and begin to believe that you had better go. Then you find that he is saying things here and there that are immensely worth while. He is saying them in a manner of speaking as tho he were alone and musing aloud. You realize with something of a shock that he had no formula ready to spring on you. He is just talking—is just himself. He may and may not have said these same things before. If he has, he doesn't know it. It is the thing he is thinking of at the moment. You have the impression of something deep and primitive, of some mighty force leashed up, of something barely stark and elemental. It comes to you that the confines of the dressing-room are far too small. There is a need of space and then more space.

He talks with a few wide gestures, with every so often a piercing look from his eyes which are deep-set and grey. He talks sparsely, but one gets big canvases of thought . . . impressions . . .

He is tired of stage life, he says. He wants to travel the great world over. Roam the seas and blaze strange trails and climb peaks that ravage the skies. He wants a good comrade by his side—a woman. "That would be more than half the joy of it," he said.

(*Continued on page 74*)

An Earle and His Domain

Earle Williams recently returned East to do a picture play or two for the Vitagraph Company. These snap-shots were made for THE CLASSIC just before he departed from the golden west and show Earle during the progress of a perfect California day

At the left is a glimpse of Mr. and Mrs. Earle Williams with the Williams bungalow as a background

THE RIGHT WAY TO KEEP YOUR NAILS ALWAYS PERFECTLY MANICURED

Just a little regular care makes your hands beautiful

NAILS like rosy pearl inlaid in a delicate setting—a setting of smooth unbroken cuticle, a perfect curve which repeats the curve of the nail tips.

It is easy for anyone nowadays to have this alluring grace of perfect nails and cuticle—so easy that people no longer excuse the lack of it.

Cuticle
Nail Root

The sensitive nail root is only one-twelfth inch below the cuticle. When you look through a magnifying glass you see the unpleasant results of cuticle cutting.

Today ill kept nails are as unpardonable as ill kept teeth. For it takes but a few minutes of regular care each week to keep your finger nails always perfect, your cuticle smooth, thin, unbroken.

Make some day of the week your regular day for manicuring. Then regularly on this day give your nails the care they need.

Do not forget that the most important item in the appearance of one's nails is the care of the cuticle. Broken cuticle is like a broken setting to a jewel. Coarse overgrown cuticle is equally unsuitable. Yet many people ruin the cuticle through ignorance of the proper method of caring for it. *Never cut it.* This is ruinous. The nail root is only 1/12 of an inch below the cuticle. When the cuticle is cut, it is next to impossible to avoid exposing the nail root at the corners or in some other little place. The root of the nail is so sensitive that Nature will not permit it to remain uncovered. The moment a tiny bit is exposed, new skin grows very quickly in that place to cover it. It grows much more rapidly than the rest of the cuticle. This spoils the symmetry of the curve at the base of the nails. It causes uneven cuticle and hang nails. It gives a coarse ragged appearance to the border of your nails.

Realizing this, an expert set himself to the task of discovering a safe, effective way to remove overgrown cuticle. After years of study he worked out the formula of a liquid, which gently, harmlessly softens and removes the surplus cuticle. This he called Cutex.

Wrap a little cotton around the end of an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package), dip it into the bottle of Cutex and work it around the base of the nails, gently pushing back the cuticle. Instantly the dry cuticle is softened. Wash the hands, pushing back the cuticle with a towel. The surplus cuticle will disappear, leaving a firm, even, slender nail base.

If you like snowy white nail tips apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails directly from its convenient tube. Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish. For an especially brilliant lasting polish, use Cutex Paste Polish first, then the Cutex Cake or Powder Polish.

If your cuticle has a tendency to dry and grow coarse, apply a bit of Cutex Cold Cream each night. This cream was especially prepared to keep the hands and cuticle soft and fine.

It takes only about fifteen minutes a week to give your nails this complete manicure. Do this regularly and your hands will always have that peculiar attractiveness which adds a subtle appeal to one's whole appearance.

To keep your cuticle a perfect frame for your nails, you must use the right softening method.

A complete manicure set for only 20 cents

Mail this coupon (below) with 20 cents and we will send you a complete Midget Manicure Set, which contains enough of each of the Cutex products to give you at least six manicures. Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, Dept. 901, 114 West 17th St., New York City.

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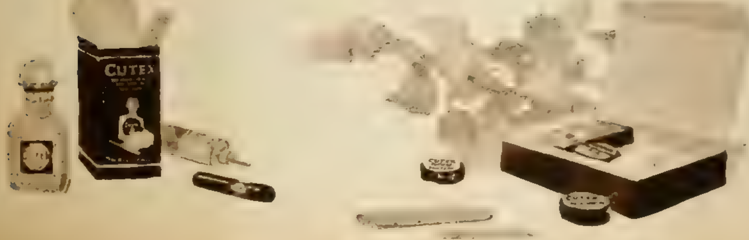

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A Sennett Salome

Marie Prevost is the latest silversheet Salome—essaying the rôle in a Mack Sennett comedy. Miss Prevost's performance, we'll admit, gives considerable insight into the—er—character of the Biblical maid

Photograph ©
by Mack Sennett
Comedies

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Are you proud and satisfied because it reflects a skin that is healthy, glowing and altogether charming?

Or are you discouraged because you have tried so many recommended treatments and still your skin looks muddy, oily and colorless?

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Alla in India

Photographs courtesy Metro Corporation.

Mme. Nazimova in her forthcoming Anglo-India drama, "Stronger Than Death," released by Metro. "Stronger Than Death" has its basis in I. A. R. Wylie's novel, "The Hermit Doctor of Gaya"

Myrtle Stedman

In "The Silver Horde"

As star in the screen presentation of Rex Beach's world-famous story of the great north, "The Silver Horde", Miss Stedman has enhanced her popularity. Note the "twelve pound look" Myrtle's beautiful back is receiving.

Goldwyn Picture

Los Angeles, Calif.
July 6, 1919

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Myrtle Stedman

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

You may have noticed how we emphasize the therapeutic property of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. As we have said before, it is exclusive to Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

We lay stress upon this therapeutic quality because it does actually "tone up" the skin tissues and keep them in healthful condition. Ingram's Milkweed Cream is a wonderfully softening and cleansing emollient with this specific therapeutic quality that is so wonderfully helpful to the skin.

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A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that *it stays on.* Furthermore a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh and Brunette—50c.

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"Just to show a proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately heightening the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Delicately perfumed. Solid cake. Three shades—Light, Medium and Dark—50c

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Fishing Tackle and Lip Sticks

Photograph © by Evans, L. A.

Herewith the Al Christie comedy girls—unfortunately nameless — demonstrate the relative value of a fishing pole and that first aid to femininity, the lip stick. Personally, we pin our faith to the last named article

"The Proudest Moment of Our Lives Had Come!"

"We sat before the fire place, Mary and I, with Betty perched on the arm of the big chair. It was our first evening in our own home! There were two glistening tears in Mary's eyes, yet a smile was on her lips. I knew what she was thinking.

"Five years before we had started bravely out together! The first month had taught us the old, old lesson that two cannot live as cheaply as one. I had left school in the grades to go to work and my all too thin pay envelope was a weekly reminder of my lack of training. In a year Betty came—three mouths to feed now. Meanwhile living costs were soaring. Only my salary and I were standing still.

"Then one night Mary came to me. 'Jim', she said, 'why don't you go to school again—right here at home? You can put in an hour or two after supper each night while I sew. Learn to do some one thing. You'll make good—I *know* you will.'

"Well, we talked it over and that very night I wrote to Scranton. A few days later I had taken up a course in the work I was in. It was surprising how rapidly the mysteries of our business became clear to me—took on a new fascination. In a little while an opening came. I was ready for it and was promoted—with an increase. Then I was advanced again. There was money enough to even lay a little aside. So it went.

"And now the fondest dream of all has come true. We have a real home of our own with the little comforts and luxuries Mary had always longed for, a little place, as she says, that 'Betty can be proud to grow up in.'

"I look back now in pity at those first blind stumbling years. Each evening after supper the doors of opportunity had swung wide and I had passed them by. How grateful I am that Mary helped me to see that night the golden hours that lay within."

In city, town and country all over America there are men with happy families and prosperous homes because they let the International Correspondence Schools come to them in the hours after supper and prepare them for bigger work at better pay. More than two million men and women in the last 28 years have advanced themselves through spare time study with the I. C. S. Over one hundred thousand right now are turning their evenings to profit. Hundreds are starting every day.

You, too, can have the position you want in the work you like best. You can have a salary that will give your family the kind of a home, the comforts, the little luxuries that you would like them to have. Yes, you can! No matter what your age, your occupation, or your means—you can do it!

All we ask is the chance to prove it. That's fair, isn't it? Then mark and mail this coupon. There's no obligation and not a penny of cost. But it may be the most important step you ever took in your life. Cut out and mail the coupon *now*.

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- ☐ MINE FOREMAN OR ENGINEER
- ☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER
- ☐ Marine Engineer
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S-L GARTER CO.
758 Trust Co. Bldg., DAYTON, OHIO

If I Were King (*Continued from page 33*)

hood, and where there had been a hundred coxcombs, stood now a hundred soldiers eager to fight for honor and country and king. Katherine Vaucelles came swiftly up the steps of the dais and flung herself on her knees before Villon, taking a ribband from her hair, still warm.

"You will wear my colors, my lord Constable?" she asked with a wonderful blush, "and until you come back I shall pray for you!"

Louis looked down at her, smiling evilly, then turned to Villon. "After such a conquest methinks Burgundy should be easy for you, my lord Constable!" he sneered. "It is easier to win a woman under a borrowed name than wearing one's own! I wonder how the lady would answer the love-making of one Master Francois Villon?"

The Grand Constable stood motionless, staring blankly down at the mocking smile of the King, then suddenly he groaned as tho the words had been daggers piercing his heart. "I have been living in a fool's paradise!" quoth Francois Villon, "but I'll not die with a lie on my lips. Katherine!" he turned to the girl, standing wonderingly at his side; "Kate! Listen to me, and loathe me! You have known me one week as the Grand Constable of France, a very gallant nobleman, who loves you—better than aught else under the sky." His voice shook, but he forced it on. "Yet the name is not mine, this fine suit—borrowed, my position here at court a whim of the King. Only my love is no sham, but purest gold, Lady—Lady! Aside from that—" he drew his great figure proudly up, facing the court, "I am a pitiful impostor, a pasteboard nobleman, known better as one Francois Villon, wine-bibber, wastrel—and worse a sottish fellow unworthy of any woman's love, least of all of yours, Sweetest of Women!"

Katherine Vaucelles did not cry out, nor shrink away. But in her eyes he read the horror of him, and turned away, trying to smile. "At least I shall hope to crown a shameful life with a good death, Sire," Villon said quietly, "if Heaven is kind I shall never see tomorrow's sun!"

In the great court of the palace on the morrow workmen were raising a stark structure, a tree of evil fruit, the gibbet that loomed, a thing of dread in the sweet yellow morning air. From the terrace the King looked down at it smiling ironically at his secret thoughts. Presently he turned to Katherine Vaucelles, who with the other women of the court stood beside him, and his tone mocked her white silence.

"It is a pity—is it not, Kate, that our patchwork Constable did not get his wish for an honorable death? But no doubt you will be glad to see him dangling from yonder gibbet who dared make a mock of winning a great lady's love!"

The girl did not answer. She stood motionless as the court gradually filled with a rabble, eager to welcome the liberators of Paris back again. Even when the fanfare of trumpets heralded the victorious troops and with Villon riding at their head as they entered the square, she did not lift the heavy lashes that hid her eyes. Very tall, very straight, Francois Villon mounted the steps of the terrace and knelt to lay the torn battle flags of Burgundy at the feet of the King; then rising he lifted his hand for silence.

"And now the Grand Constable of France has one more duty to perform," said Francois, in a ringing voice, "and that is to decree that Master Villon shall be hanged from yonder gallows until he is dead, for the many sins that he has sinned."

A great cry rose from the crowd, which surged forward threateningly, but Louis, the King merely smiled his twisted smile. "Which of you will die in Master Villon's stead?" he asked them, "and thus save the life you seem to prize?"

The murmur died. Men shrank back, looking whitely into one another's faces. Then, clear and high came a woman's voice across the sullen silence, and Katherine Vaucelles moved down the steps until she stood at Francois Villon's side. "I will die for him, Sire," she said gladly, "for that I could not live without him—"

Francois Villon caught the slim white hands with a great cry. "And is that so, oh my dear Love?" he asked her, "you would do that for me?" He lifted his face to the sky. "Now I thank thee, God in Heaven, that this thing has come to me!" He touched his lips to the slender fingers reverently. "And now, Brave Heart," he told her, "leave me, for a little while, I think that we shall meet again, Kate—beyond the stars."

"If you go, I go also," said Katherine, lifting the crimson flower of her lips to his, "but first, give me my betrothal kiss, Francois—"

Again the multitude moved forward, again the voice of Louis, nasal, faintly amused halted them.

"I have made a great discovery, friends—I have found one man whose heart is pure gold, one woman whose soul is all angel. I give the man his life, the woman her lover. True man and true woman—to each other's arms!"

And who would venture to disobey a king?

The Answer Man

PEARL WHITE FAN.—Study hard. You'll get there some day. Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers. Fay Tincher is with World. Marion Davies is with Select. What do you mean when you say that that player is "tough"?

ORIENTAL THEADA.—Why not? Poetic talent is given as well to the peasant as to the knight. Florence Turner isn't located permanently. All in care of Fox.

BOBBY LINKS.—I'm pretty sure it was James Bryce who said "America should be particularly thankful for its remoteness from European quarrels and menaces," but that was several years ago and he could not say that now. Very few players have time to write personal letters.

Erich Von Stroheim and the Miracle

(*Continued from page* 35)

him there, but that I did know, for I had worn such a ribbon myself. 'All right,' he said, 'go ahead and get me the real thing.'

"Borrowing three dollars from my landlady, Lord knows how much I already owed her, I bought the ribbon and tho in the meantime Mr. Emerson had given up the part, Henry Walthall wore it. Later, Mr. Emerson asked me if I had ever read 'Old Heidelberg.' I told him I had seen its first performance in Vienna and knew much of it by heart. I nearly fell over when he told me he was going to film it and that I was to be his assistant director as he wished the details to be correct. I had been starving and the $18 per week seemed a fortune.

"Then, one day he asked me how long it would take for me to get ready to go to New York with him. Thinking of my limited wardrobe of a couple pair extra hose, a shirt or two and a few stray collars, I replied that about seven minutes would do. Then, like a flash I remembered the many debts I owed—who would pay them? I told Mr. Emerson about them and jumping into a car he drove around with me and paid them all. Great, wasn't it?

"Now, someone had borrowed my only satchel, so wrapping my few clothes in a newspaper I started for New York! I stayed three years, returning for 'Hearts of the World.'

"My opportunity really came because of my understanding of detail—and I am a crank about this. Detail is the unmistakable atmosphere that places the story and there are always many spectators who know what is correct, we must not forget this."

Returning to the big stage where Mr. von Stroheim is directing another picture, we forget all about the Past and spent several hours in a very vital Present.

After calling the company together and discussing a few points, the work began. "His Great Success" is a big story containing an after-the-war problem and laid in Paris at the present time. With the orchestra playing the dreamy "Je T'Aime Waltz," over and over, while an intense scene between Clyde Fillmore and Una Trevelyn was being directed, I grew deeply interested in watching Mr. Von, (as he is affectionately addressed by his company), for he acted out the entire scene in detail for each one, rehearsing several times until it was satisfactory. He knew exactly what he wanted portrayed—subtle touches, mere suggestions—which carry such weight in the psychology of a picture.

"Here is a play," said Mr. Von Stroheim, when the scene was over, "with all the allure, the vivacity and the lightness of Parisian life, with a tragedy, and it must be handled very carefully to express the meaning desired. I try to have the scenes taken consecutively, whenever pos-

(*Continued on page* 98)

Prettier Teeth

Safer Teeth—Without a Film

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

It Is Film That Mars and Ruins

It is known today that the cause of most tooth troubles is a slimy film. You can feel it with your tongue.

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

The film is clinging. It enters crevices and stays. The tooth brush does not end it. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. So millions find that well-brushed teeth discolor and decay.

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a film combatant. Its efficiency has been amply proved by clinical and laboratory tests. Able authorities approve it and leading dentists all over America are now urging its adoption.

A Free Test to Every Home

This new method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And a 10-Day Tube is sent to everyone who wishes to prove its efficiency.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

But pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. So pepsin long seemed impossible. But science has discovered a harmless activating method. And millions of teeth are now being daily brushed with this active pepsin.

We urge you to see the results. They are quick and apparent. A ten-day test will be a revelation. Send the coupon for the test tube. Compare the results with old methods and you will soon know what is best. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget, for this is important to you.

Pepsodent REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Now Advised by Leading Dentists Everywhere

Ten Days Will Tell

Note how clean the teeth feel after using Pepsodent. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears. You will then know what clean teeth mean.

Ten-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 882, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name...

Address..

The Cinema Comes to Carleton—(*Continued from page 37*)

"No. He selected me because I feel so strongly on the subject."

Here Ruby de Remer stopped at the table and we presented Mr. Carleton. "Meet Miss de Remer," we murmured, just like a movie title. One of our friends said that nobody ever introduced anyone that way in real life and we are going to prove to him that he is wrong. We do. That's how devoted we are to the cause. If the movies do not talk like real people, let real people talk like the movies. The effect will be the same.

Miss de Remer joined a party at another table and the waiter brought some hot corn muffins but it seemed as tho everyone we knew was at the Knickerbocker that day. As they say in the movies "came Robert Warwick" and "came Edward Earle" and "came Percy Marmont" and to each we said boldly, "Meet Mr. Carleton."

"You know them all, dont you," he said, when we had returned to our muffins.

"Oh, yes!" we assured, "and it is fascinating to go around with them and have people stare at you. One day when we stopped to talk to Alice Joyce in front of Claridge's the crowd got so thick we had to call a traffic policeman to get us thru."

"You don't see any such demonstration over me, do you? I haven't made enough pictures yet to become internationally famous."

"Dont worry; anyone who saw you in 'The Society Exile' with Elsie Ferguson, isn't likely to forget you. But the trouble with you is no one would recognize you. We were all prepared for a dark man with a moustache, wearing a uniform, and here you are—"

"Dressed in tweeds with a smooth face and also red-headed. But, you know, red hair takes black on the screen."

"You and Petrova," we said musingly. "But you do look, oh, so different in real life."

"So it seems. I went over to the studio on Fifty-sixth Street the other day and the boy at the door held me up. 'What do you want?' he said. 'I want to go to work,' I answered. 'We ain't doing any casting today. Come in Monday.' But wait until you see me in 'The Copperhead!' I have to portray a boy of twenty and an old man of seventy-one. When they were casting the play they told me of their quandary and asked me to look around for a good actor who could look twenty and make up to look seventy-one."

"A good actor?" we said.

"Yes," answered William, Jr., "and, of course, that let me out. But I scoured the country and couldn't find anyone who wished to undertake the job. When I reported this to Charlie Maigne, he placed both hands on my shoulders, looked me straight in the eye and said, 'William, you and I have been friends for a good many years; you must play it!' 'I can look seventy-one all right, but how about the twenty,' I answered.

"You know the advertisement, 'Is she twenty or eighty?' Why didn't you consult them?" we asked.

"Dont be flippant. It is a serious subject. A man who was the original 'Shade of the Sheltering Palm' man in 'Floradora' doesn't look twenty. You know that. But I got busy and worked with spirit gum and juvenile powder until I had done my darndest and when I went down they all agreed that angels could do no more. So I went back and tried the old man and for my pattern I used a picture of my revered grandfather. He was a kindly soul and his make-up was not difficult to copy. I found it far easier than the other. My efforts met with equal success, too, and Mr. Maigne said 'The part is yours,' just as tho I had been begging for it."

"An incident that occurred in the studio made me think that perhaps I possessed latent powers of make-up which I never suspected. On my way to the dressing room I asked one of the men in the studio if Mr. Barrymore had come in yet. He hadn't so I went upstairs to experiment with my juvenile make-up. When I came down I asked again and he said 'No, he isn't in. Your father was looking for him awhile ago.' Later, after I had put on the old man's make-up, I stood talking to Lionel Barrymore and the man saw me and said, 'They have got the whole family in this picture, haven't they?' "

"How many pictures have you made?" we asked.

"Only a half dozen—no, not that, only five."

"How does it happen that you have waited so long to get into pictures? You have been such a success and it might have happened long ago."

"I wasn't ready," answered Mr. Carleton. "I wanted to sing."

"But, look at Caruso and Mary Garden and—and Geraldine Farrar!" we added, hastily, as being, perhaps, a happier illustration.

"Yes, I know, but I had inherited the Carleton voice, they said, and I was sort of expected to sing. Had been doing it ever since I was a choir boy at the age of ten. And then, you know, I was in Boston most of the time and in Europe part of the time and to tell the truth I never had any particularly brilliant offer made me."

"But you certainly are a good actor on the screen and you have that peculiar something which has nothing to do with beauty and which is, to us, at least, far more essential. Miss Ferguson has it, too. That is why you are so delightful opposite her. That 'peculiar something' is what some people call 'class,' which would be a very good word if it were not such an overworked one."

"Thank you for them kind words. Particularly for 'class.' The word does not offend my aesthetic soul in the least, and if one must earn his living (and one must) there is no more congenial way of doing it than by working in front of the camera. I love the work."

"If it weren't for the cinema field days," said we, "and the community acting," said he.

THE SCREEN MONTH IN REVIEW

Juanita Hansen is being starred in the Pathé serial, "The Red Snows." Kathleen Clifford is playing opposite Douglas Fairbanks in his latest picture.

Macklyn Arbuckle has returned to the screen, with the San Antonio Picture Corporation. Alan Forrest, long Mary Miles Minter's lead, is playing opposite May Allison in "The Walk Offs."

Lieut. Frank C. Badgley has brought suit for divorce, in the New York Supreme Court, against June Elvidge.

Bessie Love's Vitagraph contract has expired.

Lew Cody is now making his own pictures at the Astra studios in Glendale, Cal. Noah Beery and Mabel Julienne Scott have the leads in the forthcoming Paramount revival of "The Sea Wolf," being directed by George Melford.

King Vidor has severed his connection with Brentwood and will produce for himself, featuring his wife, Florence Vidor. The Vidors were recent visitors in New York.

Bernard Durning, in private life Mr. Shirley Mason, made his screen début in "When Bearcat Went Dry." Now he's under a long term contract with the C. R. Macauley Photoplays, Inc. Miss Mason is the featured player in Maurice Tourneur's forthcoming visualization of "Treasure Island."

Edgar Lewis productions are to be released thru Pathé. The first will be Andrew Soutar's "Other Men's Shoes."

Pauline Frederick has been visiting in New York. Also another Goldwynner, Tom Moore.

Earle Williams is producing for Vitagraph in the East. He will make "The Fortune Hunter" and two others at the Flatbush studios.

Harold Lloyd is rapidly recovering from injuries sustained, on Aug. 24, in an accidental bomb explosion. Jay Dwiggins, long a Famous Players-Lasky character actor, died on Sept. 8 in Hollywood.

Kay Laurel heads her own film company, with J. M. Shear as executive head of the organization. Jack O'Brien will direct.

Syd Chaplin has returned from Europe.

Marshall Nielan has purchased Booth Tarkington's Penrod stories and will present Wesley Barry as the boy hero of the tales.

David Griffith is now producing in the East. He arrived with his staff early in October and has recently been in Florida.

Eugene O'Brien has recovered from a severe illness and is busily engaged on "The Broken Melody." The Carter de Havens have been signed by the Famous Players-Lasky, going over to that organization in November.

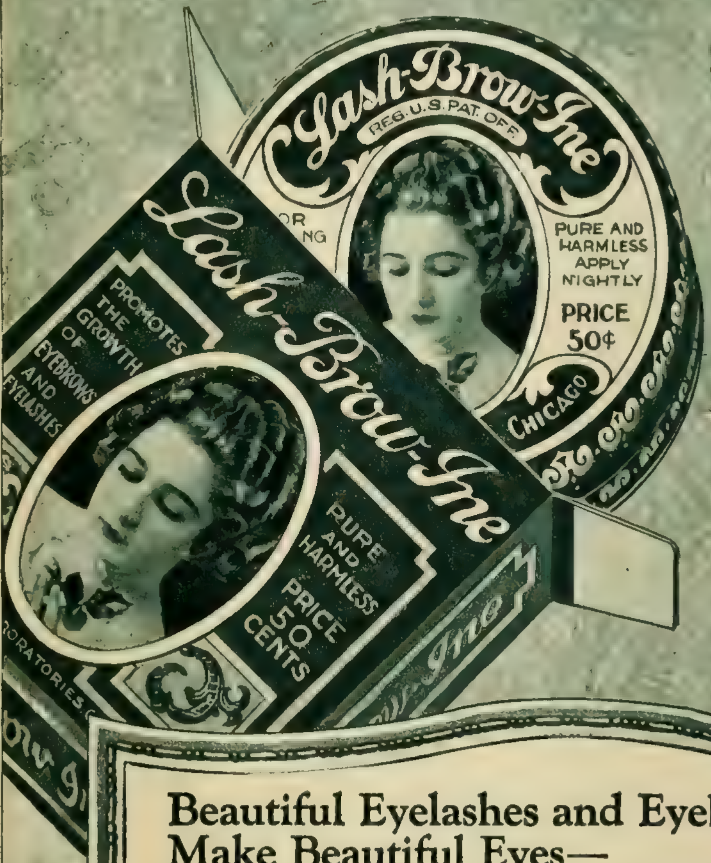
DEATH OF BILLY PARSONS.

"Smiling Billy" Parsons died at his home, in Los Angeles, on September 28. Mr. Parsons was founder and president of the National Film Corporation, the maker and star of his own comedies and long an active figure in the film world.

Before invading the screen, Mr. Parsons was highly successful in the life insurance business. It was after fourteen years of success in that field that Mr. Parsons turned to pictures. His first picture, "Tarzan of the Apes," was a big money maker, definitely deciding him to take up the screen in earnest.

Mr. Parsons was 41 years old. He was recently married to Billie Rhodes.

The Secret of Beautiful Eyes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The Brown Course consists of lessons which may be taken under the personal directions of Mr. Brown in his Fifth Avenue or San Francisco Studios. For those who are unable to attend either studio there is a complete course that may be taken by mail which is usually completed in three or four months, depending, of course, upon the ability of the student.

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Marie: The Mystic

(*Continued from page 49*)

and ordinary expenses and the salaries are so small. I had hardly known when I went into pictures that there was so much salary in the whole world. It made me dizzy and I hoped and prayed it would continue. They signed me up when the two weeks were over and I gladly turned my back on musical comedy, one-night stands and general discomforts.

"I finished the last five episodes of 'Patria' with Irene Castle. I wasn't in any of the swimming or diving pictures. That was out of the question then, because I hadn't learned to swim. My real advertising came with Mrs. Castle because the film was so much discussed before it was suppressed. I consider that my real chance. I did 'Liberty' also."

"When did you take up swimming?"

"We went to Hawaii to shoot some scenes and there I met the Duke Kahanamoku—the famous swimmer of Honolulu, who personally instructed me. When I left, he gave me a beautiful ukulele which he had made himself—one of my treasured mementoes of a happy holiday."

"Miss Walcamp, did you ever call the Duke by his WHOLE name?" I had been watching her spell it to me—spellbound, as it were.

"Why, of course I did. Just like this . . . . . ." What I heard sounded like a muffled alarm clock trying to tell the hour. Marie has a deep contralto voice, gained by much shouting over the hills of the U's big "Back Ranch." She had a shrill soprano at one time, but while the contralto sometimes breaks "on her," Marie considers that it is generally reliable for classification in the "female baritone" class. She seldom sings now—the serious business of acting has taken up all her powers of concentration.

"Isn't it queer how many players are doing serials just now and making good?" said Miss Walcamp, suddenly taking charge of the interview. "I believe the serial is the savior of the motion picture business. An exhibitor as well as the producer has something to fall back on—it's a sure bet. The serials are making money everywhere. Anne Luther and Herb Rawlinson are doing splendid stories and there are many others who are beginning to see the advantage of holding public attention. Of course, it's always the same old thing, I get chased, abused, nearly killed, rescued in the nick of time, loved, hated—and finally there's a happy forever after! The stories are much alike in that respect, but the pleasure to the actress is in the many new locations—just think, next I'm going to Japan to work on a serial—the ingenious devices used and the unexpected situations which are quite as entertaining to her as to any audience. I can hardly imagine myself out of

(*Continued on page* 85)

The Hidden Egyptian

(*Continued from page* 47)

in the service of her country, too. She drove an ambulance in New York, meeting the ships as they came in and carrying wounded to various debarkation hospitals. And, she will tell you, there was nothing in the least depressing about it. The most tragic things somehow became beautiful.

"That was when we were all excited, of course. When there was no call for the ambulance, I used to go to the hospitals and talk with the boys there. I dont think that they realized what it would mean to be crippled for life. There was one little Irishman, for instance, who had lost both his legs. He never grumbled about that, but he used to make a fuss about the most ridiculously little things—things you would wonder he would even think of in the face of his big tragedy. Yes, he was a giant in big things, this Irishman, but he was a baby in small ones. He used to hate the boy in the cot next to him. This boy had twenty-seven wounds all from shrapnel and had won the Croix de Guerre and he always insisted on having his coat hanging on the back of a chair near his bed so that everyone could see the Croix. He was kiddish, too, this boy and I suppose that that is what got on the nerves of the Irishman—" she smiled reminiscently, a smile that grew into a laugh and then she explained. It seemed that the Irishman had a habit of talking about battles he had never been in at all, tho he never said a word about the one in which he had lost his legs.

"And now it is all over and we must all begin living in prose again. I hope I get some really big and cheerful stories. You dont know how difficult it is! Nearly every scenario we get has the same old 'wronged woman' in it somewhere."

The first thing you notice about Edith Storey is her deep humanity. She has a gift for fitting into any scene, or becoming one of any group of people in any walk of life, that is far beyond ordinary adaptability. It is as tho she had, herself, belonged to every nationality and lived thru every possible experience in the world.

Edith Storey, a New Yorker by birth, went on the stage when she was eight years old. She appeared in "Audrey" with Eleanor Robson, in "The Little Princess" and in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." She joined the Vitagraph Film Company when she was about thirteen.

"That was at the time when J. Stuart Blackton used to direct and Albert Smith, the present head of the company, cranked the camera. When the men finished acting they used to don overalls and build the set they were to work in next day. I remember that Maurice Costello was the first actor we had who refused to wield a hammer. He insisted that he was an actor, not a carpenter, and soon the others followed suit and the profession gained new dignity."

In addition to doing child rôles and "pages" she was the official "stunt" actress. She could swim, ride, fall or climb to any director's satisfaction and so she was frequently called on to do all of them—("Once, when I was about fourteen years old," she said, "they needed an old lady to fall off a bridge. With the aid of a grey wig, I was the old lady!")

She is quite as athletic now as she was when a little girl and, incidentally, she hates to cook, cant cook, and wont cook.

She likes to live rather on the edge of things. Her Long Island home is some miles from anywhere, and when I saw her recently in Los Angeles she had just rented a bungalow within a block or two of the city limits—some miles from anywhere, too. It is a pretty place, however, with big high ceilinged rooms, plenty of windows and a low, broad cement porch. I found her cutting dead leaves from a fern.

Sooner, her favorite dog, was there too; a cuddly white ball curled up on the porch sound asleep. Sooner had just given her quite a fright, she told me. It seems that she had left the hotel and rented a house especially for Sooner and then, on the first day they moved in—(her mother and brother are both with her now)—Sooner disappeared.

"I was afraid he had gotten lost and would never find his way back," she said. "I went all over the neighborhood calling him." Instead of a whistle, her call for Sooner is a short, shrill rolling note blown thru her puffed lips—("Bl-bl-bl Bl-bl-bl")—

"I walked blocks bl-bl-bl-ing at every step, but still, no Sooner. I suppose the neighbors think that I'm crazy—"

He showed up all right but not until evening and he had another dog with him. It seems that the first thing Sooner does in a new neighborhood is to make friends.

You see, then, that Edith Storey's home atmosphere is simple and wholesome; no "dust of Egypt" about it anywhere but just a little touch of the exotic in her own personality to lend additional charm and mystery.

The Answer Man

LOVIE.—Of course that's my picture at the top. You ask if I have the five wits—common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation and memory. I have the latter, for I remember you. Clara Young is out West.

BILLIE D.—The more, the merrier! Yes, write to him. That's right, art is long, why not hair? Thomas Chatterton is on the stage in San Francisco.

BLUEY BY HERSELF.—Dont think it was Betty Blythe; perhaps Ruby de Remer.

F. L. H.—No, Richard Barthelmess did not play in "Experience" nor "The Man Who Came Back."

BERENICE.—An interview with William Desmond? Yes, in January, 1919.

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Joie

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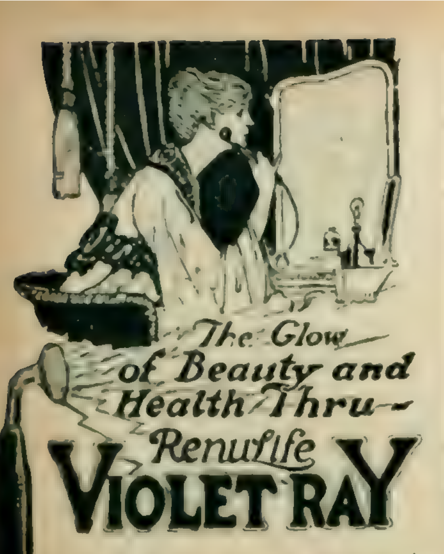
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The Riddle Man

(Continued from page 59)

We talked about women — or he did. We also talked about marriage. He said he believed in, longed for it. He thinks there is one love, one love only and many counterfeits. He thinks we believe in the counterfeits because we so greatly want to, need to. He talked with something of a sympathetic sadness of a certain type of girl of today—girls who degrade their youth by painting their faces and smoking cigarets and sitting in the vitiated air of cabarets. It is a mistake, he says, to believe that men, worth-while men, want that.

"You women want good men, dont you?" he asked; "good men? Well, we men want *good women*. Wholesome women. Strong, sanely balanced women. Women who are, primarily, good comrades."

He told me of his home in California and the sweep of land and sea and sky it had and the free, out-of-door life he led there. He told me, too, in relevance to our talk of women and men, that no woman was permitted to smoke in his home nor to touch wine. "They may do it where they will," he said, "I dont doubt but what some of them did, but I dont want to have to see it, and I have a right to preserve my ideals in my own home, haven't I?"

I asked him if he thought many people had ideals, consciously. He said he thought they did. He has never, he says, lost his simple first faith in human nature. Never swerved in his empedestalling of women. Never relinquished the belief that the great and good life, the secret of lasting happiness, the alchemy of deep content is the simple life, the quiet life in the country with little of the fever of ambition, with books and a few friends and the woman one loves. "Love is the greatest thing in life, of course," he said.

"I couldn't stand New York," he went on—"the elevated over my head; the subways underneath me; the look on the faces of most of the people I see; the strain and push and sweat and grind. I'm going back to California where, if anywhere, people really live

"I was born and brought up in New York City, but that doesn't make me love it. I was born and brought up in a theatrical family. That doesn't make me love the theatrical, either.

"I have come thru to a lot of beliefs I didn't have, of course, say ten years ago. I have not always had this philosophy or this way of looking at things. I'm a Christian Scientist and that has solved a lot for me, given me light. And then, too, I have gone down and lived in the very depth of things, not because I was ever so unfortunate as to have to, but because I wanted to, for the experience. I wanted to test out the theory that environment will make or break a man. *It will not.* It is the *man* every time. A man can keep intact his immortal soul as well in a dive as in a mansion. No person or no circumstance has power over him. His is the power. His alone. Man cannot blame his state on circumstance, since he moulds circumstance—or could."

We talked a while of books. Bill Russell likes to read biographies and autobiographies—because they're *real!*

We talked of hobbies and the pursuit of pleasure—and he has his pipe—not cigarets; and he likes to take his car and ride about the Westchester hills—when he is in the East—and feel the freedom of the winds he loves sweep past him as he goes.

He likes to dream as men dreamed long ago when the world was new—and he has built about him a shield of idealism that these dreams be not destroyed.

A Man-Person. A flash-back to Adam, the first man, when he walked in the cool of the first morning.

Barthelmess: The Boy

(Continued from page 17)

It is his mother love. Now mother love, I am afraid, is a thing that may become destructive, foolish, a figurative ball-and-chain. Not with Barthelmess and his mother. Between them there is companionship, pal-dom, love.

Before our interview his mother had been ill, confined in a Long Island sanitarium for weeks. Barthelmess spent every week-end with her.

"Mother does not want it," he told me when I heard him turn down an invitation to a house party, "but I know her heart—and I am not going to disappoint her."

Her recovery was slow but finally she has been able to join her son in New York. Once again Barthelmess has the companionship he longs for, and when time permits—(the Griffith players frequently work far into the night)—he does the theaters with his mother.

"The two pals," they call them. And well they may.

ANNETTE

By La Touche Hancock

Your eyes were blue,
  When first we met;
I thought you true,
  Annette! Annette!

But with your eyes
  A snare you set;
They were but lies—
  You were a—net!

For candy yet
  I owe a debt;
Oh! how you 'et,
  An' 'et, an' 'et!

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On Vamps and Ingenues

(*Continued from page* 28)

"What men are worth vamping?" she asked, with the seriousness one should give to such a weighty question. "The men whose brains have raised them above the mass of their fellows. Now when the generally accepted type of vamp knocks at the door of these same brains, the man is put on his guard at once. He looks at the curve of the lips, the slant of the eyes, the cut of the black gown and knows that the lady has but one purpose in view, to vamp him. If he is wise—or even if he but thinks he is wise—he turns from her at once. Then comes the sweet, childlike, wonder-eyed girl, the girl who looks as if she were born to pick daisies, to chase butterflies, to coo sweet lullabies at twilight, and, lo, you find him hanging a diamond—or a limousine—on each curly eyelash. That vamp is the real actress. Behind the baby stare may be a mind plotting to overthrow a throne; the girlish giggle may be more deadly than a siren's song, but the man never guesses it and therein lies the great secret of success.

"And the screen vamp has set the example for the vamp in real life. Have you ever noticed young girls who are blessed—or is it cursed?—with the innate desire to lure fashioning their dress, their actions on the model of some famous screen vamp? The latter's method of luring must be the correct one or why has it succeeded with so many men thru so many reels of so many features? They dont seem to realize that vamping talents come from within, that a girl cant don the generally accepted gown and accessories of a vamp and be miraculously endowed with the capacity to vamp. She must first have the feeling—and, I may add, the brains—for it, and then the proper setting will come as a matter of course.

"And the ingénue! As soon as one star, by her personality, won the heart of the screen public, her type became the accepted one for the ingénue. If a girl in any way resembling her crossed the path of a picture director she was at once hailed as a "find," while hundreds of others just as truly typical of the young American girl knocked vainly at the screen door. I like ingénues. I enjoy playing them much more than I do vamps, but the one that appeals to me is the girl who requires characterization, not the one who is simply "sweet," and is content to let it go at that."

Dorothy Green is sure that to be perfectly normal one must be a "nut" on some subject and she is a nut on sanitation. She took me thru her doll-house apartment, just a stone's throw from the theatrical district, but far enough away to forget if need be the noise, the bustle, the White Lights, and exhibited its spotlessness; that, too, upon the eve of forsaking it for a new home further uptown.

Most of the star's friends are girls in other professions.

"I am just as interested in their lines of work as they are in mine," she said. "It keeps me from becoming narrow, from viewing life from the sole point of view of a moving picture actress."

At that very instant the 'phone rang. It was one of Dorothy's business chums with her own particular problem to solve, and Dorothy gave her advice just as wisely as if she had been sitting behind an office desk for years.

"Dont ever bob your hair," she warned me as she stopped for a moment with the comb suspended above the fluffy mass. "If you have two inches, nurse them carefully and pray fervently that at each harvest time, another quarter of an inch will be added."

"How did you ever have the courage to do it?" I inquired, recalling the heavy dark braids coiled at each side of the head that were part of the Dorothy Green I had known.

"Why, it's just like falling in love," she answered thoughtfully. "One doesn't need courage; just an idle moment. One does it and then spends hours wondering why."

"And regretting?"

"Sometimes."

Dorothy admits two hobbies beside sanitation: jazz music and sheer hosiery. To her mind the success of the Pied Piper is easily explained. He was a jazz artist and she is sure that, had the Garden of Eden been hung with sheer hosiery instead of prosaic apples, Eve, not Adam, would have had the tag line of the play.

Of course, the moon for which the baby Dorothy cried was a stage career. Her childish dreams were woven about great actresses whose glories would some day descend upon her young shoulders. Then came that operation on her throat that marked on the stage door, "No Admittance." But fortunately for Dorothy and the public, pictures were beginning to come into their own.

It was in Mr. Lasky's "The Country Boy"—playing the chorus girl—that she laid the foundation of her career as a vamp. She continued to "vamp" for William Fox, the World Film, and then she decided to turn over a new leaf and be an ingénue, not any kind of ingénue, but one permitting characterization.

And what if there had been no silent drama? Then Dorothy would have invented some method of giving expression to her dramatic talent. For she has originality—the originality that laughingly discards the ladder with the broken rungs and makes for itself a new one.

The Answer Man

BLUEBIRD.—So glad to hear from you. Haven't her age. You think Douglas McLean resembles Marjorie Daw. Cant see it. He's an actor. You want a list of all the players' birthdays? Now, cant you think of something more I can do for you?

H. M. D. D.—But the present is never a happy state to any human being. Leo Delaney is 34 years old. Yes, I have a hard time managing with the high cost of sodas.

ISABEL C.—Glad to hear from you. Remember, what is said for effect will soon have no effect. Owen Moore is not dead. Marie Doro is in Europe. Pearl White continues to act in serials. Come again, I implore you.

Pretty May Allison, Metro star, is one of the most popular screen actresses to-day. Miss Allison is a great Star Electric Massage Vibrator enthusiast and recommends it to all her friends and followers.

"The Ideal $5.00 Xmas Gift!"

says May Allison

Improve your complexion. Have your own beauty parlor.

For headache, nervousness, fatigue, insomnia, indigestion.

YOU will find the Star Electric Massage Vibrator on sale in most drug, department and electrical-goods stores. In case you are unable to get the "Star" in your city, send Five Dollars, your local dealer's name and address to us and we will send one complete outfit direct to you, postpaid. Fitzgerald Mfg. Co., Dept. 216, Torrington, Conn.

The woman of fastidious tastes, young or old, realizes that beauty is but a natural reflection of health. Wrinkles, "crow's feet," eyes that have lost their youthful sparkle, obesity and other unwelcome facial blemishes are, to a great extent at least, brought on by what we term "the strenuous life." Muscles are sure to become weary and congested unless they get relaxation. And complexions are certain to suffer unless properly taken care of. Home electric massage is recognized as the building-up process nearest to Nature's.

Electric massage is the active man's best friend. It takes the kinks out of sore muscles, stiff joints, sprains; it relieves headache, nervousness, fatigue; it is ideal for after-shaving facial massage and a boon to men whose hair is falling out. So the "Star" really is the ideal $5.00 Christmas gift. Especially so when you stop to realize that other vibrators cost from eighteen dollars up to fifty.

Get a "Star." Put it first on your shopping list for Christmas purchases. Complete outfit only $5.00. Includes three applicators, six feet of cord and illustrated booklet explaining all uses. The Star "Universal," a more powerful vibrator, costs $6.00. Fits any electric light socket. Preferred by many. Make your choice to-day. Fitzgerald Mfg. Co., Dept. 216, Torrington, Conn.

Men! Try this: After you've finished shaving, take a little cold cream, rub it over your face—then massage yourself with the "Star" for two or three minutes. It's great!

Treat your hair and scalp at home. Save that beauty-parlor money. A "Star" costs only $5.00, but lasts for years. Get one to-day and let your husband use it.

The STAR Electric Massage VIBRATOR

For Use in Your Own Home

Portraits of Your Favorites

TWENTY-FOUR LEADING PLAYERS

What is a home without pictures, especially of those one likes or admires? How they brighten up bare walls and lend a touch of human sympathy, alike to the homes of the rich and poor!

And what could better serve the purpose of decoration for the homes of motion picture enthusiasts than portraits of the great film stars, who have become world-wide famous?

The publishers of the two leading motion picture monthlies, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, have accordingly prepared at great expense, especially for their subscribers, an unusually fine set of portraits of twenty-four of the leading players.

These portraits are 5½" x 8" in size, just right for framing, printed in rich brown tones by rotogravure, a process especially adapted to portrait reproductions, and are artistic, accurate and high-grade in every way.

You will like these portraits, you will enjoy picking out your favorites. You will delight in framing them to be hung where you and your friends may see them often.

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Mary Pickford
Marguerite Clark
Douglas Fairbanks
Charlie Chaplin
William S. Hart
Wallace Reid
Pearl White
Anita Stewart
Theda Bara
Francis X. Bushman
Earle Williams
William Farnum
Charles Ray
Norma Talmadge
Constance Talmadge
Mary Miles Minter
Clara Kimball Young
Alice Joyce
Vivian Martin
Pauline Frederick
Billie Burke
Madge Kennedy
Elsie Ferguson
Tom Moore

These portraits are **not for sale.** They can be secured only by subscribing to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE or MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC for one year, and then they will be sent free.

You will want either the MAGAZINE or CLASSIC, or both, during the coming year. Subscribe **now** and get a set of these portraits. It will cost you less than to buy them by the month at your dealer's. Send in your order to-day and we will mail the portraits at once.

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175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Date ....

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Also please send me at once a set of the twenty-four players' portraits. Enclosed find $........in payment.

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The Youngest of the House o' Hammerstein

(*Continued from page* 19)

back word, 'You're ruining my show!'

"I had to remain with 'High Jinks,' because that is the only way I knew I could satisfy dad—to get it over with."

That was all musical comedy had of Miss Hammerstein. In the few years that have followed, the cinema has fared far luckier. And yet, managers are still clamoring for her in their stellar rôles. That is why she calls the Selznicks the best friends she has in the world. "Myron is my boss, you know, and he refuses to let me play any theatrical engagements while he's starring me on the screen." She laughs over the titles of her productions. "The Argyle Case," "The Madcap Lover," "An Accidental Honeymoon." A few months ago she was billed all over the country as "Elaine Hammerstein—'Wanted for Murder'," and this, her first Selznick picture—"Elaine Hammerstein in 'The Country Cousin.'" Her second stellar piece is called "Love," and her mother, who had just entered the room, said she hoped it wouldn't be advertised as "Elaine Hammerstein *in Love.*"

A Fillum Fatality

By WALTER E. MAIR

"O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"
Sub-titled the star as he mourned 'neath a willow.
But straightway on payday he bought him a loud
And luxurious necktie as large as a pillow.

He bought him five shirts of the costliest weave,
He bought a blue diamond to add to his splendor,
Then, nicely, precisely, from out of his sleeve
He drew forth a roll for ye touring-car vendor.

He bought him a phoney Los Angeles farm,
And stocked it with high-balls and white leghorn chickens;
The latter, I flatter him, did him no harm,
Being not of the species that raiseth the dickens.

He bought and he bought, did this film Galahad sad,
Who so nobly declaimed, with such soulfulness utter,
Till play-day, not pay-day, was all that he had;
His credit—his job—took a spin to the gutter.

"O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"
He has married an extra-girl—Garlic-tooth Rhoda.
'Tho he walks and he talks with his head in a cloud,
He is back at his old twenty-per, jerking soda.

The Owner of the "Uncas"

(*Continued from page* 21)

family of three and his brother and sister—non-professional, both of them—have never taken the slightest interest in the sport that interests him so greatly. He has a broad and characteristic philosophy; a belief that everything moves in cycles and that individuals, like events, return again and again, each time on a higher plane, until they reach perfection.

He does not like detail. Perhaps the most noticeably characteristic thing about him is his love of dashing thru things; his impatience of any restraint. He looks to be about twenty-seven years old.

His stage and screen career is so young and so much has been said about it recently, that it does not need recounting here; enough that it, too, has moved quickly. He began in amateur theatricals in Indiana. From that to professional work was just a step, and two years after he went on the stage he landed on Broadway, New York. He has been on the screen for two years, his first moving picture work being with World.

Five o'clock came—"at last!" He drove me back to Los Angeles. His motor car is painted green. On the way, we talked of the *Uncas*, moving pictures, real estate, money and the *Uncas* again.

"I wish I could be with the Wilson boys when they make that trip," he said. "Doc Wilson told me that they'll be sixty days on the way, stopping, of course, at all the interesting ports." He cut a corner sharply. "Do you know," he went on, "I'd like to have money enough to be absolutely free. Not rich, you understand, there is no freedom in that—but, say, an independent income of a hundred dollars a day. If I had such an income, I dont believe I'd work any more"—remember this was said at the close of a busy August day—"or, if I did work, I'd like to do something else. I think I'd like to be a recognized writer. Those chaps can go anywhere, any time they want to. I knew one, a writer of advertisements, who had his yacht next to mine in the Hudson. He was always going off somewhere because that was his whim and there was nothing to stop him."

By which you may see that the owner of the *Uncas* was homesick for a long cruise and, anyhow, it is characteristic of August that no matter where one is he sits down and wishes himself elsewhere.

THE SILENT DRAMA

By Clarence E. Flynn

Out of the silence often comes
A voice that breaks the stillness deep,
And with an eloquence unheard
Calls hidden mem'ries from their sleep.
It carries power unknown to speech;
It speaks directly to the heart,
Grown thoughtful in the silences.
Such is the screen's appealing art.

It calls the strong to lost resolve,
It thrills the weak to better things,
It touches sleeping hopes to life
And in the songless heart it sings.
It opens scenes of loveliness
For eyes long used to barren spot,
This sacred silence that is heard
Where thought is all and voice is not.

1919
1920
1921
1922
1923
1924
1925
1926
1927
1928
Happy New Year for Your Complexion

"Love took up the glass of time and turned it in his glowing hands."—Tennyson.

Among the resolutions which you make on the passing of the Old Year and the coming of the New, let there be one to give your complexion the caressing, gentle care that will turn back the hands of Time. You will retain the youthful loveliness, the dainty clearness and refreshing softness of skin that's so charming and lovable, if you use

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ONE MILLION DOLLARS A YEAR

is being made by several persons in the Motion Picture Industry.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS A WEEK

is being made by thousands of persons in the Motion Picture Industry.

Hundreds of Thousands of People are asking every day such questions as these:

How can I get into the Motion Picture business?
Can I become a photoplayer?
Have I sufficient talent?
Have I the necessary personality?
How can I become a Motion Picture Director?
Can I become financially interested in Motion Pictures?
Can I write for Motion Pictures?
Have I a "Motion Picture face"?
Can I train myself for any branch of the business?
If I have the talent and ability to become a picture star, how can I get a start?

These are questions that have long remained unanswered. But they can be answered. There have been schools that pretend to teach Motion Picture acting, but they are generally frowned upon by the profession. Personality, charm, winsomeness and beauty are God-given gifts. They can be cultivated and improved, but not created. Acting is a natural talent. Some have it, others acquire it, but most people who haven't it never will learn it. Grace is natural to some, but most people can acquire it. There is no rule about beauty, grace, charm, etc., and some may win without any one of the supposedly necessary requirements.

If you want to try to win a place in the great Motion Picture Industry, send five cents in stamps for this booklet,

"Who Can and Who Cannot Get Into the Pictures and Why?"

Address it to

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173-175-177 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Here are a few very successful stars:

Chaplin **Pickford** **Fairbanks**
Hart **Nazimova** **Drew**
Arbuckle **Keenan**

How different they are! Not one of them is noted for grace or form, and hardly one for beauty, and dozens of others might be added to this list.

And in the various other branches of the Motion Picture business startling deductions can be made. The Motion Picture Institute was organized to analyze the conditions of the Motion Picture Industry, to inform the public of these conditions, and to show how and why some people can get in and why others cannot.

A competent and experienced staff of experts have been secured to carry on this much needed work.

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HERMO CO., 542 E. 63rd St., Dept. 31, CHICAGO

The Director Diplomatic

(*Continued from page* 36)

Later, I returned to the attack. His very reluctance was my goad. His reticence hid revelation.

"Well," he said, cleverly, with a twinkle in his eye: "well—let us have *patience*, then. That is, surely, the indispensable requisite."

And he was not to be tempted farther.

When it came to his early days he was more fluent, tho, always, the "I" was toned down, passed over, dismissed. He was born in Belgium, but is "American now," he says, and he has the lingering of his native land in his speech. He was to be a musician, his father being one before him and when, later, he gave up music for the stage, José père almost disowned him, considering the step, no doubt, a distinct drop in caste.

He told, too, with reminiscent amusement tinged with the young tragedy it must have been to him, of playing with Sarah Bernhardt on an opening night in Paris — or, more accurately, in Sarah Bernhardt's company. He had a small part, he said, only six or eight lines, but the character, that of a young king, is very much discussed by the other players before his entrance. His arrival is heralded with pomp and fanfare. "I stepped upon the stage," he narrated, "in full panoply of sword and satin, tripped upon the sword and measured my length upon the floor of the stage. A moment and the house burst into ruinous gales of laughter. The opening was a farce. It was horrible at the time. You can imagine the distraught state of my mind as I went to Bernhardt's dressing-room and tendered my most abject apologies, promising to act better the next time. 'Act!' said Bernhardt, justly enraged, 'young man, *you* will *never* act!' It was terrible—terrible" —sighed José, shuddering again over the span of years.

He toured the provinces, then, he said, for some years, with his wife, playing in Africa, the Far East, etc., and finally, believing that there was little chance of big money for the general actor, went into the managerial end of it. He came to America for six weeks' stay, I think he said, and things went so successfully that —why, that he is still here and has been for more years than the number of weeks he planned.

He fought his way upward, starting with vaudeville. Always he clung to his artistic ideals—thru thick and thin.

Pictures, he said, always appealed to him. Chiefly from the directing end. At first, however, he played in pictures for Pathé, also with Theda Bara in her first picture, "A Fool There Was," and he, incidentally, introduced her to the screen, engaging her for the part from the rank and file of many applicants. He said, with another canny wink in my direction, that it was a very good thing for a director to have been an actor first—thru the mill, in other words — tho not necessarily essential, he added.

It came out bit by bit, waived by him at my slightest appreciative sign, but emphasized by his wife, that he not only reads every book that comes out, writes his own scripts, casts them, directs them but follows the raw stock of the film straight thru to completion. "I wish you *would* emphasize that," said Mrs. José, who is ideally the comrade-wife; "I believe that it is quite exceptional."

We touched upon the controversial question of the Screen as Art or Commercialism.

Mr. José seemed to be momentarily amazed that there could be any controversy on the subject.

"An Art, absolutely," he said; "those people who take the other side of the question do not take into consideration the tremendous work, the detail, the time and the often colossal expenditure in even the least picture. Only Art achieves such results, however short that Art may fall of its ultimate possibilities. *All* Art has some room for progression, for further perfecting. High spots are not the everyday run. 'The Miracle Man'—and 'Broken Blossoms'—pinnacles!'"

Back of Director José (this is s. p.—Strictly Personal) there is another director. The director behind the director! A feminine person, aged three and answering to the name of Helene José. His little girl. "She is the one soft spot with Ted," said Mrs. José, smiling at him over the tea-cups—the director had left his desk and was drinking his four o'clock tea and having his four o'clock cigaret, a ceremony he never omits, even at the studio, where Mrs. José is with him and serves it for him, as at home.

"Well, but how can I help it?" asked the wee Helene's Assistant Director, with a smile; "her little talk—and all, it is so wonderful—" He got out of his big chair and took a large photograph from the book shelves to show to me. "I saw her as I came in," I said; "she is adorable." Mr. José nodded. "Yes, now, isn't she?" he asked, "can you blame me? And do you know, she has no respect for her father at all. She calls me 'Ted' and when I try, at times, to be very stern and very paternal, she laughs at me. She takes me for a humorist. Maybe I am—with her."

Mr. José is not, strictly, a humorist, unless in a very super-sense of the word. He is the rare being who can make an adaptation of life; who can live it and at the same time, play it. He can direct because he is, himself, *by* himself, directed. He accepts traditions and does not bruise the vigor of his years battling, inadequately, against them. He comes from the Old World and he brings some of the old world's riper philosophy with him. He can run a gamut, which is good. He can be the great director (he would modestly eschew this) and he can be the playmate a tiny child calls "Ted."

Victory

(*Continued from page* 43)

too, he told her what to read, directed her reading, discussed the books with her afterward. At once, the characters sprang to life, lived, breathed, had vital sorts of beings. Everything was animate. Her viewpoint, too, it was deliciously strong and tender . . . he had thought himself so wise, who was not wise at all—at best, he was wise enough to *learn* . . .

Several weeks of this slipped by and then, with the same unexpectedness Schomberg had felt, the plain Mr. Jones arrived on Samburan. He had with him Ricardo and Pedro.

Heyst made them comfortable in one of the abandoned bungalows. He had no reason not to. Their discomfort at his hospitality fired the abstract alarm the plain Mr. Jones gave him. There was something quite horrible about Mr. Jones; he was so unnecessarily pallid. Even the spice of the trade winds gave him, Heyst noticed, only the unpleasant greenness of decay. Heyst felt him to be very unhealthy. Of course, appearances . . .

He was afraid for Alma, too, as he had come to call the white girl. These men . . . their attitudes . . . a woman alone, as Alma was . . . Suddenly Heyst felt himself to be very much a man and Alma very potently a woman, needing his protection, needing *him* . . . The blood so long quiescent in his veins awoke and pounded. How wrong his father had been! What a false premise his negation had been! Or else, how long and how bitterly he must have starved and thirsted! That was it, perhaps, someone had long denied him and decried him; someone very dear to him, as Alma might be dear . . . Heyst felt, suddenly, none of his former pride in his father, cold tribute, but burningly sorry for him, bitterly compassionate, yearning . . .

It became apparent almost at once, certainly to Alma, that these men were here for a purpose. Ricardo, she soon learned, included *her* in his purpose. She had one desperate encounter with him and sent him spinning across the room, after which his attitude was more, rather than less devotional. Still later, he became consuming. He would be dangerous, Alma knew, dangerous to Heyst. With the cunning of a woman who loves Alma knew that the safe way for Heyst was for her to dally with Ricardo, to worm their motives from him, to lead him on. For herself . . . she was accidental, anyhow, a fragment conjured out of some detached nothingness; it had been easy to come; so would it be easy to go back. But Heyst . . . Heyst was different. Heyst must go on living, a god, apart. "The love that loves for love" came to the girl's mind . . . without thought of any other thing than that love's sake . . . and it came to her, too, that it might not be unpleasant to sleep on this fruitful island lullabyed by the seas . . dust, some day, beneath his pass-

Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison of New York, one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really *can* and simply *haven't found it out?* Well, come to think of it, 'most anybody can *tell* a story. Why can't 'most anybody *write* a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality to-day.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and, women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are the Writers of Tomorrow.

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. *Don't you believe the creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as he did the greatest writer?* Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet if, by some lucky chance, they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the Imagination free rein they might have astonished the world!

But two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. The greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they *really learn to write* from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you'd be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't *I* learn to write? *Who says you can't?*

Listen! A wonderful *free* book has recently been written on this very subject—a book that tells all about a Startling New Easy Method of Writing Stories and Photoplays. This amazing book, called *"The Wonder Book for Writers,"* shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, written perfected, sold. How many who don't *dream* they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own Imagination may provide an endless gold-mine of Ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you *are* a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. How to *win!*

This surprising book is *absolutely free.* No charge. No obligation. *Your* copy is waiting for you. Write for it *now. Get it. It's yours.* Then you can pour your whole soul into this magic new enchantment that has come into your life—*story and play writing.* The lure of it, the love of it, the luxury of it will fill your wasted hours and dull moments with profit and pleasure. You will have this noble, absorbing, money-making new profession! And all in your spare time, without interfering with your regular job. Who says you can't make "easy money" with your brain! Who says you can't turn your Thoughts into cash! Who says you can't make your dreams come true! Nobody knows—*but the book will tell you.*

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Miss Helene Chadwick, versatile screen star, now leading lady for Tom Moore of Goldwyn Film Company, says.

"Any man or woman who will learn this New Method of Writing ought to sell stories and plays with ease."

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ing feet . . . beneath his scattered flowers . . . of course he would not forget her, would not be oblivious of her . . . he was not so made.

The climax came before a clearing of the situation presented itself. It was all very strange. Of an evening Mr. Jones and Heyst would sit together and play backgammon, each watching the other with a cold intensity. Heyst felt, always, that some presence from a long-filled grave had come to dally with him for some weirdly pleasant hour. Mr. Jones did not betray what he felt, unless it was the faintness of a disbelief, an unwilling sort of a liking, chilling in the extreme.

And always Ricardo followed Alma, begging her favors, making love to her, threatening her, lavishing extravagances of praise upon her, hinting that their presence on Samburan had to do with treasures Heyst had stolen from dead men and buried there, on the wane of the moon.

On one of these nights, as Ricardo was making his most violent assertions Alma looked up to see Heyst and Mr. Jones standing in the doorway. Mr. Jones convulsed her with sick shudders. He looked as a corpse might look who has been rudely disturbed from his slumbers.

"What did I tell you about women?" he muttered, levelling his pistol, suddenly drawn, at Ricardo, all his dispelled animosity suddenly concentrated toward the Venezuelan; "what did I tell you about women . . . about women . . . what, answer, rat, what?"

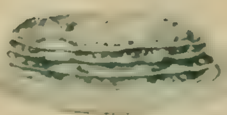
Alma made the next, sudden move—a knife flashed thru the air—Ricardo toppled over at a thrust of her strong arm—Mr. Jones fired and when the din and the powder cleared away Heyst had Alma in his arms, over both of them her blood flowing, bright red and somehow victorious.

"I did this to save you," she whispered to him, holding her throat in which the pulse leapt, frighteningly; "I did this to save you . . . I led him on . . . I let him think . . . They would have killed us . . . for gold . . . they think we have gold . . . but now he is gone and you . . . oh, *you* are . . . safe . . ."

The pulse in Alma's throat seemed to Heyst to be his own heart pumping her blood away . . . Negation . . . how thin . . . how thin! Himself, a shade among shades . . .

Outside the surf was pounding and tomorrow the hot sun would draw all the strong scents of the earth into its passionate heart and there would be a shimmer of hot gold over all the land, squandered flowers . . . natives dancing . . . this white woman . . . where? Where would she be? . . . In his arms . . . close to his heart . . . because he knew . . . he knew . . . the riddle of heaven and earth . . . the sea . . . the sky . . . all living things and all things dead . . . He loved her . . .

And pressing his mouth on hers . . . he told her so . . .



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(3228)

Double Exposures

(*Continued from page* 55)

ence of British made films in the States will arouse the same feelings of pardonable curiosity among the Americans."

Speaking of subtitles, why doesn't some company sign Daisy Ashford to write captions?

Anne Luther wore 103 gowns during six days of the making of the serial, "The Lurking Peril," and wrecked them all doing stunts. After seeing a serial, we know just how a gown feels after participating in one.

The British may poke fun at our screen methods, but their sense of humor stops short of reading their own film press material. We had to send to the nearest drug store for a restorative after our office-boy had glanced over a batch of recent screen press stories. Note these choice bits, bearing the plea "for the favor of insertion":

"Whilst riding on the Downs for a scene in her new production, 'The Gentleman Rider,' Miss Violet Hopson was thrown from her horse, and altho not seriously hurt, this popular star sustained a severe shaking. It will be remembered that whilst acting in the Broadwest film, 'A Fortune at Stake,' last year, Miss Hopson had a bad accident in Rotten Row and was for some time unable to work owing to a severely sprained ankle."

And this:

"If you had been privileged to look in at the Broadwest studio one day last week you would have found a very merry party at dinner. Somewhere behind the scenes, rag-time tunes were being played to 'get the atmosphere,' altho no piano appeared in this particular scene. It was effective, however, for when a call of 'speed up that rag' spurred the musician on to syncopate the already raggy tune, the artistes 'got going' and the scene proved a huge success."

German kinemas, according to film men just returned from Berlin, are against providing remarkable musical programs. The popular film demand is for detective and society dramas. The reported wave of immorality in the German kinemas seems to be without foundation. The moral level of films there is pronounced excellent.

The manufacturing of German lenses and projectors is being taken up rapidly. This will shortly have an effect on the American market.

At present American activities on the other side are interesting to note. The Italian Kinema Union, the biggest film organization in Italy, has signed Herbert Brenon to produce a series of pictures starring Marie Doro. The first will be "The Mysterious Princess."

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Reel Realities

Photoplay fashions change, indeed!

Consider the screen idol of some two years ago, the vampire, the be-curled ingénue.

All of them are in the discard, altho the curly-headed flapper has fought hard for screen life.

It is distinctly a man's year in the films. Producers declare that the world war has centered interest in masculinity. Anyway, nearly all the new stars on the horizon are men—Eugene O'Brien, Owen Moore, Lew Cody, David Powell and others.

But the days of the Bushmans, the Williamses and the other typical film idols have waned.

Note what Crane Wilbur says on another page of this Classic.

Photoplay followers have sickened of the clothing store manikin who personified every virtue. It's thumbs down for the film idol wearing an arrow collar and a halo.

Today the popular man on the screen must be different—and human. The début of Douglas Fairbanks marked the dawn of this era. He did something besides pose.

Observe how players like Wallie Reid are turning to comedy, how Bert Lytell has switched to character studies in "Lombardi, Ltd."

Recently we had 'Gene O'Brien, in "The Perfect Lover," as a painter who decides to put his affairs of the heart behind him and settle down to domesticity.

And now we have Lew Cody bringing another male character to the screen—the typical boulevardier, the man about town who, according to Mr. Cody's own announcement, is "always charming in manner, with a *distingué* air and a way with women—in brief, a man of personality who is not disliked by men, tho they envy him his *savoir faire* and his knowledge of the secret of living."

Thus the screen male who is a mingling of good and bad. Some miles from the virtuous but unsoiled blacksmith of the pioneer film days!

For women the steps must necessarily come slower. Yet the lady of dead black morals—the vamp—has passed.

The guileless ingénue—of dead white morals—is also in oblivion.

This year we have had our not entirely spotless but more or less humanly good women of "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," "Katherine Bush," and other popular photodramas.

Not to mention the sophisticated ladies of the De Mille dramas who can look a divorce in the face without quivering a single beaded eyelash.

The whole style in women folk has changed. We have our Nazimovas, our stately Katherine MacDonalds, our lureful Gloria Swansons and our beauteous Corinne Griffiths where once gamboled the be-curled ingénue of other days. We consider the very human frailties of our film heroines as calmly as once the flapper star watched her pet canary.

The photoplay can be safely said to be advancing when it no longer demands that its characters be good or bad as in the old-fashioned melodramas—white or black of heart in the most obvious style.

We have discovered that there is something of good and something of bad in everyone! Which means that our stories are passing the kindergarten stage. Does not Maugham say, in his "The Moon and Sixpence," "I did not realize how motley are the qualities that go to make up a human being? Now I am well aware that pettiness and grandeur, malice and charity, hatred and love, can find place side by side in the same human heart."

The coming few months will see a definite stand taken against the cutting of feature plays to fit de luxe theater programs.

Recall what David Griffith said recently in The Classic?

Mary Pickford has just announced that she will not permit her future productions to be cut in any way by exhibitors, either to shorten their programs or because they do not like certain scenes.

This winter is going to see an interesting experiment. While American companies are talking of invading England and the Continent to produce pictures, a British film company is coming, bag and baggage, to produce in California.

The organization, G. B. Samuelson's all-British Company, will probably produce at Universal City. Mr. Samuelson is bringing his entire company, including Madge Titheradge, the well-known stage star, and his whole technical staff, from directors to cameramen. The company arrives via Montreal, heading direct for the coast.

Mr. Samuelson is planning to make at least two productions: Gertrude Page's "Love in the Wilderness" and Ridgewell Elkin's "Night Riders."

Reports from Germany indicate that the late "central power" is returning with vigor to the making of motion pictures. An official embargo exists on all foreign films, but, it is said, American and French films are being smuggled into the country in large quantities and are being openly exhibited. The officials in fact are winking at the embargo.

Marie: The Mystic

(*Continued from page 72*)

serials; especially now that Mr. Jaccard has returned from France to direct me."

"Yes, you and he have worked together so long, it must be regular team-pulling now, isn't it?"

"I've loved and respected all my directors—few girls have had so many charming experiences as I have had under Mr. Turner, Mr. Pollard, Bob Leonard and Tom MacGowan. But I feel that the greatest laurels belong to Jacques Jaccard. We thoroly understand each other. You might call me temperamental — I dont call it that. But there are times when I feel cross or blue; at other times, I feel exuberantly happy. He knows how to handle me, tho no word is spoken. I get his moods in the same way. I have absolute confidence in him, so that when he says a certain dangerous trick must be done in this or that way, I never hesitate to do it. I know he understands me and understands the situation perfectly and I always feel sure that I'll come thru all right.

"Every night we write together. Mr. Jaccard has only used three stories in five years that were written by outsiders. He devises plots and thrills and we go over them carefully. That's why I dont have time for pleasure. I have only been to the movies twice in the last four months!

"It is usually very late when I get home from the studio. We use all the daylight possible and then comes the long drive back, dinner, and after that we're ready for the serious business of concocting a story that may run thru fifteen to seventeen weeks. Sometimes I jump up for a few moments and play the piano to relieve the tension of an entire day spent in work and then we get a fresh start, but I retire about ten because you see I have to be up very early in the morning in order to get made up at Universal City in time."

"But what do you really do for amusement—when you do work in a little spare time?"

Miss Walcamp hesitated, began, hesitated again and said slowly, "I *hate* to tell you—it will seem silly to an outsider, I'm afraid. But if I ever have a few days off between pictures, I take everything out of my bureau, chiffonier and closet and put the whole place in apple-pie order. The fact is, that it just rests me and is a regular treat to be able to clear up boxes, drawers and closets. Honestly, I cant think of anything I'd rather do than that, save acting. Of course, when it is all finished, I take account of stock, make a memorandum of what I need and go down town in my Stutz and shop. I'm like the rest of the girls—I do love clothes."

I should say Marie does love clothes. Hanging in the dressing-room closet was a beautiful black evening gown, made of real Irish lace brought to her

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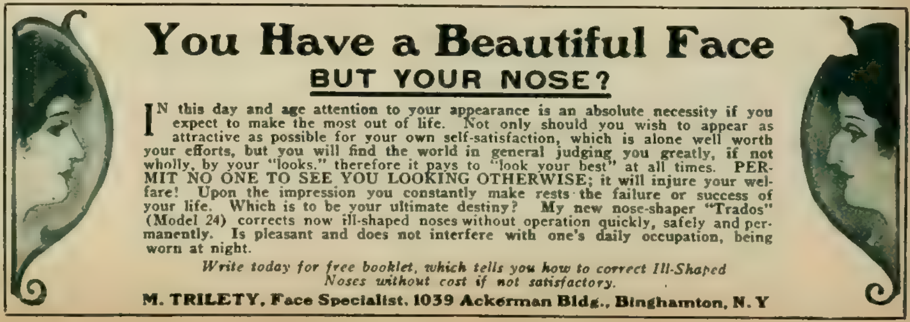

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by—well, I promised not to tell who brought it, so mum's the word. It will be worn in "The Red Glove" which is being adapted from "The Fifth Ace" by Douglas Grant. Hope Loring is churning out episodes in continuity as fast as her nimble fingers can dash over the typewriter and the two girls hobnob in odd moments on the lot, discussing innovations.

During the shooting of "The Red Ace" Marie Walcamp proved herself an uncomplaining martyr, for a sudden fall broke her wrist. Having learnt many different ways of swimming from the Hawaiian teacher, Miss Walcamp decided not to postpone work on this serial; had her arm put in splints and, on the fourth day after the accident, was doing high dives and endurance swims in Great Bear Lake, a cold natural tank up in the mountains.

"Oh, I didn't mind the break, but I was worried for a few hours lest it would interfere with finishing the episode. However, I really think that cold water did me a lot of good. You see the boards kept me from knocking my arm against anything. It was not really dangerous. After a few days, I felt no inconvenience whatever," said the intrepid lassie.

Marie Walcamp's attitude toward animals is interesting. She has such perfect self-control that the dumb brutes seem to sense it. She is always the judge of any horses brought in for her to ride; sizes up their points; tries them out and teaches them tricks.

"Baby lions are so interesting! Have you ever seen a lioness put her little ones to bed?"

Having lived a safe and sane apartment house existence, I hastily disclaimed such knowledge.

"Well," continued Mystic Marie, "the mother gathers up one cub and walks up and down the cage swinging it by the neck the way a cat carries a kitten. Then when it seems ready to doze off she puts it down, sets her foot on it and, if it doesn't move, gets up and takes the next one and swings that to sleep."

But just then props arrived with a boiled egg and a bit of bread, hustled across the fields in a U-bus, so our chat was interrupted for a very tiny luncheon on Marie's part, so tiny in fact that I ejaculated, "You're far more spiritual than material. I believe you live in the mental realm."

"A-b-s-o-l-u-t-e-l-y," answered Marie the Mystic slowly. "I dont care anything about material things. I like to spend my time thinking, trying to fathom things. You cant do that if you are wondering whether it will be steak and onions for dinner or sausage and waffles for breakfast. I want to spend my time on the worth-while things and they're *absolutely* mental, aren't they?"

So I'm wondering if Marie is not protected by "presence of mind"—a quality she exercises constantly.

The Amazing Interview—*(Continued from page 23)*

bath with a marble shower and a most complete little kitchen equipped, electrically, with every device known to culinary use.

"I prepare my stewed fruit in there," said Norma, huddled at the time in one of the wicker chairs, hair slicked nonchalantly back, wearing the serge bloomers, middy and socks in which I had come upon her taking a scene. She told me, too, of the time Madame Petrova had come there to interview her and they had prepared tea and sent out for cakes and all sorts of things. Constance, she said, had loudly observed that there was *"real* food!"

The Talmadges are distinctly a family group. A strong camaraderie and interest exists between the sisters, which is unusual and rather sweet. Norma and Constance see each other's pictures run, are critical or enthusiastic as they honestly believe the occasion demands, but always constructive, and pleased at each other's triumphs and successes. Natalie, the third sister, was, at the time "up with the cows trying to get fat," as explained by Norma.

Later on in the afternoon we paid a visit to Constance who occupies a large dressing room and studio on the floor above. We found her with golden baby hair and a blue dressing-gown bemoaning and bewailing over her new picture with Conway Tearle she had seen run that morning. She appealed tragically to Norma. "It is something awful," she declared, "aw-ful!"

"What's wrong?" asked Norma, with sympathy and a wink.

"Everything . . . story . . . lighting . . . *me* . . . most of all, ME! Conway saw it and he agrees with me. Simply AWFUL!"

Norma informed me on the way back to the cretonned sanctum that it is not half so bad as Constance would have it. I was thinking on other matters, having been of the opinion that it probably was not anywhere *nearly* so bad. "What," I demanded, "is the reason for the several dozen kewpie dolls I observed in Constance's room?"

Norma laughed. "Everyone gives Constance a doll," she said; "they probably think she's a nut, or simple minded, or something." The laugh, you know, was an affectionate one and the explanation lovingly without malice

"And the parrot?" I prompted; "I saw (and heard) a huge parrot in there."

"Dick Barthelmess gave her that, out in California. She named it Richard Barthelmess Talmadge and travelled cross continent with it, taking endless pains. Lillian Gish has one, too. They brought them together and arrived in New York looking, according to themselves, like immigrants."

We found Mother Talmadge awaiting us below and making a great fuss over aforementioned Pom. "What have you done to your hair, Norma?" she greeted her illustrious daughter; "looks different."

"Combed it, probably," responded Norma, genially.

There is a nice air of being "regular people" about Norma which augurs, above all else, a sane perspective, a nicely balanced sense of things, equipoise. There is none of the irrational about her, no bizarre evidences of temperament. If you didn't know her for a star . . . well, you wouldn't know her for one, if you get my meaning. She is with you and me and all the rest of us. No doubt but what she gets a real enjoyment out of what she has done and is doing and the way in which it has all been received. She is essentially and quite evidently human enough for that. She is nothing of the snob, nothing of the highbrow. She detests the easily and prudishly shocked. She is free and easy and talk to-able and at-able.

"I've always had ideals," she told Miss Livingstone and myself, who had doubtless just denied the same; "and I still have 'em . . . more than ever . . . I've never seen any reason *not* to!"

Those of us who have ideals *give* them . . . beautifully when we can and always and necessarily helpfully and inspirationally to the great many, many "others."

Thus Norma Talmadge and the Art which is *herself*.

TO A VAMPIRE

I want to be your victim, rare, robed wrecker of the screen.
I want to cringe and crawl and do 'most anything that's mean.
I want a mustache, steely grey, a wife and children, too,
That you may see and sneer and snarl and curse them, thru and thru!

I want to break a bank and kill the man who gave me fame;
I want my folks to die because I've spoiled the family name;
I'd slink up to your slimy side and kneel to kiss your shoe,
If I could be the victim of a vampire such as you!

I want to kiss your false, famed face; I want to curse and cry,
To beat, bruise, batter, then beseech of God to let me die;
To tear your snakelike arms away and dash, with bated breath,
Down to the old canal and die a most befitting death!

I want you, pampered, poison pet! Believe me when I say
I'd dare death-dealing deviltry, beneath your vicious sway!
Seek what you will! Hound me with hate! There's not a hair-breadth scene
That I wont do to humor you—but only on the screen!

FAN FANCIES

Close-ups lend enchantment.
No thin vampire no sin has.
Go West, young fan, go West—they're all in 'Frisco!
Hero—Never too great to send—you his autograph.
Heroine—A glint in the eyes is sufficient.
Comic—A squint in the eyes is sufficient.
No fan but would be the hero's valet.
It's the wronged dame that gives kids learning!

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Hallam Cooley's Trail

By JANE L. STUART

HALLAM COOLEY'S trail begins at Minneapolis and zigzags down thru the Wisconsin woods to Highland Park, Illinois, where he put in laborious days at the Northwestern Military Academy. From Highland Park the trail runs towards the wild and woolly Southwest, the home of the sagebrush and cacti.

Following this trail about nine years ago, Hal struck a town called Yuma—not a bad town in itself, but one which did not yearn to take him to its heart. He balanced trays in one of its hot and murky restaurants, and the incongruity of the task must have impressed any transcontinental traveler who happened to see him there. In those days, however, Cooley followed his star regardless of consequences. He was out for experience!

When he grew weary of Yuma, he went down to the station and hopped aboard the Sunset Limited. Under cover of the darkness, he crawled on top of a Pullman and journeyed into Calexico. He had heard that the gentlemen adventurers of Madero's forces were receiving five dollars a day, that Calexico was the place where a man could enlist and, in these circumstances, Fortune spread her golden net before him.

He found the Calexico army. It consisted chiefly of two hundred and fifty hoboes from the American side and a large number of Mexicans and Yaquis. There were only thirty-two guns for the crowd and, naturally, Cooley didn't get one. Instead, the generalissimo handed him a bucket and told him to carry water. He cooked his own tortillas. dished up frijoles and performed various other culinary rites, but he never saw the promised five dollars a day. He saw plenty of fighting, however, chiefly among the tatterdemalions themselves. They had an abundant supply of whisky and tobacco, and whenever an altercation took place,

(*Continued on page* 93)

Hal Cooley's picturesque trail leads across nearly the whole expanse of America Not so long ago Hal was a waiter in a restaurant in Yuma, down in the sun-baked Southwest. Tired of that, he crawled upon the top of a Pullman and—. But read his story

Photographs by Evans, L. A.

The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page 57*)

interest. Director David Kirkland has overemphasized his points thruout, yet "The Virtuous Vamp" will entertain you, for Miss Talmadge's singular comedy sense gets much play in it. Conway Tearle is a good foil and Gilda Grey, the famous "shimmie" artist of the New York white light district, makes a trembling screen début.

Wilfred North has hit upon a singularly timely theme in his "The Undercurrent," in which the pugnacious Guy Empey enters civil life—on the screen. Empey depicts a returned soldier who, upon discarding his uniform, gets involved with the Bolsheviki, but recovers himself in time to prevent rioters from burning the local steel mills. Working under handicaps, Mr. North deserves a large share of praise.

J. Stuart Blackton's newest production, "Dawn," (Pathé), is a visualization of Eleanor Porter's story of a young man who goes blind and his subsequent regeneration into a man of vigor, despite his handicap. We fear Mr. Blackton has selected too depressing a theme for wide popularity. Again, we believe Robert Gordon miscast in leading rôles. This, of course, is our personal belief, but we think Mr. Gordon is a character player and that he is lost in his present type of work.

A Request

By Walter E. Mair

If there are visions in the solemn night
That wait for me with eager, trembling hands,
Plucking my sleeve, and bidding me to write,
Ere drift away the swiftly-spilling sands:

If there are unborn truths beyond the veil
That yearn to find their being in my pen,
If I may voice oppression-stifled wail,
And champion the cause of shackled men:

Say not of me "He is a fool to cast
"Away the glut and glitter of his Art!"
Breathe only that I held unto the last
Love's single jewel of wonder to my heart.

Tell them when I have finished, "Ay, he wrote
"Because he loved, nor found the world too kind,
"Except that this one splendor showed no mote
"Of tarnish, ere the Angel struck him blind."

Say this, and all your little world of tears
May roll its course, while I go on anew,
Clasping my single jewel thruout the years,
Yet knowing I have given it to you!

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CHESTER MUSIC CO. 920 S. Michigan Ave., Dept. 150, Chicago, Ill.

An Old-Fashioned Girl

(*Continued from page* 25)

She has a bottle of Hungarian glass, red and white, with one small wine-glass to match, which was used by President Buchanan in his own home. There are scent bottles, tall cut-glass bottles for the dresser, Chinese lacquer bottles, old majolica bottles—in fact, the array of liquid-holders is simply astounding. Mary is a connoisseur who delights the owners of old curiosity shops.

Mary MacIvor is just past eighteen and looks not a day over fourteen. One cant believe it possible that she presides over the lovely home at 2018 Cahuenga Avenue, a terraced, flowered bungalow in Hollywood. She wears simple frocks, little one-piece dresses like those of a small girl, and her sunshiny hair, which waves and curls quite naturally, is held back at the nape of the neck by an amber pin. A huge, floppy straw hat with a ribbon twisted around the crown and pulled thru the brim at the back is as unadorned and plain as if Mary MacIvor were a schoolgirl instead of a leading lady and the wife of a star.

Mr. Desmond, who had been entertaining a business caller on the veranda, blocked the door and shook his finger threateningly. "Dont make this too confidential, Baby. Remember, every word you utter will go down in black and white."

"I suppose Mr. Desmond will play leads with you?" we said.

"Yes, when she gets a little older; she cant make up to look old enough just now," he answered.

"How did you come to pictures, and why?"

"Necessity! Need of money. There was no romance connected with my first appearance at all. I was at a fancy dress ball in Culver City, had been taken there by friends, and Thomas Ince saw me. He offered me a job with fifteen dollars a week wages——"

"Engagement, Sweetie, and one gets a salary in the movies, not wages!" groaned the Irishman from Dublin.

"Some day Beedee, (as she calls her big husband), and I are going to build a fine house, aren't we, Beedee? A house with a six-foot fireplace and logs that burn three days, enormous chairs everywhere, a landscape window ten feet wide, a private den for Beedee and a little room where I can write whenever I feel like it. Yes, I write short stories and poems, but I hate scenarios or continuity or anything with numbers in it.

"I love the Bible because it contains all I want—poetry, history, love stories and battles, but I never really enjoyed it until I was given one without numbered verses, written just like a novel. It used to distract me to read about Ruth and Naomi with those old figures straggling down the page—reminded me of a movie script: Scene I. Ruth says 'Entreat me not to leave you.'"

"Have you experienced anything unpleasant in pictures?"

"Yes, once. A director swore at me. Men may swear before me, but not at me. A girl's defensive armor is her self-respect and I shall always maintain mine. Never did I work under that man again, altho he made the apology I demanded." The pride of Scotch ancestry and Southern environment sparkled in Mary's wistful grey eyes.

SHORT CUTS TO FILMDOM

Things are not what they screen.
It's a wise author that knows his own script.
Rome can be built in a day—leave it to props!
Dont hitch your wagon to a star—be one!
Marry in haste, divorce at leisure.
Dont look before you leap—it's only a papier-mâché cliff!
Nine tailors may make a man, but one good modiste can make a star.
Self-possession is nine-tenths of the lore.
Fortune favors film stars.
The pay's the thing!
A fan's a fan for a' that!
Custard-pie covers a multitude of things.
A press agent at hand is worth reams of gush.
A reel of Chaplin makes us all akin.
Plots—All that aren't swiped are old.
Still drama brings sleep.
Too many crooks foil the fan.
A sweet ingénue is half the plot.
The vamp is the mother of dissension.
Cast curls for all lines.
Fan-cied is as fancy does.

THE SOUL OF THE SCREEN

By Frederic T. Cardoze

I am the voiceless soul of many a scene,
My realm the boundless regions of the screen;
A million million vassals I command
With but an idle gesture of the hand.
I am the whole wide earth. I am the sea,
I wing the universe on pinions free;
I am the hill of smiles, the vale of tears,
I am a day, I am a thousand years,
I am the jade Deceit, I am the truth,
I am maturity and I am golden youth,
And I am folly, frivolous and vain,
Yet I am wisdom, when I will, again.
To me there is no hidden road or path,
I hold the keys to gladness and to wrath;
I am the silent guide to every glade
Where glows the sun or falls the somber shade.
Today I steal a garment from the light,
Tomorrow, from the wardrobe of the night;
I am a ragged beggar, bowed and grey,
Yet I am Crœsus, flinging gold away;
I am the cold and flaunting Mistress Pride,
And I am Modesty with Diffidence allied.
The deeds of ages, dead and quick, I trace;
I barter not with time nor yet with space.
Tho from my tightened lips there falls no word,
The messages I bear are clearly heard;
The fair and foul things of life I glean—
I am the soul and spirit of the screen!

THE OUTCOME

By Clarence E. Flynn

Life's always at its best upon the screen.
  It is not perfect. Life is never so.
There runs a struggle thru each shifting scene,
  And shadows often come, their pall to throw
Across the landscape. Things go wrong a while.
  But always comes at last the shine's glow,
And gloom is followed by the song and smile.

In every drama wrong must have its reign,
  In every tale the villain has his day;
Gladness we see, contrasting it with pain,
  And truth is valued but by error's sway.
The right and wrong are alternate in power,
  The scene is now in sun, now shadow cast,
But tho the wrong may triumph for an hour,
  The right is seated on the throne at last.

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Ask the manager of your favorite theatre when he will show Hobart Henley's "The Gay Old Dog", adapted from Edna Ferber's story; Blanche Sweet in "A Woman of Pleasure", produced by Jesse D. Hampton and adapted from James Willard's famous play; Albert Capellani's "The Right to Lie", with Dolores Cassinelli; and J. Stuart Blackton's "Dawn". They are first presented this month.

Charles Pathé

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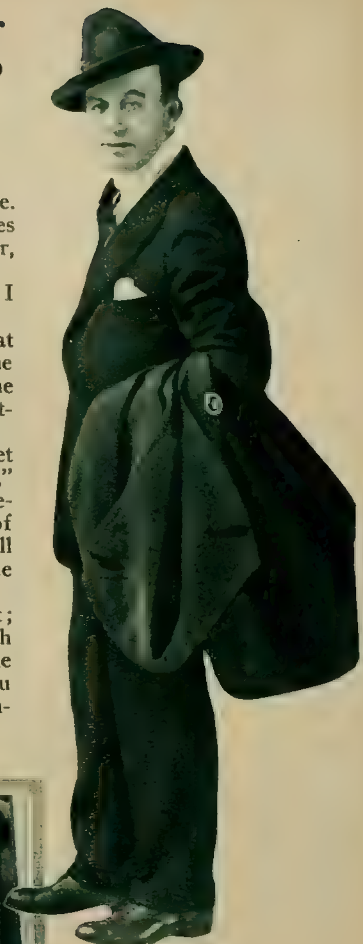
Comic Conkling

By MARY McAUBREY



THE forest fires raging in the mountains back of Pasadena flung a curtain of smoke over the valley, making exterior camera work a difficult matter in the many studios in Hollywood and Los Angeles.

Out on the Fox studio lot a group of players were waiting for the haze to lift long enough to finish their scene.

"I should say that motion pictures make the greatest little patience exerciser in the world," remarked Chester Conklin. "You must learn not to worry over delays in this business or you would go crazy. There's no hope, boys," he continued, with his mild blue eyes fastened on the grayish sky, "there'll be no more sunshine today."

"No one will dispute our rancher, so let's go," bantered one.

"Get him to tell you about his flock of bees he's fattening up for Christmas," called another, as the group vanished into the dressing-rooms.

"Are you a rancher as well as a comedian?" I asked.

"Sure," laughed Mr. Conklin. "I work at comedy and play at ranching. That is a fine balance, for you cant work at comedy all the time—it wears you out, and ranching is the greatest play there is."

Sitting on the steps of the big yellow street car, marked "The Wait In Vain Transit Co.," which figured in the new picture, the little comedian whose antics have occasioned thousands of laughs during his years on the screen told me all about his ranch, a hundred miles north of the city.

There are 320 acres, with 65 in citrus fruit; there is a wonderful view across the desert, with its fascinating lights and shadows, that lures one into its very heart. You cant get away once you succumb to its spell! There are several thousand turkeys, and then there are the bees!

We forgot all about pictures and interviews and forest fires and overcast skies, while he told me many interesting things regarding the habits of the little creatures. He finds them an absorbing subject and is collecting a library on bee culture. Recently he had to move his bee stands nearer to the honey flow—meaning the orchards, for in season these tireless workers labor so hard that they wear themselves out; in fact, they frequently die of exhaustion.

Suddenly, while talking, Mr. Conklin took off the paintbrush mustache which has formed a veritable trademark for this comedian, and he was so completely changed that I should never have recognized him.

"Why," I gasped, "you look *years* younger!"

(*Continued on page* 97)

Chester Conklin works at comedy and plays at ranching. He owns 320 acres and devotes the space to citrus fruit, turkeys and —bees. Honestly!

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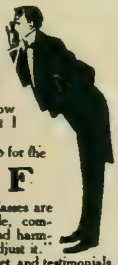

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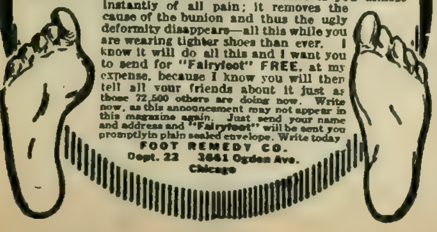

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Hallam Cooley's Trail

(*Continued from page* 88)

they smashed one another over the heads with boxes of twenty-five cent cigars. Cigaret tobacco was so plentiful in camp that a whole sackful was rolled up in each cigaret. Nine quart bottles of Canadian Club whisky were often traded for a needle and thread.

This life, however, finally palled on the young adventurer. So he decided to "hit the trail" again, and this time he made for the C. M. Ranch, where Uncle Sam gave him a job hauling supplies for the U. S. Reclamation Service. He had to rise at three o'clock in the morning, light the fire, hitch up a team of mules, load a wagon and set out before daybreak to visit camps on the farther side of the Colorado River. His favorite plan was to drive to the banks of the stream, disrobe and wade across with the mules. Thousands of buzzards pursued him upon these excursions, waiting to breakfast on the scraps that might fall from his wagon-load.

When he had exhausted the thrills and adventures of this way of living, Cooley worked his way westward towards the Pacific Ocean and finally landed in Los Angeles. He did not make his advent in hero style. He came into the City of Angels on foot and the Salvation Army befriended him.

By hook or crook he drifted into pictures. It wasn't long before his natural talent for acting asserted itself. His good looks, his spontaneity and dash won him good parts and he cashed in without delay on the knowledge of life he had gained "roughing it" on the trail. He worked for Selig, Universal, American and finally for Ince. He appeared in the Al Woods picture "The Guilty Man," as the heavy with Charles Ray in "The Girl Dodger" and with Enid Bennett in "Happy Tho Married." Later he had a season with another concern, playing important rôles, and he is now with Famous Players-Lasky.

"I was born in Brooklyn," he went on, "but I think I prefer the West to the East, particularly since I have found happiness here. You know I was married last Christmas to Miss Elizabeth Bates, of Columbus, Georgia. We are building a house on Lanewood Avenue, Hollywood—just the sort of place I've always dreamed of—a home of the Pueblo sort, with a big patio and wide verandas. Also, I'm going to have cacti growing in the front yard—lots of it—for, despite my wild experiences in the desert country, I learnt to love sand and sagebrush and cacti. There is mystery and an enchantment about the desert that only those who have lived in it can know. It speaks with a voice that is heard by the heart—its very silence is full of music!

"Yes, I am happy! I have found myself! I have found peace and joy in my work and I have discovered that home is where the heart is. If heaven is a state of mind, I am living there now!"

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Biograph

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Remember Blanche Sweet as the "Biograph blonde" of the old days? She has long since established herself as one of the personalities of the silversheet. Miss Sweet's forthcoming releases are appearing thru Pathé. They will be watched with unusual interest by fans

Comic Conklin

(*Continued from page* 92)

Grinning at my surprise, he replied, "Guess this mustache keeps me from getting mash notes. I receive lots of letters from all over the country telling me they like this or that in my pictures and even asking for my photographs, but never a love note.

"When I was a youngster back in Oskaloosa, Iowa, I knew a man with just such a mustache. It always amused me and I used to hang around his shop waiting for him to talk so I could watch it move up and down. When I came to motion pictures and was trying to think up a funny character to create for my comedies I naturally remembered that mustache."

Armed with this make-up and adding those ridiculously loose and baggy clothes and enormous shoes (which he obtains from the largest policeman on the Los Angeles beat), Chester Conklin has succeeded in establishing an amusing screen comedy character that has endeared him to a host of fun-lovers.

Now, Chester's father was a contractor and builder and he hoped the son would follow in his steps, but after speaking a few pieces at church festivals and winning an elocution prize at the age of 12, Chester upset these plans by announcing that he intended to be an actor.

The comedian's eyes twinkled as he recalled these early experiences. "Father urged me to stay at home and let him make a man of me," he began, cheerfully, "and he kept saying that he had never seen an actor who was worth a hill of beans. I guess he didn't change his mind about this for several years after I started out, for I called on him repeatedly for money. Now? Oh, *now*, he thinks I'm great!

"I finally ran away from home and got a job at the Grand Theater in Des Moines and I was the happiest kid in the state. Sometimes I carried a sword, sometimes a spear, and sometimes I was lucky enough to have a real bit. Then followed a little of everything, stock and road shows, several vaudeville acts, and I also took a turn at being a circus clown.

"When you love your work you dont care how hard it is. Unhappiness comes when people struggle along some uncongenial rut to make a living while longing for something different all the time.

"Now, I'm sure I am in the greatest business there is and I'll be satisfied if I succeed in making people laugh. There are enough sorrows and tears in the world without making pictures about them. I never did hanker after your heavy stuff!"

After watching a very red sun drop thru a haze of smoke in the western sky, Mr. Conklin went on. "To me the greatest fascination of motion pictures is the thought that these films we are making will reach the people in all countries. No matter who or where they are, they all understand the same fun and a laugh is the universal language. Often, when I am doing some nonsense before the camera I think of this and I'm *glad*, clear thru, that I can help jolly the old world along."

It was Charlie Ray who started Chester Conklin on his screen career. They had played together in a vaudeville act up and down the coast, and at the end of their tour Mr. Ray had ventured into pictures under the Thomas Ince banner, while Chester went back on the road with a circus. Drifting into Los Angeles again a little later, he decided to follow Charlie's suggestion that he, too, try pictures, and so for six years Chester Conklin has been one of the Sennett prize comedians. A few months ago he brought his mustache, along with his merriment, over to the Fox lot to become a star of the Sunshine Comedies.

"Where do we get the ideas for our pictures?" He repeated my question. "Well, I should say from everywhere. Just pluck them out of the air sometimes. For instance, the comedy we are now making was suggested by the recent street-car strike. We are picking up some ludicrous situations and making a good two-reeler out of it. There are funny sides to every question, if we'll only *see* them.

"To play before the camera one must keep, themselves in good physical and mental trim; you cant afford to go stale. Your mind has to be open to all the light touches, real comedy can never be forced."

Chester Conklin is a quiet, diffident little fellow, reluctant to talk about himself. He has a sane, wholesome outlook on life and declares that living in the atmosphere of comedy clears away the clouds and depressions.

"Comedy," he remarked, as we walked toward the gate thru the deserted stages, "is nothing more than what should be happening all the time if we would only forget to worry."

This cheerful attitude permeates his work on the screen and he has succeeded in bringing to his pictures a refreshing spontaneity, for many of his best efforts at fun-making are achieved on the spur of the minute, many laugh-provokers being the result of a sudden whim.

So, Chester Conklin may well be satisfied—for he is indeed "making people laugh!"

The Answer Man

Roxborough; Florence P.; Mary F.; Faire Binney Fan; XXX; Movie Fan; Connie J.; Erma M.; Evelyn W.; Chums; Audra; R. C. Z.; Pearl; M. M.; Agnes Mc; Bella K.; Ruth M.; W. S. Hart Admirer; Blake B.; L. S.—Most of your questions have been answered elsewhere in this department, and you leave me nothing to say. S'long.

Moi Pour Mary.—Thanks, but I dont object to the punishment. That's right, Mary; home is the place where we are treated best but grumble most.

Charles Bryant Admirer.—So you think it's a novelty to write to a stranger. Umph! Am I a stranger? Some of your letters are novelties, too; worth framing. My dear, women throw away three things—time, money and health. In New York, girls wear spring suits, pumps and straw hats in February. If that isn't flirting with death, I'll be hanged.

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Quaker Oats	5½c
Average Meats	45c
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Erich Von Stroheim and The Miracle

(*Continued from page* 69)

sible and the big, crashing final scene will be made last of all, for by that time the actors will fully grasp the undercurrent and depths of the preceding situations. Taken now, they would not feel the true values.

"Yesterday, we had some highly emotional scenes and—"

"You should have seen him," interrupted Una Trevelyn. "While he was making me cry as if my heart would break, I looked up and he was crying, too —he feels everything he is directing. He knows all about period furniture and decorations, and all the great paintings," went on Una, as we watched him arrange the yellow satin drape on the table in the foreground of the set.

"And music," said Sam de Grasse; "he has a thoro acquaintance with the musical classics and knows what should be played during each scene to bring out the best efforts. He plays the violin himself."

"He knows all literature, too," chimed in Clyde Fillmore. "I can't see how he has managed to learn so much in his few years, it must be the result of his continental education."

As I left the studio and stepped out into the late afternoon sunshine, with the haunting melody of the "Je T'Aime Waltz" ringing in my ears, I was still thinking of Erich von Stroheim's last words and the smile, which included the eyes this time, accompanying them.

"My ambition," he said, "is to write and direct. To go on—on, worthy of what my friends believe I can do—making bigger and better pictures."

WIND-IN-THE-WILLOWS

By Lydia M. D. O'Neil

Wind-in-the-Willows, you stand so tall—
Slender and straight as a sapling pine;
Youth's in your footstep, youth's in the call
Of your lifted eyes when they meet with mine.

Wind-in-the-Willows, the day is glad—
Sunny the mesa and gold the sky;
What is it fretting me, Indian lad?
Search you the heart of me, tell me why!

Gold is the sky, but the gold will fade,
And youth will pass like the fading light,
Fretting in vain at the fates that made
Your skin so tawny and mine so white.

I am one of the dominant race;
I am bound by the dominant law;
But Wind-in-the-Willows, youth's in your face,
And I wonder, I wonder—who'll be your squaw?

The Movie Encyclopedia

(*Continued from page* 95)

Inquisitive Ann.—Good grief, Frank Mayo and Edna Mayo are no relation. Neither is Woodrow Wilson and Marjorie Wilson, nor the Answer Man and Louis Mann. Naomi Childers is going to play opposite Bert Lytell in "The Blind Man's Eyes."

Marion F.—Never been there, but it has been estimated that the Roman Coliseum could accommodate about 87,000 spectators. But dont shout at me. I cant stand it. Pleasant and kind words, if they be sensible and well meant, are cords that all men may be led by. Women, take the cue. No, Frederick Smith is not past 50—he is about 29, and—period.

West Virginia Farnum Fan.—My dear, give the woman credit—they'll always take it. Mrs. William Farnum is non-professional. Earle Williams is with the Western Vitagraph.

Dixie Dee.—You can reach Marguerite Clark, Paramount Company, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. You say you like "Silver Spurs." So do I. Good for you; stick to it. Of course I'm happy, because I'm busy.

Colly.—Your letter was a corker. Have passed your idea along. Yes, it is true that my hours of strenuous work are very long, but I find time for play, to loosen the mental tension and so obtain perfect harmony and recreate power. More power to you also.

Inquisitive Harry.—Why, Wally Van will direct the comedies for the Rothapfel films. The Bankhead girl is Goldwyn. You might write to Enid Bennett. Taylor Holmes, he's 5 feet 8½ inches high. You didn't care for "Virtuous Wives" and you thought Anita overacted and appeared very amateurish in the scene where she bids farewell to her husband as he departs. Witness refuses to answer on the ground that it might tend to incriminate him.

Question Mark.—No, Theda Bara is not married. Yes, I am glad spring is here. You bet I have a new spring suit. Yep, a blue one and I look like a bluebird in it. The spring brings a change of air in the studios, with changes in the casts. Change of diet is excellent, but change of companionship and a new heart interest are sometimes more rejuvenating than a tonic.

Eddie.—Madge Evans is about ten years old. Yes, Sylvia Breamer has beautiful eyes. I always try to rebuke with soft words and hard arguments, and if this does not take, I try a club.

Leonard W.—Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of the film manufacturers and then address the player in care of the company.

Sophie E.—Thanks for the thrift stamp. Yes, I understand. Why, the oldest lunatic on record is Time—out of mind. Indeed, I am a musician. I dont like to speak about my talents, but there are those who say that I play the pianola and jew's-harp without creating any hard feelings.

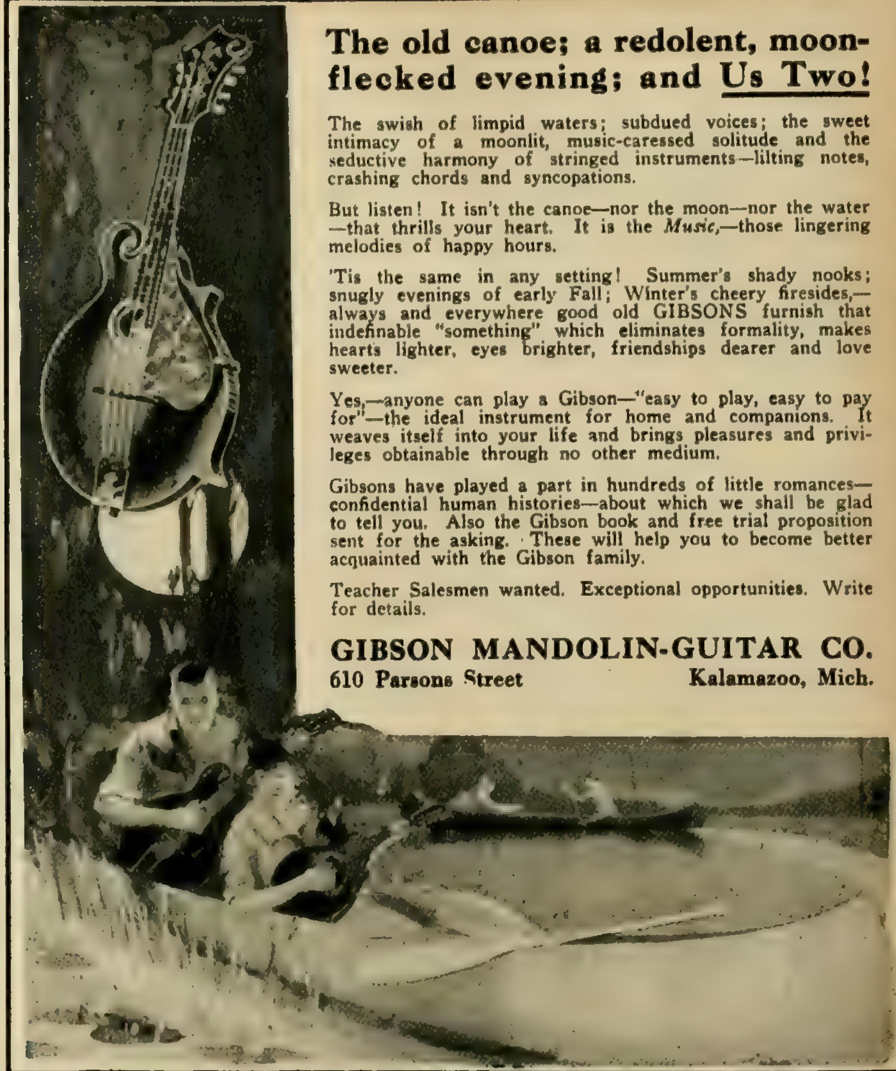
Lauren G.—Glad you subscribed. Hope you'll always be a subscriber. Mary Pickford's salary? She's part owner in a company now, and therefore draws dividends. No, just separated.

Vernor J.—Never heard of Eva Campbell. Your plan sounds logical, but instead of reviving the old plan of limiting the wealth of the rich, why not pass a law limiting the poverty of the poor? Doris Kenyon in "Twilight."

Jean F.—Address Theda Bara care of Fox and Carlyle Blackwell care of World, both in New York City. You ask why does a loaded car run more easily than an empty one? Because it's the load that makes the car go. Wonderful!

B. V. D.—It's not what you wear so much, for fine feathers are frequently found on coarse birds. Mme. Petrova has gray-green eyes and a wonderful figure. Yes, Carol Dempster. Handed your letter to the interviewer.

Manila Girl.—No, Wellington Cross is in vaudeville. Goldwyn released Rex Beach's "The Brand." Viola Dana in "Satan Junior," Metro.



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SONG WRITERS

WRITE A SONG—Love, mother, home, childhood, patriotic or any subject. I compose music and guarantee publication. Send words to-day. Thomas Merlin, 269 Reaper Block, Chicago.

Chrystal Court.—Sidney Drew and his wife are in "Once a Mason," released thru Paramount. Zasu Pitts was not in the cast. Jack Mulhall was born in New York. No, I think once a star long absents herself or himself from the screen, they are soon forgotten. Yes, I have read those letters.

Wild Kitty.—Sure thing, you're welcome. Doubt whether that player can "come back." However, yeast, the compressed, will rise again. Better not ask me how to become a movie star. Your letter was some wild, Kitty, and it sure was rip-roaring comedy.

Josephine S.—Too bad! Misfortunes never come singly; they are always married. I never sit up late and I advise you to quit it. Late suppers and late hours make men unhealthy, unwealthy, unwise and otherwise.

Freckles.—Nothing doing! You must sign your full name or I dont play. See?

Questionare 14.—Yours was quite a chatty little letter. Dont be haughty. Haughtiness lives under the same roof with solitude. Dont pay to be uppish. Yes, I saw that headline, "Charles Bryant returns to support Mme. Nazimova." We hope he has been supporting her these last years. He's her hubby, you know.

Matilda M.—Last I heard of Pearl White she was on her way to France. Crane Wilbur has gone on the stage opposite Marjorie Rambeau in "Eyes of Youth." Pessimists are moral squinters, who, being incapable of a straightforward view, imagine that penetration is evinced by universal mistrust. Get me?

M. V. Z.—Madge Kennedy in "Leave It to Susan." Bessie Love with Western Vitagraph. Irving Cummings playing with Ethel Clayton in "Men, Women and Money." Evelyn Nesbitt in "My Little Sister" for Fox. Sure thing; drop in to see me again.

Norma, Butte.—Beaut, or from Butte? Ann Little played opposite Bill Hart in "Square-Deal Sanderson." Enoch Herbert Crowder, the "Father of the Draft," was born in Missouri, graduated from West Point, served in the Philippines and with the Japanese army, was Secretary of State in Cuba, appointed Judge Advocate General, directed an enrollment of 24,000,000 men between the ages of 18 and 45 years for military service, and directed the registration of 14,000,000 men under an amendment to the selective service law. Some pedigree, eh, what? Yours was pretty long, but I'll excuse you this time.

Dreamer.—Which studio is the most beautiful? Haven't been in all of them, so would not venture an opinion. Sorry I cant help you. Yes, Woods, Shuberts and Selwyn are affiliated with Goldwyn. Wheeler Oakman will play in "The Third Eye" for Pathé. She is West.

Judie.—You will find "I can tell where my own shoe pinches me, and you must not think to catch old birds with chaff," in Don Quixote. Your letter wasn't as sweet as it might be. You cant catch an old bird with chaff, either, you know. Make the best of everything, think the best of everything, and hope the best for yourself. Harry Morey was Christopher, Maurice Costello was Henry, Betty Blythe was Barbara and Robert Gaillard was Dempsey in "The Man Who Won," released in July. Story was by Cyrus Townsend Brady.

Dream Girl.—Yes, Alice Brady is back in pictures. She is married. Dont complain. We did not make the world, but we may mend it, and must live in it. We shall find that it abounds with fools who are too dull to be employed and knaves who are too sharp to have to work.

Robin.—You think I am about the size of William Hart, with Douglas Fairbanks' smile and hair like William Farnum! Oh, I'm better looking than that. You just ought to get your peepers on me once and see how beautiful I am. Madge Evans in "Home Wanted," produced by Tefft Johnston.

Beef.—Wallie Van is in Los Angeles now. Richard Barthelmess played with Nazimova, Florence Reed and Madge Kennedy before going with Griffith. Lillian Walker is coming to New York to play in a serial. Beware of the little green snake—it may be just as dangerous as a ripe one.

Bandanna.—Thanks for the thrift stamp. No, I am neither. Of course I dance. Norma Talmadge is 22; Dorothy Phillips, 27; Agnes Ayres, 22, and Beverly Bayne, 24. Fatty Arbuckle remains with Paramount for three more years.

Thomas R.—First you knew how Charles Chaplin looks human without his make-up on? Yes, indeed, he's quite human. No, I dont keep the addresses of my readers. Sorry. Donald Hall is playing in "The Carter Case," released by Oliver Corp.

Snookums.—Enjoyed reading your opinion. Aunt Eliza's opinion of some men is quite cruel. She says, "Men, fate and the pawnbrokers are very much alike. They find out the very least which you will accept, and then offer you just a little less." Girls, to be happy, put a high valuation on yourselves. Mary Miles Minter and Alan Forrest in "Social Briars."

Nutty.—So you were crowded out of the Magazine. Yes, I know my space has been cut down a lot, hence so has yours. Why, J. W. Johnston was Horace in "On the Quiet." Frances Burnham in "On the Jump." Suff-ren slippers, but you wont obey me!

Esther K.—You want an interview with little Mary Jane Irving. Perhaps later.

Miss Vivaudou.—Yes, it is a very amusing world if you do not refuse to be amused. Montagu Love is playing on Broadway in "The Net."

Frank E. H.—Eternal vigilance is the price of keeping track of the players. Will have to call them shooting stars—they shoot from one place to another so much. I was all wrong about Doris Kenyon last month. She is with the Dietrich-Beck combination—I had another Doris in mind. Sessue Hayakawa in "The Man Beneath." Neva Gerber and Ben Wilson are married, but not to each other.

Eagle Rock.—I'll have you understand I am not an old man—only seventy-nine. Always respect old age—except when you get stuck on a pair of old spring chickens. Pauline Frederick in "The Peace of Roaring River." Tom Moore in "Lord and Lady Algy."

Troy O.—Yes, Jim Corbett played in that Universal. Corinne Griffith was born in Texas. Yes, Douglas Fairbanks is building a home in Los Angeles, near the Beverly Hills Hotel, costing about $175,000, with bowling alley, private projection room, swimming pool, etc., etc., but I wouldn't trade all that for my hallroom.

Stella.—Welcome! Friends are divided into two great classes—those you need and those who need you. You want a picture of Constance Talmadge on the cover of the Magazine, and a picture of Wallace Reid on the cover of the Classic. Editor, please note. You've got the right idea.

Frances H.—Home, James; home, James! You want me to answer your questions in the Boston *Post.* Now, if you will arrange with that paper to help me add to my income tax, I'll seriously entertain your proposition. You're wrong, all wrong. No, Billie West isn't playing now. If you dont see your answers, Francis, let me know.

Emma May D.—The only way you can see the picture is to have your theater manager try to run it. Norma Talmadge's next is a Russian story. And then you will see Marc MacDermott, Marguerite Clayton, Marguerite Courtot and Betty Hutchinson.

Bob White.—Yes, but the men should work and think and the women love. Monroe Salisbury is with Universal. Marshall Farnum is not a brother to the other Farnums.

Curiosity.—Cant tell the name of the second oldest brother in "The Heart of Humanity." Elliott Dexter is the husband of Marie Doro. Billy Elmer was the burglar in "The Dub." Light. Theda Bara's next is "When Men Desire."

Edayn M. J.—Carlyle says, "There are remedies for everything but death," so get busy and recover. If I were to give you the cast for the three plays you mention, you would take all the space allotted to me. Send a stamped, addressed envelope.

Green-Eyed Flossie.—Cast your optics on the paragraph at the beginning of this department.

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"Teaching Photoplay Writing Correctly"

Classified Department—Continued from page 100

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Peggy, 20.—No, the two literary editors are not related, except that one is a smith and the other a nailer. Sounds like a blacksmith or carpenter shop, doesn't it? So you thought the two little stars on the covers stood for men in service. That's a good joke on you. No, Peggy, they are private news company marks. Ormi Hawley was there, all right. You know she has gotten much thinner. Ormi has a pretty face, but she was on the road to obesity for a while.

Audie T.—So you have been doing your bit. Good! Yes, indeed, young ladies should be employed in the post-office, because then they can manage the males. Boy, water please. (Turn on the hose!)

Henry E., Berlin, N. H.—Henry, and you living in Berlin? You should change the name to Lerbin. Write Norma Talmadge at Talmadge Studios, 318 E. 48th St. Try *Moving Picture World*.

Lockwood Fannette.—Some day you may be discovered. A motion picture director is not like an astronomer—unless it is when he discovers a new star.

A Woman.—But where is the rest of you—address, name, etc.?

Iona Ford.—Have you got it yet? Well, it's a rattling good car. Oh, I get $10 a week now, and I will be owning a Ford one of these days. Got a raise on the first. Yep! Now I can buy war saving stamps, and buttermilk, and chocolates, and chewing-gum, and live comfortably. It is difficult for a woman to keep a secret, but I know more than one man who is a woman in that respect.

Mountain Lassie.—Whoop-la, and a couple of tuts! And a hull lot of gnashing of teeth! Here's a reader who dont think I get all the letters that are answered. Zounds and gadzooks! Ask the housekeeper who empties my basket. And such questions you ask! "Do Alice Brady and Pearl White smoke cigarets?" Norma Nichols was Chiquita in "The Ne'er-Do-Well," by Selig.

Ruebie B.—You have a great opinion of me. Harry Morey in "Hoarded Assets." Both Sessue Hayakawa and his wife, Tsuru Aoki, had the flu.

Ella M. S.—You say, in putting a tax on rouge, Uncle Sam makes it a war-paint. To arms! Ella, your letter reminds that the mind of the idler never knows what it wishes for. Pat O'Malley and Marie Walcamp are playing in "The Fifth Ace," directed by J. P. MacGowan. Zoe Ray with Universal on the coast.

Luella B.—You want too much information. See you later.

Lovie.—A *serviette* means a napkin in French. But it's not death, it is dying, that alarms most of us. Mary Boland in "The Prodigal Wife." Harry Hilliard and Edith Roberts in "Set Free."

M. P.—You want a picture of Eugene O'Brien on the cover. All right, we'll think it over. And you want Richard Tucker in the gallery. All right, we'll think that over, too. And you want a biography of the Answer Man in The Classic. Not at all, and we wont think that over. Nothing doing! Pat O'Malley played Tom in "She Hired a Husband."

Mayme A.—Most of your questions have been answered above. God bless 'em, we couldn't get along without the fools. If they could look wise and say nothing and not write letters, nobody would ever take them for fools, and they might even be mistaken for philosophers.

Semper Fidelis.—Roy Stewart was with Triangle. Dick Barthelmess is about 5 feet 7 inches tall. Thanks for your hopes. You are studying to be a sculptor. Your letter is interesting. Phidias was a celebrated sculptor of Athens, whom Pericles appointed superintendent of all the public works, both of architecture and statuary, and I suggest that you read his biography.

Rosalind F.—Mary Pickford is about 5 feet tall, or rather, short. Shirley Mason 5 feet and Viola Dana 4 feet 11 inches. Bert Lytell and Mary Anderson in "The Spender."

Ma Cherie.—You bet I'm a jolly old cuss. Usually he who talks much accomplishes little, and that's why I am sometimes taken for a clam. That was Emmy Wehlen in "Sylvia on a Spree."

(Continued on page 105)

Greatest of All Popularity Contests

Unique Competition in Which the Voters Share in the Prizes

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Is it RICHARD BARTHELMESS or WILLIAM S. HART?

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The coupons will show you how to enter your own name and the name of your favorite player. But you may vote on an ordinary sheet of paper in Class Number 2 provided you make the ballot the same size and follow the wording of this coupon. We prefer the printed coupons for uniformity and convenience in counting.

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RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. The contest began on December 1, 1919, and will close on June 30, 1920.
2. There will be seven ballots as follows:

December	1919	ballot
January	1920	ballot
February	1920	ballot
March	1920	ballot
April	1920	ballot
May	1920	ballot
June	1920	ballot

3. The result of each month's ballot will be published in each one of our magazines the second month following such ballot.
4. No votes will be received prior to the opening date or after the date of closing.
5. Each person entering the contest and observing the rules thereof shall have the privilege of voting once in each class, each month, for each one of our magazines. You may send us one vote in each class for **Shadowland** every month, and the same for **Motion Picture Magazine** and yet again the same for **Classic.** Thus, you will have three votes in Class No. 1 each month, and three votes in Class No. 2 each month.

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State..
Country..
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Elliott Dexter Has Come Back

By MAUDE YORKE

It was a red letter day at the Lasky studio in Hollywood—Elliott Dexter had come back!

For six months he had been ill, at times perilously near the border-line, and great was the rejoicing among friends and associates to have him among them once more, well and strong.

After the camera man had celebrated the event by taking several pictures of him with Cecil De Mille and Tommy Meighan, we found a quiet little nook to talk it all over.

Mr. Dexter is thinner, both in face and body, but this merely adds a new distinction to his good looks and he is handsomer than ever, while the quiet dignity, ever one of his chief charms, is perhaps, intensified. His dark eyes are clear, his cheeks bronzed, for he has spent many of the recuperating days at the beach, and he declares that he possesses more vigor and strength than ever before.

"Queer thing," he remarked, reflectively, after asking permission to light his pipe. "But it seems as if we must all have a good, hard bump of some kind to wake us up. This is the first illness I have ever had and I assure you I went thru every possible mental state during those long months.

"There was a time, at the very first, when I didn't care if I recovered, and all my old interests seemed to drift away. I didn't want to think of pictures or my career, in fact, nothing seemed worth while, but *now*," and he squared his broad shoulders and laughed, "I can hardly wait to begin my new picture.

"*Everything* interests me, I feel thoroly fit, and I want to plunge in and make up for all this lost time. I guess a little introspection and retrospection does one good. My whole viewpoint seems changed, I have learnt much during the months while I have been absent from the world and I am sure I shall do better work than ever before."

"As a star, too!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," he laughed, boyishly, "as a star! My illness came just as I had reached the goal for which I had been working during these three and a half years in motion pictures. I was to have played in Cecil De Mille's 'Male and Female,' then be starred, but—I took to my bed instead. Seems years since I had to give up.

"I am quite mad about my first picture which is to be 'The Prince Chap.'

"*Any* part that is consistent and human, I enjoy playing," replied Mr. Dexter to my question as to his favorite rôle. "I found much satisfaction in the

(*Continued on page* 108)

Photograph above by Evans, L. A.

Two glimpses of Elliott Dexter upon his return to the Lasky studio after his serious illness. The camera shows Dexter being greeted by Thomas Meighan, Cecil De Mille, Wallie Reid and Wanda Hawley

Photograph by W. R. Scott

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The Movie Encyclopedia

(*Continued from page* 102)

SLIM H.—Yes, I have noticed the tight skirts. How could I help it? They are decreed to prevent the girls from running after our returned soldiers. Skirts that they cant run in, shoes that they cant walk in, corsets they cant breathe in—such is woman! Alice Brady and Conrad Nagel will be seen in "Redhead" (Select.)

GEORGE N. C.—Couldn't comply with your request, son. Join one of the clubs.

M. A.—Donald Hall with Goldwyn last.

WALLACE REID FAN.—They all do it sooner or later—Katherine Lee, age nine, and Jane, age six, have started their own company. Nothing like getting a little *leeway* in pictures. Some one told you Pearl White had no ears—cant you see for yourself? 'Deed she has ears, and they are like Pearls.

TWO BUGS.—What kind of bugs? Dont you think that men in general are but children of a larger growth? So you thought Eugene O'Brien and Norma Talmadge were ideal, and that when it came to kissing they were bears. You say, "You are old enough to know better than to tease your readers that way." Why, do you know a better way?

FRENCHY.—Dick Barthelmess is not married.

PRINCE DANTAN.—Sure I would be content with little if nobody had any more. Thanks for the picture. You're not a bad-looking chap after all. Fairbanks twins are on the stage in New York. We have no photographs of Florence LaBadie for sale. Run in again.

NORMA TALMADGE ADMIRER.—So this is your first to me. You say you had an appointment at the Commodore Hotel to meet Lillian Gish, and you got "cold feet" and were afraid to meet her. Try woolen socks.

MARC MACDERMOTT FOREVER.—Last I heard of him he was free-lancing. Jennie Lee, of the old Biograph pictures, is playing in "Jim of the Rangers."

PINKY ROSE.—You want me to tell you how Gladden James ever got into pictures. Is this an inquiry or a stiletto thrust?

DORIS N.—Robert Louis Stevenson was the author of "To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little and spend a little less, to make the world a little happier by our presence—here is a worthy task." We had an interview with Elsie Ferguson in June CLASSIC.

JO JOKEY.—Why, the word Czar comes from Cæsar and became adopted thru Simeon, Grand Khar of Constantinople, A. D. 900. Cæsar has become, in German, Kaiser, and that individual has become obsolete. "Shadows of the Pasts" is Anita Stewart's next picture.

A. V. R.—Yes, I believe in prayer, but the best way to get a prayer answered is to pray hard, then get out and hustle. That's what I do. Sorry I haven't his name.

HOUSE PETERS FAN.—Yes, everybody ought to read "Don Quixote." Cervantes laid many of the scenes in La Mancha, an old province of Spain, in the southern part of New Castile. Gail Kane is on the stage. Sure I can keep a secret. Age is the only secret a woman can keep.

BILL FARNUM LOVER.—Yes, and the old fellows who used to whittle the chairs from under them now go to a movie show. William Farnum has been playing for about five years. You're excused.

CONSTANCE M.—You say all you have to have to get in the movies is luck. Then all players must be lucky, which is not so. No, no, little one, you're all wrong. Yes, Charles Clary is married.

RED HEAD.—You have been reading Darwin, I'll wager. Our ancestors, even tho they were monkeys, weren't so ignorant as some folks fancy—they were generally educated in the higher branches. *Pardonnez moi.* You ask what was my ambition when I was small—if it will give you any pleasure, to be a policeman. To be continued.

ANNA L. F., MEMPHIS.—Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of film manufacturers. The stage has had all the characteristics. In Greece, it was a form of religion. The Greek theater had all the beauties. The world progressed, and light always came from the stage.

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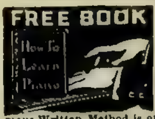

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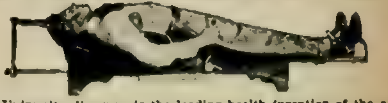

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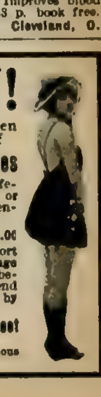

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SHADOWLAND

A MAGAZINE OF BEAUTY

. . . "The best in this kind are but Shadows and the worst no worse, if imagination but emend them."
SHAKESPEARE.

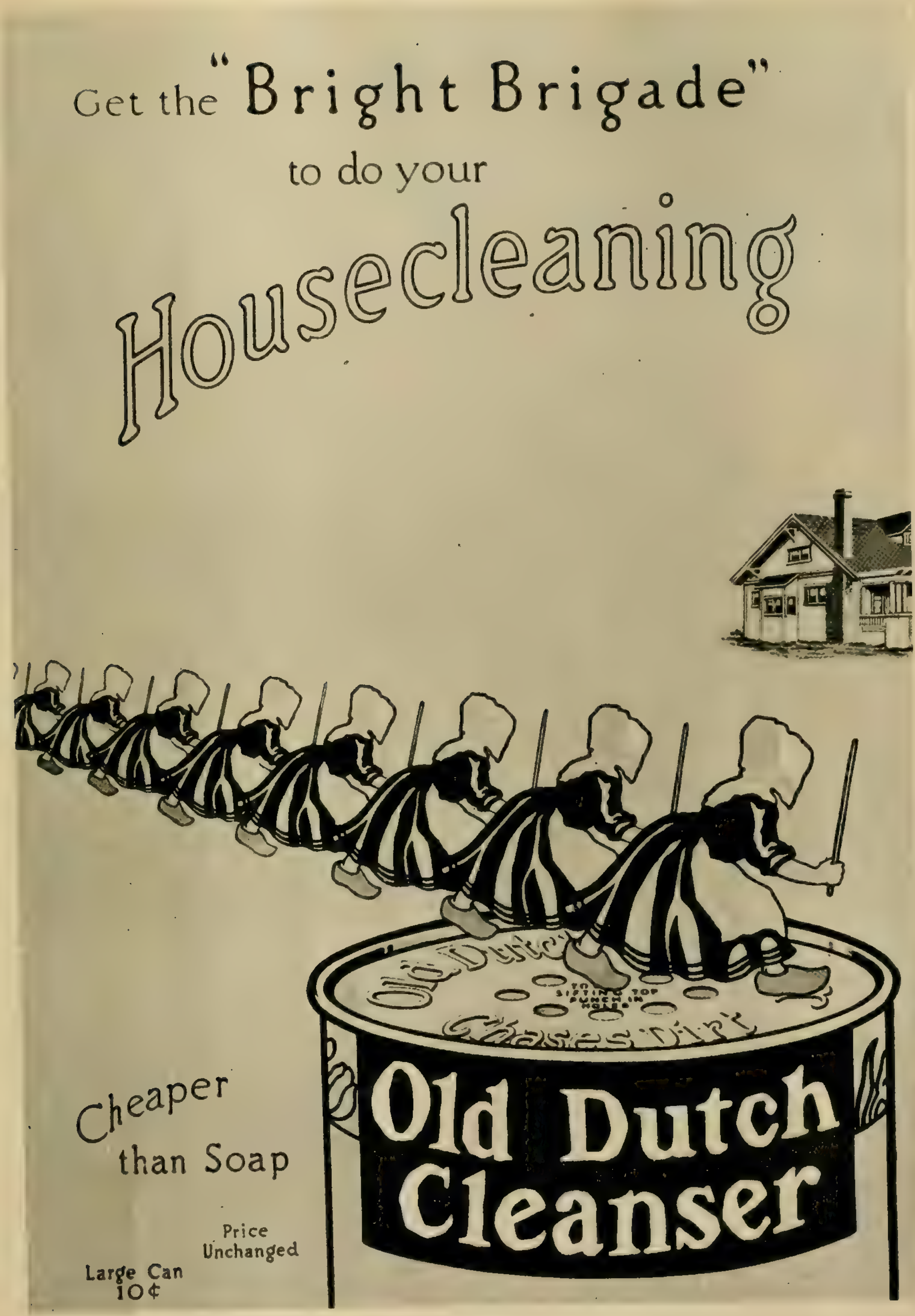
Among the hundreds of letters and telegrams addressed to us by friends of SHADOWLAND there were many felicitous phrases. One of these lingers in the mind like a strain of music. "SHADOWLAND!" said a poet, "is the BROKEN BLOSSOMS of the magazine world!" This, in our opinion, is about the highest praise a magazine can win.

We dreamed of creating a magazine that would be useful, inspiring, uplifting and appreciative of all the arts. Beyond all this, we dreamed of creating a magazine that would be prized for sheer beauty alone—a magazine that would give one a thrill comparable to that which one receives from a bouquet of wild roses on a cottage window sill.

If we have come so near to our ideal that SHADOWLAND suggests the Griffith masterpiece; if it is the BROKEN BLOSSOMS of the magazine world, or nearly, it has not been done in vain. Beauty, like a fairy godmother, will watch over it as it grows up and beauty lovers everywhere will take it to their hearts.

SHADOWLAND

175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York



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TO SIFTING TOP PUNCH IN HOLES
Old Dutch Cleanser

Cheaper than Soap

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"Ferd, They are Playing Your Song!"

Imagine the thrill these words gave Mr. Ferdinand Hohenhorst, of Covington, Ky., as he stood on a crowded street, watching the great Peace Parade, when Meyer's Military Band came swinging along playing his song, *"Uncle Sam, the Peaceful Fighting Man."* But let him tell his story in his own words:

Covington, Ky., 1941 Augustine St.

CHESTER MUSIC COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—My song entitled "Uncle Sam, the Peaceful Fighting Man," that your Mr. Friedman composed and arranged for me, is making a great hit. In the Peace Parade at Latonia, Ky., Meyer's Military Band played my song three times. We now have had it arranged for orchestras and quartettes, and it is making a good impression everywhere. The Vocalstyle Music Company, Cincinnati, O., a concern which manufactures music rolls for player pianos, has taken up my song, and already has sold over a thousand of these rolls in Cincinnati alone, and are placing them in their bulletin for April, which will go to all the different cities. Thanking you kindly for the services you have rendered me, I remain,

Yours very truly,

(Signed) FERDINAND HOHENHORST.

Leo Friedman, Our Composer

about whom Mr. Hohenhorst speaks so enthusiastically, is one of America's most gifted composers and the author of many great song hits. Among his great successes are "Meet Me To-night in Dreamland," the sales of which reached the enormous total of more than a million copies. Others that reached into the million class were "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," and "When I Dream of Old Erin." Mr. Friedman writes music to words that causes them to fairly throb with feeling and musical charm. He has been styled "America's Favorite Composer," and properly so, for his melodies have reached the hearts of millions of the American people, and made them sing.

Mr. Leo Friedman

Why Don't YOU Write the Words for a Song and Submit Your Poem to Us?

We make no charge for examination of poems, and you incur no obligation of any sort, when you send your poem in. If our Lyric Editor finds it contains a good idea for a song, he will tell you so. His criticism will be fair and very valuable to ambitious song-poem writers. WHY NOT SEND YOUR POEM TO-DAY, AND LET US PASS ON IT, FREE OF ANY CHARGE OR OBLIGATION? You can never tell what you can do till you try. MAKE A START TODAY.

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Elliott Dexter Has Come Back

(*Continued from page* 104)

'Squawman,' for he was a great character and held my interest from first to last. So was my rôle in Mary Pickford's 'Romance of the Redwoods.' The man was redeemed thru a woman's love and this situation is always a vital one.

"I believe I took a keener pleasure in making 'Dont Change Your Husband,' than I have in any picture. There was comedy and emotional acting, with a splendid opportunity for good character work which I always gladly welcome. It is an inspiration to be under De Mille's direction. He works much as they do on the stage, making the scenes as they come in the story, whenever possible. This keeps us in the spirit of the action, and when, at last, we gather up all the currents of the plot in the final scenes, we can give a more convincing climax.

"Making motion pictures reminds me of a dress rehearsal on the stage. Everything is perfect, yet there is no responsive audience to applaud or criticise, and we all miss it. This is partly met thru the fan letters, and I assure you I read every one that comes to me, appreciating the words of encouragement and deriving some of the same thrills that applause would bring."

Elliott Dexter's voice is full and deep and he speaks slowly, betraying his Southern origin, for he was born in Galveston, Texas. From his earliest childhood he dreamed of a stage career and at the first opportunity he went to New York, planning to enter a dramatic school, but instead joined a stock company.

"My first appearance was in 'The Great Diamond Robbery,' and, tho I was merely 'suping,' I was the happiest boy in the world," said Mr. Dexter. "I remember that on that very night, standing in the wings, I solemnly determined to work on until I became a star.

"This was the beginning; there were much hard work and many disappointments before me, but it is wonderful what a tremendous force ambition is in our lives—the moment we attain even a little success, we no longer count our struggles."

Mr. Dexter's stage experience included playing in "The Tyranny of Tears," with John Drew; "The Heir of the Hurrah," with Guy Bates Post; "Diplomacy," and with "The Lily."

After reaching stardom on the stage he was willing to experiment in pictures and played with Marguerite Clark in "Helene of the North." Tho enjoying the work and seeing the possibilities he was not quite ready to forsake the spoken drama and went back for a season before making another picture. This time it was with Hazel Dawn in "The Masquerader." When this was completed he had fully succumbed to the lure of motion pictures, and casting his lot with them he has steadily ad-

(*Continued on page* 110)

SHADOWLAND

A Magazine for Dreamers

"Many a man has a secret dream
Of where his heart would be;
Mine is a low verandahed hut
In a tope beside the sea."

So sang **Laurence Hope** and few people knew more about dreams and shadows than she did. Dreams were all about her—the pink flowering almonds of Kandahar—the hiding places of the blue poppy—the purple fields of peaks that stretch from Northern India to the snows of Thibet—the shadow of clouds upon fields of iris—the shadows of moonlight falling on mosque and tower and minaret. To read her is to see the Char Minar again, to feel once more the scent of the yellow jessamine and the champac.

Every dreamer knows that the shadow is sometimes more than the substance—it was Emerson himself who said that the faintest reverie is divine.

Shadowland will call your dreams to mind. Something of all men's dreams will come into it—the dream home and the dream child; dream pictures; dream plays and the players that haunt our dreams; poetry and those age-long dreams of the human race—health and happiness.

If **Laurence Hope** could come back to the world she loved, we venture to say that she would like **"Shadowland."**

She would say that it fits into a world where dreams are king—where men first dream of what they wish to do and then find means to make their dreams come true.

If you are a dreamer, you belong to us.

SHADOWLAND, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York

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Eillott Dexter Has Come Back

(Continued from page 108)

vanced until now he takes his place in the ranks of the foremost favorites.

Elliott Dexter has not depended on his charming personality and his good looks for popularity, but he has given us splendid acting that makes his finely drawn characters stand out as real human beings. His work is always the essence of good taste and perfection of detail, and no less an authority than Cecil De Mille declares that his technique is the most finished of any actor on the screen today.

"Do you study the script and thus form the idea of your rôle?" I questioned, curious as to his mode of procedure.

Relighting his pipe, Mr. Dexter replied, "Usually De Mille tells us the story, painting it so vividly that I see my character, clear and distinct, as if it were photographed before me. I have always been able to do this, for even on the stage I visualized my rôle with the entire action, as soon as I read the play."

"What a gift for directing!" I exclaimed. "Will you direct—some day?"

"I hope so," he smilingly confessed. "I can think of no greater satisfaction than to have directed a successful picture, and seeing it on the screen know it will be shown all over the world, swaying thousands with its message."

"It must give you a little thrill to know so many friends and admirers are welcoming you back to health and the screen with sincere affection," I remarked, after Gloria Swanson, William De Mille, Wanda Hawley, Wallace Reid, Major Robert Warwick, Raymond Hatton, Alvin Wyckoff, and Director Wood had filed by joyfully extending their hearty greeting.

Mr. Dexter's voice was a bit husky as he replied, "I can never express all that it means to me. Oh, I am so happy to be back!" And stretching out his arms, he took in the whole world.

Elliott Dexter possesses a simplicity and a genuine modesty that are of a very fine quality. He has sounded a new depth, he has caught a new insight into emotional intensities, which promises an added strength and warmth in the upbuilding of his future work in motion pictures.

THE WRITING FAMILY

By La Touche Hancock

We are a writing family,
  We are! We are! We are!
My mother, brother, sister,
  Myself, and even pa!
Mother writes short stories,
  Which nobody will read;
Sister's writing play on play,
  Which never will succeed!
I write so-called poetry,
  Which nobody will print;
Despite rejection notices
  I never take the hint!
Brother writes facetious screeds,
  Which are the greatest trash,
While pa writes checks upon his bank,
  Which nobody will cash!
Oh! we are a writing family,
  We are! We are! We are!

Fame and Fortune Contest for 1920

THE first Fame and Fortune Contest having come to a happy and successful end, and several prospective stars of the first magnitude having been selected and started on their careers, it is with pleasure that we announce a similar contest for the year 1920, beginning with the January number of

Motion Picture Magazine, Classic and Shadowland

Once more we shall go thru America with a fine-tooth comb, as it were, in search for budding beauties with Motion Picture ambitions. No longer can any young lady or girl say that she has not had a chance. We shall give them all a chance—that is, every one that appears to have sufficient personality, charm, beauty and winsomeness. The first test is the photograph. If that gives promise, we publish it and ask for more. If the others are equally promising, we secure a personal interview, and finally we make a "test" Moving Picture and send it broadcast thru the theaters. Many of the girls whose pictures appeared in the Honor Rolls of our magazines, received many flattering offers from producing companies, and this proves that we are doing a good thing for ambitious American beauties, even tho we might err in our final judgment in selecting the winners. The Honor Rolls will continue each month in all of our publications, thus giving something like *two hundred* girls *honorable* mention, including a published photo. One or more of these we promise will be made

Stars of International Fame

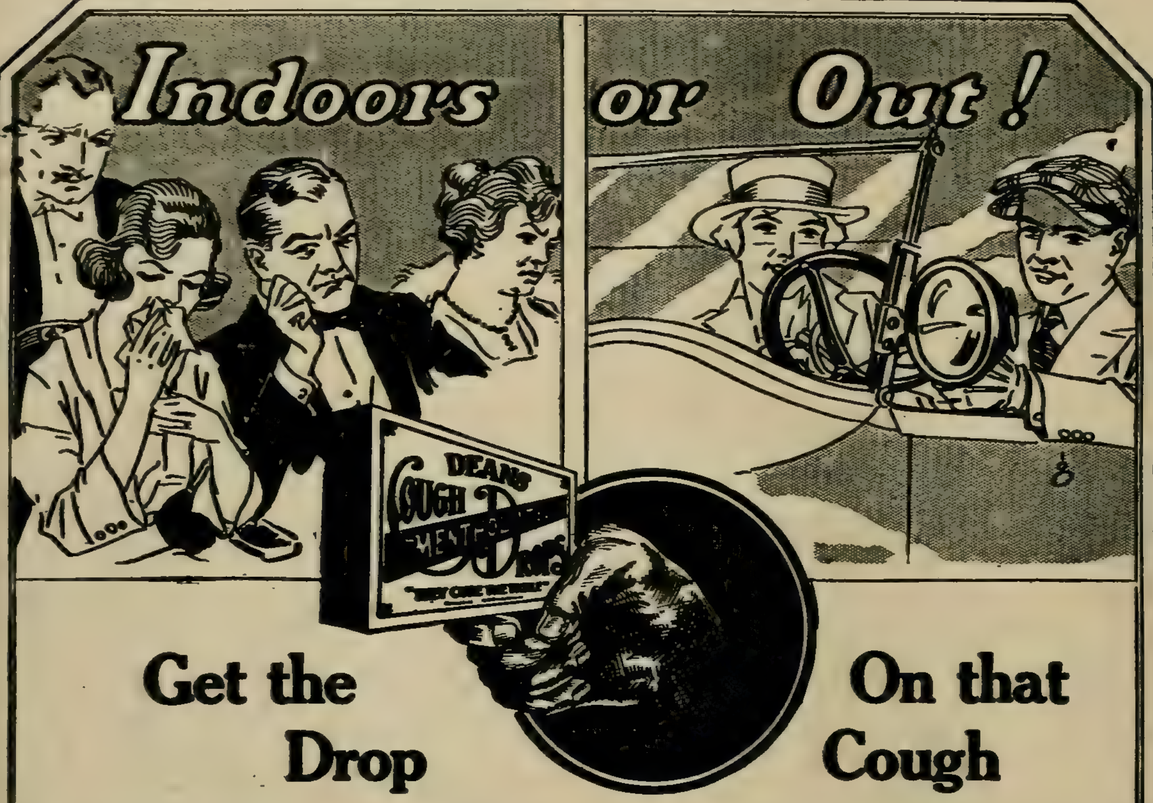
Just think of what a prize this is! The contest just closed attracted nation-wide attention. The newspapers everywhere published illustrated accounts of our final test, and several of the News Weeklies of Current Events showed scenes of the happy party at Roslyn, which were flashed on nearly every screen thruout the United States.

What an opportunity! If it does not interest *you*, tell your neighbor about it or your distant friend—they may have a daughter just looking for a chance of this kind.

One thing we want to impress upon all aspirants—be careful in the choice of the photograph you submit. Postcard photos will not do. Poorly printed photos, and small ones, cannot be considered. We feel that many beautiful girls lost out in the last contest just because they did not go to the trouble of consulting a good photographer. Furthermore, dont submit *photos that lie!* They may get you on the Honor Roll, but they will never see you thru. We recall in the last contest several young ladies who submitted wonderful pictures, and succeeded in getting on the Honor Roll, but when they appeared on the scene, alas, we found that the *camera had lied.* We want pictures that do you full justice, even flattering ones, but not dishonest ones. If you are a giant or a midget, if you have an impossible profile, or an ugly nose, or some other defect, dont let the photographer conceal these things—it will be to your loss and disadvantage in the end. Your features may not be perfect, but you may win in spite of that—only, we want to know all. Hence, please do not try to deceive us. Make yourself appear to the best advantage, but do not overdo it.

Rules and date of Contest opening to be announced in next issue.

Select Your Photographs Now!



Get the Drop On that Cough

In that tense, still moment at the climax of the play—a cough! Annoying of course, and unnecessary. Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops prevent it.

Or motoring along some smooth highway—everything serene—but for dust and wind that dry the throat and induce a cough—unless one has Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops.

A preventive when the first slight sensation in the throat is felt—"they cure the tickle." A delicious and pleasant source of relief for harsh, rasping, stubborn coughs—Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops. Good for the whole family.

Have a box on hand always—indoors or out.

DEAN MEDICINE COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wiconsin

DEANS
COUGH MENTHOLATED DROPS

How We Stopped the Leaks that Kept Us Poor

How Howard Lindsay and His Wife discovered an Easy Way to Save ONE-THIRD of Their Income. A Secret that Applies to Any Income.

By HARRISON OTIS

WHO should walk into the room but Howard Lindsay! Of all men perhaps he was the last I had expected to find as the president of this great new company. They had told me that Mr. Lindsay, of the Consolidated, was looking for a fine country home and was interested in buying the Dollard Place in Englewood; so as executor of the Dollard estate I had come to discuss the terms with him.

But Lindsay! Surely some miracle had happened. For it was the very man who had come to me "dead broke" about four years back and had asked me to help him get a new job.

"You are surprised, Mr. Otis, I can see that without your telling me. Let that real estate matter rest for a moment while I tell you how the change happened. It won't take five minutes. It all seems simple as A B C as I look back on it now.

How It All Began

"Our new life began when we discovered *how to save money*. That happened soon after I started in the new job you helped me secure. And it all came about right in my own home. Our sole source of supply was my salary of $3,000. That first year we didn't save a cent. Besides that, we woke up on New Year's day to find a big bunch of unpaid bills to be taken care of somehow or other out of future salary checks.

"When I asked myself the reason for all this I found that I did not *know* the reason, and no more did my wife, because we hadn't the faintest idea what our money had been spent for.

"Then we looked around among our friends and learned a great lesson.

"The Weeds, I knew, were getting more than $5,000 a year. They lived in a modest apartment, did not wear fine clothes, seldom went to the theatre, did little entertaining, yet we knew they barely had enough money to pay current bills.

"In the case of the Wells, I found a very different story and one that set me thinking hard. Their income was $2,000 a year, yet, to my amazement, they confided to us that they had saved $600 a year ever since they were married. They didn't have any grand opera in their program—except on their little Victrola—but they did go to the theatre regularly, they wore good clothes, entertained their friends at their home and were about the happiest and most contented couple of all our married friends.

"The difference between these two families was that in one case the expenditures were made without any plan—while in the other the income was regulated on a weekly budget system.

"We sat down that evening and made up a budget for *all* our expenses for the next fifty-two weeks. We discovered leaks galore. We found a hundred ways where little amounts could be saved.

"In one short month we had a 'strangle hold' on our expenses and knew just where we were going. In one year my wife proudly produced a bank book showing a tidy savings account of $800.

My New Grip on Business

"In the meantime an extraordinary change had come over me in business.

"I didn't fully realize this until the president called me in one day and said, 'Lindsay, you have been doing exceptionally well. I have been studying your work for the last year and you have saved the company a lot of money. We have decided to give you an interest in the business.'

"So there you are. It is wonderful, isn't it? I often wish I might tell my story to the thousands of young married couples who are having the hardest time of their lives just when they ought to be having the best time."

So now I have the opportunity and you are lucky, if only you will act on the wonderful message this story contains.

HARRISON OTIS.

The Magic Budget Plan

The Ferrin Money Making Account System is built on the experience of Howard Lindsay. This system, which is simplicity itself, comprises:

The Ferrin Money Making Account Book.

The Ferrin Kitchen Calendar (for the household).

The Ferrin Pocket Account Book.

The Ferrin Investment and Insurance Register.

The Ferrin Household Inventory and Fire Insurance Record.

Compact information is given on Making a Budget, Keeping Expense Accounts, Making Safe Investments, Making an Inventory of Household Goods.

There is no red tape or complicated bookkeeping in this system—it is so simple that any one can keep it—so convenient that you will not notice the few moments of your time required to make entries. The Pocket Account Book (price when sold separately 50 cents) contains *printed* slips so that you have only to jot down the amounts of your daily expenditures. The Kitchen Calendar (price 50 cents) keeps track of household expenses. At the end of each week or month these amounts are transferred to the Money Making Account Book, which contains 112 pages, size 8¼x10¾ inches, and is bound in half blue Silk Cloth Back—Cadet Blue Cover, Paper Sides—Turned Edges, semi-flexible, stamped in gold on Front Cover. This book has been prepared by an expert to fit any salary from the smallest to the largest. Incorporated in it is a recapitulation for every month of the year, which shows at a glance the Budget and the amounts paid out during the month for the various classified items of expense. It is the only book to our knowledge which has a Budget column for every month. Special columns are provided for items on which an income tax does not have to be paid, so that these amounts may be deducted at the end of the year.

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A war tax is now levied on almost every kind of article you buy. Few people know that the amounts so paid on daily purchases may properly be deducted from their income tax report. By keeping track of these war taxes on the pages for daily expenditures, and transferring the weekly or monthly totals to the Money Making Account Book, you will effect a saving on your income tax that will surprise you and that will pay the small price of the System many times over.

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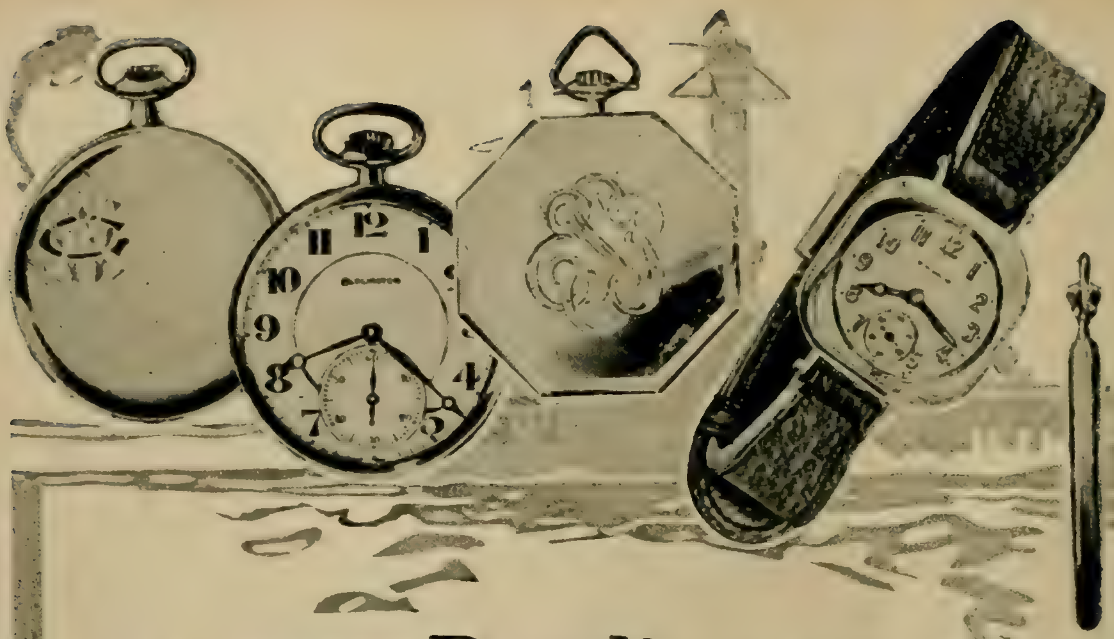

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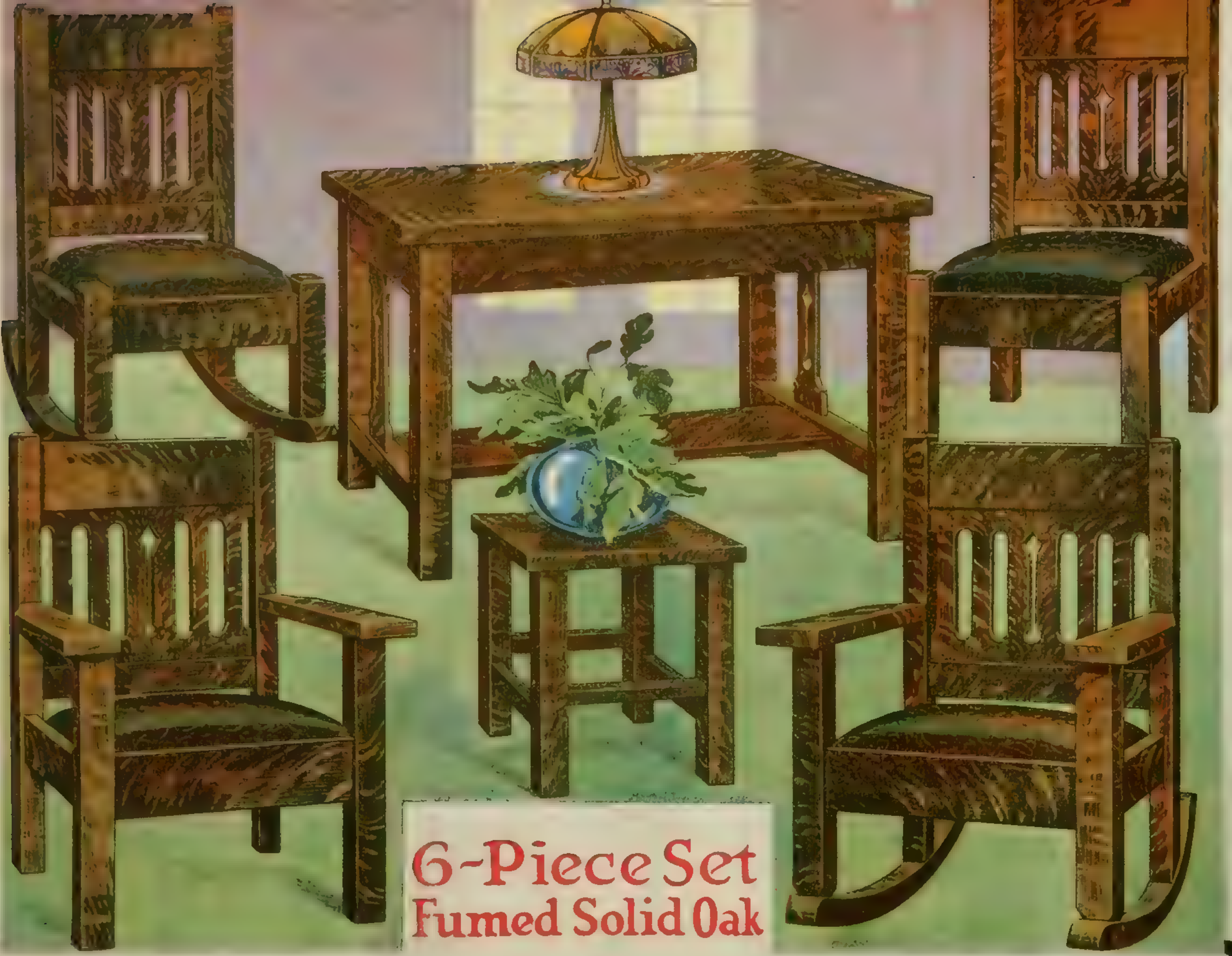

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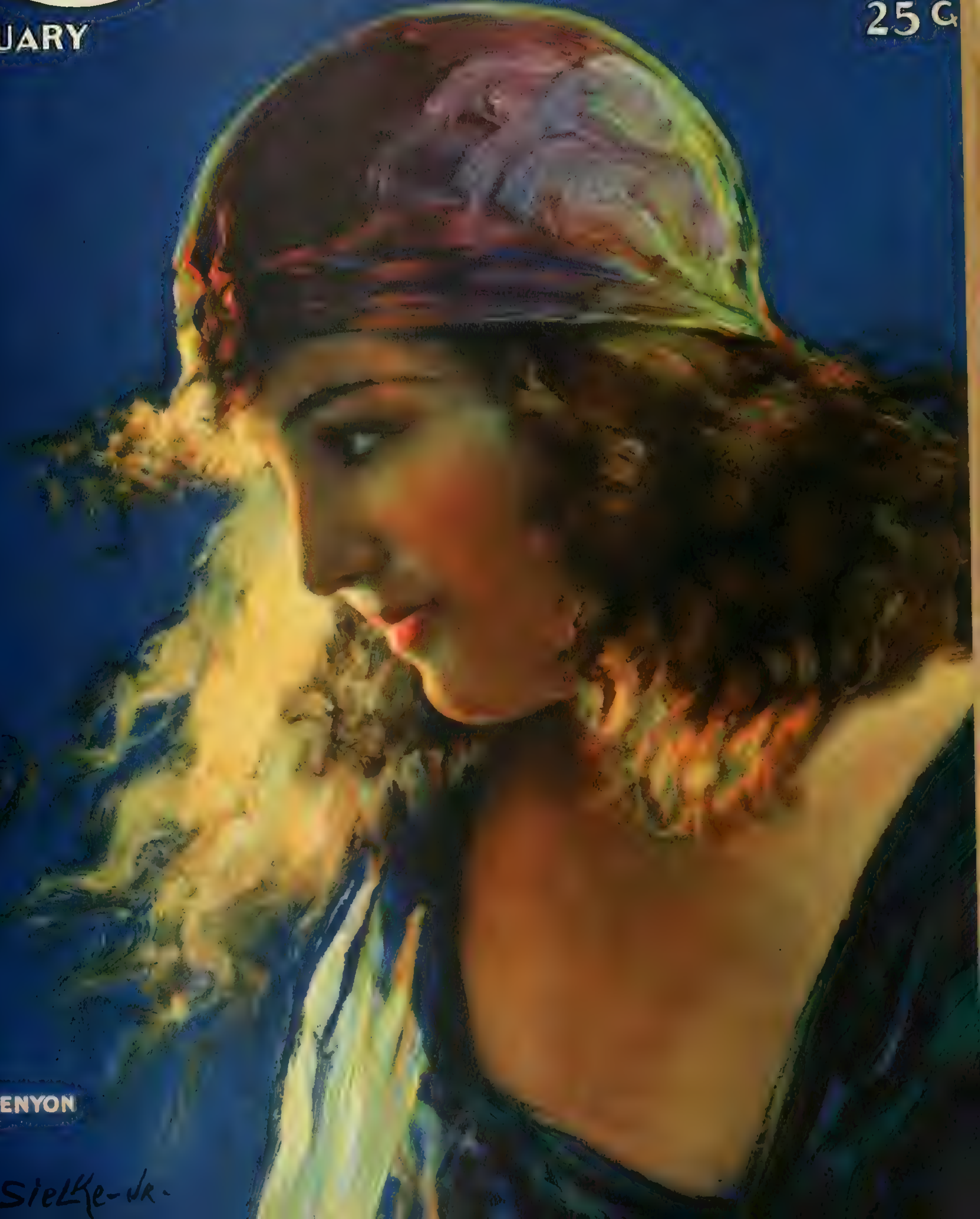

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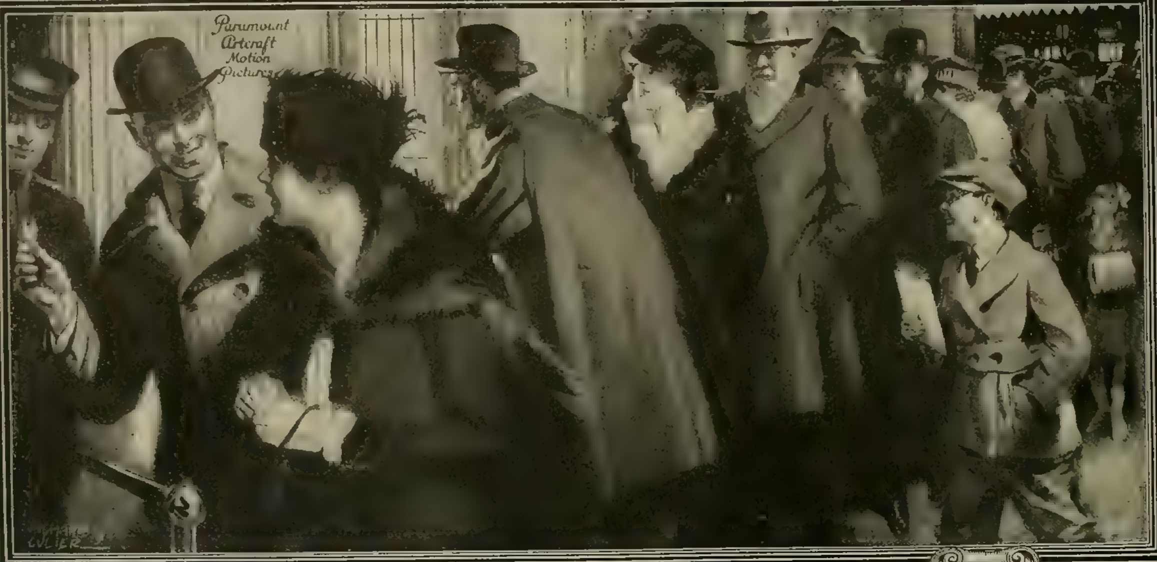

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CONTENTS OF MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

(Painted by Leo Sielke, Jr., from a photograph by Ned Van Buren.)

Just now Doris Kenyon is dividing her time between the footlights and the film studios. She is playing on Broadway in the highly successful farce, "The Girl in the Limousine." A native of Bridgeport, Conn., Miss Kenyon has lived in Brooklyn and Syracuse. She is a graduate of Packer Institute, Brooklyn, and of Columbia University.

Miss Kenyon went on the stage in "Princess Pat" and was quickly discovered by the cinema, doing her first important rôle with Alice Brady in World's "The Rack." She has forged rapidly to the front and is now one of screenland's favorites.

PAGE
Photogravure Gallery of Players. Full page studies of Corinne Griffith, Wanda Hawley, Helene Chadwick, Gladys George and Helen Broneau 11-15
The Silken Gloria. A picturesque chat with the luxurious Miss Swanson .... *Frederick James Smith* 16
Lewis Cody, H. V. The male vampire of the screen tells his philosophy of life .... *Elizabeth Peltret* 18
Betty Blythe: The Peacock Princess. A picturesque interview with a picturesque player .... *Maude S. Cheatham* 20
Moore o' County Meade. A humorous visit to Tom of the illustrious Moore family .... *Harriette Underhill* 22
The Boy Who Capitalized His Freckles. Otherwise Wesley Barry, youngest star of the films .... *Mary Keene* 24
The Orchid Blooms. Naomi Childers, goddess of the photoplay, speaks of the old days .... *Truman B. Handy* 26
The Varied Lionel. The Barrymore of "The Copperhead" and "The Jest" 28
She Loves and Lies. Short story based upon Norma Talmadge's latest photoplay .... *Dorothy Donnell* 29
Idealist and Artist. Maurice Tourneur talks of the photoplay and its ideals .... *Maude S. Cheatham* 34
The Kodak Girl. Edith Johnston is now one of the favorites of the screen serial .... *Fritzi Remont* 36
Understudying Mary. How a young woman was discovered who looked exactly like "Little Mary" .... *Charles G. Rich* 38
The Broken Melody. Eugene O'Brien's latest film vehicle told in interesting fiction form .... *Olive Carew* 39
Theodore Roberts. The silversheet's vividest character actor and his pets .... *Emma-Lindsay Squier* 44
Among the Footlight Favorites. Glimpses of the new stage plays and players 46
The Celluloid Critic. The newest photoplays in review.. *Frederick James Smith* 48
The Daring O'Dare 50
On With the Dance. Short story based upon Mae Murray's new photoplay .... *Faith Service* 51
Jack's Leading Woman 56

Look for the Last Minute Features in the Advertising Section.

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Casino.—"The Little Whopper." Lively and amusing musical comedy with tuneful score by Rudolf Friml. Vivienne Segal pleasantly heads the cast, which also numbers Harry C. Browne, who does excellent work, Mildred Richardson and W. J. Ferguson.

Cort.—"Abraham Lincoln." You should see this if you see nothing else on the New York stage. John Drinkwater's play is a noteworthy literary and dramatic achievement, for he makes the Great American live again. "Abraham Lincoln" cannot fail to make you a better American. Moreover, it is absorbing as a play. Frank McGlyn, a discovery, is a brilliant Lincoln.

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Cohan and Harris.—"The Royal Vagabond." A Cohanized opera comique in every sense of the words. A tuneful operetta plus Cohan speed, pep and brash American humor. Also tinkling music. And a corking cast, with Grace Fisher, Tessa Kosta, John Goldsworthy and Frederick Santley.

Central.—"The Little Blue Devil." A musical entertainment built about the late Clyde Fitch's "The Blue Mouse." Tuneful music by Harold Atteridge and Harry Carroll. Lillian Lorraine is the "blue devil" and Bernard Granville is co-featured.

Eltinge.—"The Girl in the Limousine." A decidedly daring boudoir farce, by Wilson Collison and Avery Hopwood, in which a pink and white bed is invaded by every member of the cast during the progress of the evening. John Cumberland is very funny and Doris Kenyon, fresh from the screen, is both pretty and pleasing as the heroine.

Forty-fourth Street Theater.—"Carnival." A British-made romantic drama of Venice at carnival time marking the first appearance of the English favorite, Godfrey Tearle. Mr. Tearle seems an actor of unusual attainments, but the drama is dreary, out-of-date stuff.

George M. Cohan's.—Elsie Janis and "her gang." Lively entertainment built about the experiences of the A. E. F. on the other side. Well put together by Miss Janis, who shines with decided brightness. A pleasant entertainment.

Globe.—"Apple Blossoms." The ambitious and much heralded operetta of Fritz Kreisler and Victor Jacobi plus colorful Joseph Urban settings. An offering far above the musical average. John Charles Thomas sings admirably, Wilda Bennett is an attractive heroine and Florence Shirley lends a piquant personality to the proceedings.

Harris.—"Wedding Bells." A bright and highly amusing comedy by Salisbury Field. Admirably written and charmingly played by Margaret Lawrence and Wallace Eddinger. One of the things you should see.

Hippodrome.—"Happy Days." Big and spectacular production typical of the Hippodrome. The diving girls are again a feature, disporting in the huge "Hip" tank.

Hudson.—"Clarence," Booth Tarkington's delightful comedy, built about the way a returned soldier re-united a disturbed but typically American household. Superb performances by Alfred Lunt. Glenn Hunter and Helen Hayes give the comedy a fine verve.

Lyric.—"The Rose of China." A pleasant musical comedy, in a way a sort of Chinese "Madam Butterfly." Clever lyrics, striking Urban settings and a fairly adequate cast. Rather tuneful.

Maxine Elliott's.—"The Unknown Woman." A very emotional melodrama with Marjorie Rambeau in Bendel gowns and tears. Jean Robertson contributes a vivid bit as a "dope."

Morosco.—"Civilian Clothes." A delightful comedy to please everybody. Brand new idea and cleverly worked out. Thurston Hall in the title rôle shares the honors with beautiful Olive Tell. Support excellent.

Plymouth.—"The Jest," Arthur Hopkins' production of Sem Benelli's colorful and gripping Florentine drama. John Barrymore is again seen in his original rôle. An admirable cast and Robert Edmund Jones' settings lend splendid aid.

Princess.—"Nightie Night." Described by the program as a "wide awake farce," "Nightie Night" lives up to its billing. It has plenty of verve, ginger and some dancing. There are scores of laughs. Heading the very adequate cast are Francis Byrne, Suzanne Willa, Malcolm Duncan and Dorothy Mortimer.

Shubert.—"The Magic Melody." A "romantic musical play" with a tuneful score and a picturesque Willy Pogany setting. Charles Purcell, Fay Marbe, Julia Deane, Earl Benham and Carmel Myers, the last two well known to the screen, head the cast.

Thirty-ninth Street Theater.—"Scandal," Cosmo Hamilton's daring drama which Constance Talmadge played on the screen. Francine Larrimore and Charles Cherry have the leading rôles in the excellent footlight production.

Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show of 1919." A typical girly garden show in which the famous runway gets plenty of use. The revue presents a number of travesties upon current attractions, particularly colorful being that of "The Jest," with George Winninger doing a clever burlesque of Lionel Barrymore.

ON TOUR

Shubert. E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe in Shakespearean repertoire. These artists represent the best traditions of our theater and their revivals of "Twelfth Night," "Hamlet," and "The Taming of the Shrew" are distinguished in every sense of the word.

"Palmy Days." A picturesque drama by Augustus Thomas in which Wilton Lackaye does the finest work of his career since "Jim the Penman."

"See-Saw." A pleasant musical entertainment. The delightful Elizabeth Hines stands out and Dorothy Mackaye is pleasantly cast.

"Moonlight and Honeysuckle." Ruth Chatterton in a charming comedy that might have been a big hit had the playwright taken full advantage of some splendid situations in the last act. As it is it starts like a hare and ends like a tortoise.

"An Exchange of Wives." Another Cosmo Hamilton comedy which, however, never attains the spontaneity or piquancy of "Scandal." The chief blush producer is a scene on a sleeping porch.

"She Would and She Did." Grace George in a light (very light) comedy founded on a little hole in the golf links which Grace angrily made, resulting in her suspension from the club for two months. Society and golf folk will probably find this an entertaining little play.

"The Better 'Ole." The Coburn production of the musical comedy based upon Bruce Bairnsfather's new immortal cartoon creation, Old Bill. Mr. Coburn's characterization of Bill is still as remarkable as ever.

"A Lonely Romeo," with Lew Fields. A

(*Continued on page* 8)

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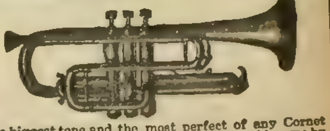

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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(*Continued from page 6*)

light show running in the usual groove. Frances Cameron, who is developing remarkably, is the bright figure of "A Lonely Romeo," while Mr. Fields is his humorous self. There's a decidedly funny scene in a men's hat shop.

"Chu Chin Chow." An opulent and beautiful musical extravaganza based upon the Arabian Nights tale of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. Dazzling series of sensuous stage pictures. "Chu Chu Chow" is presented this year with an entirely new edition and new costumes. Marjorie Wood makes a colorful desert woman, Lionel Braham is very effective as the robber sheik and Eugene Cowles makes the rôle of steward stand out. George Rosely plays the young lover admirably.

"La La Lucille." Musical comedy built around the efforts of a loving couple to arrange a divorce in order to live up to the terms of a millionaire aunt's will. A co-respondent is engaged and troubles begin. John E. Hazzard and Janet Velie play the would-be divorcées, while Marjorie Bentley and Helen Clark give able assistance. Light summer entertainment.

The Shubert Gaieties of 1919. A lively revue with scores of statuesque girls and stunning frocks. A decidedly attractive entertainment.

"John Ferguson." A straight drama that compares favorably with anything of the kind that New York has seen for years. Beautifully staged and acted. Masterpieces of this kind should be liberally patronized to encourage others.

George White's "Scandals of 1919." All sorts and variations of dancing make up for a lack of story or humor. The real star is piquant little Ann Pennington—as seductive a little jazzer as ever shimmied on Broadway. Then there's the lively dancing of Mr. White himself.

"Friendly Enemies." This is the record-breaking comedy drama of last season, with Louis Mann in his original rôle.

"Three Wise Fools." Austin Strong's human little drama of three crusty old bachelors who are bequeathed a young woman and who are subsequently rejuvenated. Melodrama with a heart throb. Helen Menken gives a striking performance of the nerve-racked heroine, while Claude Gillingwater is a delightfully testy old Teddy Findley.

"She's a Good Fellow." A light but pleasant musical comedy built about the efforts of old folks to break up a marriage between a loving young couple. Joseph Santley is a likeable lover-husband, masquerading in skirts for a whole act. Ivy Sawyer, the very pleasing Ann Orr and Scott Welsh lend delightful assistance.

"39 East." A charming comedy founded on a boarding school romance in which many interesting characters make love-making difficult for a pair of young lovers.

"Up in Mabel's Room." Piquant, daring but decidedly amusing farce built about the pursuit of a dainty pink undergarment which bears the same name as a recent jazz dance. Admirable cast, including the radiant Hazel Dawn.

"Three Faces East." Another Secret Service-German spy drama, this one by Anthony Paul Kelly, one of our most successful photoplaywrights. The principal charm of this play is in trying to guess who are the German spies and who are the Allies, just as we were puzzled in "Cheating Cheaters" to know who were burglars and who were not.

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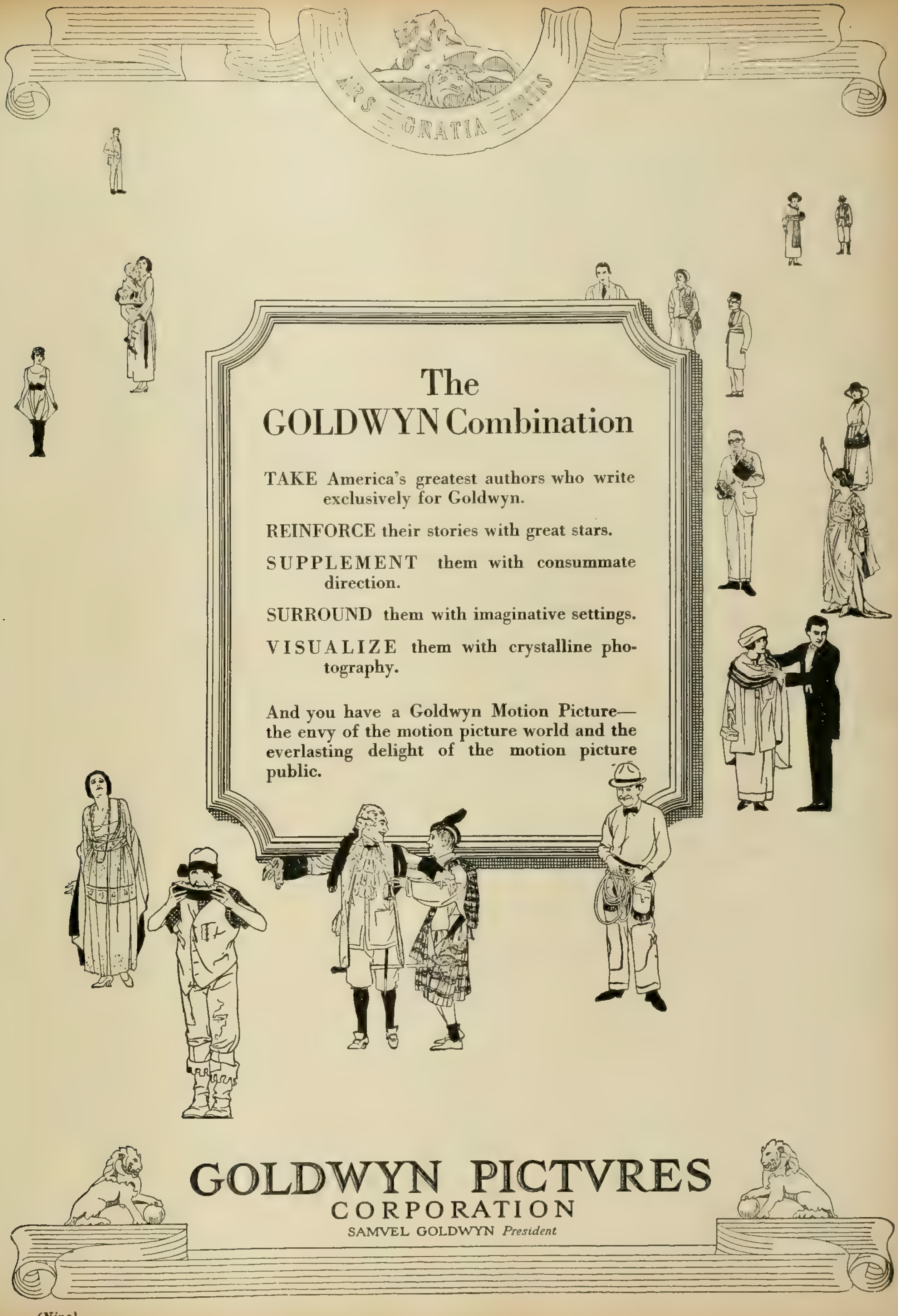

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Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

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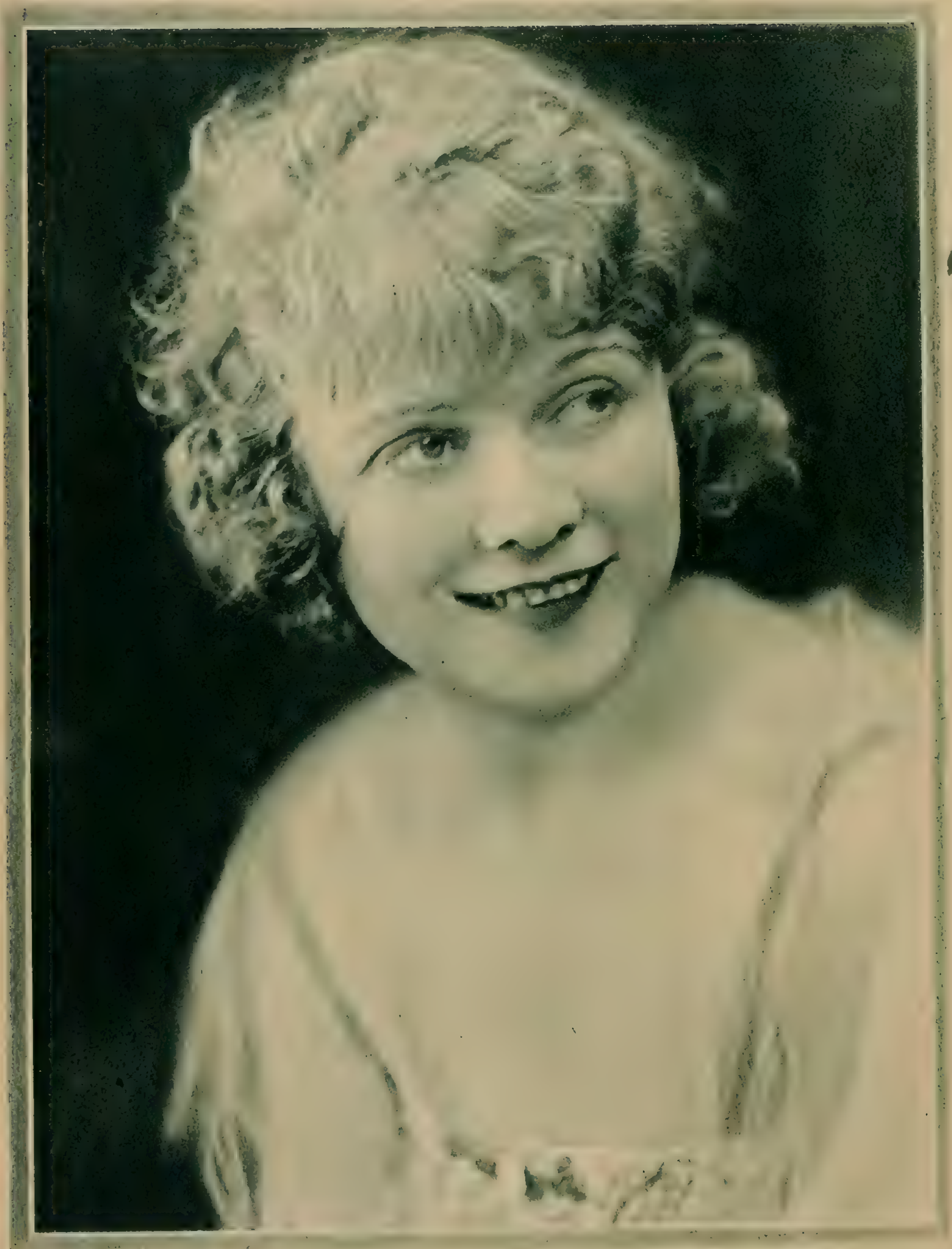


Photograph by Hoover Art Co., L. A

WANDA HAWLEY

Wanda was looked upon as one of the screen "finds" of last year. Miss Hawley keeps steadily advancing since her first hit in "Old Wives for New." She is now at the very forefront of our younger actresses.

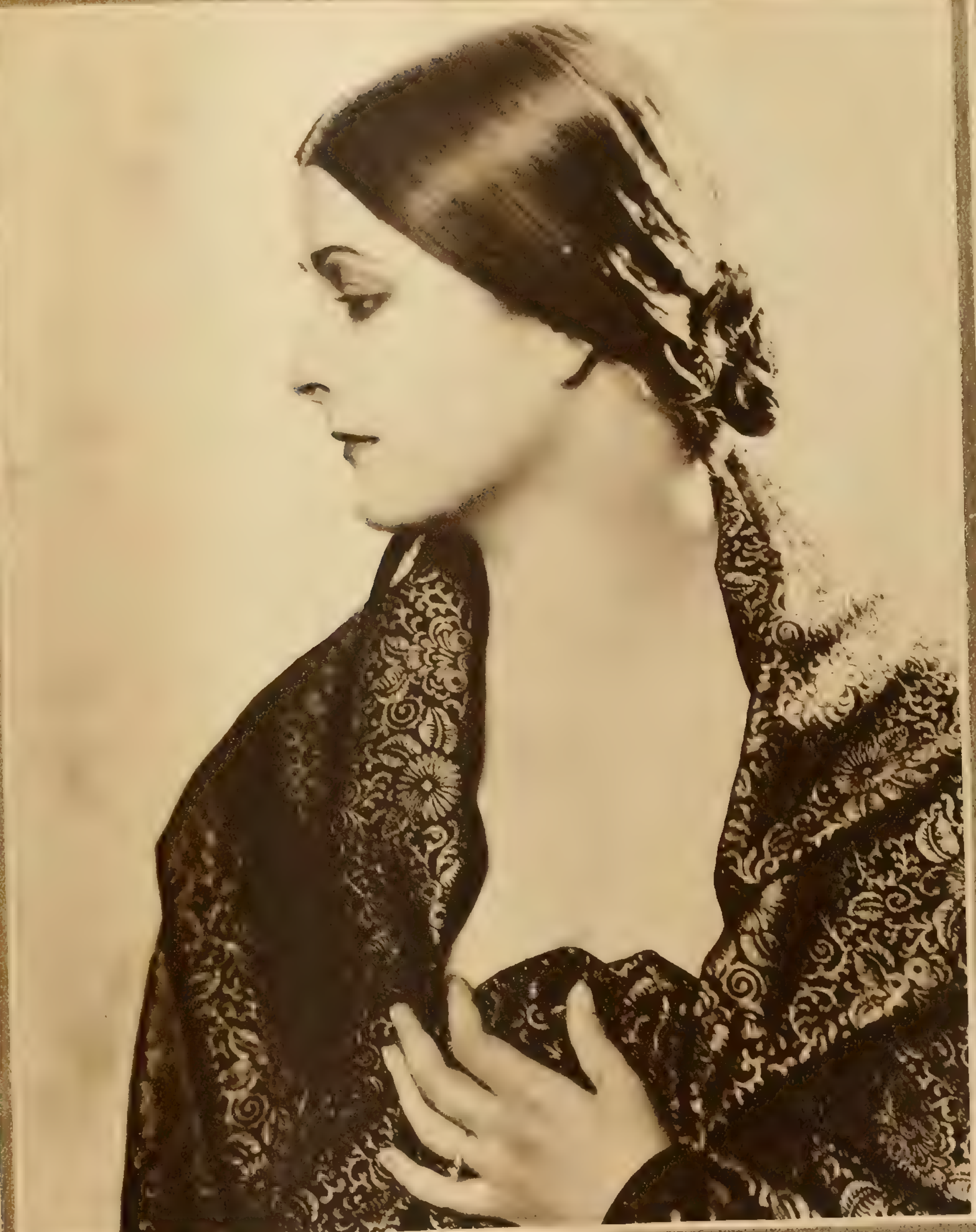
Photograph by [illegible], L. A.

HELENE CHADWICK

Helene hails from a town bearing her own cognomen. Chadwick, N. Y., being the youngest of a famous family. She first achieved success in Pathé serial productions and is now with Goldwyn

GLADYS GEORGE

Miss George is one of the most popular players with the Universal forces and she has been doing some unusual work in several recent productions.



HELEN BRONEAU

Miss Broneau is a Universal discovery. She seems to be coming to the front rapidly and the "U" powers-that-be expect great things of her.

The Silken Gloria

Photograph © by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Gloria Swanson is twenty-one and, off the screen, looks like a younger sister of her celluloid self. The daughter of an army officer, Miss Swanson received her education everywhere—from Chicago to Porto Rico

We reached Gloria Swanson's hotel exactly on time for our interview—12 o'clock noon.

"Gracious," sighed a languid voice over the house 'phone, "I'm just getting up—and I'm still half asleep. Please come back at one."

So we adjourned to the hotel lobby for rest—and meditation. We had expected Miss Swanson to be a luxurious young lady, but . . .

At one we called her on the 'phone again. "My, my!" sighed Miss Swanson, "I'll be right down—in ten minutes."

But her voice sounded just as sleepy as an hour before. Knowing something of the feminine conception of ten minutes, we went for a walk. At 1:30 we returned.

The hotel clerk was quite sure Miss Swanson hadn't come down yet. So we waited, whiling away the time with observing the clerk's technique in handling the tribulations of the hotel guests.

At 2 o'clock we knew the clerk's first name was Al and why he never went to the Methodist church.

At 2:15 o'clock we heard, for the nineteenth time, that there wasn't a room to be had in the hotel at any price. In fact, the waiting list . . .

And then Miss Swanson appeared.

Except for her silken sleekness, we would hardly have recognized her. The real Gloria Swanson looks like the younger sister of the celluloid Gloria.

"So sorry," smiled Miss Swanson, "so-o-o sorry." Not, of course, meaning a word of it.

"We're used to waiting for beautiful stars," we reparteed. "The more beautiful they are, the longer they make us wait. Just one player ever kept us waiting longer than this."

"I wont have that," said Miss Swanson. "Try to interview me again tomorrow, and I'll break that record."

Then we took a taxi to the Hotel Astor for lunch, Miss Swanson, like all femininity just emerging from slumber, being "famished."

On the way downtown we learnt these startling facts:

That Miss Swanson works every second of her time in California and really doesn't luxuriate at all.

That she doesn't want to keep on doing the semi-vampire stuff of her past few pictures, but hopes to do character stuff such as her "Why Change Your Wife?" She will even don prim clothes and spectacles for art.

That she worships Cecil De Mille.

That she loves diamond and platinum bracelets. She wears three on her left wrist alone.

That she never can button her gloves. (We know, because we did our best to assist her en route *via* taxi.)

That she loves New York because of its theaters and gor

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

geous places to dance. That California becomes dreadfully tiresome.

That tears came to her eyes—real tears—when she talked of Elliott Dexter and the way his sudden illness had held back his stellar career in the films.

But to interrupt our findings to turn to weightier things:

"Tell me I look younger off the screen," commanded Gloria.

We saw our duty and did it. "Exactly how old am I?" she insisted.

We parried, realizing we were on exceedingly dangerous ground. Finally, pushed to the wall, we hazarded, "Twenty-two."

"Twenty-one," said Miss Swanson, in triumph. "You just protested when I said I didn't want to go on vamping or semi-vamping on the screen. Why?"

"Because," said we, trying to take our editorial mind from Miss Swanson's eyes, "you're so uncannily seductive. Most vampires leave us cold, but . . ."

"Yes," aided Miss Swanson.

"You are exceedingly -er—effective."

At that psychological moment we arrived in front of the Astor.

Photograph © by Alfred Cheney Johnston

We sighed with relief

Once inside, Miss Swanson attacked a healthy-sized luncheon with fervor. A waiter attempted to remove the actress' orange-juice before she had finished—and she well nigh withered him. Right then and there we decided that Miss Swanson might easily speak out her mind. In fact, she did.

Between orange-juice and soup and chops, Miss Swanson told us more of herself. The daughter of an army officer, she received her education everywhere. "It was a terrible handicap," she said, "my education stretching from Chicago to Porto Rico.

"I first tried pictures with Essanay in Chicago and then I went to the coast. There I was with Triangle and later joined Mack Sennett's comedies. But I wasn't a bathing girl. I never—never—was. Please get *that* into your interview, wont you?"

We promised.

"We did a series of juvenile comedies in which I had a leading rôle. Then Mr. De Mille gave me my chance in drama. That's all. As I never cared for comedy and my whole heart is in dramatic work, you can guess how hard I worked to make good with Mr. De Mille."

"I live for today," says Gloria Swanson, "and I try to get every bit out of it. I dont believe in waiting for tomorrow. Life is too short for that." That sums up her philosophy of life in general

We asked Miss Swanson to tell us her philosophy of things in general.

"I live for today," she said, "and I try to get every bit out of it. I dont believe in waiting for tomorrow. Life is too short for that."

Then our interview drifted until, like all interviews, it came

(*Continued on page* 83)

Imagine the "male vampire" of the screen being a New Englander! Altho of French descent, (his real name is Coté), Cody's home town is Waterville, Me., a few miles from the home of Dustin and William Farnum. He soon forsook Maine for the stage

You may, perhaps, think it strange that the original "He Vamp" star of the screen should have come from New England. And then, again, you may not. It all depends on whether you have come from there yourself, or on whether you still live there, or on whether you have never been there at all. Undoubtedly, there are people who are "un-profoundly" affected by their environments; for instance, Lew Cody.

"Dustin Farnum used to live within a few miles of Waterville, Me., which is my home," he remarked. (We were, by the way, at luncheon at the Alexandria and some moving picture notable could be seen at almost every table). "We often get together," he went on, "and talk over the scenes and people we used to know. Of course, we didn't live there at the same time and we didn't really know the same people, but that is a mere detail. In that neighborhood, the scenes and the people seem, somehow, always the same; the same yesterday, today and forever!"

There, then, you have the material for a tragedy by Ibsen. Think of it! Lew Cody, whose real name is Cote, a boy of French descent, living in a place where, if one can believe some of our best fiction, people take their sins and their virtues very seriously and where marriages are made in Heaven for life and for population!

He could read French, too; gracefully written tales of graceful love affairs, sincere while they lasted, lightly undertaken and gracefully dropped. Why, he might have committed suicide—or matrimony—before he was eighteen, with vine leaves in his hair and all that sort of thing. But instead of that, he did something that could never have occurred to a character of Ibsen; lightly and without any particular brain storm, he decided to go away.

"One afternoon, after a whole day spent reciting poetry at myself, I went to my father and told him that I was going to go on the stage. 'All right!' my father said. 'When are you going?' Of course, that was all wrong. He should have objected violently. But he must have had too keen a sense of drama, himself, to do such a commonplace thing. Instead, he staked me to a wardrobe and I went to New York and got my start almost at once."

This was with Mary Mannering in "The Stubborness of Geraldine." Then came melodrama with A. H. Woods; such plays as "Fast Life in New York" and "The Power of Money," an

Lewis Cody, H. V.

By ELIZABETH PELTRET

experience which, he says, he would not take anything for. And then, with all of his energy, he plunged into stock, becoming actor-manager of his own company, the Cody Players, just out of New York. He had four companies before that began to tire him and then he left them to shift for themselves while he came to the Pacific coast with the Winter Garden production.

"I've been everything in the profession except a clown in a circus," and but for its being such a serious job, he might have been that too.

He fell instantly and intensely in love with Los Angeles and decided to return sometime and remain indefinitely. It was at this psychological moment that Thomas Ince sent an emissary with the offer of a screen contract.

Undoubtedly, Lew Cody's best work was done, not under contract, but as a free lance, in such pictures as the Lois Weber productions "For Husbands Only," and 'Borrowed Clothes" with Mrs. Chaplin, Cecil B. de Mille's "Don't Change Your Husband" and "The Life Line," and "The Broken Butterfly" with Maurice Tournier.

When I saw him at the Alexandria, he had just finished his first picture made with his own company and he had collaborated with his director, L. Gasnier, in the writing of the story. His second picture, he said, is to be "The Butterfly Man" from the book by George Barr McCutcheon.

Lew Cody is, himself, very much of a "butterfly man." That is, he has the quick, volatile temperament of the artistic Frenchman who is also a natural dilettante.

"Until a year ago," he said, "I never had any particular ambition. I was conscientious enough in my work and all that, but——" He made a gesture with the hand that held his cigaret. Very quietly, in fact without attracting his attention in the least, it left its holder and deposited itself on the tablecloth where it went on burning merrily. "Oh, look!" I exclaimed, pointing rudely. For a moment he was decidedly puzzled: "How did that get there?" and then, with a glance at the exquisite but empty holder,

(*Continued on page 80*)

"Do I believe in marriage?" says Lew Cody. "Yes, indeed—for other people. I think it is a beautiful institution. But the human butterfly type—male or female—should be free. They cant rub up against the little troubles of everyday life and keep the gloss on their wings"

Betty Blythe: The Peacock Princess

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Betty Blythe made her first appearance on the stage in vaudeville billed as "The Peacock Princess." The footlights finally led to the screen studios—the Vitagraph, in particular

"I WAS born in Los Angeles," began Betty Blythe, as she whisked a heap of pink chiffons from one chair and a pile of letters from another, drawing them nearer the window where we could watch the glorious view of the mountains which so entrances her.

"After being away for nearly four years, it is such fun to be back. Here in Hollywood there are no elevated trains, no subways, no crashing traffic, just peace and quiet, why, it's heavenly. I was so thrilled the first night after my arrival to hear a cat fight on the back fence, it sounded so rural.

"These silver nights are wonderful, too," she continued. "I wander all over the hills. I walked thru the big gates into the lovely grounds of the Japanese place on that hill last night and suddenly, while enjoying the wonder of the scene, I heard the strangest noises. I stopped to listen and the next minute I saw there were monkeys swinging from tree to tree in the moonlight. I didn't run home, I *flew!*"

Betty Blythe is another of the bright lights that the Goldwyn studios have added to their splendid stock company. She has just completed "The Silver Horde," a Rex Beach story, and will next appear in a Brentwood production under the direction of Henry Kolker.

"I have played so many vamps," said Betty, "that I am glad of the opportunity to play this rôle of a splendid woman who finds her happiness in the development of her own soul, not in wealth or power. And *clothes!* Oh, I am to wear some gorgeous things."

Going to her closet, Miss Blythe brought out an array of ravishing costumes and spreading them on the bed we indulged in a feminine orgie of tulles, chiffons, lustrous satins and rich furs.

"Of course, like most women," said Betty, "I have always longed for beautiful clothes and now that I can have them I love the planning and designing. I sometimes wonder if my old vision of realizing the poetic sense of literary effort is merging into a passion for clothes. However, in motion pictures they play such an important part that I feel justified."

"How did you discover your own particular style?" I asked, remembering the distinctive manner in which this stunning girl is always gowned.

"My dear," she replied solemnly, "it took three years and an awful waste of money to teach me that I must civilize my weird ideas—I do so love queerish styles—if they are becoming.

"I adore brilliant colors, they brighten one's mood, while laces seem *alive.* Look at this shimmery symphony which also persists in shimmying," laughed Betty, holding up a fascinating

By
MAUDE S.
CHEATHAM

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

frock of cloth of gold with its bands of heavy silk fringe forming the "shimmying" skirt.

Winding herself into a luscious Moorish yellow crepe negligee and sweeping across the room, she remarked, "I glory in trains and tassels, too. The last time I wore this I killed a man—it photographed beautifully! I'm going to have it made over. I'm always saving things. If I should die suddenly I would miss a lot of fun for I have such stacks of lovely materials waiting to be made over."

Then, sitting on the edge of the bed surrounded by these luxurious clothes, she told me some of her early experiences.

Betty Blythe made her first appearance on the stage billed as "The Peacock Princess." In a sumptuous gown, made entirely of peacock feathers, she put on her own little musical act at Pantages Theater, in Los Angeles and scored a success.

"It was a beautiful gown," said Betty, "and I felt so grand and strutty and excited with all those brilliant colors flashing about me. Everything was going beautifully and I had dreams of being a real prima donna; you know, I spent two years in Paris and London studying voice culture. Then suddenly, my mother and a sister passed away and I was gripped by the old Chinese superstition of peacock feathers, and I wouldn't go on with the act."

After a season with Oliver Morosco's "So Long Letty," in Chicago, and a summer in stock in Albany Miss Blythe had a chance to play on Broadway with William Elliott in "Experience."

"With the closing of this engagement," she went on, "I had a taste of the fighting struggle which girls usually have when they buck up against New York. Out of a job, the city frightened me. I believe the fear of going broke frightened me most.

"Every day for months I made the rounds of the theatrical agencies. It was heart-breaking. Only once did a ray of light penetrate. A Shakespearian actor took an interest in me and promised I should play Ophelia in his company. Now, all my life I had wanted to play Shakespeare. When I was only 12 my sister started me reading his works in the original and by the time I was 16 I had read everything he had written and had made up my mind to be a tragedy queen, a second Marlowe, so this seemed the coming true of my early dreams.

"I want love to come," says Miss Blythe. "I've reached the point where I long for a home and a more unselfish life!"

"After spending weeks rehearsing Ophelia, and building my hopes to the very sky, the venture fell thru, and I went, left with debts and all my illusions shattered. Really, I contemplated suicide, but after all, youth and its reviving confidence urged me on to win in spite of obstacles.

"One day a girl, whom I knew very slightly, asked me to go to the Vitagraph studio with her. I believe God sent her, and I went, really because she was friendly and I so needed

(*Continued on page* 82)

Moore o' County Meade

Photograph by Mishkin

A SCRAP of paper it was which decided the destiny of Tom Moore, son of Sarah and Joseph and, incidentally, brother of Owen and Matt. It happened like this. Tom was born in Ireland on a farm in County Meade. Artistic vagueness rather than bold accuracy places the date of the event as the late '80's. Now, in those days a small Irish farmer had about as much chance to make money as a conductor on a pay-as-you-enter car, so the senior Moore and his better half decided to seek the city and open a shop of some sort. So they sold all the things on the farm, collected the family and put them in a jaunting car, and then Mrs. Moore turned to Mr. Moore and said, "Whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge, but whither do we go and where do we lodge?"

"I never thought of that," said Moore the elder. "Now what do you say?"

"Dublin," said Mrs. Moore.

"America!" cried little Tom.

"We'll draw lots for it," said Moore, the elder. So pieces of paper, marked "Dublin" and "America," were put into a hat. Little Tom put in his hand and drew out "America," and America it was.

Now, we set down these facts triumphantly, and so would you if you had worked as hard to unearth them as we did.

Once upon a time there was celebrated in song a girl named Annie Moore. History says little about her, save that she was sweet and that we'll never see her any more.

To this branch of the family we are quite sure Tom belonged. If you ever do see him and have any idea that you ever will wish to interview him, "do it now," for you never will see him any more.

Both Tom and Owen are coy and elusive as the first snowdrop, and all the time we do not blame them in the least for not wanting to be interviewed. We are quite sure that we should never want to be interviewed by us.

About a year ago we were asked to interview Owen Moore. He consented, but he still owes it to us. And then our editor gave us a standing order to interview Tom Moore. So long as he was safe and sound out on the Pacific Coast in the Goldwyn studio, we did not worry. We decided that we could not be expected to go as far as that, but then one day we heard that he was here in the East "on a vacation."

The words had a portentous sound. It seemed such a perfectly legitimate excuse for not being interviewed. However, we tried out our luck by calling up the Goldwyn office and asking for Tom Moore's address. "He just went out of the office on his way to the Lambs', but we are not allowed to give any one his address. He is on a vacation."

So we called up the

When the Moore family decided to migrate from its tiny farm in the County Meade, Ireland, the problem of destination arose. So they drew lots. Little Tom put in his hand and drew out a bit of paper marked "America"

By HARRIETTE UNDERHILL

Photograph by Mishkin

After the Moores came to America, little Tom ran away to New York and lived there a whole year. Then he went home—and to school. His stage "debut" was in the mob scene of "Parsifal"

Lambs, and they said, "He has gone over to the studio." There didn't seem to be any way to get him excepting to call Central and ask for Fifth Avenue between the Lambs and the Goldwyn office, and this wasn't feasible owing to the present strained relation between the "hello" girls and the innocent bystander, so we decided to let nature take its course.

The best way to do this is to walk up Fifth Avenue from Forty-second Street and wish. We hadn't been doing this more than two blocks when we met Tom Moore face to face. Now, altho we are a firm believer in this concentration thing, when we met our victim we were so surprised that we said, right out loud, "Aint nature wonderful!"

"She is," agreed Tom Moore, "but why?"

Of course, we didn't dare tell him, because he would look upon us with cold disfavor and say, "I'm on my vacation." So instead we said, "Why, meeting you and everything like this. And do you remember the time we interviewed you, over in Fort Lee, when you first became a Goldwyn star, and the funny little place where we had luncheon and the woman who put the records on the graphophone, records that were round, tube-like things, and the phonograph had a horn?"

"Yes, a horn like a director uses," and Tom laughed just the way he does on the screen. He always laughs that way. It is one of his charms. You see him laughing, but you dont hear him.

Now, all this was according to Freud, or somebody who has theories. We had reminded Tom Moore of the fact that he had once been interviewed and had recalled to his mind at the same time all of the pleasant features of the encounter, so we struck while the iron was hot.

"Have you got a half-hour to spare?" we said, timidly, meaning to finish up with "Mayn't we walk over to the office with you and interview you en route?"

"Indeed, I have," he answered, cheerfully. "Let's go in here and have a cup of tea."

And as we were on the corner of Forty-fourth Street, and Sherry's is no more, we knew that "here" meant Delmonico's. How thankful we were that we had on our imported hat with the red polka dots on it, tho maybe if we hadn't we shouldn't have received the invitation.

"See, no belts!" said Tom, with his silent laugh, as he took off his overcoat. "Do you remember how you got after us for wearing belted coats and said that Charlie Ray was the only man who could wear one with impunity? I remember, altho I felt hurt, how I trembled when I realized that I was wearing a belt on my coat that day you came over to Fort Lee to see me."

"Aren't you glad you're on your vacation?" we asked, a little less cautious now that the orange pekoe was between us and our victim and there was no chance for him to escape.

"Yes. I suppose I needed a rest, only New York is such a funny place to rest in. You dont do it."

"Have you been working hard?" we asked, trying to put a lot of sympathy in our voice, so as not to make it sound like a leading question."

"Working hard? Rather! I've made nine pictures this year with Harry Beaumont. In a couple of weeks, when I go back, I am going to have a new director, Tom Mills. Know him?"

We shook our head, and there the conversation switched to California—California climate, California roads, California hospitality. Why, one would think Tom Moore was a native. They always talk like that.

"Were you born in California?" which was an innocent enough question that any one might have asked. It had marvelous results, too, far beyond our fondest hopes, for Tom Moore told us all about being born in Ireland and just how he drew the scrap of paper out of the hat and came to America. But when Tom got as far as New York he stopped, at least he stopped in his narrative, but as a matter of fact, he went on to Toledo, because he had some cousins living there.

"Had you thought of going on the stage at that time?" we asked, trying to give the question the proper amount of insouciance as coming from a layman and not from an interviewer.

"No, indeed," he answered, laughing. "You should have seen me then. I was such a funny-looking little shaver. They sent me to school, but the wanderlust was in my veins, and I ran away with just enough money to get me to Jersey City. I didn't have a nickel to get over to Manhattan, but—well, I eventually got there. My lack of money worried me not in the least, and I hung around and enjoyed myself between the Battery and Fourteenth Street for nearly a year. Then I had some promptings from my conscience and I returned home. They sent me back to school, but I ran away again—"

"And went to dramatic school," we interrupted. Tom Moore gave us a scornful glance and, if he had been that sort of person, he would probably have said, "How do you get that way?"

(Continued on page 79)

The Boy Who

By MARY S.

"WHY, they're *real!*" I exclaimed.

"The freckles? Sure, they're real," and Wesley Barry rubbed his brown hands vigorously across his cheeks to convince me the speckles would not come off.

"Lots of people seem to think they are part of my make-up for the pictures," he went on. "If they could see my red hair they would know the freckles belonged to me. I used to hate them, but they've brought me a lot of luck and I dont know what would happen if they went away now." And the funny little smile that has endeared this twelve-year-old lad to film fans thruout the country spread over his small face.

"Then, you'll never be tempted by the promises of freckle cream?" I asked.

"I should say *not,*" came the emphatic reply in true masculine scorn for such methods. "Anyway," he added, "it would take bushels and bushels to take them off. But—looky—my warts are going away," and he held out his hands for my inspection.

"A lady in Boston read that I had warts and she sent me a pin, telling me to bury it in the garden and the warts would disappear. And, sure 'nuff, they're all gone except this teeny one and it's going." And again the "Wes" Barry smile lighted up the sensitive face.

Tho Marshall Neilan discovered this lad several years ago and has given him bits in a number of pictures, it was not until "The Unpardonable Sin" flashed on the screen that his unusual qualities were fully recognized.

This was shortly folowed by his splendid work with Mary Pickford in "Daddy Long Legs," and his clever acting thruout the orphanage scenes—especially in imbibing the hard cider—will not soon be forgotten.

Now, fame and stardom have captured this little freckle-faced boy, for he has recently been signed up by Marshall Neilan to create the screen rôle of "Penrod," in a series of pictures depicting this adorable character in his boyhood adventures.

Wesley is refreshingly natural and absolutely unspoiled and he is taking his good fortune very modestly. The best description one can give is that he is every minute—just *real boy!*

Since he is under contract and working steadily he has a private teacher, studying between scenes at the studio, instead of attending school. He is in the 8th grade and will be ready for high school next year.

He told me all about his studies as we sat in an old swing in the Neilan studio garden in Hollywood. "I like arithmetic and geography, but English is so hard it makes me mad. I like mechanical drawing, too, but I am not good at free hand. I've always wanted to be an electrical engineer, but, since I'm doing so well in pictures, guess I'll stick to them.

"We had the *best* fun making 'Daddy Long Legs'," went on Wesley. "It was mostly on location and was just like a picnic, for we went out in trucks and had our lunch out of doors. Those were real chicken sandwiches we ate in that orphanage scene. They were a part of Miss Pickford's own lunch and

You remember Wes' Barry as the remarkable freckled youngster of "Daddy Long Legs" and "The Unpardonable Sin." The lad is now fast en route to stardom with Micky Neilan, playing the boy hero of Booth Tarkington's "Penrod" stories

Capitalized His Freckles

KEENE

she said, 'Children, I never can eat all these sandwiches, so we'll use them in this scene.' Gee, they were good. She used to give me some of her hot chocolate every afternoon, too, for we would get *so hungry!*

"Do you remember the circus in 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm?' I was the ring master. I'll never forget, there was one kid who was so scared when he had to slide down the chute that we laughed at him. The most fun was at the barn dance, for there was real ice cream and cake and we boys would slip around to that corner every chance. Good? Well, *rather!* I cant say as much for the lemonade, it was positively on the bunk, one trip was enough for that.

"I was the only funny one in 'The Unpardonable Sin' and whenever it got too serious I would come in with some foolishness and jolly everyone up. I did have a big crying scene, tho," he recalled.

"Was it hard to cry?" I asked.

"Oh, no. Mr. Neilan told me all about it and it was so sad that I couldn't help crying, that's all."

And just that easily did this little actor dispose of one of the most affecting moments in that tragic picture.

"I like to go and see comedies—I laugh and laugh," and Wesley snickered in true boy fashion, "but I dont like to play in them, for it is all running and rough stuff. Mr. Neilan jokes with me while we are working and makes me laugh all the time. Do you know," and the small figure sat up straight, "I can tell just exactly how he is feeling by his whistle. He whistles such jolly tunes when he's happy, but when he is thinking out some scene he whistles—oh, you know, that way up, heavy music. You ought to hear him play the piano, he can make me cry when he plays those sad pieces. He can play *any thing!*" It is quite certain that here is a director who is the idol of his own star.

"Which baseball team do you want to win the pennant?" Wesley asked, suddenly, after talking of many things.

"Vernon," I replied promptly.

"Good, shake!" and he grabbed my hand in his firm hold, and we fell into a discussion of the relative strength of the Los Angeles and Vernon teams which are battling for the Coast League pennant.

"You see," said this little enthusiast, "this is the first season that Fatty Arbuckle has owned the Vernon team and I am afraid he might be discouraged if he lost the pennant when he is so near it, that's why I want it to win. Oh, it's just *gotta* to win," he added, loyally.

"We're getting ready for a big western picture," said Wesley, "and every morning I go out to the Lasky ranch and practice rough riding stunts on a big black horse. At first he was awfully frisky and tried to buck me off, but I hung on. I have the swellest cowboy suit. It cost $200! Want me to put it on so you can see it?"

So, hand in hand, we raced over to his dressing room where we solved the problem of straps and buckles as he arrayed himself in a regular "Bill" Hart western costume. "Look at this belt, isn't it a peach?" he cried, holding up a broad leather belt. "It is to wear when bucking to keep from getting all jarred up."

"Let's have your picture taken in all this finery," I suggested, as he turned about for my approval.

"Oh, I cant," he wailed, "my sombrero isn't here. It is a beauty, big—you know—and makes me look fierce." Then noting my disappointment, he added, "If you think nobody will notice that I haven't it on, we'll take it."

"Cowboys dont usually live among palms," commented the cameraman, a few moments later, as Wesley took his place before a huge palm.

"Oh, well," replied the boy, easily, "this isn't the real thing anyway, for I haven't my sombrero."

Wesley's mother told me that he was a very welcome baby and was born with a smile on his face and has always been happy and contented. Two older brothers, aged eighteen and fourteen, were given the privilege of selecting his name and they spent several weeks searching for a suitable one, finally christening the baby, Wesley.

Already this name is becoming widely known as Wesley Barry, aged twelve, takes his place among the stars of film-land.

Photographs by Hartsook, L. A.

On these two pages are glimpses of Wesley Barry in his "swell" cowboy suit, which cost exactly $200. Which, after all, isn't expensive for a high-priced star—if he is only twelve years old

The Orchid

By TRUMAN B.

Photographs by Clarence Bull

"So stands the statue that enchants the
world,
So bending, veils the mingled beauties
of exulting Greece."

PERHAPS the poet would have written his verse to Naomi Childers were he here to have viewed her. Perhaps he would have put into couplets her moon-like radiance that is shed thruout Culver City, California; her élan, which is that of a New York débutante, and her thoughts, which are those of the futurists in art.

Which latter sentiment she brought to light by insisting upon having art for luncheon, in the form of a lavender room with light-grey furniture and Erté drawings in frames upon the walls, and vivid cretonne at the windows. It's so much nicer, she remarked, to dine in a place where you needn't swat the proverbial fly and partake of nourishment from inch-thick near-china.

Art, it has been said, is an auxiliary to happiness. Art, Miss Childers, avowed, is a necessity and, when you glimpse her in the flesh, you're certain to agree with her. But, in the flesh she is exactly the same as she is on the screen, a Broadway Lady Algy, with her soft, semi-Southern drawl, her gracile bearing, her tapered fingers and her cameo-like Grecian nose.

It just happened that, as the statue said, Allah provided this interview. Allah always provides; he has come to Miss Childers' aid at various moments when the clouds have been tinged with grey. He put her onto the stage, and she will emphatically tell you that he will some day put her back there. She was about to say more about her Allah, but the waiter appeared. Tea and cakes, two lumps in the tea and a dash of lemon.

In anticipation of the gastronomic revel, Miss Childers glanced about her. The little Bakst lunchroom seemed the rendezvous of numerous photofamous. John Bowers, after bowing himself in, sat in a corner and commenced to sing something about Kentucky and the angels to his own mandolin accompaniment. Madge Kennedy read a letter. Enid Bennett and her husband, Fred Niblo, chatted volubly with Geraldine Farrar, whose French maid, nearby, was watching her with hawk-like intensity. Tom Moore palavered with Charles Ray and his wife, and Mabel Normand was going into ecstasies over a new consignment of photographs received by Pauline Frederick. Miss Childers put her chin in her hands and looked wistfully thru a pair of violet-grey eyes.

Any stranger who'd ever seen her in the Goldwyns or the old-time Vitagraphs, would have recognized her, altho her manner, semi-cold, semi-disinterested, would not have spurred him on to approaching her without due formality.

Pictures, the willowy Naomi will tell you, have not changed greatly—at least from the actor's standpoint—in the interval of the present and when she played with Vitagraph, perhaps some two or three years.

"Oh, we have hot and cold running water in our dressing rooms now, and perhaps a bit of cretonne

Naomi Childers is a Broadway Lady Algy, with her soft Southern drawl, her gracile bearing, her tapered fingers and her cameo-like Grecian nose. Herewith are three snaps of Miss Childers in the Goldwyn studio yard at Culver City, Cal.

Blooms

HANDY

and a picture or two," she drawled. "Otherwise, it's the same. But the directors dont seem to swear so much, and the continuity we work from is more complete."

I asked her how she felt the first time she stepped before a camera. Was she frightened; did she faint?

"No," she purred, "I wasn't frightened, and I was too inexperienced to know how to faint gracefully. We all felt rather funny, tho—Edith Storey and Rose Tapley and Harry Morey and the rest of us at Vitagraph. They tell me they all experienced the same sensation that I felt, a sort of daze like when you're awakened in the morning by the ringing of a bell and you dont know whether it's the telephone or the alarm clock."

The Childers reminiscences, with their colorful narrative, delivered with a smile and with the eyes half closed—provoke the risibilities of even Tom Moore, who has heard them told before by others. And the orchid-girl speaks feelingly of Edith Storey, who she says is "the cleverest woman on the screen," in addition to being one of the most heroic women of the country.

"She could always do everything none of the rest of us could do," she said. "She could ride and swim and look beautiful when she was dead tired. And act! There was no chance for anyone else when she was on the lot."

And changing the topic to contemporary pictures, my subject impresses one with having given considerable thought to the art. She asked me if I'd ever read Vachel Lindsey. I had? Then, perhaps, I might in a measure understand what she thinks—mainly, that being a star isn't the greatest thing in the life of a cinamese.

Nor will pictures ever progress until one Mr. Griffith gets a new idea and infuses it into the shadow-play.

"Why?" she asked and explained. "Because he seems to be the only man whom people have consistently followed and to whom people look for something hitherto undone to be done. And one of the main reasons for his success hinges upon the

(Continued on page 76)

Photograph by Clarence Bull

Two views of Miss Childers in Tom Moore productions. Most of all Naomi craves: "Three pictures a year, a house at Newport with a real collection of genuine paintings, some good-looking gowns and large quantities of French novels"

Photograph above by Abbe

The Varied Lionel

Lionel Barrymore is dividing his time between the footlights and the films. His remarkable stage performance in "The Jest" is in marked contrast with his celluloid creation in Famous Players-Artcraft's "The Copperhead." At the upper right is a glimpse of Mr. Barrymore in "The Jest." The other two pictures are from "The Copperhead"

She Loves and Lies

Fictionized from the Norma Talmadge Photoplay

By DOROTHY DONNELL

Marie Callender was waking up luxuriously. The process was a very becoming one, involving many dainty yawns, much stretching of round, dimpled arms and rubbing of velvety brown eyes. For two weeks she had enjoyed this portion of the day with a passionate delight such as can only be experienced by those who have been accustomed to being awakened by the raucous voice of a tin alarm clock to the smell of frying boarding-house onions and a battle of wits for the possession of the bathroom.

It was a wonderful sensation to be able to turn over on one's pillows in defiance of the sunlight pointing an accusing finger thru the drawn dimity curtains, to sleep and wake again, and half sleep and drowse, and at last to sit up among one's tossed linen and silk covers—so, and reach out a pink finger-tip—so, to the bell that will summon deferential maid and a silver and fragrant breakfast tray. Marie's finger fell abruptly. She shook the last traces of sleep from her with a single jerk of her dark curls, drew her knees up to her chest and encircled them with her arms.

Marie shook the last trace of sleep from her with a single jerk of her dark curls, drew her knees up to her chest and encircled them with her arms

"Oh, darn!" she sighed. "What a silly world this is anyhow!"

Surely an ungrateful remark from one who in the last fortnight had taken the step from poverty to riches with a single bound, but there was the crumpled newspaper on the floor, where the eyes of her extremely active imagination could read the words that provoked the remark. "Young Ship-Builder Threatened with Bankruptcy. Ernest Lismore Said to Be in Need of Large Sums to Defeat the Conspiracy of the Stockholders——"

"I wonder," mused Marie, "what 'large sums' means? I've seen the time when a five-dollar bill looked like all the money in the world. And he has such *ducky* eyes, and such a perfectly *sweet* chin! It's simply wicked that he should have to fail when I've got a million or two that he could have just as well as *not*, and all because of the perfectly *stupid* things people would say!"

With Marie thought and action were practically synonymous. She reached for the telephone, disguised as a Dresden shepherdess, on the stand by the bedside and called a number. After a season of energetic waiting—Marie was always energetic—a protesting voice answered, evidently around a cigaret. "If it's the landlord, all I've got to say is that you'll have to wait—and serve you right, too! The roof leaked last night and turned a perfectly good clay model of 'The Naked Truth' into *mud*—positively mud! It's the worst attic in the Village, and, believe me, if you think——"

"Polly!"—Marie shook the telephone irritably—"for heaven's sake quit it! I'm in terrible trouble, and you've got to help me!

Trouble? You! What trouble can a girl with a million dollars have?" Polly's amazement evidently displaced the cigaret. "Lord, child, you dont know what the word means—

Ernest tried to drink his frosted tea cake and to crumble his cup. His handsome young face was dully crimson

look it up in the dictionary."

"It isn't money," Marie wailed, "but—well, the fact is—I'm in love! What's that? So long as I'm not married, that's not a trouble? But you dont understand. I dont even *know* him, and now on account of this darned money, I never shall! You see, he lived next door to Mr. Goldsmith when auntie and I were there last June, and when the fire happened, he rescued me, and so—well, of course, I fell in love with him, but poor William was so jealous he wouldn't introduce me, and now he's going to fail in business and I cant do anything! How can I go to him and say 'Take my money! I've fallen in love with your eyes!' Oh, he'd despise me; he'd think I was bold and brazen and unfeminine—what's that?"

For a long time the other end of the wire hummed, and Marie's expressions ran the gamut of emotions from doubt, disapproval, to final enthusiasm. "Polly, you bobbed-haired Solomon! You Socrates in smocks! I believe to my soul you've hit it! A girl that can out-Eddie Foy ought to be able to —I knew there was some reason why I kept my make-up box and props! Oh, boy! Wait till you see!" and she kist the telephone ardently. "Good-by, darling! You certainly have got brains, even if you do live in Greenwich Village!"

Ernest Lismore was a man without discernment, which is really tautological. No man is discerning, but he had even less than the others of the bifurcated sex. Still, let us give him his due. Marie Callender had not been Marie Max of the two-a-day for ten years without result, and, moreover, the piece of work she did now was the best she had ever accomplished. There was in the dainty, dignified little old lady of sixty-odd who sat serenely pouring tea with little, delicately withered hands, not the the faintest trace of the lovely little plotter of the morning. From iron-grey, high-piled hair to the tips of her cloth-gaitered boots, she was perfect, and her voice carried out the illusion with its tiny suggestion of a quaver, its precise enunciation.

"My dear boy, there is nothing in the least odd in what I'm suggesting," she assured the perturbed and visibly embarrassed young man before her; "it's simply that I'm interested in you, as a grandmother lady is privileged to be interested in one who might have been"—she sighed artistically—"*should* have been her own kith and kin if there had not been a miserable boy-and-girl misunderstanding half a century ago!"

Ernest made a ghastly pretense of laughing lightly. To find a might-have-been grandmother, and to have her propose to one all in the course of fifteen minutes, *is* upsetting, and several nights of insomniac worry had already weakened his constitution. "It's awfully kind of you—awfully good and all that," he choked, "but really, I dont see——"

"You dont have to see," this amazing old lady smiled, and he noticed, with a sinking of the heart, that despite the network of fine lines in her cheeks, her chin was really terrifyingly determined. "Of course, marriage with me would be a mere matter of form in order to enable me to get possession of my money. I have already explained the terms of the will—the principal comes into my possession only when I marry 'from choice.' You take the money, save your business, and return it, and whenever you wish I will free you. Perfectly simple, *per*-fect-ly—a mere business proposition."

Ernest tried to drink his frosted tea-cake and to crumble his cup. His handsome young face was dully crimson, his young hands shook, his young voice also. "I—of course, it's impossible to take advantage of your kindness, but I'm no end grateful! I'll make out to weather this storm somehow, and if I dont—well"—he stretched out his big, lean hands—"I've got these left."

"Nonsense!" said the little old lady, vigorously. When she was aroused, her voice seemed to lose its quaver of age. "Be a sensible boy. I'd adopt you if I could get around that idiotic will, but as I cant, I'm going to marry you. *That's* settled. And now have another cup of tea and let's talk about politics or something!"

It was her matter-of-factness that won out in the end. She actually made the incredible thing sound plausible, even sensible. He went away from the grey-shadowed room, with its subdued lights and cosy tea-table, with the feeling of a sore-hearted youngster who has been comforted. It seemed as if a load had been taken bodily off his shoulders, and tho he called himself "cad" and "contemptible cur" and other hard names, he found himself actually whistling as he strode up the avenue. The shipyards would be saved, then, and he would have a wife—a dear little, grey little grandmother-wife who would pet him and bully him and pour out tea from a squatty silver pot.

"Of course," Ernest Lismore assured himself, "it isn't true—any of it! And *she* least of all! Yet I couldn't have dreamed her possibly. And of course, I'm not going to do it."

But he knew quite well that he was going to do it. And he did. He was very silent on the ride back from the church, where the ceremony had been privately performed, so silent that the small grey person beside him was secretly rather dismayed. But once in her sitting-room, he spoke with stern lips. "I am ashamed of myself for saving my business in this way. I didn't realize what I was doing until the minister said those words. My God! Why, I ought to be horsewhipped for letting your divine kindness of heart make me fall so low! But I'll try to make the best amends I can, and that means, first of all, I'll save my shipyards and pay you back, and after that——"

He did not finish, but alone in her own room later, Marie finished for him. "Afterwards, my dear," she said to the little grey person in the glass before her, "afterwards he is going to throw us over. Oh, very nicely, and very gracefully, and all that, but that's what he means." Her lips took on naughty and most ungrandmotherly curves. "He's certain to fall in love," she mused, "and I wonder—I *wonder* who's going to be the girl? As his wife I surely have the right of picking out my successor, at least. Yes! I think Polly can be useful again!"

For some weeks the marital life of Ernest Lismore ran smoothly, being confined chiefly to breakfasting across the table from a dainty little lavender figure, all ruffles and ribbons and old-fashioned gilt-gold brooches, who saw to it that his toast was soft and his egg hard and his coffee exactly the right shade. Behind the disfiguring spectacles his wife's surprisingly young eyes rested on the handsome head behind the morning newspaper with anything but a maternal expression, had he either seen it or been able to interpret it, but his attitude toward her was one of distant respect. He was sometimes garrulous, sometimes pettish, sometimes sulky, sometimes gay, but he was never affectionate.

"It's high time," decided Marie's alert brain, under the grey-waved wig, "that he had a love affair."

The next morning she looked across the table casually. "Oh, Ernie-Boy," she said, briskly, "I see in the paper that there is to be an exhibition of modernist paintings in the Dawn galleries this afternoon. Now, heaven knows where that is, but you could find out, couldn't you, and go down and glance over the pictures for me? I'm looking for a wedding-present for a young couple I know."

The Dawn galleries appeared to be two rooms, so dark that they had to be lighted by gas-jets and painted a startling shade of orange-yellow. Paper lanterns added a festive touch, and wooden kitchen chairs of purple, picked out with pink cabbage-roses,

Of the ensuing hours he had only a vague recollection . . . of one lady . . . who finally insisted in sitting upon his knee

lined the walls. Several people with prominent souls and receding chins were moving about the rooms, saying vague, wise things about the exhibit. Ernest, after a single hasty glance about the walls, began to sneak toward the doors. He did not care for the exploded-egg school of painting; he was not attracted to young women who wore their hair short and their finger-nails long. But before he could escape, a hand fell upon his arm, pinioning him.

"Oh, *Mis*-ter Lismore!" gurgled a feminine voice. "Whoever would think we should have the pleasure of seeing *you* down *here!* Dont tell me you have gone in for art? Is it interior decorating? Or the one-act play? And *do* let me introduce you to Miss Daye—June dear, this is *Mis*-ter Lismore!"

A glance at the speaker, who had fan teeth, wore a dirty smock of a sickly green and carried a cigaret, opened Ernest's lips for a denial of acquaintanceship. Wherever she had picked up his name he had never, to his knowledge, met this creature before. But with the words upon his lips, he paused. Beside the weird lady of the pale green draperies stood another, as different as the dawn is different from gas-light, as the art of Pericles differs from the art of Greenwich Village.

June Daye was slim and small; she was dark, with golden gleams about her; she was lovely. This much he saw with the first glance, and seeing, Wisdom nudged him with horny forefinger, prompting him to flee, while Desire whispered seductively to him to stay. He stayed.

Before Wisdom was finally able to drag him away, he had spent four hours in the dim, æsthetic light of the Dawn galleries, discussing modernist art with the passionate zeal of a devotee, admiring the picture of the nude negress seated upon the top of a cone-shaped mountain, clutching a basket of carrots and pineapples and signifying the whichness of the whither, or some such thing, as Polly suggested. He was reeling with drunken sunsets, shrapnel moonrises and geometrical pictures that resembled the view thru a kaleidoscope when he finally turned his steps homeward, but it was not of the pictures he was thinking, but rather of a vivid little face, glowing under great masses of warm, dark, fragrant hair. Not until his feet halted on the very threshold of his home did remembrance flood icily over him—his *wife!* He was married! He, a married man, had actually promised to return to the Village the following afternoon to drink tea—dare-devil function!—in Polly's studio, where the charming June also dwelt!

When, over the coffee the next morning, Marie spoke of the exhibit, he replied morosely that it had been "tommyrot" and he had stayed only a moment. "However," he added, with an effort at nonchalance, "I heard of an artist who does good work, and I'm going to—hm—run up to her—to his studio this afternoon, if I get time."

He had the grace to blush outrageously at this, and departed hastily, leaving the little lavender lady smiling demurely to herself over nothing at all. "I shall soon have cause for jealousy, I fear," she murmured, "now I know how poor, dear old William felt!"

Thus disrespectfully did she speak of her elderly fiancé, William Goldsmith, whose opportune death on the very outskirts of matrimony had left her the enviable perquisite of getting up at whatever shameless hour she chose.

Polly's studio proved even more impossible than Ernest had feared. It was very dirty, very, very embarrassingly feminine, with its intimate garments hanging from the corners of the furniture, and hairpins, cigaret ashes and powder scattered over everything. It contained broken chairs, tables with unwashed dishes, a model throne, several sticky clay statues—and June, June, looking more adorable than ever in a loose smock of a flaring pink that lighted twin flames in her soft cheeks as she smiled shyly up into his eyes.

Of the ensuing hours he had only a vague recollection afterward. He knew hazily that there had been other people, awful people who tittered shrilly, and smoked like fur-

He saw Marie lean forward and just brush the hair of the handsome y. f. with a kiss

"My wife," said Ernest Lismore and he said it like a prayer

naces and struck posterish attitudes. He knew that there had been one lady arrayed airily in a sheet, and bare as to feet, who did a dance which she entitled "Psyche, the Soul," with much elbow motion, and who finally insisted, to his horror, in sitting upon his knee and doing things to his hair while he writhed in agony.

He knew that there was a blessed interval when he was alone with June. Afterwards, in the middle of the night, he awoke in a cold sweat trying to determine what he had said to her, and only after great mental strain being able to assure himself that he had spoken merely of Art with a capital "A."

"I wont go back to that damned place!" he cried out loud, blushing chastely in the darkness at the memory of the barefoot lady. "Hang it all, I'm a married man——"

But—"Married your grandmother!" jeered his baser self, startlingly apt. "Think of that girl, man; think of her hair, think of her eyes, and the way her face crinkles up when she smiles."

For several days Ernest managed to withstand temptation, much to the unwifely chagrin of Marie Max, née Callender and, more lately, Lismore, who also went by the cognomen of June Daye. "He doesn't love me, after all, Polly!" she moped, poking disconsolately about the studio. "I dont know the first thing about vamping, evidently."

"He's afraid," the canny Polly opined. "Scared to death! I've noticed it myself. Men always run away from me for fear they'll fall in love with me."

But if Ernest did not come, Bob Brummel, an old flame of the period of the two-a-day, did. A slapstick comedian, Bob, who had originated an act called "A Half-Hour with an Umbrella," which, according to his tale, had brought 'em down from good ol' Peru, Maine, to the well-known Los Angeles. It was good to hear the almost forgotten patter of the stage, and Marie forgot, for the time being, her marital and love tangle. But Bob soon brought it to the fore by attempting a kiss.

"You mustn't!" Marie cried, in a panic of propriety. "I'm —I'm married now!"

(*Continued on page* 86)

SHE LOVES AND LIES

Fictionized from the Norma Talmadge screen production, adapted by Grant Carpenter from Wilkie Collins' story. Directed by Chester Withey. The cast:

Marie Callender Marie Max June Daye	Norma Talmadge
Ernest Lismore	Conway Tearle
Polly Poplar	Octavia Broske
Bob Brummel	Phillips Tead
Carrie Chisholm	Ida Darling

Idealist and Artist

Photograph by Hartsook, L. A.

Before me sat the Idealist of the screen, Maurice Tourneur! Leaning back in my chair I studied the man who has made fairy-tales, visions, and poems live and breathe before the camera.

Mr. Tourneur is somewhat larger than the average Frenchman, and indeed, looks more like a husky athlete than an artist and poet, yet the moment he spoke I felt as if I were in the audience chamber of an Oracle, for every word he utters is heavy with meaning and significant of deep thought.

"Life is so beautiful we should not wish to change it, yet that is what we endeavor to accomplish in motion pictures," began Mr. Tourneur, gazing thoughtfully thru the open windows of his study at the Goldwyn studio in Culver City, where he is making his pictures.

"On the screen the lovers always plight their troth in moonlit gardens where birds are singing and roses blooming, while in reality, love comes quietly, mysteriously, anywhere, everywhere—in the noisy thorofare, in the shabby cottage, in the village street—it awaits not for the proper 'set.'

"We must learn to find romance and beauty in everyday life, among everyday people. This is the appeal of O. Henry, he found love, adventure, romance, in every moment of life.

"Oh, for a new director, a young revolutionist! One who will come into the field and, flinging open the windows and doors, sweep aside the old conventional methods. It is the *obvious* that holds us manacled to the old systems.

"Think of the relief it would be to show the bad man of the play doing a good turn for once; to allow the hero to slip occasionally; to permit the vampire to forget her eternal cigaret and give alms to a poor beggar!

"Think of the sensation it would cause if that young director of the future—the one who is going to make every one of us gasp—will not take his scenes in the best of conditions, with a perfect backlighting beautifully reflected by silver screens, but instead, take them as they really are, in the morning with long shadows, in the sadness of dull, grey weather, perhaps even in the rain. With these snatches of life, seen thru an artist's eyes, he will have a magic garment which will prove astonishingly beautiful and delightfully realistic—*life* itself!"

"And 'Treasure Island,' *why* did you select it for a picture?" I questioned, breaking upon his reverie.

"Chiefly because everyone loves the story," came Mr. Tourneur's prompt reply. "There was one thing, however, that worried me—the lack of romance, I mean, the lack of sex appeal romance. I had the choice of changing it into a conventional love story, and I would rather have died than do such a thing, or of putting a girl into the cast in the rôle of Jim Hawkins. I put the girl in. Shirley Mason plays this rôle.

"Oh, for a new director, a young Revolutionist!" says Maurice Tourneur. "One who will come into the field and, flinging open the windows and doors, sweep aside the old conventional methods. It is the obvious that holds us manacled to the old systems"

By MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

She is the size of an eighteen-year-old lad and is an excellent actress. Oh, I have already been criticised for doing this but it seemed the better plan to me.

"There is plenty of romance of the sea in 'Treasure Island.' You remember the pirates? I made them prominent, and what a time I had with those pirates. At first they acted like a Sunday school class at a picnic or a lot of masqueraders strutting around the plaza on a holiday parade. Toward the end, however, they became very clever. My God, how they learnt to swear! I blushed while I took the scenes. They were dirty, too, and enjoyed it after true pirate fashion.

"We hear much about the American audience not caring for fairy-tales, that they are too practical to find enjoyment in such wild, imaginary stories, and when presented *as* fairy-tales this is only too true, but in the present-day motion pictures we must admit that the characters are just the same as in the fairy-tales.

"To be sure the handsome hero wears a frock coat or sport flannels rather than the feathered cap and velvet mantle of the days of yore; the lovely princess is attired in modish frocks rather than in the cloth of gold woven by the Queen of the Fairies.

"The story is the same, for the good fairies are always more powerful than the wicked, the monstrous dragon, or villain, is always vanquished, virtue triumphs over evil, the lovers marry and live happily ever after.

"Motion Pictures must move onward to the place where life seen thru an artist's mind will find expression on the screen," says Mr. Tourneur. "Suggestion must take the place of exact delineation, impressionism in place of the literal transcription, alike in motive and execution"

"This only shows that audiences do not always know what they want. The artist, the musician, do not ask their patrons what they want, they give them what they themselves *wish* to give them. The modistes do not ask their customers what the styles shall be. Oh, no, they get together and decide that next year the women shall dress to look like mushrooms, and behold, next year they all look like mushrooms, and they like it!"

Maurice Tourneur's life has been most eventful and colorful. He was born in France in 1878, graduating from Lycee Condorcet at the age of eighteen. His first step in the artistic world was as a designer and interior decorator. He illustrated everything, designed fabrics, lace curtains and stage settings. He became associated with Rodin, and later assisted the great artist, Puvis de Chavannes, in designing the decoration for the Boston Public Library. Then came three years in the French Army as an officer of artillery.

When his period of military service expired he turned to the stage and his rise in this profession was rapid. His first engagement was with a road show giving four one-act plays on one-night stands, and Mr. Tourneur laughingly recalled in those four plays he acted nine parts.

This was followed by a world tour with Mme. Rejane, which included England, Portugal, Italy, Spain, Africa, and South America.

It was about this time that motion pictures began to take their place in the amusement world and he became associated with Emile Chautard, director general of the Compagnie Eclair, the leading film company of Paris. After a short experience in acting and directing, he was sent to Africa to produce war pictures and with the entire French Army at his command, he made a number of notable productions.

(*Continued on page* 81)

The Kodak Girl

Photograph right © by Evans, L. A.
Photograph below by Hartsook, L. A.

A Rochester girl, Edith Johnson, became known the world over as "the Kodak girl." Miss Johnson posed for Eastman Kodak advertising pictures from the time she was fourteen. She started her screen career with Lubin

THE distinction of being one of the most-photographed and advertised girls in the world belongs to Edith Johnson. Not that she achieved this result thru her short career in motion pictures. It was because the Eastman Kodak Company selected her from a number of aspirants to pose for their advertisements.

You have seen Edith Johnson in every sort of kodak pose from the time she was fourteen years old, even tho she "made up" to add a few years. She was born in Rochester—perhaps that is why the Eastman people thought *home talent* should have first chance. Thru her earnings, Miss Johnson was able to take a college course, and because of her much-photographed beauty, a small part was offered her with the Lubin Company, in Philadelphia.

However, William Duncan's leading lady states emphatically that her *reel* life only began when she entered his company to do serials. While she had studied make-up and action with other companies, her opportunities were decidedly limited. Yet it was because Mr. Duncan chanced to enter a theater where the feature showed Edith Johnson playing leads, that she received a telephone invitation to come to the Vitagraph lot and talk over "a little business proposition." The first day's talk covered Edith's screen experience and sounded her on the question of playing serials. No mention of salary had been made by Mr. Duncan, and contracts were not even referred to. The star and the girl who had played opposite Tyrone Power in several productions parted pleasantly, but without even a "see you again soon" expression.

Within the second setting of the sun, the telephone summoned Miss Johnson again to the Vitagraph, and this time she was offered a salary much in advance of her previous earnings and asked to do one picture. She's doing the third serial with the Scotch star now, the first having been "The Fight for Millions." This was succeeded by "The Man of Might" and now "Smashing Barriers" is nearing completion.

Edith Johnson has been described as a blonde. That's because she wears a golden wig defying detection. In repose, she is almost a twin to Beverly Bayne—and the girls were born in the same year, 1895. Miss Johnson is two inches taller than Mrs. Bushman, but of the same delicately rounded build. She has tenderly feminine brown eyes—eyes not to be associated with death-defying stunts.

Miss Johnson is blest with strong individuality, makes intimacies slowly and yet is charmingly entertaining on first acquaintance. She

By FRITZI REMONT

dresses far more like an Easterner than a California girl, always choosing grey, white or black frocks. We of the West, so accustomed to ruby lips and tinted cheeks on the streets, with frocks outbidding the flowers in brilliancy, find the quiet costuming and creamy pallor of Edith Johnson a distinct oddity. But if her furbelows are modest and almost colorless, the jewels of Edith Johnson reveal regal splendor. They are many and priceless.

"Did you ride before you went into pictures?" I asked, as we sat in her second-floor dressing-room. The little chamber assigned to Miss Johnson is made habitable by wall drapes of blue and white silkoline, the dressing-table and boxes being covered with the same material. At Vitagraph, the dressing-rooms were hurriedly put up, sans plaster and presenting a very uninviting appearance, so Edith got busy with tacks and hammer and has a sky-blue cage with three windows and to which *very* few are admitted; in fact——

"You see, I chose this end room because I can hear any one come up the stairs and walk along the dressing-room row—and they're not admitted *if I hear them coming first!*" Miss Johnson laughed merrily. "One has so little time, and it is very disturbing to entertain visitors. The colored maid asked me today why I didn't take the room next to mine, formerly occupied by Bessie Love. It's much larger and has a better lighting system, but I know I should not be nearly so safe, and I would miss the view of the hills and sunsets possible to these end windows.

Photographs © by Evans, L. A.

William Duncan, the Vitagraph serial star, saw Miss Johnson in the films playing with Tyrone Power. He immediately engaged her. Result—Miss Johnson is one of the best known of screen players

"Oh, yes, you were asking about my riding? I never had been on a horse before I went into serials. The first day I rode I was not even given a chance to practice, but just sent off on what seemed a fiery steed to me. We rushed down a hillside until I hadn't a hairpin left, but I clung on and made it safely. When I was to alight my knees shook so and I was so frightened they had to lift me off. But *now!* You should see me. I'm not afraid to take anything—broad jumps, streams, chasms or anything the picture requires.

"There is only one stunt in which I use a double—the swimming scene. I have a terrible fear of the water. Yes, I can swim, but the moment I find myself in water above the chest I almost lose consciousness with fear, so I know it would not be safe for me to attempt water stunts."

"Did you ever have a real scare—something that would put crimps into your hair for a week?"

"Yes, I had a horrid experience with a lion in

(Continued on page 78)

Understudying Mary

By CHARLES G. RICH

OVER all the surface of the world—wherever motion pictures are shown—and that means everywhere except on the deserts, in the mountain fastnesses, the forests and the jungle—little girls and big girls too, with curly blonde hair and girls with hair that is neither blonde nor curly—have stood long and often before their mirrors and have tried to find in the reflection something that resembled the great Mary Pickford.

Curls have been pinned on—heads have been tilted and mouths have been pouted—and sometimes when the looking glass caught a fleeting expression that is peculiar to the big star, the joy of the poser has known no bounds.

Photograph © by Hartsook, L. A.

Photograph above by Hartsook, L. A.

Upper right, Mary herself; while, above and at the right, is Louise Du Pre, Miss Pickford's double

And with what a dizzying thrill of pleasure, has the small girl with the blonde curls heard someone say: "She looks just like Mary Pickford." For days thereafter, the little girl thus complimented has lived in a sort of fairyland and dreamed dreams that someday—perhaps—?

Dreams do come true—sometimes—and the little girls with the curly blonde hair and the other girls with neither the blonde hair nor the curls, are now to learn that the joyous dream of looking, and actually acting, "just like Mary Pickford," has come true for one little lady, whose name is Louise Du Pre.

Louise Du Pre is "just like Mary Pickford," or as nearly so as nature ever cast two human beings. Miss Pickford, herself, discovered this fact and when she started the production of "Pollyanna" she engaged Miss Du Pre as her understudy. The first understudy to a screen star in the history of motion pictures.

All of the big stars on the speaking stage have understudies, but Louise Du Pre is the first legitimate understudy to a screen star. How many other motion picture stars will follow Miss Pickford's lead will depend upon the difficult task of finding talent, plus perfect resemblance; because the stage star needs only dramatic ability in her understudy while the screen star must find one that duplicates her in appearance.

"When Miss Pickford sent for me and offered me the position as her understudy," says Miss Du Pre, "I realized that the honor was one that millions of

(Continued on page 84)

Stuart, lifting the canvas from the easel to the light, tried to look doubtful and critical, instead of proud

The Broken Melody

Fictionized from the Eugene O'Brien–Selznick Photoplay

By OLIVE CAREW

STUART GRANT lived in a studio in Bohemia. Now Bohemia has been said by some sage souls to be merely a state of mind, and by other scoffers, who get their notions of the world out of their morning's newspaper, to be absolutely non-existent. It has even been unkindly called a pose.

But we know better, we who have lived in Bohemia, have eaten in its tiny, smoky cellars—or not at all, have wrangled deliciously long hours with congenial spirits over a straw-covered bottle of Joe's acid red claret, have hoped, and hungered, played and toiled with youth that makes all hardships jokes, with joy that dresses poverty in the motley of light-heartedness. And, by the bye, it is as well to say here that our Bohemia is not related to that commercial, self-conscious, imitation thing of gift shops and smocks, Mad Hatter tea rooms, artists' balls, freak hair-dressing and sight-seers, which is sometimes called by that name.

THE BROKEN MELODY

Told in story form from Ouida Bergere's story produced by Selznick Pictures. Starring Eugene O'Brien. Directed by William P. S. Earle. The cast:

Stuart Grant	Eugene O'Brien
Hedda Dana	Lucy Cotton
Mrs. Drexel Trass	Corinne Barker
Howard Thornby	Donald Hall
Le Roy Clemons	Ivan Dawson
Musician	Gus Weinberg

We who love Bohemia jealously guard its exact geographical location. Definiteness would let the world into our secret. "Take the Fifth Avenue bus, then turn West from the Square—" that is enough for Philistines to know. They would call our old tottering brick houses "picturesque," and privately "tenementy," they would rave over our work (and we know how bad it is, how far short it falls of the Glory), they would mess thru our brave, Mother Hubbardy cupboards, they would trail in gaping groups up and down our stairs, in and out of our courtyards, into our attics, trample over our hopes, and our beliefs and our youngnesses.

So we will say simply that Stuart Grant lived in Bohemia. (Find the place if you can!) More definitely he lived

At the third sitting she told Stuart he was a great artist and wasting his time in prosaic and stolid America

under the exceeding sloping roof of a brick dwelling that was old when Washington stood on the steps of the City Hall, two miles away, and took command of his army. The plumbing was not of the most modern, to speak euphuistically, and in winter there was no getting away from the fact that the attic let in as much cold as in summer it let in the sun. But Stuart took these things for granted. He took it for granted that he should often not have enough in his pocket to satisfy his healthy young appetite, and that at times he should feast magnificently with the proceeds of a painting—his own or one of his friends'. He took it for granted that he should fall in love frequently with some beautiful lady—perhaps in a passing limousine, or it may be the little black-eyed waitress at Joe's, and should be loved in return, and should fall out of love as harmlessly and gaily. He took it also for granted that he should rap on the door across the hall every morning at nine, and be told to enter upon a gay little attic corner, all bright with yellow tarlton and paint and fragrant with the smell of frying sausages, with Hedda——

We will come to Hedda presently.

The power to take all these things for granted is only possessed by philosophers, and young and artistic people under thirty. So you know now something of Stuart's age. But you do not know that he had an exceeding wholesome, clean young body, curly black hair, too long—not because he wanted to look artistic but because it was less expensive so, and gay, clear blue eyes that met the world trustfully, and branded him at once as a son of that merry, simple, firey race who still believe in fairies.

It was Hedda who had nick-named him "Paddie," for this same strain in him, and as Paddie the whole Quarter knew him, and loved him for his sins and his virtues and the light that came into his Irish eyes when the moon lay over the Arch, or the sun was like copper upon the old Italian beggar woman's shawl. Hedda was the other occupant of the attic floor. She was very small and incredibly slender and flower-dainty, and she was going to be a great singer by and by. She was going to wear Marguerite's grey robe, and sit spinning in a painted orchard at the Metropolitan and the whole world was to be at her small feet, which—to tell the truth—were very shabbily shod at present, with a great patch over one slim instep, but that is a mere detail.

She was singing the rôle now, perched on the rickety old bureau in Stuart's studio, while old Ivan, the cello player drew the chords of the Jewel Song from his bow, and Stuart's brush fairly danced over his canvas to the gush of silvery song. When the last of them winged into silence he flung down his brush, laughing.

"You sing that, Hedda," he taxed her, "absolutely shamelessly! You sing it *greedily*—as if you really did long for diamonds and rubies and pearls!"

She flushed, laughed lazily, not quite meeting his eyes. "Moi, je suis artiste, Monsieur!" she defended herself, "an artist must be able to pretend all the feelings in the world!"

"No. You are wrong," Ivan said suddenly from his corner, speaking crossly as he always did. "An artist must have *felt* all the feelings in the world."

"Would you have Hedda turn murderer, then, or go mad in order to sing Lucia?" asked Stuart, indignantly. "Must the poor girl break her heart for love, be rent with the pangs of jealousy, tattered with revenge, poisoned with hate? Nonsense, Ivan—look at the way Hedda just sung 'ni belle, ni demoiselle'—she couldn't have put more heart-break into it if she'd been head-over-heels in love!"

The old cello player looked deliberately at the girl, perched on the bureau. Stuart's broad, unconscious back was toward them and he did not see the confessing crimson sweep the delicate hollows of her beauty under the hard, searching old eyes that seemed to say to her, "You *do* know? You could not sing that way if you did not know love."

There was a piteous entreaty in the look she cast at him, and he only said, dryly, "Humph!" and fell to scraping at his instrument. An old man, Ivan, with the juices of life dried out of him till he seemed to rustle like a dried mullen stalk when he moved. He lived in a tiny room below the attic floor, played in an orchestra of a motion picture house, and what he thought, no one had ever been able to discover, but he watched over the two young people on the top floor zealously, and they accepted him as one of the natural facts of the world without question.

Hedda sprang down from her bureau and sauntered over to the easel, and then she gave a little cry. "Oh, Paddie!" she gasped, "Oh, Paddie, it's beautiful! I'm afraid you're going to get There first."

There was, of course, Success. But Stuart, lifting the canvas from the easel to the light, tried to look doubtful and critical, instead of proud. It was a very crude little sketch a corner of an old Dutch garden with splashy hollyhocks and larkspur, and a girl rocking a wooden cradle, the sun across her quaint white head-gear and her musing face, but it was done ideally, with a brush dipped into dreams. "Pretty poor stuff,' he grudged it, shaking his head, "the face isn't ba tho. I ought to chuck trying to paint real pictures and go in for portraits pretty ladies with diamond tiaras on, or magazine covers—"

"The very idea!" cried Hedda, shocked by such profanatio "you wait, you just wait! Some day somebody will *discove* you, Paddie, and they'll hang you in the Metropolitan and they'll write books about you, and I shall be so proud to remember that I used to know you—"

"*Used* to?" Stuart inquired. "What's the big idea? Ar you going to cut my acquaintance as soon as I get successful? Because if that's the way you feel about it, I'm just not going to be at home when Fame comes knocking!"

And at that moment Fame came knocking. The man wh stood on the threshold was very much out of place there He was all shiny broadcloth, and patent leather shoes, and silk hat, what of him was not pink flesh and pomaded black hair and smallish, knowing eyes. He had the effect of making the whole attic look rather wretched and shabby, instead of romantic. Stuart Grant did not like the way h glanced from him to Hedda either. It made him feel ho all over, he did not know just why.

"Miss Dana?" the man asked—Stuart felt an impulse knock him over for the way he said Hedda's name. "Hm! I'm Leroy Clemons. Maybe you've heard of me, eh? Manager of the Frivols! Somebody tipped me off you could sing, eh?"

At the fourth sitting she suggested, quite casually, that he should go to Paris

"It is I, Hedda,"
Stuart whispered

Stuart gripped his brush fiercely and painted with set jaw for many moments, quite ruining the canvas, and trying not to listen to Hedda's silver voice parading itself in the little room across the hall for Leroy Clemons. For he too had heard of Clemons, knew that he was a Power in the musical world, albeit it was in light shows in which a slim ankle was as necessary a qualification as a voice, knew that if he decided to take up Hedda and exploit her she would not have to live in garrets any longer—

"Damn! Oh damn!" he burst out suddenly, and flung his brush in a splotch of ochre upon the floor. "I thought—I wanted—"

Old Ivan, forgotten till now, crept out of his corner, thrusting his dry old face close. "You thought you were in love with her?" he asked. "You wanted to marry her perhaps?"

Stuart Grant stared at him wonderingly. "Why," he stammered, "I—believe—I believe to my soul that's exactly what I did want, tho I never realized it!"

Lose Hedda? Not hear her voice (that was like a flute in the sunshine) calling at his door, not have a little yellow-shabby room with sausages sizzling to turn to in the mornings—Preposterous. Why she was a part of Life—she was a part of *him*.

But old Ivan was persistent. "You haven't told her?" there was anxiety in his parchment face. Actually, thought Stuart resentfully, he was afraid he would marry Hedda! It couldn't be jealousy—what could it be? He was soon to learn. For in the uninflectional voice of sixty old Ivan proceeded to tell him what marriage would mean to Hedda—for "I'm not denying," said he, "that she'd marry you. Women are all fools!"—he painted the future before her, the wonderful opportunities, the success waiting for her. He made Stuart see her applauded, beautiful, surrounded with the luxury that was her due, a great singer with the world for her audience—Italy, Paris, England—and as against that brilliant picture he made him see the reverse side of the canvas, the dinginess of life as the wife of a struggling painter, living always among the poor, tawdry makeshifts that would not seem funny or romantic as they grew older.

"Do you dare to tie a woman like that to your poverty—to wash your chipped crockery for you and cook your squalid meals? What chance would Love have to live in such an atmosphere? You would see her look growing hard, and turning to indifference and then scorn, and then—hate! I know. Oh, yes," and he laughed cacklingly, "I know!"

Stuart Grant was stricken dumb. It was as tho he saw himself and his garret and the Future in new guise. His eyes were dark with the bitterness of looking on their stark nakedness. He spoke slowly, because he did not want to cry. "I—see. I'm a failure, and failures mustn't marry. It's perfectly simple. Oh, quite."

Old Ivan was pitiless; he finally extracted a promise from Stuart that he would not tell Hedda that he loved her—"if he could help it." When she came in, tremulous with the great news that Leroy Clemons had actually offered her a part in his new musical show, she was puzzled and a trifle hurt at Stuart's silence. "Of course," she

"Hedda, you shall have your jewels after all!"

said apologetically, "I know it isn't much, but it's a beginning, Paddie! And everyone has to begin."

"You'll be getting your diamonds and rubies and pearls after all," he laughed, but the sound hurt her edgily; "well, this requires celebration! How about a party at Joe's tonight, with the gang all there? And perhaps we can persuade Joe to forget about prohibition for once, beefsteak, too!" He was reckless, tho she guessed that his watch would be missing the next day. His gaiety rang hollow like a drum, but she was a good sport, was Hedda. She fastened a smile before her hurt, donned the Pierrette guise of mockery and went to his party, star-eyed.

It was a very gay party indeed. Perhaps the contents of the tea cups that Joe kept filled was partly responsible. All of the guests were young, and shabby. Some of them laughed because they were happy, some of them because they were sad. The whitewash of the dingy rooms flared with fantastic shadows, toasting a shadow lady who sat upon a dais at the head of the long bare tables. Stuart, seeing them, was seized with an idea. He leaped from his seat to the fireplace and found a char of wood. With this he began to sketch roughly upon the wall where Hedda's pure profile was cut in shadow like a cameo.

He was so engrossed that he didn't notice that their seclusion had been invaded by a squad of "trippers" doing the Village, uptown women with crisp, carefully dressed hair and fragile draperies, who stared at the feasters, and whispered together and laughed stridently. From the table on the balcony where they sat one of these women could look down upon Stuart, at his fantastic work Gracia Trask was one of those women in the twilight zone of society. She had been a trifle too much married for entire—well, respectability, and yet she had enough money, almost, to cover all her sins, and she was undeniably lovely in a finished and calculated fashion. The men of society liked Mrs. Trask, the women sniffed at her, avoided her—and invited her to their big affairs.

She had been good for a long time, nearly eleven months to be exact, and she was horribly bored. Women of her type cannot live without the appertif of love-making. She saw Stuart Grant as soon as she entered the room, and under her shaven brows her eyes watched him with a glint in them as a tiger watches his victim before he springs.

Joe touched the artist on the shoulder, apologetically. "Ze lady would spik to Monsieur—ze one with ze so-red hair—"

Gracia Trask smiled charmingly up into Stuart's politely questioning face. "I suppose you think I am mad!" she said, "but I am so much interested with the picture you have just made! It is really wonderful—I wonder—" she leaned forward, holding his eyes with hers, which were green and gold, like topaz—"I wonder whether you wouldn't paint my portrait. I'm frightfully vain, you know—and I want an artist who can make me perfectly beautiful!"

Stuart opened his lips to refuse, as his Artist Soul bade him, then hesitated. He thought of Hedda. He thought of Ivan, and he laughed out, harshly. What did it matter what he painted—who was there to care? "I shall be glad to paint you, Madame," he bowed.

And so Hedda sang her rôle, and Stuart, in the pale putty-and-grey apartment, smothery with patchouli, sickly with mauve draperies, painted Gracia Trask's beautiful bare bosom, and insinuating smile, and old Ivan scraped at his cello in the motion picture house. And the world wagged unfeelingly on.

At the first sitting Mrs. Trask was disarmingly girlish and confiding. At the second she discovered, without a word from Stuart, all about Hedda and was more alluring and charming than was quite fair. At the third sitting she told Stuart that he was a great artist, and wasting his time in prosaic and stolid America. "You should be in *belle Paris;* ah, that is

(*Continued on page* 70)

Theodore Roberts

By EMMA LINDSAY-SQUIER

Theodore Roberts began his stage career in 1880 and he played everything from Shylock to Simon Legree, from Svengali to King Lear. Five years ago he went into pictures

I HAD intended to talk to Theodore Roberts about pictures exclusively. They told me at the Lasky studio that he had more rôles to his credit than any other actor on the screen, besides a multitude of Thespian interpretations given in his forty years on the legitimate and vaudeville stages. So, as I walked up the hill that leads to his Hollywood castle, I planned a perfectly splendid conversational outline, commencing with how did he like motion pictures and ending with what did he think of the future of the cinema.

But—you know about the best laid plans of mice and interviewers. As I waited in the cool dimness of a Jacobean period library, I heard his wife calling to him in the back yard. Then I heard her say something about putting on a collar, and there was a murmur of conversation I couldn't catch. And when he came in to greet me, he *didn't* have a collar on, and I could have hugged him. He didn't even apologize for it, just said that he was busy working in the yard, and wouldn't I like to come out and see his animals and his trees.

I mentally tore up the outline and went out with him into the back yard. How *can* one talk art to a man who wont wear a collar and who looks like a sea-captain on shore leave?

"I'm just getting the yard fixed up," he told me, pointing out the Japanese sunken garden, with trick bridges and weeping willows and things. "I'm going to have some kennels for my Airedales—I raise them, you know, as a hobby—and over here will be an aviary for my prize pigeons and tame sea-gulls—birds are a hobby with me, too—and over there will be a concrete swimming pool where Mrs. Roberts and I can take a daily plunge."

"Is that a hobby, too?" I broke in, facetiously, but he answered, in all seriousness, "Indeed, it is. I need rigorous exercise to keep me in trim for my work at the studio."

Since he *had* mentioned studio, I felt that it wouldn't be inapropos to say something about pictures, so I told him that he was reported to hold the championship in the movie world for versatility and for having more rôles to his credit than any other actor on the screen. He nodded, rather absent-mindedly, keeping an eye on the man who was hauling dirt from the swimming pool excavation.

"Yes, I've played a great many rôles, both in the legitimate and the movies," he acknowledged. "My stage career commenced in 1880, and I played everything from Shylock to Simon Legree, and ran the gamut of dramatic characterizations from Sven

Man of a Thousand Rôles — and Hobbies

gali and King Lear to lighter rôles such as the County Chairman in the play of that name and Falstaff in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Then I toured the country in my own vaudeville sketch and, five years ago, went into pictures. Since then I've averaged one rôle a month, sometimes more, so you can figure out how many parts that is—and that will be enough shop talk, wont it?" He broke off abruptly, turning his keen, humorous grey eyes on me.

I said it would, because I did want to see his Airedale dogs, which were woofing at the top of their lungs to attract his attention, and his tame sea-gulls, which were with the pigeons in the flying pen, screaming to the high heavens that they wanted food immediately if not sooner. So we inspected the kennels, and I was sniffed at by "Boy Scout" and "Friar Tuck," and had my face licked affectionately by "Lady." Then we went over to the flying pens, where his prize pigeons, enormous Runts, were strutting and cooing, and the tame sea-gulls, "Pete" and "Repeat," flew on his shoulders and hands.

"I'm particularly fond of sea-gulls," Mr. Roberts told me, as "Pete" snapped at his meerschaum cigar-holder. "You know, it is practically impossible to tame them, but I got these fellows when they were just fledglings. It was on the Santa Cruz Islands, where the Cecil De Mille company was making the shipwreck scenes for 'Male and Female.' I took the part of Lord Loam, and one of the carpenters brought me these birds, just hatched. We all took a hand at raising them, and when we left the islands, I brought them back with me. When the aviary is finished they'll have a miniature lake to swim around in—it's a hobby of mine to provide natural surroundings as nearly as possible for all my pets."

"How did you enjoy the strenuous scenes in 'Male and Female'?" I asked, when we sat down—on a saw-horse—to watch the pigeons.

"They were—well, *interesting*," affirmed the veteran character actor. "The days on the island were strenuous ones. I was dressed in pajamas and it never occurred to me that I would suffer from sunburn, but my ankles were exposed, and they were fairly baked in two days. I had to hobble around on improvised crutches except when I was working in the picture.

"The rôle I like best?" he echoed, in response to my question. "Oh, that's hard to say. I rather enjoyed Wealth in Everywoman,' but for real artistic value, I liked the part of the old rounder in 'Old Wives for New'—you remember, the old fellow who is shot by

(*Continued on page* 74)

Photograph © by Hartsook, L. A.

Roberts raises Airedales as a hobby. He keeps an aviary of prize pigeons and tame sea-gulls. He paints, draws and "sculps," collects paintings and furniture—and acts, of course, in odd moments

Among the Footlight Favorites

Photograph by White

Above, Ina Claire, who has just scored a hit in David Belasco's production of the comedy of chorus girl life, "The Gold Diggers." Miss Claire will be seen all season at the Lyceum Theater

Right, Donald Brian, Peggy Wood and Roland Young in the pleasant comedy with music, "Buddies," at the Selwyn Theater

Photograph by Abbe

John Charles Thomas and Wilda Bennett have the leading rôles in the Fritz Kreisler operetta, "Apple Blossoms," now current at the Globe Theater

Photograph by Abbe

Lenore Ulrich and Edmond Lowe in the picturesque Chinese drama, "The Son-Daughter," which David Belasco is presenting at the Belasco Theater

Photograph by White

The Celluloid Critic

The Newest Photoplays in Review

Above, Lucy Cotton and Wyndham Standing in "The Miracle of Love"; right, Tom Moore in "Toby's Bow"; below, Lon Cheney and Seena Owen in "Victory"

By all odds the most significant photoplay of our screen month wa David Wark Griffith's "The Great Question," (First National Not because it is a good screen drama. It isn't. But it has tremendous idea buried beneath its melodrama.

A wave of interest in spiritualism has been sweeping the world sinc the days of the great war. Does after life exist? Can dear one across the Great Beyond exert an influence over earthly destinies What is the answer to the eternal problem of death? Griffith had a these questions in mind when he started to screen "The Gre Question."

Then something happened. The exhibitor—that monster reared b producers themselves—stood menacingly upon the horizon. Woul the exhibitor accept a stern and grim drama dealing with death and th spirit world? We can imagine Griffith meditating—and then givin way to the exhibitor and his beloved melodrama.

So the vital theme of "The Great Questior was carefully buried beneath "action" an "punch." It became the story of a little wa in the hands of a murderously brutal farme couple, her love for a neighboring boy and th subsequent finding of oil—with its attendan avalanche of wealth. The whole is gilde with the philosophy that a simple faith mee and overcomes all obstacles.

Griffith came nearer giving the world an other "Broken Blossoms" in "The Great Que tion" than in anything he has done since th epic of Limehouse. "The Great Questior might easily have been a notable contributio to screen thought. There is one big scen where the spirit of a young sailor, lost from submarine, comes home to his aged parents.

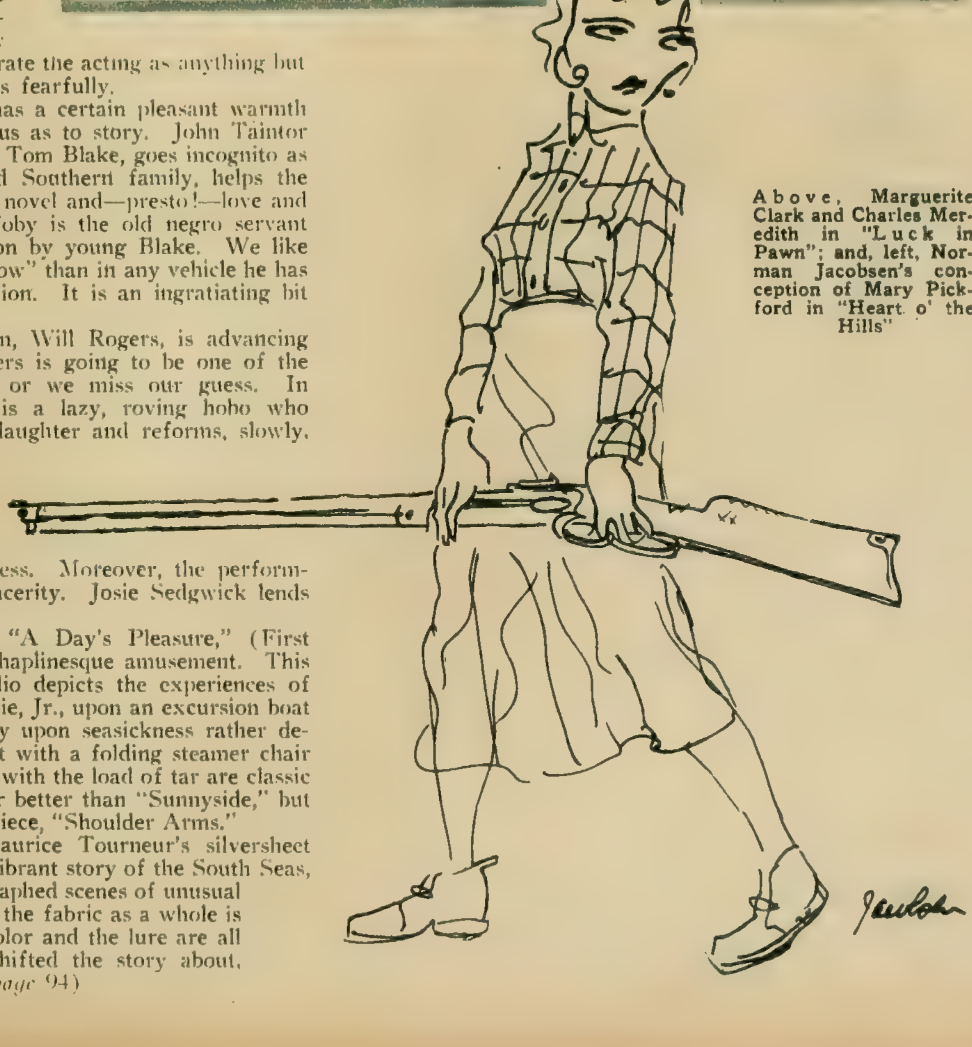
Lillian Gish and Bobbie Harron are th bucolic lovers, but the best work is done b Eugenie Besserer as the bereaved mother an Tom Wilson as a lazy negro servitor.

Technically, Erich Von Stroheim's photo drama, "Blind Husbands," (Universal), is flashing thing—but it lacks soul and spiri Von Stroheim will b remembered as th Hun villain of number of wartim films. "Blind Hu bands," his own sto produced by himsel relates the triangle o three people in th snow-capped Alps; self-absorbed Amer can doctor, his hear lonely young wi and a young Austri officer on sick leav The dashing Austri tries all his Cont nental wiles upon th American girl, but h finally meets retrib tion in a fall dow the snowy precipic of the Alps. Vo Stroheim has told h story with remarkab directorial dexterity but, in the end, it just an adroitly pr sented silvershe melodrama. Vo

By

EDERICK JAMES SMITH

rawing by NORMAN JACOBSEN



Above, Marguerite Clark and Charles Meredith in "Luck in Pawn"; and, left, Norman Jacobsen's conception of Mary Pickford in "Heart o' the Hills"

heim's characters fall short
he breath of realism, despite
remarkable superficial excel-
e of his direction. He has,
instance, attained his Alpine
cts in striking fashion.

Everywoman," (Paramount-
craft), turned out to be
en reels of papier-mâché
itudes. Built upon Walter
wne's ingenious and ingenu-
morality drama depicting
adventures of Everywoman
her search for Love, accom-
nied by Youth, Beauty and
desty, "Everywoman" was a
y to appeal to the guileless.
wbeit, it possessed a certain
llful turn of simple philo-
hic dialog. These merits are
gely lost on the screen and
verywoman" becomes obvious
ff; *i.e.*, a conventional story
fering only in that the char-
ers bear such names as Vice,
ealth, Passion, and so on. We
not look upon George Mel-
d's direction as particularly
pired anywhere. Nor do we rate the acting as anything but
diocre. "Everywoman" drags fearfully.

"Toby's Bow," (Goldwyn), has a certain pleasant warmth
it, altho it is conventional plus as to story. John Taintor
ote's successful novelist hero, Tom Blake, goes incognito as
boarder to a poor but proud Southern family, helps the
etty daughter write a popular novel and—presto!—love and
ppiness come upon them. Toby is the old negro servant
ose family bow is finally won by young Blake. We like
m Moore better in "Toby's Bow" than in any vehicle he has
t had, despite the trite direction. It is an ingratiating bit
work.

That rare character comedian, Will Rogers, is advancing
ith tremendous strides. Rogers is going to be one of the
eat favorites of the screen, or we miss our guess. In
ubilo," (Goldwyn), Rogers is a lazy, roving hobo who
counters a rancher's pretty daughter and reforms, slowly,
infully, but com-
etely. Rogers is Jubilo
the life, no mere
reen idol masquerad-
g in torn breeches, but
wanderer of homely humanness. Moreover, the perform-
ice is rife with a splendid sincerity. Josie Sedgwick lends
st the right note to the girl.

Despite its episodic nature, "A Day's Pleasure," (First
ational), gave us plenty of Chaplinesque amusement. This
us from the comedian's studio depicts the experiences of
r. and Mrs. Charlie and Charlie, Jr., upon an excursion boat
d in a Ford. The buffoonery upon seasickness rather de-
essed us, but Charlie's combat with a folding steamer chair
d the encounter of the flivver with the load of tar are classic
ts. "A Day's Pleasure" is far better than "Sunnyside," but
iles behind that comic masterpiece, "Shoulder Arms."

"Victory," (Paramount), Maurice Tourneur's silversheet
aptation of Joseph Conrad's vibrant story of the South Seas,
a series of beautifully photographed scenes of unusual
mosphere in themselves. But the fabric as a whole is
ot Conrad. The power, the color and the lure are all
issing. Mr. Tourneur has shifted the story about,

(*Continued on page 94*)

The Daring O'Dare

Peggy O'Dare is making the step from screen farces to thrills in Universal's serial, "The Thirteenth Hour," in which Eddie Polo stars. Miss O'Dare is Danish, altho born on Staten Island. She is a daring diver and swimmer, an expert on snowshoes and skis and an enthusiastic motorist—all important histrionic requirements for serials

On With the Dance

By FAITH SERVICE

is a tale of passions and despairs, of hates and loves, of
ranquillities and distortions, of men . . . and women . . .
ınd life . . . and death . . .

t might not have happened, that is, just as it did, if Dimitri
rinoff had not had rebellious blood in his veins, adven-
ings in his bones and love and knowledge of books in his
in, so that, after his wife died and his life in the small
ssian village dwindled to scant proportions of interest, he
ıarted for Am-
a to seek work
ɔng the books
loved. He left
ıind him his
ll daughter,
ıia, very small
the time, with
nense eyes, un-
ıpt hair and
stuff of her
ıer's blood and
ıe transmitted
her own. The
e of books
ne was not
re. On the village streets her small feet twinkled to more rapid melodies. There were strains of music in her head, wanton and wild and rather marvelous.

Her father's going meant nothing to her at the time of his departure. At the time, the village and its adulation were sufficient. Later she reached out for wider horizons and she followed her father to America.

Schuyler Van Vechtan, to whose extensive and exquisite library Dmitri Varinoff was reverential apostle, was one of the last of an old order. He had traditions in his soul. He had beliefs. Lurkingly, but very convincingly, he had ideals. An ideal. That he had gone for forty years with lost dreams seeking harbors and eager ideals laid away in

"ON WITH THE DANCE"

Fictionized by permission from the scenario of Ouida Bergere, based on the play of Michael Morton. Produced by Paramount-Artcraft, starring Mae Murray. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast:

Sonia Varinoff	Mae Murray
Peter Derwynt	David Powell
Lady Joan Tremelyn	Alma Tell
Schuyler Van Vechtan	John E. Miltern
Jimmie Sutherland	Robert Schable
Countess of Raystone	Ida Waterman

reminiscent lavender did not, somehow, rust away the belief still straight and shining somewhere in the ungrown-up depths of him. His aristocracy was in his long, sensitized hands, too, and in his voice with certain modulations, time-mellowed.

The day Sonia Varinoff came into his study, tucked oddly away on the tiptop of one of the many skyscrapers his business ingenuity had placed in his possession, something happened to him.

It was just at twilight. Dmitri was copying something or other under one of the tall windows, hung in sullen red. Schuyler was meditating as to where he should dine, and with whom. It occurred to him that he was lonely. Often he had thought so before, but this evening, in this particular twilight, tinted mauve, it came to him with something of sick oppression. It seemed curious to him that at this time Sonia should make her vivid entrance into his study at the top of the world, into his life . . .

Of course, he saw at once, while she stood talking to her father, with many gestures and much play of very potent hands, that she was not in keeping with the old Van Vechtan order of things, but he knew that old orders have nothing to do with a man when a woman comes into the twilight of his life, lighting it . . .

Here was a personality. He knew that. It mustn't get mixed up with the flotsam and jetsam. Get confused, the brilliant edges rubbed away with contacts, unnecessary contacts.

He had a long talk with Dmitri after she had gone into a small guest chamber he kept reserved for the very occasional and very favored passer-by, and told the old man to keep her there, to encourage her to study her music, to give her opportunities, at his expense.

Dmitri Varinoff was a canny old man; books had made him so. He had polished his wits to a powdery fineness by much bibliophiling. He knew that the satyr was non-existent in Schuyler Van Vechtan. He a seeker of fine things, of rare things; he was an epicure personalities. It was clear that he had seen something p table in his little girl. And old Dmitri felt very glad.

There was one disturbed person when the new arrangem was made clear. That person was Peter Derwynt, secret to Van Vechtan and chief high adviser in all business tra actions and the like of that. He was largely disturbed beca Van Vechtan informed him that he was to be Sonia's pract guardian and general adviser and conductor.

"You know, Peter," Van Vechtan explained, late into following night, "the girl has some sort of a tremendous g Of that I am quite certain. She has the touch seldom felt. want her to see the life of New York, the artistic life, night life. I want her to see it safely and sanely. I have the time. You have, or you can make it. Logically, you Sonia's guardian."

Peter remained unenthusiastic. What Van Vechtan s had a habit of being done, and he supposed the personal s veillance of this Russian person would be done, too, but he w utterly cool to it all. He thought perhaps he had better Van Vechtan a few things. He didn't want the good old c to think him a clam, but continued escorting of a young R sian person, not to say personality, doubtless entailed so outlay of something or other not precisely compatible w love, deep and rather difficult, for another person.

"I think you ought to know," he found himself saying, wh the smoke of their two cigars made grey fantasies around somber red hangings, "I'm in love, you know; have been a great while, with Lady Joan Tremelyn. We met in Lond two years ago. It's been going on ever since. It—it will c tinue to go on. It's—it's like that with both of us. H mother, of course—her mother has plans. You know the ki There must be money. They have the title—it needs so backing. They've j come over, she and mother, and the Cou ess is angling Jimmie Sutherla You know Suth land. You d know La Joan. If

He got Sonia a music master and, every twilight, with her father, listened to her play, was critical, helpful, advisory, as he felt and thought

Van Vechtan"—the young man's voice rough-l—"if you did," he said, "you'd see—the hell t."

an Vechtan saw the dream of it and the truth he dream. He liked to help that sort of thing ig. There had been love in young Derwynt's e and a pain his own heart made quick answer He had known heartbreak like that once, ago. It made him sensitive for Peter.

Help me with Sonia, like a good fellow," he wered, "and I'll fix it up so that you draw up plans for the new terminal. If you do and go thru, you ought to be able to run a ty fair competition even with the lobster-James Sutherland"

eter was quite human and very much ised and hurt over his enforced aloofness n Joan, whom he loved, where springs, deepest, sweetest. He human enough to be rather ngle when, introduced to Sonia next day, she grasped his d in two very warm and palting palms and cried out -h-h, what a very pretty !"

t was a fool remark, of rse. Peter blushed unfortably and thought that. t like a foreigner, a Rus- . . . Joan would abhor hing like that . . . still . the warm pressure of e eager palms and the rich, m note in that young voice . . . was awfully lonely . . . n so far remote . . . and it was ng Van Vechtan a favor. Peter uld have gone to almost any gths for Van Vechtan. He felt, him, an almost desperate al-ance. There was something in Vechtan one could fasten onto, e firm hold of, *know*.

He got Sonia a music master and, ry twilight, with her father, lis-ed to her play, was critical, help-advisory, as he felt and thought. ia, he grew to know, was still con-erably the child who, in bright ts and outlandish hair, had ced on the streets of her native age. There were in her the mixed redients of the gamin and the gédienne, the sated woman and grasping child.

He didn't love Sonia. All the love it was possible for him to know gone, irrevocably, to Joan, but was a vivid interest. She rmed him and quickened him, l, later on, she loved him.

Van Vechtan told him this. "You ow, I suppose," he said, one twi-it—Van Vechtan always se to speak of intimate t of things in the twi-ht—"you know, I sup-e, Peter, that Sonia has ne to love you."

Peter was essentially straightforward and simple. "I have n afraid so," he said. He added, "Of course, as you know, h me there's nobody but Joan."

"I'm sorry for Sonia," was all that Van Vechtan said. Peter ted that, in the twilight, in this particular twilight, Van Vechtan looked weary and drawn. Behind the careful screening of his asceticism stared for an instant, odd, desperate, baffled sort of dreams . . .

Quite soon after all this old

Peter created a scene, justifiably enough, and only Sonia's really desperate pleading saved the studio from being the scene of God knows what a horror

The maid helped him and he made her comfortable. He eased her tired body and her tired soul and quelled the sorry fluttering of her heart

Dmitri was killed crossing a street before the traffic was halted. He had come unexpectedly across a rare edition and, in his eagerness to bear it back to the tower rooms, met his death. He looked quite peaceful when they brought him in, the rare edition still fast in his stiffened arm. It was, Van Vechtan told the sobbing, distraught Sonia, a wonderful moment for him to meet his death, exultant as he must have been, momentarily fulfilled. "All his blood," said Van Vechtan, with a wonderful tenderness in his manner, "had gone into his care and seeking of books. He is quite happy and at rest, I know. Dont be sorry, my child."

Joan was sorry, too. Prior to Dmitri's death Sonia had been something of a thorn in her flesh, on the infrequent occasions of her having tea in the tower with the little group. It had seemed to her almost like waving a red flag—this Sonia so near to Peter. Sonia's love of him, too, quite naturally tormented her. It was frank and unconcealed, and it was violently appealing. Joan knew that Peter loved her. She knew, too, however, that he was wearing himself out with wanting her, with waiting, and there are so many infusions in the blood, so many complexities, so many shiftings . . . she had been afraid . . .

After Dmitri's death her fear changed to a warmer feeling, sympathy. She couldn't feel otherwise. Sonia was a desperate little figure, seductive even in her darkened draperies, with the shadows under her wonderful eyes and the disarray of her entangling hair.

It wasn't very long after Dmitri's death that—well, it was this way. Joan came to the tower quite unexpectedly one late afternoon. Somehow she had managed, at a last moment, to escape the machinations of her maternal parent and the insistencies of the pork-packing Jimmie Sutherland. She had wanted, especially, to see Peter. It wasn't, she well knew, quite the thing. Still, what did "the thing" matter when an urge, beyond good and evil, got a grip?

She went, almost blindly, to the tower rooms.

It was immediately after Sonia's practice hour. She had been playing very wonderfully and getting up, in between bits, to execute or to better interpret with snatches of erotic dancing. She had felt very much in love with Peter. She felt, too, rather badly treated. She couldn't quite see Peter's point of view, or rather, lack of it. Of course, Joan was dear, lovely and goddess-like, but Peter—Peter and she were vital and living and *near* to each other. Sonia believed in proximity and the thoro reasonableness of the immediate hour.

When Joan came in, quietly, to charmingly surprise a lonely Peter, she saw Sonia on the arm of his chair, her bare arm about his non-resistant shoulders, her thick, arresting voice saying, "Dont you love me, Peter . . . just a little . . . just a little . . ."

Joan waited, a shade, in the dim shadows.

Peter said, "Yes, but——" and Joan did not see that Sonia saw her there and swiftly stifled Peter's "but" with her hand. She saw, only, Sonia bend to him, touch his mouth with hers, lightly, then more closely, and seeing nothing more, blanched, like a sorry ghost who has walked, forgotten, among the loved living, crept away.

It was a long while after the Lady Joan's brilliant, immediate marriage to James Sutherland before Peter Derwynt saw her, and still longer before he in any sense understood the hurt she had, with seeming groundlessness, dealt him.

In that interim, bereft and with the feeling of one left naked, exposed to biting winds, he turned to Sonia, tried to lose himself in her warm witcheries, married her.

It was like, he often thought, having been acolyte to some passionless lily, having worshiped the lily, having spilled the last chalice of his soul into the chaste cup and then, at length, turned utterly away, to seek and find—he admitted the finding—a riotous fragrance of consolation in some scarlet, delirious rose.

Sonia was like that to him . . . scarlet and delirious . . . but never, never in their most ultimate moments, was she Joan . . . He knew that, and she knew it, too.

Her knowing, her knowledge of it, had something to do with her mounting zest for dancing, for gowns and jewels and furs, the bedeckings of the town.

Peter was unable to do these things for her. Schuyler Van Vechtan was, she thought, uninterested aside from the income he gave her, methodically and silent, from month to month. He seemed to her, more than ever of late, just a part of the twilight detached, quietly observant.

Still, it was to Van Vechtan she owed her meeting with Jimmie Sutherland.

Van Vechtan had dined one evening with the Sutherlands. He had been touched by the stilled suffering on Joan's face. All at once the error of the whole thing assailed him. Peter, tormented, even tho deliriously, by Sonia, not understanding her, not able to get the thread of her being, the thread of gold Van Vechtan knew to be there, ready for unraveling . . . and Joan, writhing under Sutherland's well-meant tendernesses . . . bondages, Van Vechtan thought . . . only contacts, deliberate contacts could effect liberations. Van Vechtan believed in liberations.

He gave a dinner party and bade the Sutherlands and the Derwynts to attend. There would be makings or breakings. Van Vechtan believed either one or the other to be preferable to this galling, this fettering, this outraging of sensibilities.

Jimmie liked Sonia. He understood the part of her that was still the dancing village child, the part of her that wanted, now, the trappings of the city where the lights shone, gold and rose. Sonia liked Jimmie, too. He was another child to take hands with her and play . . .

They took to meeting and dancing a great deal together. Sonia became confidential. She admitted to Jimmie that she and Peter had words over bills. She wished, she said, she could obviate all that. She ought to be able to. Something in her, she felt, was going to waste . . .

Jimmie suggested a plan, a humdinger, as he termed it. Sonia should dance. He could get her "in." She should appear en masque, create a mystery, as 'twere. Broadway, he said, ate mysteries alive and then hollered for more. Sonia, with her strange grace, her abandon, her paradoxical reserve, her mystic feet, could be a super-mystery.

The suggestion suited Sonia. And Jimmie, time heavy on his hands, his wife cold to him, his lady love, Fay Desmond,

(*Continued on page* 90)

Sonia in her boudoir

Jack's Leading Woman

Clara Marie Horton is Jack Pickford's newest leading woman. She is playing with him in "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come." This is really Miss Horton's fourth rôle opposite the youngest of the Pickford family. She was with Jack in "Tom Sawyer," "The Further Adventures of Tom Sawyer" and "In Wrong." Clara, by the way, is a Brooklyn girl

The appeal of beauty

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Taking Paynes

Here are two piquant glimpses of Marjorie Payne, one of the features of the Christie screen comedy forces, at home and —er— abroad. Miss Payne's optically pleasing fireside friend in the above picture is Lillian Bison. At the right is a view of Miss Payne after what her press agent terms "a strenuous day in the open." Note the ducks after you conclude looking at Miss Payne

Photographs by Stagg, L. A.

A few simple rules that bring Loveliness

Occasionally you meet girls who are beautiful without effort; but most lovely people are lovely because *they know the rules.* Here are a few simple ones, approved by skin specialists, which every woman would do well to follow.

WHEN you powder, do it to *last.* Powdering in public is an admission that you are uneasy about your appearance.

The only way to make powder *stay* on is—*not* to put on an excessive amount—but to begin with the right powder base.

Never use a cold cream for a powder base. It is too oily. The right powder base is a greaseless, disappearing cream. Take just a little Pond's Vanishing Cream on your finger tips. Rub it lightly into your face. Instantly it disappears, leaving your skin smoother. Now powder as usual. Notice how smoothly the powder goes on—how natural it looks. You will find that it will stay on two or three times as long as ever before. You need never again fear a shiny face.

CHAPPING is a sign of carelessness. So is roughness. You can keep your skin as smooth as rose leaves all winter long. Always, before going out, smooth a little Pond's Vanishing Cream into your face and hands. It softens the skin instantly, so that the cold cannot do it the least harm. It is a good idea to carry a tube of it right in your hand bag so that immediately before and after skating or motoring you can soften your hands and face with it. In this way the delicate texture of the finest skin will never suffer from exposure.

DO you want to know why your skin is not always clear? Look at the cloth after cleansing your face with a cream prepared especially for cleansing. The dust will make you realize that a dull looking skin is often nothing more or less than a skin not thoroughly cleansed.

The only means of keeping the skin clear of the dust that gets lodged deep within its pores is the cold cream bath. For this, Vanishing Cream will not do, for Vanishing Cream has no oil. At night cleanse the skin with Pond's *Cold* Cream. The formula for this cream was especially worked out to supply just the amount of oil to give it the highest cleansing power.

Catch the little lines before they grow big

YOU can keep your face free of the wretched little lines that *will* keep starting. Once a week iron out these lines. Massage from the center of the face outwards and upwards with Pond's Cold Cream. If your skin has a tendency to be rough and dry, leave a little of the cream on your face over night. Pond's Cold Cream has just the smoothness and body required for a perfect massage cream.

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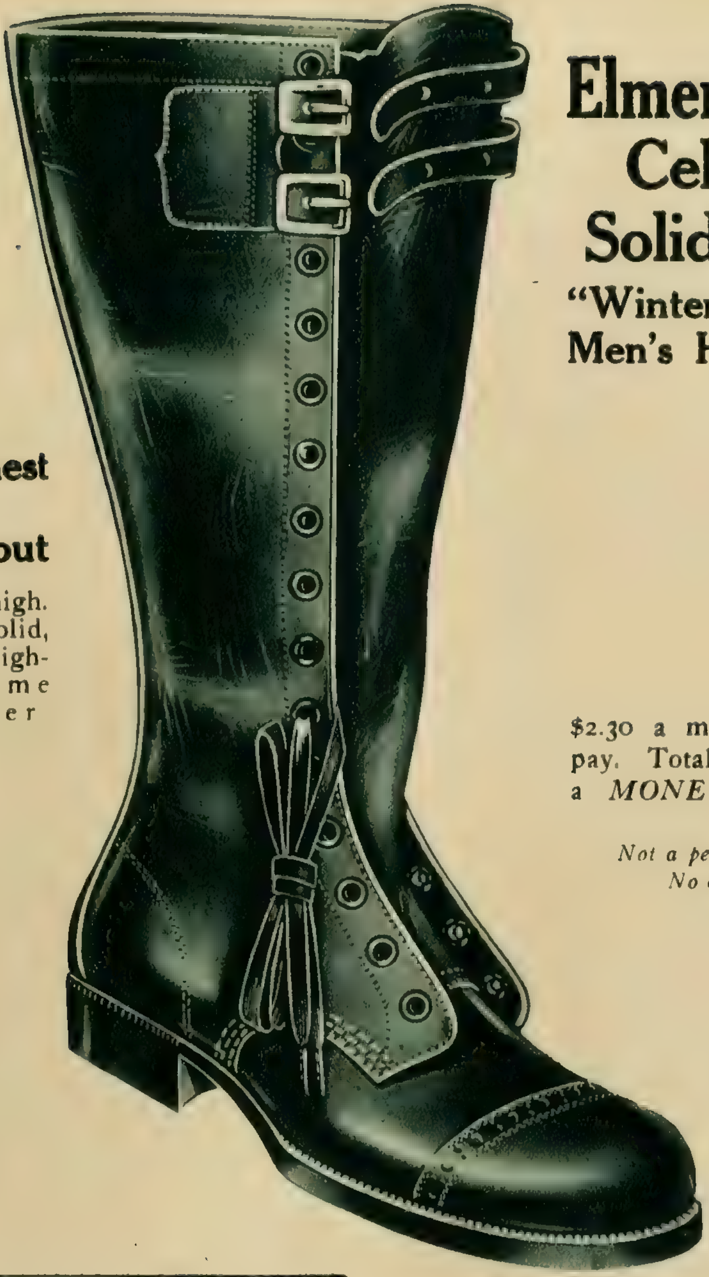
Photograph by Hartsook, L. A.

Clifford of the Cinema

Kathleen Clifford is well known to the photoplay, but her latest appearance—as leading woman for Doug Fairbanks—gives her unusual interest at the present time. Here is a recent view of Miss Clifford, along with brand new snaps of her in her library and near the sad sea waves



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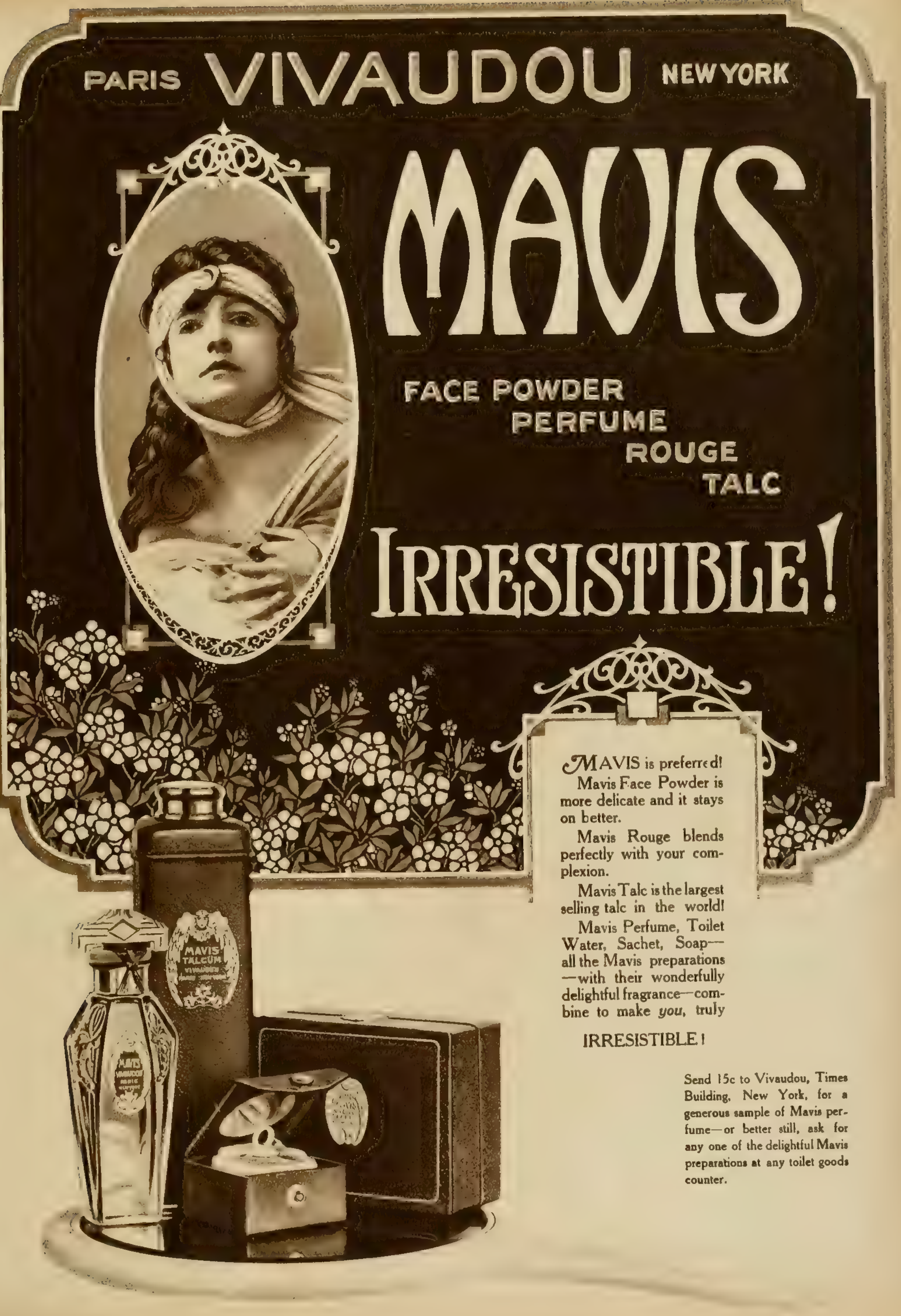

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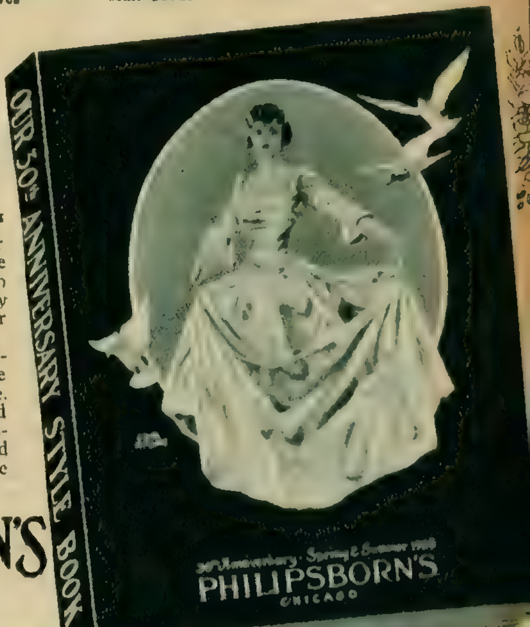
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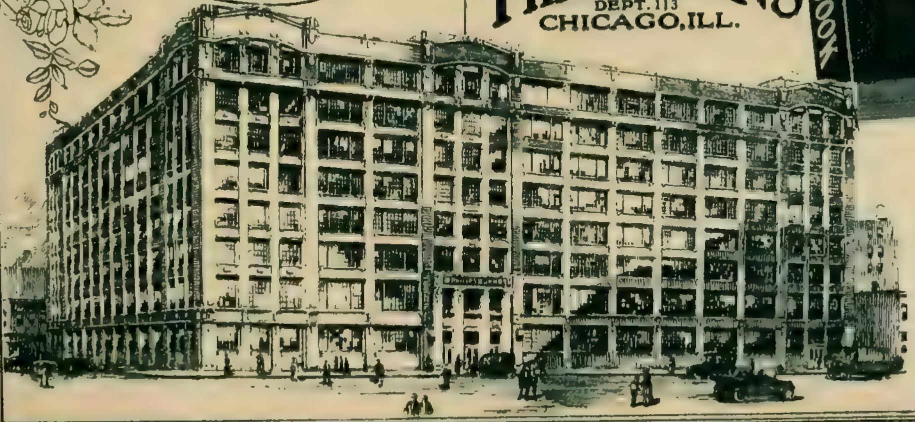

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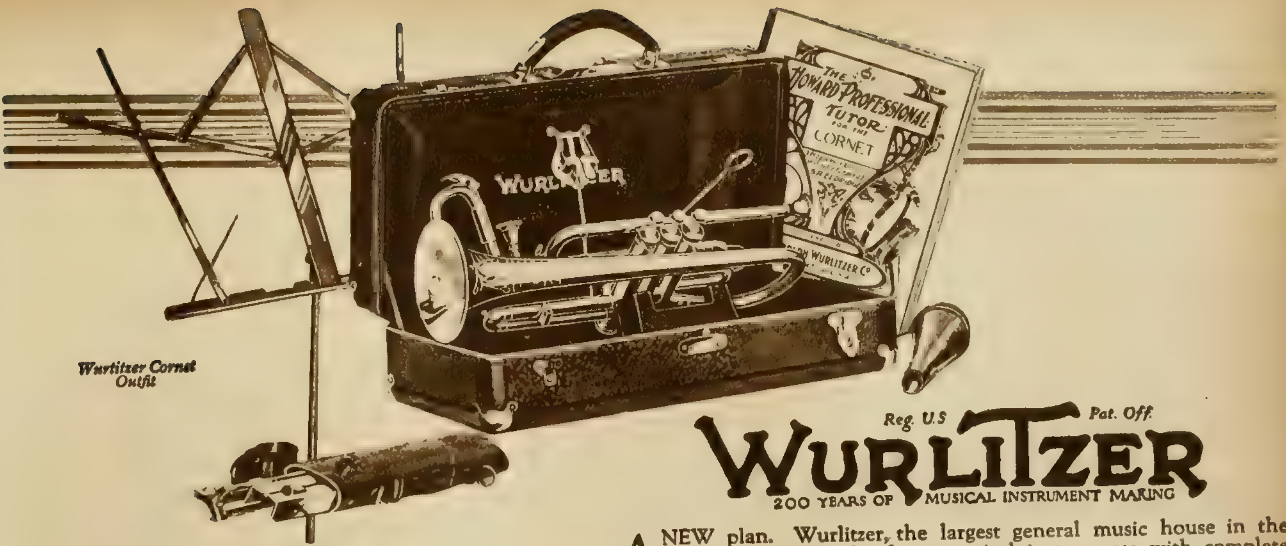
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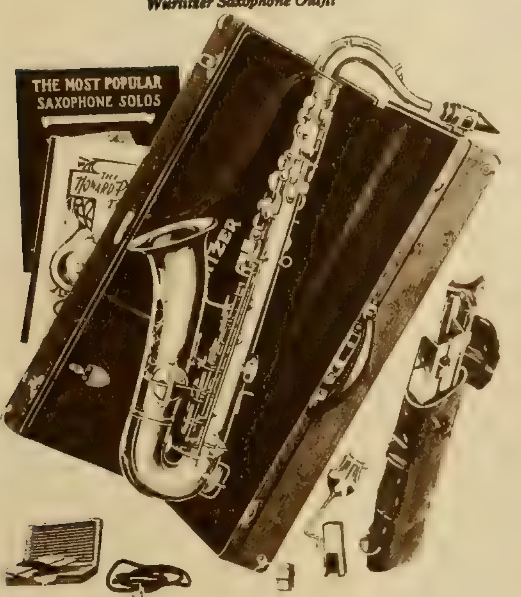
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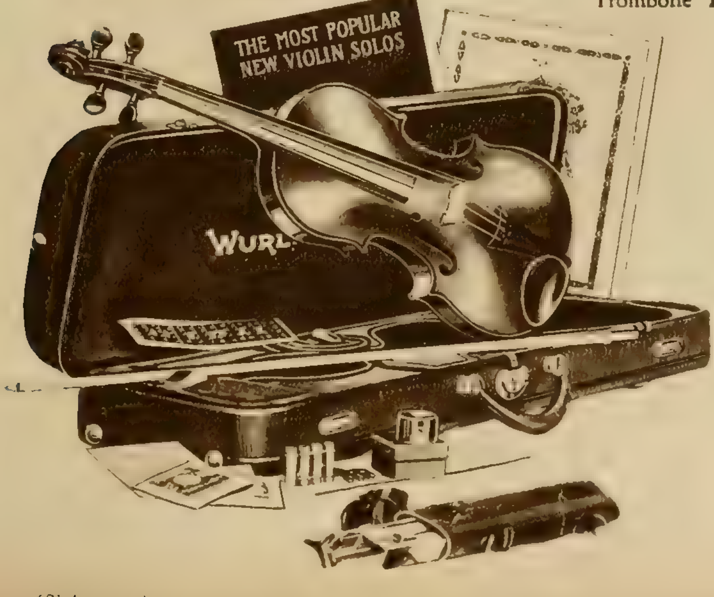
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Lucy Cotton and Wyndham Standing may be glimpsed below in the "when-knighthood-was-in-flower" pose, caught in a forthcoming International production. In the upper left is the Lucy Cotton of 1920

Sousa's Band and Conn Instruments

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MAN BEHIND THE GUN
STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER
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EL CAPITAN
WASHINGTON POST

What Sousa Says

I take this occasion to tell you of the genuine pleasure and perfect satisfaction your New Wonder Model Instruments, used by the members of my Band, have given me.

In our extended engagement at the New York Hippodrome your instruments have had a splendid opportunity to display their merits. They have fully demonstrated their worthiness of the Grand Prize and Gold Medal of Honor given them by the Jury of Awards at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

During our pleasant engagements at the Exposition I had occasion to note the various bands and orchestras there engaged and the Conn Instruments seemed to be in evidence everywhere. Particularly was this the case where High Grade Musicians were engaged.

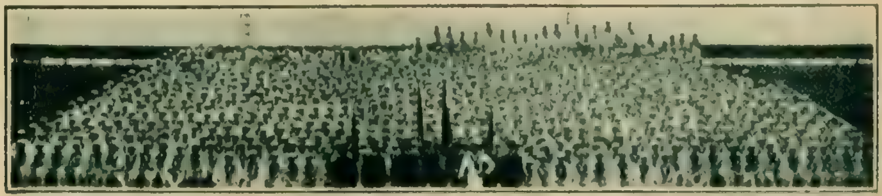
I still maintain that the new model Conn Instruments enhances the musical value of any organization to a marked degree and the members of my organization fully accord with me.

The Conn, Ltd., has created a high standard of excellence for Band Instruments, a standard worthy of emulation, if possible, by other makers.

Very sincerely,

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA
From a recent photo



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Lt. John Philip Sousa, Conductor

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The power of music to inspire and bind together was well illustrated in the Jackie Band. Hundreds of organizations and institutions are recognizing the same fact and are using it to the mutual advantage and the profit of their members.

Large manufacturing industries, Fire and Police Departments, Boy Scout Organizations, Schools, Colleges, Lodges, Churches, etc., are all beneficiaries of the bond of music. Many remarkable Bands and Orchestras have been developed among the members of such organizations with the aid of Conn Instruments.

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is all that the name implies. Four charming and capable young ladies who are meeting unusual success as musical entertainers in high class vaudeville. They, too, place their dependence in Conn Instruments. The result? Exactly what you would expect,—the best ever.

The Broken Melody — *(Continued from page 43)*

where they would appreciate you!" she told him. "It is wicked for you to hide your genius in a wretched garret in the slums among all sorts of common, coarse creatures who dont *understand*——"

She used that word a great deal, and the inference was that out of everyone he knew, Gracia Trask alone really understood him. Stuart began to feel abused, and to look about his studio with dissatisfied eyes that saw for the first time the bare boards, the poor pinched, bravery of furnishing.

At the fourth sitting she suggested, quite casually, that he should go to Paris. She watered the seed thus planted at the fifth sitting by telling him that she would take him with her as her secretary, courier—or "what he pleased." But it was not until the seventh and last sitting that he consented to go. He told Ivan that evening, and was rewarded by the pale flicker of relief in the watery old eyes. It was the cello player who took Hedda the news.

"It is well," Ivan said, not appearing to notice the quiver of the red lips, the agony of the hurt brown eyes before him; "he is a great artist, and like all true artists he needs the right environment. Here—" his gesture took in the gay tarlton curtains, the painted pine furniture and made them ridiculous, "here he would stifle! His Art would either die or become prostitute to convenience. It is very well that he goes, and all his friends should rejoice that this chance has come, eh, Hedda?"

The girl sat quite still for a long moment. When she spoke her voice was composed. "You have known—I think almost before I knew, how I felt toward Stuart," she said quietly; "rather than stand in the way of his good I would go away myself and never see him again. That is what will happen now. He will go, and I shall never see him again." The pure girlish face quivered whitely into a selfless smile. "Do not be afraid, my kind friend, that I shall try to keep him—or that I would let him stay even if he wished."

They were very gay at the parting. Stuart, with his shabby portmanteau and his painting outfit, came to her door to say good-bye, and they both made prodigious efforts to pass the dangerous moment over lightly. They joked lamely about the Fame that was soon to come to each of them, they spoke casually of mutual friends of Joe's, they talked desperately of the voyage, and his chances of escaping seasickness. Then came a panicky moment when they could neither of them think of anything safe to say, because of the multitude of unsafe things that struggled to be out.

"Oh, Hedda!" Stuart said suddenly, with a great, thick sob, "Hedda—*dear*—tell me to stay! I cant go—and leave you—I *cant*——"

Then Hedda told her glorious lie, and her Guardian Angel hesitated over His ledger, not knowing which page to place it on. "I cant tell you to stay, Stuart," she smiled—"because I dont expect to be here long myself. Clemons tells me that if I make good he will give me a hundred a week, at first, then much more. And I've got to succeed, Stuart! I want success so—more than—than anything in the world. I want money, and beautiful clothes and praise—" She forced herself to go on, tho the words choked her. "Do you remember the time you reproached me with wanting Marguerite's jewels? Well, you were right, Stuart—I do want them, and I'm going to have them!"

"Then that is how I shall remember you," he said, smiling with stiff lips, "covered with jewels——"

"He despises me," she whispered, when long after he had gone, striding erectly away down the crooked stairs, she lifted her swollen face from the sodden pillows of her couch bed. "I've cut the last strand that might hold him back—oh, God, take care of him!"

Gracia Trask was grievously disappointed with her new toy. It is difficult to feed neurotic fancy upon either gratitude or remote respect, which were the only two emotions Stuart Grant displayed to her. He was very silent on the trip over, tho he attended faithfully to her Pekingese, her rugs, her books and cushions, her steamer chair and wraps. Once in Paris he stubbornly refused to allow her to establish him in an expensive and charmingly decorated studio as she had fondly planned. Moreover, he would not dress in velveteen jackets and slouch hats, he would not drink absinthe, he would not—he simply *would* not make love to her.

How he managed to live she could not discover, for he was decidedly uncommunicative about his doings when he was away from her. Three nights a week he presented himself at the door of her pink-silk upholstered apartment on the Blois, impeccably shaven, amazingly clean and very much a man in spite of his out-of-date and shabby old evening suit. They would go out and dine, then perhaps to the theater or opera, or now and again to a reception, for the fair Gracia was almost as well known in Paris as in her native New York; afterward a grave good-night at the foolish ivory door with its bird-of-paradise knocker. No wonder the clever and accomplished Mrs. Trask was baffled.

She tried strategy. In some way she managed to learn the address of his rooms and appeared there late one afternoon, unannounced, having put the protesting concierge in his place. She found Stuart at his easel, so absorbed that even when she stood beside him, looking over his shoulder, he was unaware of her. She saw the canvas. She recognized the face. It was that which he had been limning months ago on the whitewashed wall of the restaurant in Bohemia—Hedda's face, painted as only Love can paint.

But she tried again. She was not one to give up anything she had set her heart upon lightly. And she was not choice of her methods. She took Stuart Grant to a reception at the house of a friend of hers and arranged that in his hearing her name should be slightingly mentioned with hers. She was waiting in an anteroom when he came, very pale, with thunderous brows, to find her.

"You must let me take you home," he told her briefly, "there has been—unpleasantness. I was obliged to knock a man down."

And he told her what he had overheard. She looked at him softly, even tenderly, for he was a man born to be loved of women, and, as much as she was capable, she loved him. "Well?" she asked. "Well? And what shall we do?"

If she had expected that he would perforce ask her then and there to marry him she was mistaken. He stared straight before him somberly. "I have been a cad," he said, loathing himself; "I have accepted your favors, and I have placed you in a position where people dare say wretched things, and worst of all I have profaned *myself*. I would be still more of a cad if I did not ask you to marry me, but before I do so I must tell you that there is a girl, back there in New York whom I love as a man loves only one woman in his life. I have tried to do without her, but it is like doing without part of myself. I cannot paint, I cannot even *want* to paint without her——"

Gracia Trask put out her hand and took his. In that moment she stepped out of herself. "Then go back to her," she said wearily, "if you feel that way—go back to her, and tell her to try to forgive me for taking you away . . ."

It was a fortnight later that Stuart Grant pushed open the door of his attic in Bohemia with a warm rush of happiness in his heart, as he looked about at the blessed familiar shabbiness that spelled home. Then he saw that it was freshly swept and dusted, that his easel stood ready, with a canvas on it—that there were even asters in that old blue jug on the dresser——

Footsteps on the stairs brought him about with a cry, but it was only Ivan who stood before him, gaping, rustling with every movement, as he reached out and touched his sleeve with bony fingers. Then—"Thank the good God!" Ivan said hoarsely, "you've come back in time to save her from breaking her heart."

"Her!" Stuart cried, not daring to believe, "not—Hedda?"

"Hedda." Ivan nodded, and groaned very bitterly. "I was wrong. I tried to separate you, thinking Art was enough, but it is not so. She stopped

(Continued on page 80)

Shadowland for February

SHADOWLAND *for* FEBRUARY! As three words, more or less unarresting, this announcement might not seem to mean so very much, but it is, as a matter of fact, an illustration par excellence of the exceeding potency of mere words, the underlying current of all words, the shades of meaning behind the obvious meaning.

SHADOWLAND *for* FEBRUARY means that your intelligence is going to receive direct appeals. You are going to think, which is, to state it mildly, never undesirable.

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SHADOWLAND *for* FEBRUARY is going to spell laughter . . . and dreams . . . reasoning and thought . . . profundity and witticism . . . color and gravity. It is going to try to be a message vari-hued and vari-toned. It is going to try to be still more . . . a promise . . . an omen.

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He was down—but he *wouldn't stay there!* He saw other men promoted, and he made up his mind that what they could do *he* could do. Then he found the *reason* they were promoted was because they had special training—an expert knowledge of some one line. So he made up his mind that *he* would get that kind of training.

He marked and mailed to Scranton a coupon like the one below. That was his first step upward. It brought him just the information he was looking for. He found he could get the training he needed right at home in the hours after supper. From that time on he spent part of his spare time studying.

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Are you satisfied merely to hang on where you are or would you, too, like to have a real job and real money? It's entirely up to you. You don't *have* to stay down You *can* climb to the position you want in the work you like best. Yes, you can! The I. C. S. is ready and anxious to come to you, wherever you are, with the very help you need.

Surely when you have an opportunity that means so much, you can't afford to let another priceless hour pass without at least finding out about it. And the way to do that is easy—without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, mark and mail this coupon

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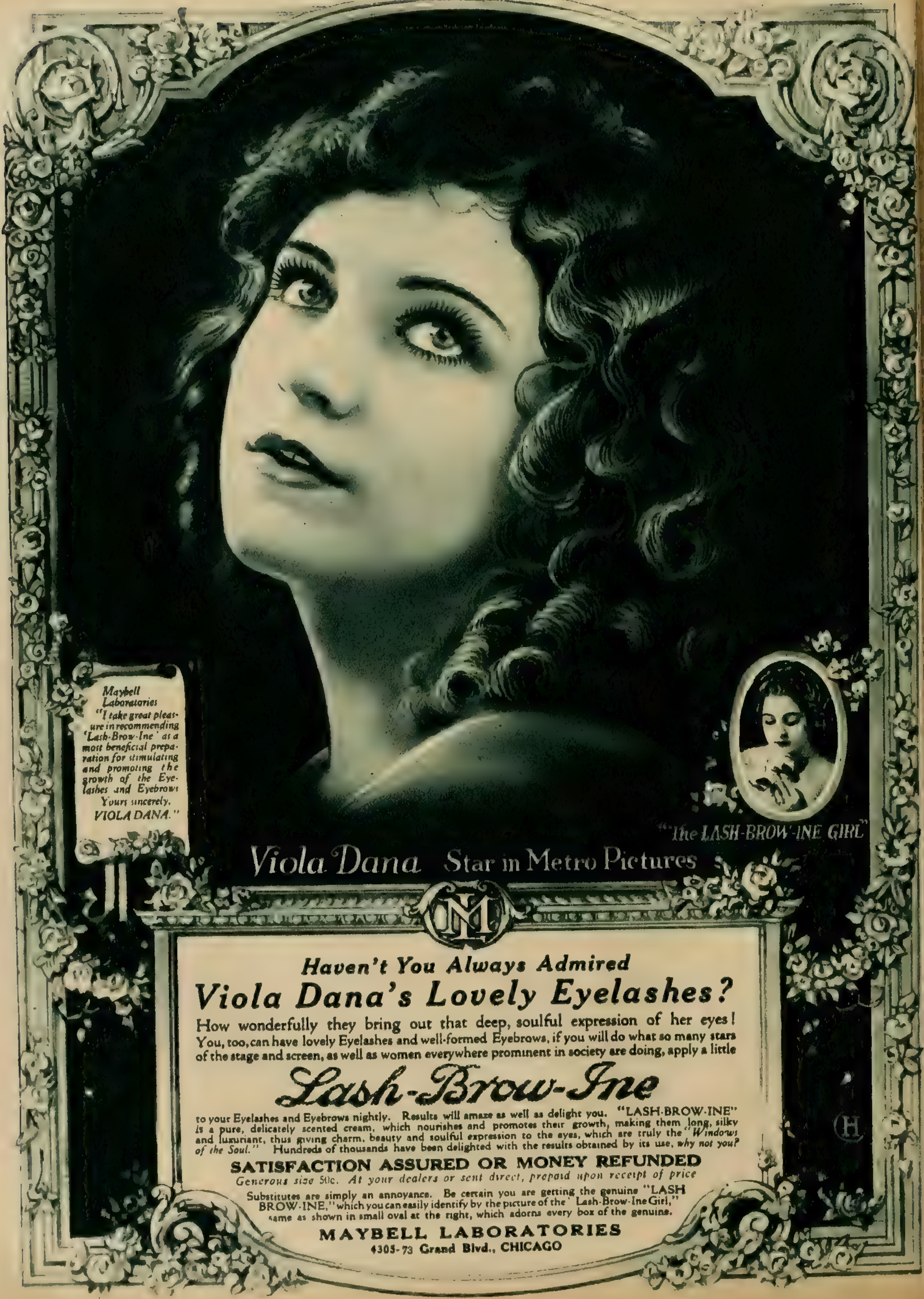

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The Movie Kiss

By Tom Masson

As far as we can judge by history, the kiss s been practiced in all ages. It varies in its eed and horse-power, according to age, race d previous condition of domestic servitude. While it is a purely local affair, it has a conderable range of activity. As a rule, it is cclusively confined to two, but it is occasionlly conveyed by hand from one person to a roup of others. A kiss thus blown may reach everal parties for whom it is not intended. While apparently general in its nature, it may e intended for only one.

There are several kinds of kisses. There is e common or domesticated matrimonial kiss, at works automatically and frequently becomes rusty and stalls upon critical occasions. There is the short-lived, or honeymoon kiss, whose age varies from six months to two ears, according to climate and financial condiion. There is the lover's kiss, that frequently ttains a cloud height of 22,000 feet and is acompanied by explosions. And there is the iss of seasoned ladies, with an aurora borealis exterior, which often drops internally to 00 below zero. Kissing is also practiced by Frenchmen when conferring decorations upon ne another or upon the sufferers belonging to ther nations.

But the movie or screen kiss is comparaively new to the world. It is usually somewhat dilatory in its habits, and takes place "the night after" or "the next morning." It may, however, occur anywhere along the line of march—between recently wedded husbands and wives, parting lovers, or when bending over cribs, hospital beds or sofas. Thomas Edison did not invent it, but he is more or ess responsible for it.

There is one peculiarity about the screen kiss that makes it not only different from any other, but which shows that the kiss in general s a thing in itself and not dependent upon ime or materials. For when we see it on the screen, altho we know that it has actually taken place in the past and is now well over with, we think of it only as a present affair. We actually delude ourselves into thinking it is now going on. We roll up our sleeves, smack our lips and take part in it ourselves when, as a matter of fact, it was probably created some months before in Los Angeles or Jersey City. Thus a kiss which in its execution takes only a fraction of a minute, becomes a permanent affair. It travels all over the world. The movie, therefore, offers domestic possibilities of great interest. A newly married man may kiss his bride in the most complete and satisfactory manner. Having arrived at the highest point of skill and workmanship, he can have a film taken, which his wife can thereafter turn on for her own benefit every morning and evening, while the husband, relieved of this manual labor, can devote himself more completely to the business of keeping together his body and what soul he may have left over.

But this is not all, for the screen kiss contains a value still more interesting and important. Heretofore, people have had to get along and learn how to kiss by themselves, without any accredited model. They have had, so to speak, to grope in the dark, and assisted only by each other, have learned by severe practice. The only object lessons they have had have been furnished by amateurs like themlves, or by more or less offensive relatives railroad stations. Now, however, they can out almost any night and see skilled worken and women do it as it ought to be done, th a minimum loss of energy. Thus the art osculation is getting on its feet and becomg standardized. If any young woman views r lover with suspicion because there is no st motion in the way he grabs her and esses his lips to hers, and if she declares that must have learned it somewhere else, he an simply refer her to the osculatory educational film that has been running in the local palace for the past three nights, as convincing dence of his personal innocence.

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Theodore Roberts

(Continued from page 45)

the girl he snubbed. And on the legitimate stage," he went on, reminiscently, "I enjoyed doing Shylock better than any other character. You see so few convincing portrayals of that character. He is depicted mostly as a scurrilous Jew with an enormous lust for gold and a vicious spirit that is satisfied only with blood, while as a matter of fact, Shakespeare has given him no speeches that are not full of dignity and forcefulness, while his whole personality is that of a leader, not a mongrel money-lending foreigner. I tried to make him the representative of a race—and a human being."

I found myself thinking that it *was* possible to talk art without a collar, but Mr. Roberts was thru for the time being.

"Come see my trees," he invited. "Trees are a hobby of mine and I have a few rare ones in the yard."

The one he pointed out looked like a live oak, but it was a cork tree, he told me. My idea of corks has always been vague; I rather thought they grew in bottles, but it seems not. Mr. Roberts cut a slice of the bark for me, and it was *cork*, just the same as you'd see in a bottle of—er—catsup, and he told me that he could have made a fortune off his tree in pre-prohibition days, but that he had bought it too late. Then there was a "butterfly" tree, with flowers of flaming orange and leaves that looked like butterfly wings and that fold together at night. They, too, are very rare, and will not grow where there is frost; and, Mr. Roberts told me, impressively, his house was just two blocks beyond the frost belt in Hollywood—otherwise he couldn't have a butterfly-tree.

When he had shown me his shrubbery, I asked point-blank how many other hobbies he had, and he laughed, showing white teeth and crinkly wrinkles around his eyes.

"Quite a few," he confessed. "In the first place, there's art—you see, I come from a family of artists. My father painted very well indeed, and so does my sister. I was told, when young, by a famous artist that I ought to follow that career, but I inclined towards the stage. However, I paint, draw and 'sculp,' collect paintings and furniture and—oh, yes," he interrupted himself again in his abrupt fashion, "I mustn't forget my hobby of correct make-up—that is a very important one." He led the way to the Japanese gardens and we sat beside the tiny lily pond while he talked about this most "important" hobby of his.

"I have always given the most careful study to making up for a character," he said. "You might say that I stop at nothing to get the result I want. I'm wearing a mustache just now, but I will shave it off for my next character bit with Mary Miles Minter in 'Judy of Rogue's Harbor.' I've let my hair get long and unkempt, I've allowed my beard to grow—I even shaved my eyebrows

(Continued on page 76)

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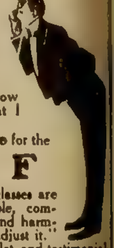

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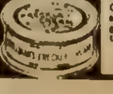

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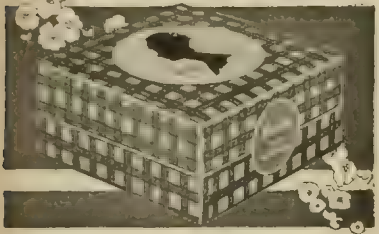

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Go to any of the better shops and buy a box of Armand. Armand Bouquet is a fairly dense powder, and Armand Cold Cream Powder is very dense and different from any other face powder made. The Bouquet comes in a square box at 50c and the Cold Cream Powder in a miniature hat box at $1. If you prefer, send 15c and your dealer's name for three samples. Address

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50c Everywhere

CARMEN
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The Orchid Blooms

(*Continued from page 27*)

fact that he takes both time and footage to make a production and doesn't illumine Broadway with the name of any particular twinkler."

Rushing to the defense of some of my friends in the industry, I demanded to know just why Miss Childers is "down on" the star system. And thus did she elucidate.

"Why not feature the story? There is no story, except, perhaps, that of Adam, that was ever written for one individual. A lot of people like Norma Talmadge or Elsie Ferguson or Clara Kimball Young, but they can see that very personality in a play where the story's the thing—where they wont have to sit thru some untold million close-ups of Miss A's gowns or Mr. B's waxed mustache."

Tho thruout the luncheon Miss Childers was garbed as a Russian princess and wore a black-net evening gown, I had seen her before at the studio in the rags of a screen charwoman—her features distorted with make-up.

"Just so long as the clothes aren't dirty, it's all right," she explained.

Once, Miss Childers avers, she had hopes of being a fortune-teller or a clairvoyant, but, having a penchant for the luxuries of this transitory life she elected the stage as a profession.

And again, she would have been a student in an art school had not Fate put in an oar. As it is, her Hollywood apartment is replete with sketches and pastels bearing her signature in the lower right-hand corner, and the orchidaceous lady will confess to designing all of her own—and sometimes, other people's—gowns.

It was just before she was to register at a certain academy of fine arts in St. Louis that a stage manager, who met Miss Childers socially, offered to cast her as Beauty in "Everywoman." She didn't take the part, however, because she was afraid of its bigness, but rather, became a French maid in another production, and retired serenely into the background.

One day (and this is the manner in which she reminisces)—she found herself becoming ambitious, and burning with the fever of supposed genius, she approached Henry Kolker, whose French maid she was in "The Great Name," and asked him to allow her to make a spectacular entrance.

At the suggestion of such an entrance Mr. Kolker was observed to succumb to gales of laughter, and finally to bid the sixteen-year-old Naomi to remain content with her the-carriage-waits-without speech.

During the last week of "The Great Name's" run, however, the actorine who played the fat German cook of the production, disappeared, and the heroine of "The Spirit in the Clay" and "Lord and Lady Algy," hurriedly became a corpulent frau from Hamburg. She with her imperturbable calm and her tapering fingers!

And, even tho I knew that the price of print paper is ever soaring higher, I feel called upon to enumerate the remainder of the Childers' career. Thusly. In productions of Henry W. Savage and H. H. Frazee, followed by terms with Vitagraph in "The Writing on the Wall," "The Turn of the Road," "The Spirit in the Clay," "The Devil's Prize," *et al.;* Metro in "The Yellow Dove" and "The Blindness of Love," in which she was playing with Harold Lockwood when he was stricken with the influenza which caused his death; and at Goldwyn, where she created on the screen the famous Lady Algy opposite Tom Moore, and appeared as a lady passionately loved by Lou-Tellegen in "The World and Its Woman."

"And after all this," I ventured, "what do you crave?"

"Oh, three pictures a year," she answered, nonchalantly, "a house at Newport with a neat collection of genuine paintings, some good-looking gowns, and large quantities of French novels."

Exactly what I thought. Lots of magnificence. Orchids—Riverside Drive on Sunday afternoon—the front box at the Metropolitan—Tiffany's window in collision with the Empire State Express.

Theodore Roberts

(*Continued from page 74*)

once. Not only that, but I give close attention to grease-paint and putty. I have some materials on my dressing-table at the studio that you will not find elsewhere, because I have them made up especially for me. When I am assigned a part, I immediately begin to study it. What would this man look like? Is he a grouch? Very well, then, hard lines about the mouth and nostrils. Is he a miser? Close, furtive eyes, then, and thin lips; an open-hearted, careless old fellow, he must have ruddy cheeks and well-groomed features.

"The other day I was made up as an old miner, with long white beard and weather-beaten countenance. I was coming back from lunch and saw a group of my friends outside the studio. I hailed them, not thinking of my make-up, and they stared at me blankly for an instant. Then they burst into laughter as they told me how one of them had just remarked, as I approached, 'Look at that old fellow—he's a wonderful type—he ought to register for a job!'"

All of which is interesting comment upon the vividness of Roberts' make-up.

A voice from the house told "Theodore" that lunch was ready, and I rose to go, tho hospitably urged to remain. But I was obdurate.

"Your hobbies are wonderful!" I told him, as he accompanied me to the steps.

"Yes, I collect almost everything," he laughed.

"Except collars," I reminded him, wickedly.

"Yes, except collars!" he admitted, without a trace of shame.

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Age________

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The Kodak Girl

(Continued from page 37)

the second serial. I was supposed to be in a cave with this beast and, while there were two trainers, and outside some men with iron bars, and lights were placed in *front* of the camera to confuse the animal, an unexpected danger arose. I was waiting for them to get it all ready for action—was sitting with a bit of embroidery in the back of the cave. They had wire fencing between the cameramen and the lion, and the trainer was endeavoring to make him go thru certain tricks, for this was not one of the old Selig lions usually hired by producing companies, but a wild one which proved to be very stubborn and excited to boot.

"Suddenly there was a roar—and I just looked up in time to see the lion leaping. Whatever made me act so quickly, I could not tell you, but I ducked and put my head between my knees, and as the lion took the entire cave-length in one leap, I narrowly escaped having my head or shoulders badly clawed. Everybody was so frightened. The wire supports were torn down. Mr. Duncan had a piece of crooked pipe which he was trying to manipulate to keep the lion back, and finally the forest king made one big jump over a high obstruction and got out, followed by the trainers, who finally subdued him.

"But that was only the beginning of a bad day. I was supposed to face a snake as soon as I got to another end of the cave. For some reason, as I was led to turn around, and while the men were busy, I saw this snake right in front of me. He had his fangs, for the man who owned him said he was the only one of his snakes who could feed himself and he refused to take out the poison sacs.

"I hardly know what did happen, but Mr. Duncan was shouting orders to me, and I simply obeyed what he told me to do—and somehow he managed to grasp that hissing serpent by the neck, as he had been told to do by its owner, and I escaped snake-bite from a mad rattler. I cant see anything pleasant in acting with animals, but I dont mind being suspended over cliffs or rescued from almost impossible positions; in fact, I think serials are lots of fun," finished Miss Johnson, very vivaciously.

Miss Johnson's mother and her brother, Donald, aged seventeen, live with her in California. She is determined to put Donald thru college and is giving him every educational advantage even now. At present the little family is merely "existing" in an apartment, while house-hunting goes on merrily. There is a shortage in dwellings here, and Edith Johnson thinks she will be forced to buy, as "For Rent" signs are scarcer than oranges in the Arctic zone.

But meantime, she just "loves" housework, and when the housekeeper goes out, Edith swirls a broom happily and says it the best sort of exercise. Her greatest sorrow is that being a motion picture actress prevents her from cooking and cleaning. She loves to do the

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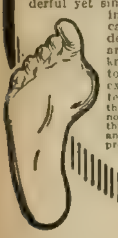

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For Boys and Girls Also

things many other women despise, thinks dishwashing is a rare treat after cavorting about on a horse all day and just wishes she could be a housewife.

But before such dreams come true, if ever they *do,* Edith Johnson is to do some straight dramas with William Duncan, for the Vitagraph Company has promised to give the star and his lovely lady an opportunity to show their talents in an entirely different line of work when they are thru "Smashing Barriers," in stories probably written by James Oliver Curwood.

Moore o' County Meade

(*Continued from page* 23)

As it was, he said, "No, I went in a mob scene in 'Parsifal.' However, my life-long (not so long) ambition was realized—I was on the stage. Owen was with me this time. Yes, he ran away, too, the same time that I did. We earned $5 a week. But even this enormous sum failed to appease my ambition and I got a chance to play the lead with a number five road company of 'Lena Rivers,' I think it was. The people wouldn't come to see us. They had more sense than I had. But anyway, I was stranded in a small Canadian town. Were you ever stranded in a small Canadian town?"

"No, but we have been stranded in Troy, with a number five company of 'Bluebird.' It isn't any fun, is it?"

"Say, do you know, I stranded so many companies that season, that they wouldn't take me in any more, so I joined a stock company, and one day a man from the Kalem Company offered me a job to work in moving pictures. I scorned it—all 'legitimate' actors did then; but the magnificent salary of $40.50 finally tempted me and I fell. I was only earning $25 in stock. I never did know what the 50 cents was for."

"It's like our own salary," we answered. "For five years there has been a 3 tacked on the end of it and every time we get a ten-dollar raise the $3 remains just the same. The next time we shall beg for a $7 raise to make it come out even."

"Well, my first raise was $9.50. At last, my ambition was realized. I was making $50 a week."

"And did you stay in pictures then?" we asked, reckless, now that we had our story.

"Did any actor from the stage ever go in pictures and stay in them at first? No, I made frequent trips into stock, but every time I went back to the stage my salary was cut and every time I returned to the screen it was boosted, so finally I stayed."

"And now you're a star!"

"Yes, and that is the only thing about the whole affair that surprises me up to date. How did I get to be a star?" And paraphrasing, we answered, "The fault, dear Brutus, is in ourselves if we are not stars. You earned it, that's how. Or if you dont understand it, ask Sam Goldwyn. He knows!"

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For home use this method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And a 10-Day Tube is sent without charge to anyone who asks.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

The way seems simple, but for long pepsin seemed impossible. It must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has discovered a harmless activating method. And millions of teeth are now cleaned daily in this efficient way.

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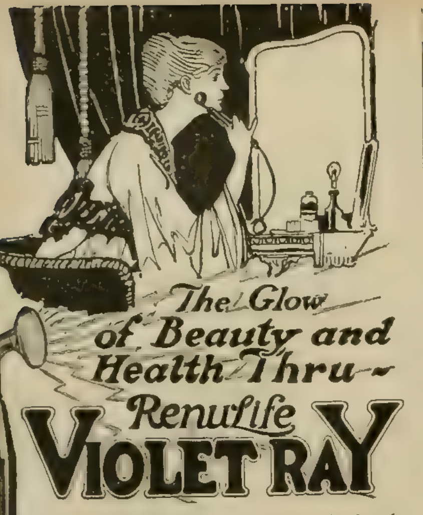

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Lewis Cody, H. V.

(*Continued from page* 19)

"Oh, yes," he said, and laughing put the cigaret in its place again.

"I'm a great believer in leaving things to chance; that is, little things," he remarked. "I never have a good time when I plan on it very far ahead. I've generally found that the best way for me to enjoy myself is to start out alone feeling grumpy and dull. Pretty soon I am likely to meet some friend who feels very much the same way. 'Where are you going?' he asks. 'Nowhere,' I answer. 'Suppose we go together?' he suggests, and the result is one glad time!"

"And the big things in life?"

"Oh, chance usually takes care of them, anyhow. How many people in this room knew where they were going when they started out, do you think? Look at all the biggest names on the screen; did Chaplin think that he would be great for his comedy when all of his plans were serious ones? And Doug Fairbanks, too; wasn't it chance that showed him the thing he could do best? I believe it always happens like that: You start out to do one thing and end up by doing something entirely different."

Lew Cody, by the way, had to be argued into playing just about every good part he ever had. He did not want to get a reputation as a "heavy," which goes to show how very much there is in a name; a "heavy" could hardly hope to be a star, while a "he vamp" is a different proposition. He got the "he vamp" reputation because of his part in "For Husbands Only."

"Do I believe in marriage?" he repeated my question. "Yes, indeed I do —for other people. I think that it is a beautiful institution. But the vamp, the human butterfly type, either in man or woman, should be free, as free as possible. They simply cant rub up against the little troubles of everyday life and keep the gloss on their wings. They make perfect lovers, but impossible husbands and wives.

"For instance," he went on, "take the character I played in 'Dont Change Your Husband.' He wasn't insincere. On the contrary, he was really in love and he didn't make love to the woman in her husband's house, either. In fact, there was nothing really bad about him. He was just weak and couldn't stand up against everyday things. The very sense of irresponsibility that made him fall in love made him fall out of love again. And if, by some miracle, it were possible to make such a person sober and practical, he would probably lose all of his charm for the world."

"You think that people admire a little wickedness in their heroes?"

"I do, indeed! And in their heroines, too, so long as it isn't ugly. You know the admonition of a French mother to her child is never 'Be good,' but always 'Be pretty.' Wickedness, in the strict meaning of the word, is never pretty, so perhaps it would be more correct to say that what people want is humanity with a little dash of fun, so that they can laugh at their own faults and at the faults of others.

"That is what I hope to do with my 'vamp' stuff; I never want to lose the light, graceful tone. And that is not easy."

"Then you are working harder than you ever did?"

"N-n-o. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy; I hate dull people and I'd hate to hate myself. Anyhow—(he was more than half in earnest)—I think that a player should to some extent, at least, live the character he is playing, in order to keep in the spirit of it. So I never want to become too serious."

The Broken Melody

(*Continued from page* 70)

singing, as tho the spring of melody within her were broken——" he pointed at the door across the hall, "yonder she grieves, lad. Go to her——"

And Stuart waited no longer, but obeyed. As he stood upon her threshold the girl outflung on the couch sat up, stared, and her hands crept to her low girl breast. "It isn't you, of course," she said in a small, shaken voice. "It couldn't be you. You are in Paris, you know."

"It is I, Hedda," Stuart whispered, for he had come close to her now, and his arms were around her hungrily. "I cant paint pictures without you—I cant even live without you. There's just one thing that matters in the whole world, and that is—will you let me stay, sweetheart?"

"But your work——" she was still afraid to believe in her joy.

"We will work together, Hedda," Stuart told her, "you *are* my work—you complete me. And perhaps—some day—if I work well enough, Hedda, you shall have your jewels after all!"

Her face was lighted with a solemn light. She seemed to be looking ahead, far ahead of them—"Yes, Paddie," Hedda nodded quietly, "I think—I shall —have my jewels——"

CAMEO

By Faith Service

In each breeze, low-murmuring,
Whispering, "Earth, rejoice!"
In each matin of the lark,
Your voice.

In each April shower,
Crystal—clear and brief—
Spanned by arching rainbow,
Your grief.

In each glancing sun-ray
On a flower awhile,
Fleeting, transient, subtle,
Your smile.

In your heart, soft-beating,
Tender as a dove,
Fluttering, prisoned in my heart,
Your love.

Idealist and Artist

(Continued from page 35)

In 1914, Mr. Tourneur was sent to this country as a producer for the American branch of the Eclair Company.

"Will you ever make another 'Blue Bird' or 'Prunella'? I asked, recalling those exquisite fabrics of dreams.

"I hope so—some day—I *hope* so! You know, dont you, that they were not what we call successful? Oh, I would be willing to suffer poor financial returns if such beautiful pictures would only reach the people, but they dont, for they think they do not like them.

"I left painting because it gave me more pain than enjoyment. So much beauty was lost between the brain, which conceived the idea of the picture, and the fingers which portrayed it. Just so in motion pictures, some day I will leave them because they, too, are painful. So much is lost in every picture. I find a story, I am enthusiastic. Then, there is a little lost in making the script, a little more in acting, a little in the photography, a little in my directing, and when it is all completed it is not the beautiful thing I had conceived. Human workmen can never come up to the mental pictorial perfection."

Presently he continued, "Motion pictures must move onward to the place where life seen thru an artist's mind will find expression on the screen. Suggestion must take the place of exact delineation, impressionism in place of the literal transcription, alike in motive and execution. An artist looking at a landscape does not give us an exact reproduction on his canvas, for instance, such as photography affords, but he represents it as he felt and saw it."

Suddenly wheeling around in his chair, Mr. Tourneur pointed to a picture above his desk, "This Whistler canvas does not look like nature nor is it the real thing, but it gives the impression of low tide, twilight depths, shadows cast by the old bridge across the Thames. It is as it looked to Whistler. The reality passed thru the artist's mind and he gives us the picture as it impressed him"

Earnestly, he continued. "One might look at this chair in many ways. Were I weary it would suggest a haven of rest, but were I searching for art, it would be an object of contempt. So all of life and its action can be looked at from various angles, and the picture director must be an idealist and an artist."

"The function of the film today?" I prompted, speaking softly, for the late afternoon stillness had crept into the room while we talked.

"Motion pictures must always have a theme that will make the audience laugh or cry; it may be comedy or drama, but it must never *bore!*"

Like all great idealists, Maurice Tourneur feels the magic waves of discontent that spurs the artist on to greater tasks. Following his own visions, he longs to share them with the whole world—if it will but *see!*

Food Up 85%

So statistics show at this writing, compared with pre-war cost. That's the average on common foods.

On this account, about 9 in 10 are underfed. So states a Chicago Board of Health authority.

That is, most men don't get what men must have — 3,000 calories of nutriment per day. So the facts here stated are of paramount importance.

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Quaker Oats is prepared from the greatest food that grows.

It is almost a complete food—nearly the ideal food. In energy units it yields 1810 calories per pound, while round steak yields 890.

Yet Quaker Oats costs one cent per big dish. A whole dish costs you no more than a bite of meat.

Saves You 88%

Foods are compared by calories, the energy measure of food value. A man must have at least 3,000 calories per day, a boy at least 2,000.

At this writing, some necessary foods cost as follows on this basis:

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Quaker Oats	5½c
Average Meats	45c
Eggs about	70c
Average Fish	50c
Vegetables	11c to 75c

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PISO'S
for Coughs & Colds

Betty Blythe: The Peacock Princess

(*Continued from page* 21)

friends. Well, the minute the director saw me, he asked what I could do. Knowing that my very meals depended on my answer, I replied, airily, 'Oh, anything!' just as if I knew all about acting before the camera, and because he needed my type he put me to work right away with Harry Morey in 'His Own People.' Isn't it funny how things work out? Here I had lived in Los Angeles, the very heart of motion pictures, but had scorned them as a career."

After playing with Harry Morey in a number of pictures, and also with Earle Williams, she did a couple of O. Henry stories, then went with Guy Empey where as Madame Arnot, in "Over the Top," she did such excellent work that she attracted the attention of all lovers of the screen.

"It was a great rôle," Miss Blythe declared, enthusiastically, "I felt I had created something really worth while. To me, Madame Arnot was symbolical of the women of France during the war, of their nobility in suffering and sacrificing everything for their beloved cause. I also made 'The Undercurrent,' with Mr. Empey.

"The greatest thrill of my life came one morning when the New York *Telegraph* had a full page picture of me. There it was staring up from every newsstand and street corner. Can you imagine what that meant to me after all my disappointments?

"Now that they are over, I'm glad to have had them. We gain very little except thru struggle. All history teaches that every step of advancement is the result of turmoil. I often wonder what upheaval accounted for Schubert's glorious melodies."

Betty Blythe had some serious ambitions for her future on the screen. Possessing a striking beauty and being able to wear her clothes to splendid advantage has caused her to be cast in many society rôles. Not caring for this type in real life she finds it hard to visualize her on the screen and hopes to have the opportunity of portraying the real woman, the one who stands for the best in all womanly qualities.

"Careers are all very well," I remarked, glancing at the various masculine photographs adorning Betty's boudoir, "but suppose love should come."

"I *want* it to come!" came the quick response. "I've reached the point where I long for a home and a more unselfish life," and a new warmth crept into the large, dark eyes as they lingered on one picture.

Betty laughed. "Let's go and have an ice cream soda!" she said.

THORNLESS ROSE.—What did you do with the thorns? Thanks for your good advice about not marrying so the girl will get all my money. I'll take good care of that. You're right about Pearl White. If we cant make money honestly, let's make it as honestly as we can.

The Silken Gloria

(*Continued from page* 17)

up against the subject of marriage and divorce, those Gold Dust twins of discussion.

Miss Swanson believes thoroly in marriage. Indeed, we strongly suspect she is about to try the problem personally.

"One of the biggest fallacies of marriage," philosophized Miss Swanson, "is the idea that a couple should be of opposite temperaments. In reality, they must have similar interests, desires and hopes.

"Each must give and take.

"There must be a basis of companionship when the glamor begins to wear thin.

"Each must allow the other plenty of leeway.

"Those are my ideas today. Of course, I revise my ideas daily. Indeed, I might have entirely different ones if you interviewed me tomorrow. You never can tell about me," admitted Miss Swanson.

All of which goes to prove that she is typically feminine above all else—feminine from the tips of her dainty slippers to the glistening hat setting at just the proper angle of effectiveness. Woman is woman—and Gloria is Gloria.

MINSTREL'S LAY

By Walter E. Mair

Sing me a song of the high road,
And the best road to go,
From the town with its empty laughter
To the land that I used to know;
To the land full of sun, where the meadow-lark's call
Like to silver-sweet rain on my heart used to fall.

Sing me a song of the far road,
And the road fair to see,
From the place of unending striving
To the haunts of the droning bee;
To the vale where the autumn gold gleams in the sun,
And the twilight brings peace when the day's work is done.

Sing me a song of the old road,
And the one road I know,
Where every traveler's a comrade,
And the goal of his path is the glow
Of home-keeping hearts that are waiting to give
Their love to his longing, to help him to live!

Aye, sing me a song of the high road,
And the best road to go.

HIS HERO

By Minna Irving

Our Buddy-boy is ten years old,
His hero used to be
A private with a big black flag
Who sailed the stormy sea,
And made his captives walk the plank,
And scuttled ships, I trow,
But Buddy's changed ideals—it
Is Charlie Chaplin now.

He thought a bold bad bandit's life
Was something very fine;
I took him to a movie show—
This little chap of mine.
With smudges on his tiny lip,
A derby o'er his brow,
He imitates his hero—it
Is Charlie Chaplin now.

Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison of New York, one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really *can* and simply *haven't found it out?* Well, come to think of it, 'most anybody can *tell* a story. Why can't 'most anybody *write* a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality to-day.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes — you may laugh—but these are the Writers of Tomorrow.

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. *Don't you believe the creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as he did the greatest writer?* Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet if, by some lucky chance, they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the Imagination free rein they might have astonished the world!

But two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. The greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they *really learn to write* from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex — the flotsam and jetsam of Life — even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays — a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you'd be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't *I* learn to write? *Who says you can't?*

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"The book is all, and more, than you claim it to be."—W. T. Watson, Whitehall, N. Y.

"I am delighted with the book beyond the power of words to express."—Laura Davis, Wenatchee, Wash.

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Miss Helene Chadwick, versatile screen star, now leading lady for Tom Moore of Goldwyn Film Company, says:

"Any man or woman who will learn this New Method of Writing ought to sell stories and plays with ease."

Listen! A wonderful *free* book has recently been written on this very subject—a book that tells all about a Startling New Easy Method of Writing Stories and Photoplays. This amazing book, called *"The Wonder Book for Writers,"* shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, written perfected, sold. How many who don't *dream* they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own Imagination may provide an endless gold-mine of Ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you *are* a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. How to *win!*

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A Dry Skin Is a Hungry Skin

—it craves a liberal supply of an oily preparation. Tissue Cream has been compounded for this particular purpose and may be used not only at night for massage, but at any time during the day that the skin feels dry and drawn.

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Whitening Cream for a sallow skin.
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Foundation Cream before using Powder.

New Method Makes Music Amazingly Easy to Learn

Learn to Play or Sing—Every Step Made Simple as A B C

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Entire Cost Only a Few Cents a Lesson—and Nothing Unless Satisfied

How often have you wished that you knew how to play the violin or piano—or whatever your favorite instrument may be—or that you could take part in singing?

How many an evening's pleasure has been utterly spoiled and ruined by the admission "I can't sing," or "No, I am sorry, but I can't play."

And now—at last—this pleasure and satisfaction that you have so often wished for can easily be added to your daily life.

No need to join a class. No need to pay a dollar or more per lesson to a private teacher. Neither the question of time nor expense is any longer a bar—every one of the obstacles that have been confining your enjoyment to mere listening have now been removed.

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You don't need to know the first thing about music to begin—don't need to know one note from another. My method takes out all the hard part—overcomes all the difficulties—makes your progress easy, rapid and sure.

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Understudying Mary

(*Continued from page* 38)

girls would 'go mad' over. I also recognized the great opportunity it offered to further my knowledge of the dramatic art and it was with the happiest little thrill, that I signed my name to the contract.

"That little thrill of happiness," states Miss Du Pre, "has constantly grown in intensity because the work with Miss Pickford has been glorious. I have learnt more about the ways of children from Miss Pickford, in watching her portray them and in emulating her portrayals, than I ever could have learnt in a lifetime from watching real children in real life."

Speaking of her remarkable similarity to Miss Pickford, Miss Du Pre said: "Our resemblance is almost uncanny. Not only in general outward appearance but in most every detail of form and figure. One day Miss Pickford and I stood before a mirror and made minute comparisons. We compared our height, the length and shape of our arms, legs and feet, and all of our measurements are identical. There is a difference in certain small lines and in certain lights, but they are of little moment and I guess that I am, as I have been so often told, Miss Pickford's 'double' in real life as well as professionally."

Even without make-up and the characteristic curls, Miss Du Pre's resemblance is remarkable and when made up and dressed as Miss Pickford, the illusion is astounding. So much so, in fact, that on the first day that the cast was called for a dress rehearsal of "Pollyanna" and before Miss Du Pre had been officially introduced to all of Miss Pickford's company, a lady appeared on the "set" and placing her arms about Miss Du Pre's shoulders, started to discuss a private Pickford matter. When Miss Du Pre halted the speaker and referred her to the *real* Miss Pickford, the lady stepped back confused and wild-eyed, and then stammered in her amazement. "Why!" she gasped, "Mary and I are cousins, I have lived with her constantly for the past ten years—and I thought you were she." Then the speaker, Miss Benson, rubbed her eyes and just stared—first at Miss Du Pre and then at Miss Pickford, who sat a few feet away laughing at her cousin's confusion.

With "two" Mary Pickfords at the studio, things began to happen even before the production of "Pollyanna" was actually started. The first incident occurred on the very first day of her engagement and it reminded Miss Du Pre of the story of "The Prince and the Pauper."

She had been called to the pretty little bungalow, that Miss Pickford uses as a dressing-room, for the purpose of trying on Miss Pickford's clothes and there with the shades drawn, she arrayed herself in the wardrobe of the star, as Miss Pickford, disrobing in the bathroom, handed each garment thru the partly opened door.

When fully dressed, even to stockings

and shoes, the shades were lifted and star and understudy stood marveling at the perfect fit.

At that moment, Paul Powell, Miss Pickford's director, passed by the bungalow and seeing thru the open window what he supposed to be the person of his star, he stopped and called in—"Good morning, Miss Pickford"—The startled look of amazement that spread over the director's face, as his greeting was answered—from the depths of the bathroom—and not from the person before him, was a comical but eloquent compliment to Miss Pickford's selection of an understudy.

Then the thought came to Miss Du Pre, that here in real life was the theme of "The Prince and the Pauper," staged in a bungalow instead of a palace, but just as alluring in its fanciful possibilities. Dressed in these "magic" clothes and standing in the lucky shoes of the great star, she seemed enchanted and in imagination she conjured the adventure that would befall them, if she retained the wardrobe and assumed the identity of the famous star, and Miss Pickford went off into the world carrying the raiment and the name of her newly acquired understudy.

After this incidents of mistaken identity followed thick and fast. Each day had its complement of humorous situations. Visitors to the studio approached Miss Du Pre with expressions of pleasure at the supposed honor of meeting "the star"—and on "locations" in and about Los Angeles, where the exterior scenes were made, spectators bowed and spoke to her, fully confident that they were addressing Miss Pickford.

Out in the little town of Norwalk, California, where several scenes were made, Miss Du Pre arrived in her car considerably ahead of Miss Pickford—and as she waited, a crowd of several hundred children gathered and stood wide-eyed—as they nudged each other and whispered—"That's Mary Pickford." Then several of them got together, held a whispered conference and scampered off. Soon they returned carrying an old and badly soiled candy box containing some candy, purchased by their contribution of several cents, and this they presented to Miss Du Pre with the statement: "Please take this, Miss Pickford, because we like you."

The incident was "so cute" and "so pathetically sincere," said Miss Du Pre, that she refrained from disillusioning the children and was greatly relieved when they went off to school before the arrival of Miss Pickford.

Even the old station master at the Santa Fé Depot at South Pasadena came in for his share of wonderment. This venerable railroader, who has studied the faces of hosts of travelers, was nonplussed. A scene was made on the station platform and while waiting for things to be made ready, Miss Pickford and her understudy perched themselves on a big shipping case and sat there in animated conversation.

(*Continued on page* 93)

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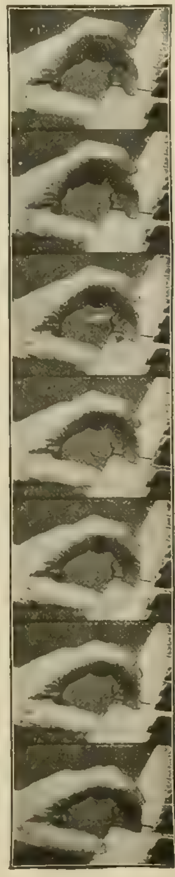

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She Loves and Lies

(*Continued from page* 33)

"Married!" Bob was plainly hurt. "My Gawd, Marie, how'd it happen? You know I always sort of meant to marry you myself. Who's the lucky stiff that came under the wire ahead? Is it Ted O'Keefe, that used to do the song-and-dance with you, or Rufus?"

Marie saw that she had said considerably more than enough. She changed the subject to vaudeville again, and Bob, knowing that matrimony is a dangerous and sore subject with most of its victims, considerately did not follow it up. But he did not forget. And when, the very next afternoon, he pushed open the door of Polly's studio and therein beheld Marie and a handsome young fellow in close juxtaposition before an easel upon which stood a painting which in nowise seemed to justify their interest, and when, moreover, he saw Marie lean forward and just brush the hair of the handsome young fellow with a kiss, and when, lastly and likewise, he had seen the young fellow turn ardently and seize her hand and draw her down to him, he leaped to a naïve conclusion.

"Give us a knockdown to your hubby, Marie!" he demanded, jovially, and then, to the purpling Ernest, "I'd ought to be sore at you, Bo, but take it from me, you've picked a peach! When Marie told me yesterday that she was married, believe me, it give lil' ol' John W. Me a jolt right where he lived, but I——"

Then he paused, for the first time realizing the chill and rarefied atmosphere of silence that surrounded him. Marie's face was scarlet, Ernest's very white. Bob was not subtle, but something seemed to whisper to him that he had blundered.

He took his exit as gracefully as possible, leaving two who regarded one another coldly. "And so," said Ernest, rather tremendously, "and so you, a married woman, have allowed another man to make love to you!"

Marie blazed forth at this. "And you," she asked, "had you the right to make love to *me?* Why, for all that I know, you may be married, too!"

He wilted like a punctured balloon, all his rage oozing from him. He stammered piteously, but she was merciless. Writhing, he confessed. "I've been a brute—a cad! Why did I ever come to this accursed part of town, where people wear loose clothes and loose morals? And she's so sweet—so good——"

Marie thrust her vivid young face close, daring him. The fragrance of her was warm in his nostrils, the golden gleams dazzled his eyes. "Tell me," she whispered, "is she young—and pretty? Look at me, Ernest—and tell me."

He wrenched his gaze from her effortfully. "She is good—and I—I love her!" he said doggedly, and got to his feet, defying her, tho unconsciously his arms went out hungrily to the youth of her, the splendid, quick young loveliness. "I'm going back to my wife—I shall never see you again! Good-by!"

But still she had no mercy. "Tell me—before you go," she dared him, "tell me that you never want to see me again."

He tried to say the words, but his dry lips refused to shape them. In his gaze was confession, but he was still man enough to go, and the door closed behind the tragic young figure. Marie laughed shakily. The sound stumbled over a sob. "He's splendid and I'm a wicked woman." She sprang across to Polly's clothes-press, disguised meagerly with cubist cretonne, and rummaged. Among the bedraggled smocks, the smeary batik, the wool-embroidered, the stenciled, she found one comparatively new white one, dragged it down and began to tear at the fastenings of her own.

"I've got to look pretty—enough to *make* him forgive me," she sobbed, as she worked. "Oh, I'm afraid—afraid!"

To Ernest Lismore, sitting dully in his study, staring at broken pictures in the mocking flames, came the sound of little, light feet that he had learnt to know. He looked up guiltily as his old little wife came into the room and stood by his chair, patting his rough, dark head gently. "Boy," she said, "boy, I've been thinking, wondering. Perhaps it's time for me to free you, Ernie. I've thought that you looked troubled lately. Tell me, boy, are you in love? Remember I'm your grandmother and tell me all about her."

"Oh, you're wonderful!" choked Ernest, and caught at the kind little hand. "You know everything! I didn't mean to, honest! It just happened—she's little, like you, and she has hair like a dark spring night trimmed with stars!"

And he went on in breathless, stumbling words, in flaming young phrases, foolish young similes, to tell of his love for the paint-smeared little artist he had met in the Dawn galleries. When, a long time after he had begun speaking, he stopped abruptly, there was a space of silence. "I—suppose you can never—forgive me," Ernest faltered.

"Forgive you!" a voice echoed in his ear, throbbing, beating like a heart.

Amazed, he looked down at the little white-clad figure that had slipped to the floor at his feet, and suddenly he cried out, unbelievingly, "You! Not—you? Was it—you, all the time?" for she had lifted the piled grey hair with a revealing gesture and flung it from her own.

"It was I—all the time," Marie answered, and suddenly her look quickened to that of some prophetess. "Ernest, it wasn't all acting. When a woman loves a man, she loves him because he's her hero, and because he's her protector, and because he's her lover—and, most of all, because he's really her little boy, Ernie. Still"—her lips grew mischievous—"still, sir, if you're dissatisfied with your wife, of course I'll stick to my agreement——"

"My wife!" said Ernest Lismore, and he said it like a prayer. "My wife," and this time it was like a poem. "My *wife!*" and he stooped to sweep her up in his strong, hungry arms.

AN APOLOGY AND AN EXPLANATION

On October 1st, 1919, practically all of the printers and typesetters in and around New York went out on strike, including those who print this magazine. Without going into the merits of the controversy between the employers and the employees, we will simply say that we had no voice in the matter one way or the other. Several labor unions had differences among themselves, and these differences caused the Publishers' Association to refuse to comply with the demands of certain labor unions. We do not belong to the Publishers' Association. That body conducted all the negotiations. When the printers and compositors walked out, it was not in our power to make them walk back, even if we had been willing to give them everything they asked. Had we terms with one union, another union would have refused to handle our paper, and another union would have refused to make the plates which are necessary for us to have. In other words, our hands were tied. We were helpless. Some publications were fortunate enough to have some of their printing done for them in distant cities, some had it done by some other process (such as typewriting photographed) and some could not have their work done at all. The strike did not end until the latter part of November, having lasted nearly two months.

During this time we did everything possible to supply our readers with this, their favorite magazine, on time and in good condition, but such was not possible. We left no stone unturned and were willing to go to any expense, but in spite of every effort, we were unable to meet the schedule, hence we were late. Furthermore, the magazine that you received was not the one we intended to give you. When the strike came on, this magazine was partly made up and partly printed, but we were unable to move either the type or the parts that had been printed. We managed to get out a MAGAZINE, but it was not the kind of magazine we wanted, it was the best we could. We could not even print an explanation and an apology, hence this one. We hoped, and still believe, that all of our esteemed readers, even those in distant parts, had heard of the great tie-up strike and that they would patiently wait. Some of our contemporaries took advantage of our extremities by issuing extra large editions on an advanced date, hoping thereby to secure some of our readers, instead of extending us the brotherly hand and saying, "Is there anything we can do for you in your distress?" We hope that they have largely profited by their business sagacity, but we believe that we have not lost a single reader. Once a reader always a reader.

We are now fully recovered from the disaster and from now on our readers may expect the finest magazine possible. We have done this for ten years and we can do it now. WATCH US.

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Make Yourself Fit

You can do it, if you will only make up your mind to get out of the way of putting the matter off "until tomorrow" and begin at once to Build Up yourself. Nature has implanted in every human organism a wonderful revivifying, revitalizing force, which she will exert to the utmost when you learn her methods and observe her laws. Patent medicines won't put you right. Druggist's dope won't do you any good. Pills and powders may give you a little temporary relief and stimulation, but they won't eradicate the CAUSE of your troubles, and when the inevitable reaction comes you will be even worse off than before.

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Opal B.—A little late, but better late than never. Those striking printers certainly did play havoc with our schedule. Never mind, we expect to be out on time with the next issue. Be patient. I haven't the boy's name in "The Delicious Little Devil."

Talmadge Fan.—My thanks, you flatter me. My wit might be more appealing but that Shakespeare, Butler and Bacon have rendered it extremely difficult for all who come after them to be sublime, witty or profound. However, I'll do my best. Write to our Sales Department, and not to me, please, about all matters concerning back copies, subscriptions, etc.

From Mt. Pleasant.—Oh, how do you do! Yes, I have just had a birthday, but I hope to advise you during 1920—never too old to be an Answer Man. I rarely look back, but always keep looking ahead. Some people spend their lives in reasoning on the past, in complaining of the present, and in trembling for the future. Ruth Roland in "Hands Up," and Jean Sothern in "The Mysteries of Mira."

C. Ray.—*Fiat lux* means "Let there be light." Mae Murray is playing in "The A B C of Love," released thru Pathé. Corinne Griffith is playing in "The Tower of Jewels." Why, I very seldom get down to Vitagraph. Ah ha, so you like little Marguerite de la Motte, and think she is a "pippin." I think so too, but I confess I dont know what a pippin is. So you like the Magazine better than the Classic.

Dixie Dee.—Sure I have whiskers like a Turkish pasha, but I never wear a muffler in the winter time, nor do I carry a muff, nor do I ice-skate to and from the office. Dorothy Gish in "Betty of Greystone" opposite Owen Moore. You say you know something about the markets and the way of the dollar, but all I know about women is that they are good to have. And you come along and say that Wallace Reid is the handsomest man in the world. Have you seen them all? Come in again and see me.

Coming Author.—Well now, come right along. There's room for one more. You say you have written a scenario and ask how much it is worth. That's not the question. It is, How much will it bring? Take what you can get and be thankful. Write for a list of the manufacturers.

Mimi B.—Well, there is one thing that people bring to the table, and cut, but do not eat, and which should never be brought to the table at all—a pack of cards. Card-playing is a terrible waste of time and brings no benefits. Marjorie Wilson played in "Mountain Dew" and William Elliott in "When We Were Twenty-one." And now Lillian Walker will play in "$1,000,000 Reward," a serial, produced by Grossman Pictures, Inc., Ithaca.

Minnie F. L., Auburn.—Oh, you have Auburn hair? I am always glad to hear from architects. I am one myself. I am the architect of my own fortune, but I confess that I have made a bad job of it so far. But what can one do on nine dollars a week? I went into this business nine years ago without a cent in my pocket and I've got it yet. Oh, how could I forget you, Minnie!

G. E. W.—Why, turning a woman's head is as easy as missing a train if you know how. Is Conway Tearle married? Witness prefers not to answer on the ground that he is not sure about it this minute. Mississippi was the first, Virginia second, Kentucky third, South Carolina fourth to ratify the amendment for prohibition. Even Kentucky!

Peggy Adair.—I thank you, fair lady, for the cigars, but with all due respect and gratitude, I must inform you that I knew they were purchased by a woman. You say they had Connecticut wrappers? I believe you; they tasted like some kind of rags. An artist tells me that old wrappers make excellent rags. No, Mrs. Adolph Zukor is not a player. She's a producer's wife. Write to me again.

M. T.—Of course I eat fish. If I have plenty of mackerel for breakfast, I can usually make the other two meals out of cold water. Virginia Brown, one of the winners in the Fame and Fortune Contest, has changed her name to Virginia Faire, and has signed a five years' contract with Universal, involving some $85,000. Pretty good start, eh? Antonio Moreno in his new serial, "Smashing Barriers."

Lily B.—My dear, no human creature gives his admiration for nothing; either the eye must be charmed, or the understanding gratified. And that is the way of the world. Yes, Elmo Lincoln in "Tarzan." Why, haven't you heard of a varnish tree? There is the black varnish tree and the Japan varnish tree.

Miss Manda.—You question my statement that I am a self-made man, because if I had made myself I would have put more hair on my head. Well, I put it on my chin instead. Be off with you. Alice Brady's latest picture is "The Fear Market," which was produced a couple of years ago on Broadway.

Helen.—Yes, Alice Joyce was in New Orleans taking "The Sporting Duchess." Ben Wilson and Neva Gerber are producing a second serial, "The Screaming Shadow." Somebody must like these serials. Of course I lie down to sleep, do you think I am a horse? Speaking of horses, they show their anger by retracting their ears. Did you notice mine retract?

George L.—If you want your letters answered in the Classic, please be sure to put "Classic" at the top of your letter. Dolores Cassinelli is playing in "The Web of Deceit." Herbert Rawlinson is starring in 8 two-reel detective features. J. Warren Kerrigan in "The Lord Loves the Irish," and I guess He does, or He wouldn't have made so many of them. So you want to see Anna Little on the cover and an interview with Clara Williams.

Marjorie M.—Chickens, no, no, the incubator was known to China and Egypt first—in the very early period. The smallest British possession is Gibraltar, and the largest is Canada. You know there must be a beginning. Dont know why you are afraid to write to me. I wont hurt you. The more the merrier. Yes, Frankie Lee is a bright child. Billie Burke did not play in her stage play on Christmas Day. She spent the day with Patricia.

(*Continued on page 96*)

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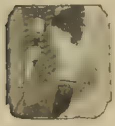

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On With the Dance

(Continued from page 55)

staling on him, opened a dancing palace and sent the masked dancer off to a sensational success.

Sonia loved it, especially at first. She feasted upon the adulation, personal, press and otherwise. She rioted in furs and jewels and the things she had hungered for since she had danced, half-naked, on her native steppes. It was all rich food to a part of her long lean with deprivation.

Other things, of course, were more involved. Van Vechtan, incidentally, acquired two deep lines on his brow where lines had not been before. Peter grew more silent and more morose, retired more than ever to himself. He was out a great deal of the time with Joan, doing settlement work and reading things Sonia did not nor would not understand. When he was at home he was utterly abstracted, felt utterly stifled. Joan was the air he needed to breathe in order to live. Sonia and her heavy atmospheres stifled him. He grew to know how bitterly a man sins against himself when he does not play true with himself, with the greatest urge within him.

Under a surface all roses and smiles and discreetness and silences and abstractions, something ugly and sinister rankled and grew apace. Peter became insistent as to the source of Sonia's plutocratic apparel. He knew it did not come from him, even tho his income from the terminal plans had become a solid one. He knew that Van Vechtan was simply making her the simple allowance he had given her when she first came to her father and to him, adequate only for her studies and simple attire. Because he honestly did not very much care in any essential sense he did not press the matter for a while. Van Vechtan did, and Sonia, curled up on a couch, told him all about it. "It's gorgeous fun," she said, in conclusion.

Van Vechtan sighed. The sigh came from his traditions and his dreams, never quite the same, always a bit disturbed since this girl had come over the waters, bringing with her new flavors, a hint of new desires.

"You are a mystery as you are, Sonia," he told her. "Why try to exploit it all—for the mob? Reserve is the last of the arts, and the finest. Why not live more for Peter, more for the things you can take with you into the softer years? The adulation of the mob—they are a wolf-pack, snarling for fresh meat. They will reject you and cast you out. They will forget you."

"I will reject them and cast them out, too," Sonia said; "they are a toy to me, also. I will forget them. Anyway, what does tomorrow matter? Or yesterday? It is the present that matters. It is today. Death and forgetfulness make mockeries of past and future."

"You are imbibing," sighed Van Vechtan, "the tin-pan philosophy of Jimmie utherland. I suppose you've got to arn. What a weary cycle it all is!"

Of course, sensationalism stepped in nd smashed the whole rotting structure o the mud, from which, only with great ain and labor, anything whole and adeuate was made again.

Peter came home one night, straight rom Joan, to find Sonia dancing an bandoned sort of a thing for Jimmie Sutherland. All the satyr in Sutherland vas on the surface. It was repellent. Peter created a scene, justifiably enough, nd only Sonia's really desperate pleading saved the studio from being the scene of God knows what horror.

After it was over, Sonia packed her bags and departed. "I dont know what t's all about," she said, "but I know that I cant stand it, any of it. You've never oved me, Peter. I think some of the ause is in that."

A week later Peter followed her to the dancing palace, and so did Jimmie Sutherland's discarded Fay Desmond. The papers had the whole thing in detail the next morning. Fay Desmond tore the mask from the masked dancer, denouncing her, Sutherland leaped to the rescue and then, clean as a lance, past the lot of them, a slender man, white and murderous, cleaved thru the crowd—and Jimmie Sutherland lay under a smoking gun held by Peter Derwynt.

It was an equally sensational trial. The component parts were splendid as copy—the famous masked dancer; Schuyler Van Vechtan, unapproachable in the assault of all approaches; Peter, an odd murderer in his remote and white asceticism; the desperate-looking Fay Desmond, with the odd air about her of petrified vitality, almost as tho frozen; the name of the wealthy Jimmie Sutherland, whom wealth had turned, it seemed, from a ruddy, honest pork-packer into a satyr, horridly stalking.

The trial reached its climax when Sonia, slender and vastly different, all in black and utterly composed, took the stand. She told the jury, very simply, without any sort of affectation or apology or ostentation, that she had been Jimmie Sutherland's mistress because she craved the luxuries of life and her husband could not give them to her. "He found it out," she said, in conclusion, "so he killed him."

Peter was acquitted. He had done, of course, the justifiable thing. He had merely killed the thing rotting the decent foundation of his home. One could do no more, it seemed; no less.

He went to Sonia and thanked her—for telling the truth.

"Naturally," Sonia said to him, her small hand, a frozen thing, stiff in his formal touch, "naturally, Peter, I would—tell the truth. I've always done that—at least."

"It was a hard truth to tell," Peter said, "but it was big, Sonia. You might have done much less."

Surprises

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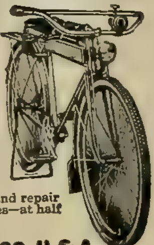

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"I agree with you there," she said. Peter felt, curiously, that she was flame grown ice. It was somehow tragic. It made of Sonia something he had not suspected. Vaguely he felt uncomfortable. He knew that he was in the face of unshrouded pain.

Later he went away with Joan to await the time when the peace they had all but lost could come to them, too wise now to let it evade them, however and whatever the price they might have to give.

Sonia left the courtroom alone. She walked. She walked a long way, toward the river. She remembered hearing that a lot of "crazy foreigners" went that way when the things of life became too much for them. She laughed aloud, but not bitterly. She was too tired for bitterness, too tired for anything save relief that she was alone and that there remained so simple a solution as slipping her dreary body into enveloping waters, lapping ever so gently against the green docks. Of course, it was very cold, she supposed, and very dirty. But then so was she cold, terribly cold and dirty, too, she thought, all stained and scarred . . .

She had only wanted to live, too. There had been no evil intent in her heart, not any more than there had been when she had wanted, so vividly, to dance, back in her native village. And she *had* danced. She had danced here, too. She had danced her soul into flames and her body into the river. It was all very odd. Very inexplicable. Things one could not understand invariably hurt one. It was a blunting, blowing sense. One groped, sly, too, who had so greatly loved the dear ozone, the winged ether, the altitudes where one could see far horizons with an untrammeled vision.

All at once something took hold of her. Something warm. A human hand. She had never expected to feel warm again. Some one drew her very close and, as if knowing her to be cold despite her own furs, enveloped her in a great coat he was wearing himself. It was Van Vechtan.

"My child," he was murmuring, ever so tenderly, "my child . . . my child . . ."

Sonia found herself crying against him, against the beating of his heart, his true heart. He had, it seemed to her, walked suddenly from out of the twilight and was standing, fully, in the sun.

"Come home, my love," he said.

The maid helped him and he made her comfortable. He eased her tired body and her tired soul and quelled the sorry fluttering of her heart. He bade her know that love might be a torch held high against the heavens, unquenchable, eternal. He took her in his arms and rocked her to and fro. He taught her a new lesson, a new faith. Once, half wakeful, she whispered to him, "Of course, I lied . . . to Peter . . . about Jimmie . . ."

"Of course," he whispered back.

Still later she crept closer to him. Her lips, white petals now, moved, tonelessly. He bent closer to catch what she said.

"I *have* come home, my love," was what he heard.

Understudying Mary

(Continued from page 85)

The old station master knew that Miss Pickford and her company were coming there that morning and he was all expectation. His expectations were more than realized when he came out of his little office and beheld "two" Mary Pickfords instead of one.

He circled about the pair and surveyed them in every detail—from curl-bedecked heads to identical "Pollyanna" homespun short frock, plain cotton stockings and tiny well-worn shoes. He took distance views from the front, rear and sides. Then he tightened the circle and looked his fill at close range and punctuated his glances from each angle, with a perplexed scratch of his head.

Then he waited his opportunity and when the "two" Pickfords separated for a moment, he hurried over to Miss Du Pre and plied her with a "million" questions. He asked where she had been born and where Miss Pickford hailed from, and if there existed any relationship between them. But the answers only perplexed him the more and learning that Miss Du Pre came from Atlanta, Georgia, while Miss Pickford came from Toronto, Canada, he gave up the effort to solve the "mystery" and resumed his work with the remark—typical of a railroad man—"cant understand how two people can come from such widely separated points and look alike."

Then to the studio came such celebrities as Mrs. McAdoo and Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, where they met Miss Du Pre and were amazed at the duplication of the little "Queens of the Screen." And the furore she created in the studio extended even to the wise ones of the profession, to those men and women long associated with the business of making motion pictures and used to the surprises of the motion picture stage.

There was Tom Gerrity, the scenario writer and veteran motion picture man, when he beheld star and understudy together, for the first time, he looked, rubbed his eyes, and looked again and then pleaded: "Tell me quick—which is which—or send for a doctor."

And all thru the excitement, Miss Du Pre has retained her usual poise, with not the slightest sign of being spoiled by the flattery and the official appointment of being "just like Mary." "Of course, it is very wonderful to be associated with Miss Pickford," she said, "but I detest imitators and I have no desire to imitate Miss Pickford in any way, other than as her understudy. Miss Pickford is a master of the art of silent expression and in my present position I feel like a student taking a post-graduate course."

Louise Du Pre has played on the stage for several years, but has always played dramatic-ingénue rôles—parts far removed from the "child" characters essayed by Miss Pickford. She is a Southern girl with a convent education, and altho only five feet in height, she likes to dress her hair back and appear "grown up."

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The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page 49*)

incidentally giving it a happy ending. Conrad's tale of the exile, Axel Heyst, and the girl from a wandering tropical orchestra upon the lonely Pacific isle is touched here and there by Mr. Tourneur's camera, but not by the scenario. "Victory" singularly disappointed us, for we suggested the tragic tale to Mr. Tourneur some two years ago, and we looked forward to its screening with genuine interest. The dapper Jack Holt is not the Axel of Conrad and Seena Owen is too much the ingénue to ever be the picturesque Alma. The only approach to Conrad is Lon Cheney, who was the Frog of "The Miracle Man," as that merciless vulture of the South Seas, Riccardo.

"Soldiers of Fortune," (Realart), Allan Dwan's celluloiding of the late Richard Harding Davis' pleasant romance of South American revolutions in the merry days before the poison gas and modern mechanism took the gayety out of warfare, is done in a big way, but it never once makes a direct personal appeal. Dwan is more fitted for stories of the inner soul than these pageants of supers. Here his cast does not in any way distinguish itself. There is one remarkable long shot, a vista of the animated royal parade ground, which will not soon be forgotten by fans who see "Soldiers of Fortune."

Mary Pickford contributes a mellower and more legitimate characterization in "Heart o' the Hills," (First National), adapted from a tale of the moonshine mountain folk by the late John Fox, Jr., than in any of her vehicles for some months. Here she has a rôle slightly more mature than has been her wont recently, the character of a fiery, untamed girl of the Kentucky hills. And Miss Pickford plays it with an infinite variety of shadings and nuances, despite the triteness of the romance. Harold Goodwin does the mountain boy lover admirably.

"For Old Kentucky," (First National), is still another story of the moonshiners, Kentucky colonels, and so on. For years a barnstorming stage melodrama, it has been adapted to Anita Stewart's film needs. It is the most obvious sort of cheap melodrama. Marshall Neilan has done all in his power to camouflage the story, but the screen is mercilessly revealing, we fear. Miss Stewart shows no advance in this picture, we regret to report.

Mary Miles Minter's "Anne of Green Gables," (Realart), belongs to the sugar-coated Pollyanna school of realistic literature. Miss Minter portrays a young orphan who, adopted by an aged couple, softens their hearts and eventually wins her own happiness. Miss Minter is a pleasant little person, but of limited technical equipment. Hence "Anne of Green Gables," centered wholly upon her, moves along a monotonous level of conventionality.

Only a season or so ago Mrs. Fiske played a stage version of Helen R. Mar-

(*Continued on page 96*)

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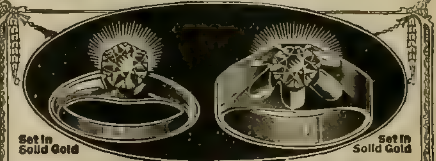

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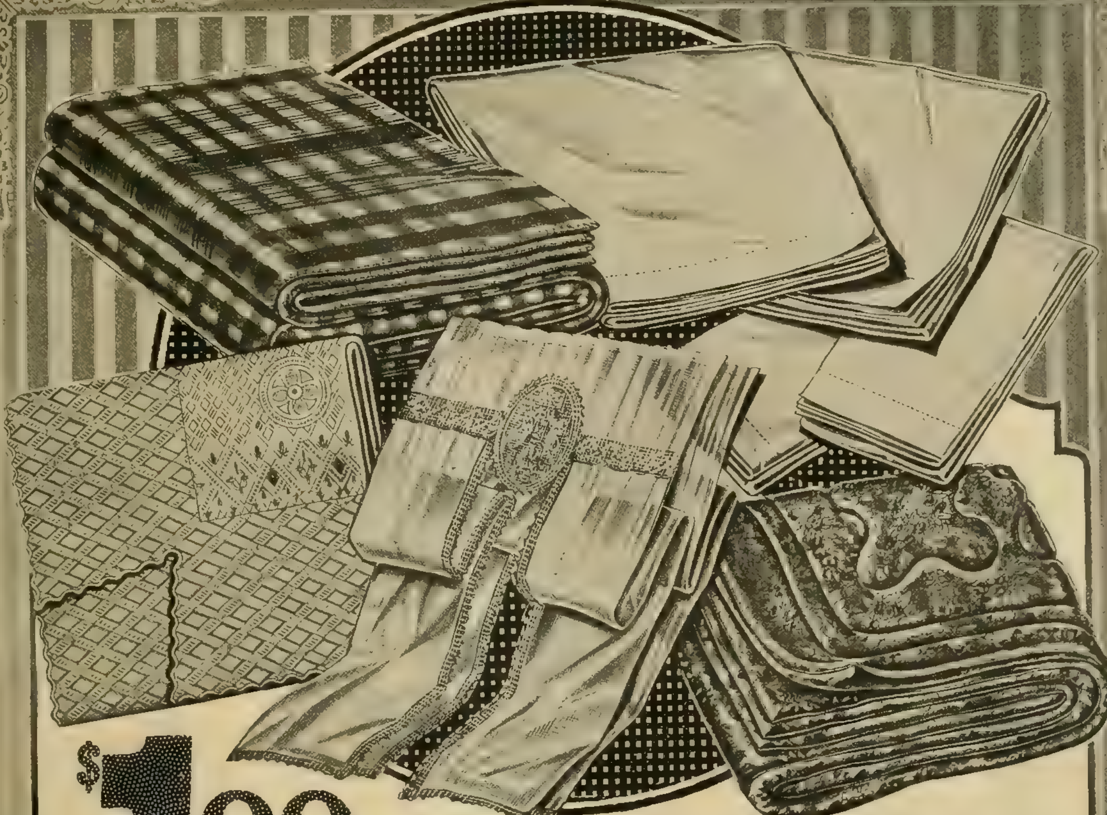

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The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page* 94)

tin's stories of the Dutch folk of Pennsylvania called "Erstwhile Susan," building the play about the eccentric teacher of elocution who weds into a stolid farmer family. In adapting "Erstwhile Susan" to the films for Constance Binney's use, Realart has shifted the interest from the wife to the brow-beaten youngest daughter of the Dreary domicile. "Erstwhile Susan" is loose and slow-moving of continuity and direction. John S. Robertson's direction is but fair, but Miss Binney reveals certain distinct possibilities as the drudge, Barnabetta. She makes a genuine effort at characterization. The photoplay has been cut to accent Barnabetta, with the result that the odd character of the step-mother, altho well played by Mary Alden, will be puzzling to the average celluloid audience.

Billie Burke's piquancy is very much soft-pedaled in "Wanted—A Husband," (Paramount). Herein she plays a dowdy young girl who, stung by the comments of her friends, announces a hastily selected photograph as that of her lover. She puts herself thru a training with modistes and hairdressers just as the imaginary lover turns out to be the real thing. There are all sorts of complications, of course. "Wanted—A Husband" is very slow-moving. We do not care personally particularly for James L. Crane as the lover who comes true.

Very frothy is "Luck in Pawn," (Paramount), a Marvin Taylor story in which Marguerite Clark lends her petite charms. Miss Clark plays a little country girl who tries to be a painter, meets a bored young millionaire and, after arousing him, finds ultimate happiness. Walter Edwards has fearfully overdrawn many of his incidents. No such society folk ever existed on land or sea. Miss Clark is pleasant, but the comedy itself is pretty fragile stuff.

The Movie Encyclopædia

(*Continued from page* 88)

UTAH'S DAUGHTER.—Why, Juanita Hansen isn't missing. She was playing in "The Lost City," presenting Selig's Wild Animals. Lois Weber in "Forced to Wed." Think of such a thing! I am told that brown eyes usually photograph better than blue ones. Yes, Marguerite Clark is married. Dont believe all you hear, and only half of what you see.

P. C. M., MANILA.—Last I heard of her she was on her way to France. Can you think of a more gruesome title than "The Cinema Murder" with Marion Davies in the lead! Think of it, written by Frances Marion, and directed by George D. Baker, two of the best in the business, with a title like that. I wonder who murdered the cinema. Let me hear from you again.

J. F. M.—Well, I cant tell you offhand how many distributing associations there are in the U. S., but there are at least 10 organized exchanges with branches thruout the country, altho there are only about five important film exchange systems.

R. E. N.—Yes, I know they follow our style, but you know that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. Why, the Pacific Ocean is the deepest of the oceans of the world. Its greatest known depth is 21,500 fathoms. I understand they are going to have bars in the ocean now. Yes, Dorothy Green is playing—she just finished "The Wild Fawn."

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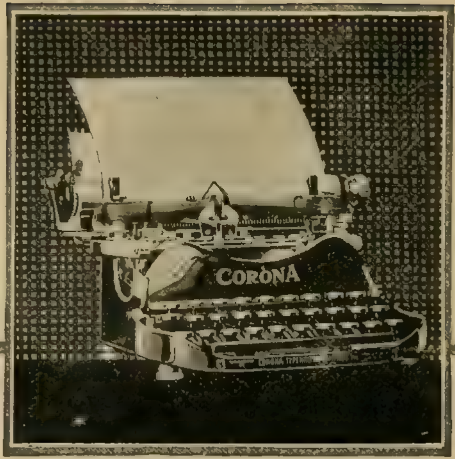

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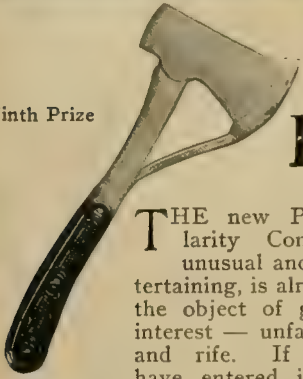

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First Prize

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Do you know that many Moving Picture actors and actresses get from $500 to $5,000 a week? Many young ladies and young men working for small wages could do just as well if they knew how.

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Don't worry about perfect results. Use "Diamond Dyes," guaranteed to give a new, rich, fadeless color to any fabric, whether wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods,—dresses, blouses, stockings, skirts, children's coats, draperies,—everything!

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and all within is snug and cozy despite the howling wind and drifting snow without—when sparkling eyes reflect the firelight's glow, and the lilt of melody tingles through our veins—then do we know the sweet thrill of real companionship, when soul meets soul on that blessed plane of mutual understanding to which music opens the way.

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AUTHOR OF "I'M TYING THE LEAVES SO THEY WON'T COME DOWN"-"DON'T FORGET OLD DIXIELAND" AND OTHERS. &
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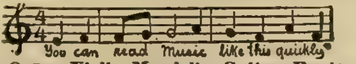

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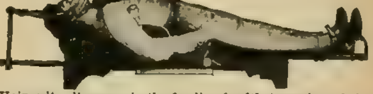

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Bring Out the Hidden Beauty

Beneath the soiled, discolored, faded or aged complexion is one fair to look upon. Mercolized Wax gradually, gently absorbs the devitalized surface skin, revealing the young, fresh, beautiful skin underneath. Used by refined women who prefer complexions of true naturalness. Have you tried it?

Mercolized Wax in one ounce package, with directions for use, sold by all druggists.

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BUT YOUR NOSE?

IN this day and age attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. PERMIT NO ONE TO SEE YOU LOOKING OTHERWISE; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new nose-shaper "Trados" (Model 24) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct Ill-Shaped Noses without cost if not satisfactory.

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Fame and Fortune Contest for 1920

THE first Fame and Fortune Contest having come to a happy and successful end, and several prospective stars of the first magnitude having been selected and started on their careers, it is with pleasure that we announce a similar contest for the year 1920, beginning with the January number of

Motion Picture Magazine, Classic and Shadowland

Once more we shall go thru America with a fine-tooth comb, as it were, in search for budding beauties with Motion Picture ambitions. No longer can any young lady or girl say that she has not had a chance. We shall give them all a chance—that is, every one that appears to have sufficient personality, charm, beauty and winsomeness. The first test is the photograph. If that gives promise, we publish it and ask for more. If the others are equally promising, we secure a personal interview, and finally we make a "test" Moving Picture and send it broadcast thru the theaters. Many of the girls whose pictures appeared in the Honor Rolls of our magazines, received many flattering offers from producing companies, and this proves that we are doing a good thing for ambitious American beauties, even tho we might err in our final judgment in selecting the winners. The Honor Rolls will continue each month in all of our publications, thus giving something like *two hundred* girls *honorable* mention, including a published photo. One or more of these we promise will be made

Stars of International Fame

Just think of what a prize this is! The contest just closed attracted nation-wide attention. The newspapers everywhere published illustrated accounts of our final test, and several of the News Weeklies of Current Events showed scenes of the happy party at Roslyn, which were flashed on nearly every screen thruout the United States.

What an opportunity! If it does not interest *you*, tell your neighbor about it or your distant friend—they may have a daughter just looking for a chance of this kind.

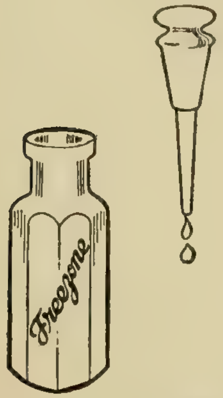
One thing we want to impress upon all aspirants—be careful in the choice of the photograph you submit. Postcard photos will not do. Poorly printed photos, and small ones, cannot be considered. We feel that many beautiful girls lost out in the last contest just because they did not go to the trouble of consulting a good photographer. Furthermore, dont submit *photos that lie!* They may get you on the Honor Roll, but they will never see you thru. We recall in the last contest several young ladies who submitted wonderful pictures, and succeeded in getting on the Honor Roll, but when they appeared on the scene, alas, we found that the *camera had lied.* We want pictures that do you full justice, even flattering ones, but not dishonest ones. If you are a giant or a midget, if you have an impossible profile, or an ugly nose, or some other defect, dont let the photographer conceal these things—it will be to your loss and disadvantage in the end. Your features may not be perfect, but you may win in spite of that—only, we want to know all. Hence, please do not try to deceive us. Make yourself appear to the best advantage, but do not overdo it.

Rules and date of Contest opening to be announced in next issue.

Select Your Photographs Now!

Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few drops of Freezone loosen corns so they peel off



Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

A small bottle of Freezone costs but a few cents at drug stores anywhere.

The Edward Wesley Co., Cincinnati, O.

Remember:

All advertisements in Motion Picture Classic are guaranteed by the Publisher.

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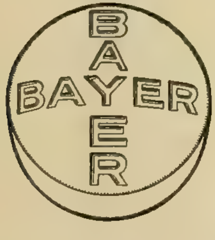

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BAYER-TABLETS of ASPIRIN

Boxes of 12 tablets
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Also capsules

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Motion Picture Magazine

FEBRUARY NUMBER

All in all it's a delightful solution for your winter evening reading, beautifully illustrated and brimful of the latest news of filmdom.

Ruth Stonehouse, the little wisp of a girl, who won success with the Essanay, has been interviewed in her pretty mountain home in Hollywood — Betsy Bruce has written all about her in an intimate chat.

There are novelizations of the most interesting feature plays — plays boasting some of the most popular stars.

Doris Delvigne has talked with Al St. John—and he's every bit as funny as he is on the screen.

It is really unusually attractive, presenting well-known stars in vivid interviews and personality stories and the latest productions in absorbing novelizations.

DONT MISS IT!

SUBMIT YOUR SONG POEMS ON ANY SUBJECT FOR OUR ADVICE WE REVISE POEMS, COMPOSE MUSIC OF ANY DESCRIPTION, SECURE COPYRIGHT AND EMPLOY ORIGINAL METHODS FOR FACILITATING FREE PUBLICATION OR OUTRIGHT SALE OF SONGS UNDER THIS SUCCESSFUL CONCERN'S GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION.

SONGWRITERS "MANUAL & GUIDE" SENT FREE

IT CONTAINS VALUABLE INSTRUCTIONS TO BEGINNERS AND TELLS THE TRUTH CONCERNING EVERY BRANCH OF THIS ESSENTIAL AND FASCINATING PROFESSION. THE GREAT WORK ACCOMPLISHED BY THE POPULAR SONG IN WINNING THE WAR IS ONLY AN INDEX TO THE MUCH WIDER SCOPE AND GREATER OPPORTUNITIES AFFORDED BY PEACE

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MAGDA CREAM

THE FAVORITE OF STAGE PEOPLE

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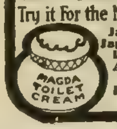

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Big field—unlimited possibilities—increasing demand for men with creative ideas. Our course develops ability and originality. Work intensely interesting.

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Body or Under Arm

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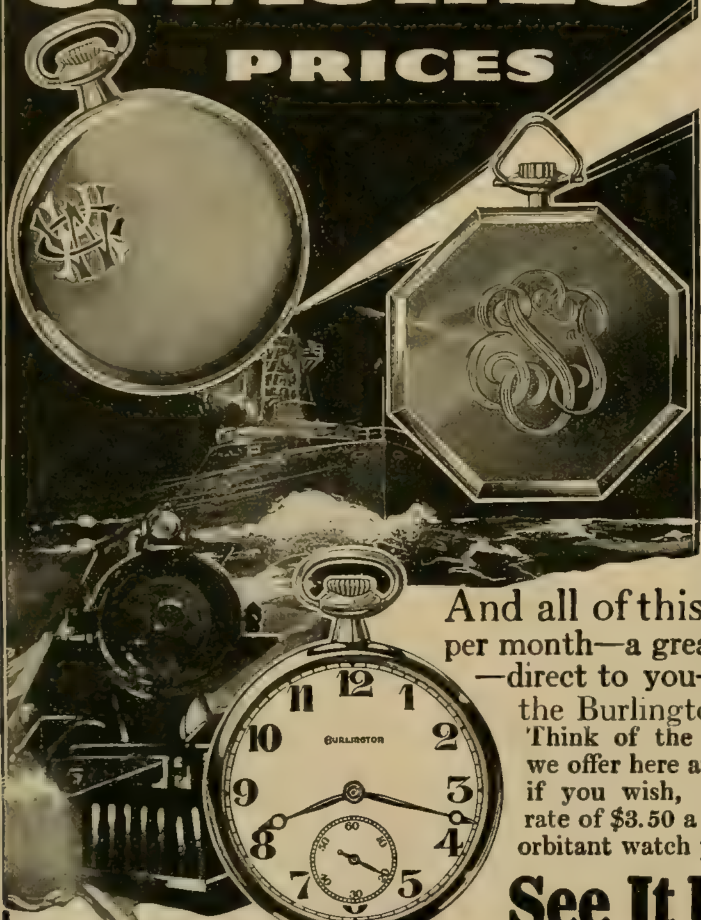

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And all of this for $3.50—only $3.50 per month—a great reduction in watch prices—direct to you—the lowest price at which the Burlington is sold.

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19th Street and Marshall Blvd. Dept. 1272 **Chicago, Ill.**
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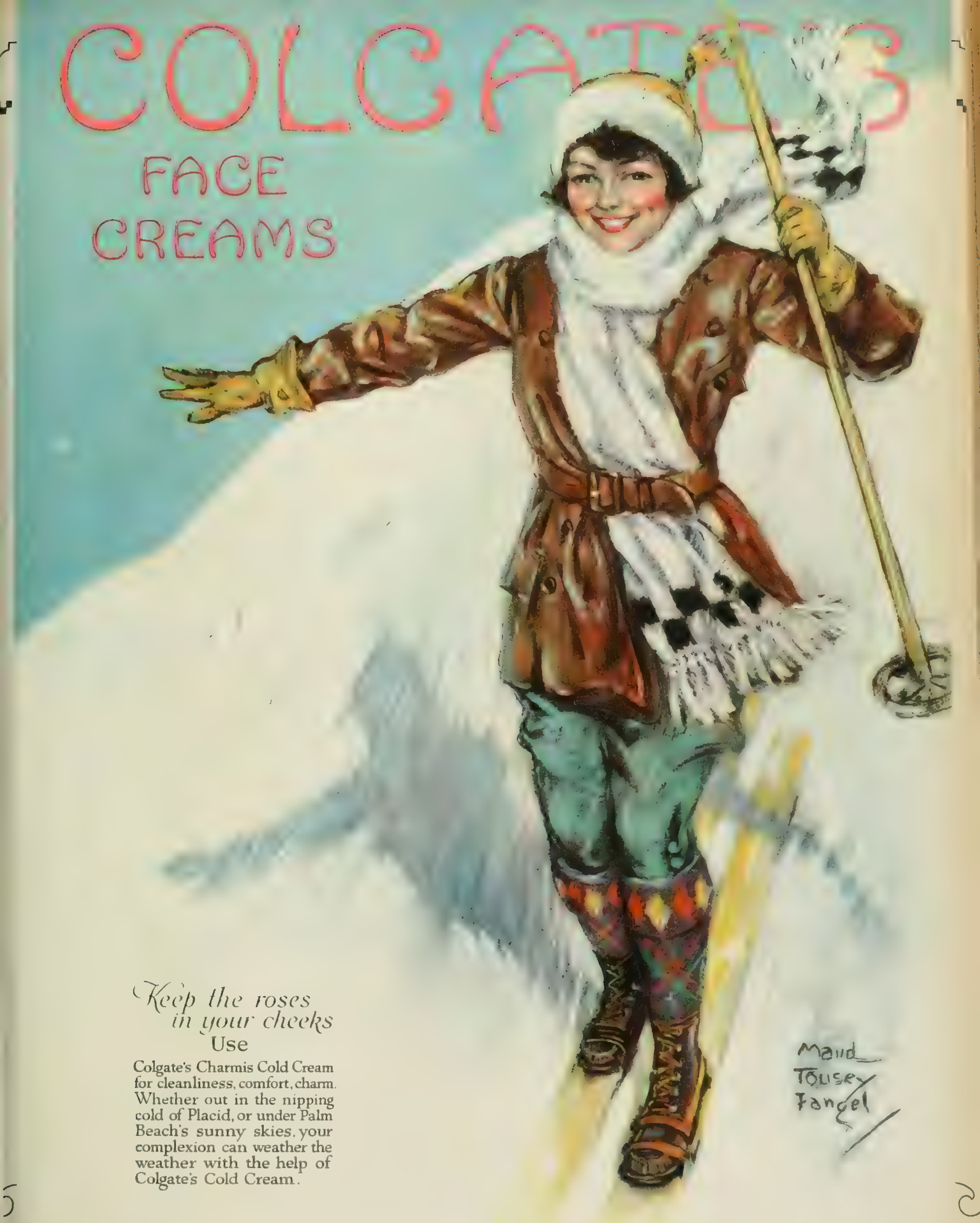

Keep the roses
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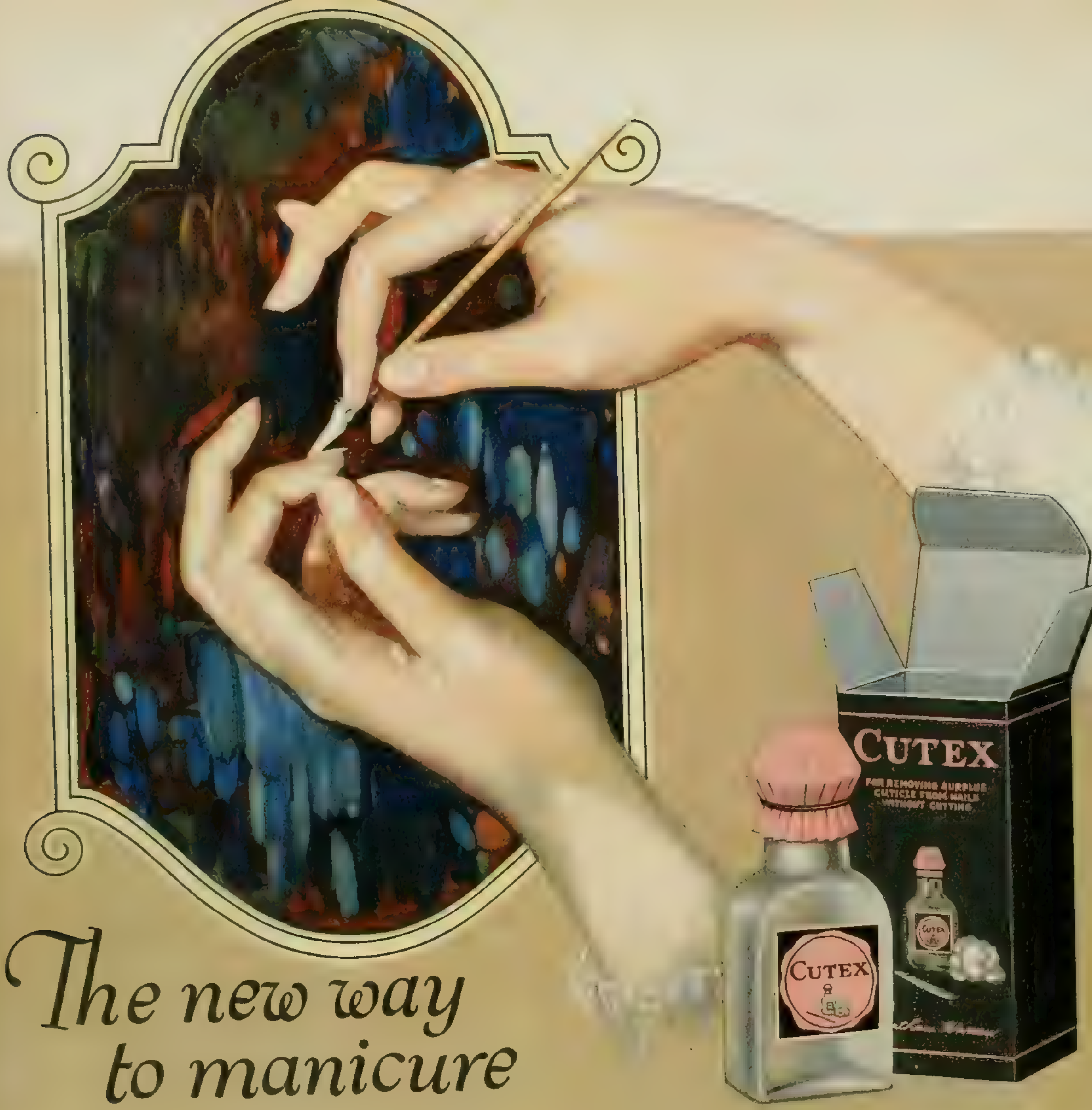
Use

Colgate's Charmis Cold Cream for cleanliness, comfort, charm. Whether out in the nipping cold of Placid, or under Palm Beach's sunny skies, your complexion can weather the weather with the help of Colgate's Cold Cream.

There are two Colgate's Face Creams sold everywhere—Charmis Cold Cream to use at night and Mirage Vanishing Cream for day-time. Most skins need both. A trial tube of either sent for 4c or of both for 6c.

COLGATE & CO. Dept. 15 NEW YORK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The new way to manicure

does away with ruinous cutting which makes the cuticle grow tough and thick, which causes hangnails and ruins the appearance of your whole hand.

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It is absolutely harmless. The moment you use it, you will be enthusiastic about the way it softens surplus cuticle - the way overgrown cuticle, ragged edges, hangnails vanish!

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A complete manicure set for 20c

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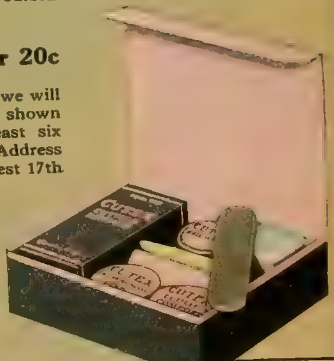

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CLASSIC

MARCH

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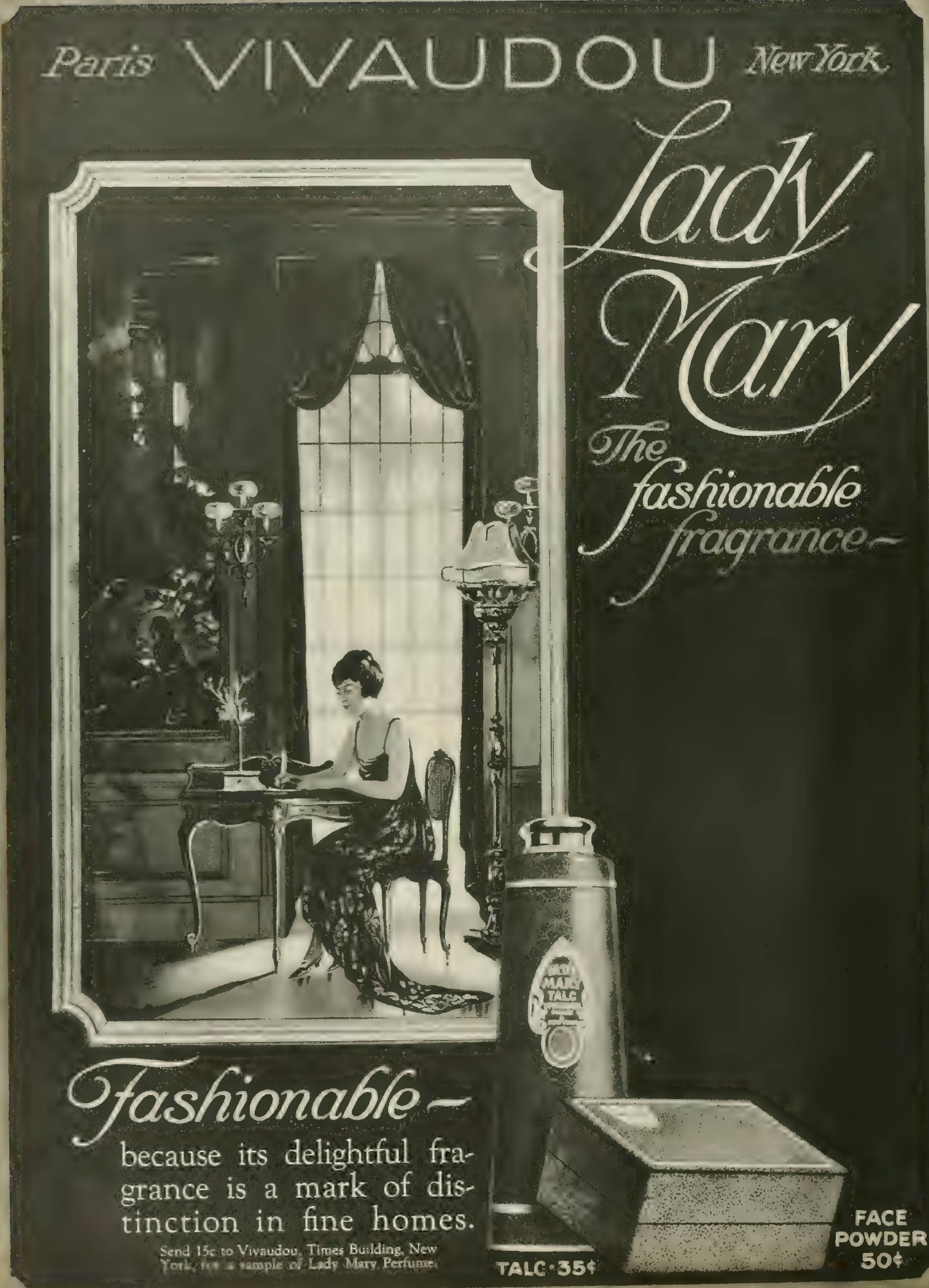

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because its delightful fragrance is a mark of distinction in fine homes.

Send 15c to Vivaudou, Times Building, New York, for a sample of Lady Mary Perfume.

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If it's Goldwyn
It's a Winner!

Goldwyn is not an institution resting on the laurels of one or two great successes. Its aim and middle name is consistency! For Goldwyn does not make the mistake of trying to sell the public a single motion picture, but bends all its energies and its talents to the end that every Goldwyn production shall be a winner.

You can see a motion picture any old time!

Goldwyn is worth seeing all the time!

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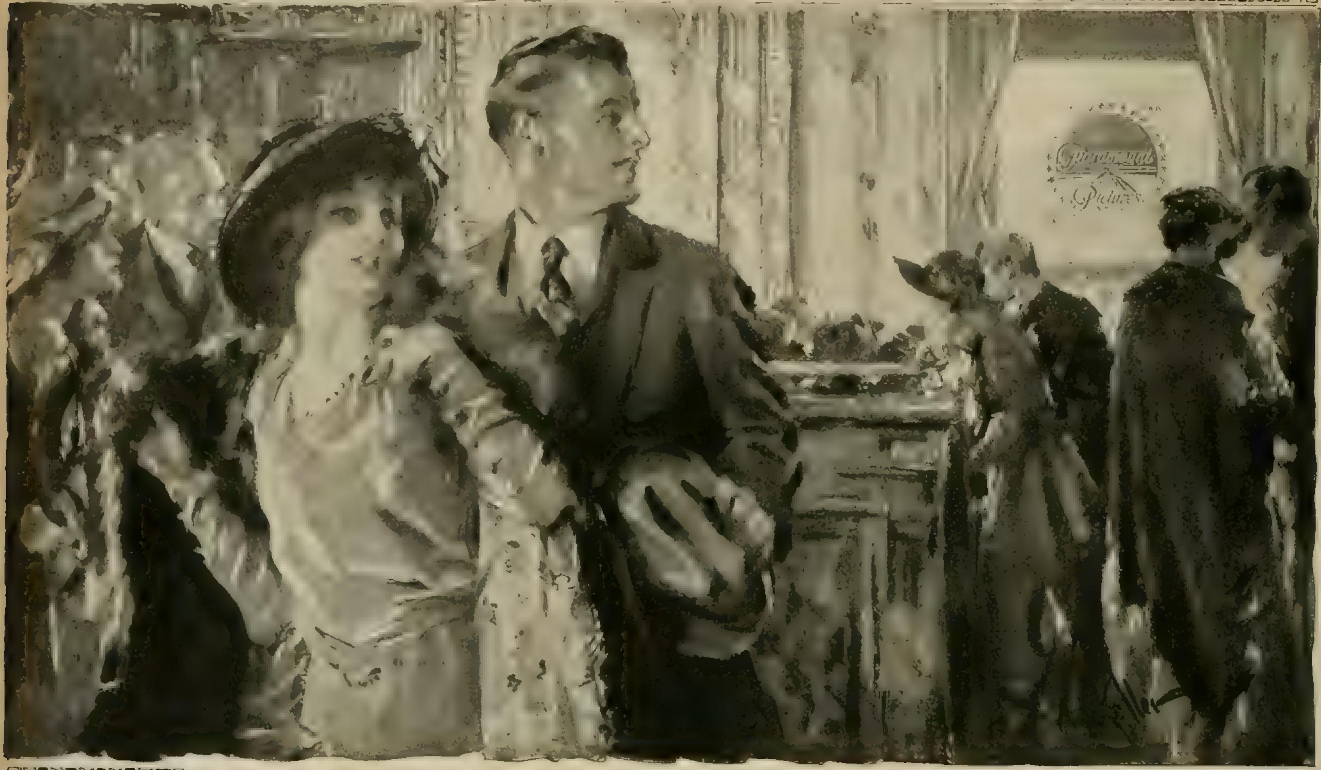
CORPORATION
SAMVEL GOLDWYN *President*



"I'd like to see it right over again"

TO MAKE you say *that* it's got to be a pretty good picture. But these pictures are not so rare as they used to be. You've noticed that.

More and more often you run across them. Genuine portrayals of human virtues and ventures and follies and perils that are all the more fascinating and thrilling because so clipped-from-life as it were.

The kind of motion picture that carries you off like an aeroplane—and you've no desire to get back to earth till the journey's end.

The kind — as you've probably noticed also—that bears the brand name Paramount.

In every Paramount Artcraft Feature, Famous Players-Lasky Corporation recognizes no limits on the scenes but the earth. No limits on the machinery but machinery. No limits on the cost but money. No limits on the cast but artists. No limits on the plot but clean, new and thrilling.

And that's what brings the *encores* from you!

Paramount Pictures

Latest Paramount Artcraft Features—Released to March 1st

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Ethel Clayton *in* "Young Mrs. Winthrop"
"The Copperhead" With Lionel Barrymore
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Cecil B. De Mille's Production "Why Change Your Wife?"
"Everywoman" With All Star Cast
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George Fitzmaurice's Production "On With the Dance"
Dorothy Gish *in* "Mary Ellen Comes to Town"
D. W. Griffith's Production "Scarlet Days"
Wm. S. Hart *in* "Sand"
Houdini *in* "Terror Island"
William D. Taylor's Production "Huckleberry Finn"
Vivian Martin *in* "His Official Fiancee"
Wallace Reid *in* "Double Speed"
"The Teeth of the Tiger" With David Powell
Maurice Tourneur's Production "Treasure Island"
Maurice Tourneur's Production "Victory"
George H. Melford's Production "The Sea Wolf"
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ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres.* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice Pres.* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Director General*
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Bryant Washburn *in* "The Six Best Cellars"

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Enid Bennett *in* "The Woman in the Suitcase"
Dorothy Dalton *in* "Black is White"
Ince Supervised Special "Behind the Door"
Douglas MacLean and Doris May *in* "Mary's Ankle"
Charles Ray *in* "Alarm Clock Andy"

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedies
Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies
Paramount-Al St. John Comedies

Paramount Short Subjects

Paramount Magazine *Issued Weekly*
Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel Pictures *Issued Weekly*

Vol. X MARCH, 1920 No. 1

CONTENTS OF MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

(Painted by Leo Sielke, Jr. Based upon a photograph by the Hoover Art Company.)

Since vivacious little Clarine Seymour stepped into prominence in David Griffith's "The Girl Who Stayed at Home," playing the cabaret girl, she has been strongly in cinema interest. Little Miss Seymour has previously had considerable experience in film farce.

Since her first hit, Miss Seymour has again scored in Mr. Griffith's "Scarlet Days" and her forthcoming silversheet appearances are being awaited with interest. It is clear that the screen has no prettier or more piquant comédienne than little Miss Seymour.

PAGE

Photogravure Gallery of Players. Full-page studies of Eugene O'Brien, Elaine Hammerstein, Alice Lake, Antonio Moreno and Lew Cody 11-15

Mae, Mary and Matrimony. The new Mae Marsh talks of her daughter and her dreams for the future ..... *Frederick James Smith* 16

"Dear Tommie." An interview "close-up" of the real and very human—Thomas Meighan .... *Faith Service* 18

Marjorie Daw: A Real Girl. You will be interested in meeting quaint little Miss Daw .... *Maude S. Cheatham* 20

Scotch and Seltzer. A liquid sounding title for a lively chat with Norman B. Kerry .... *Truman B. Handy* 22

A Doll's Apartment. At home with piquant Olive Thomas .... *Pearl Malvern* 24

An Aphrodite of the Screen 26

If . . . When the news came that David Griffith might be lost at sea .... *Frederick James Smith* 27

Human Hobart Henley. An interesting talk with the man who created "The Gay Old Dog" .... *Olga Shaw* 28

The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Jack Pickford's newest photoplay told in story form .... *Dorothy Donnell* 29

The Farce University. Why farce stars are stepping to screen drama with such success .... *Harrison Haskins* 30

The Midnight Margarita. Some piquant glimpses of Margarita Fisher in her boudoir 34

Pell of Pell Manor. In which you are introduced to Pell Trenton, leading man extraordinary .... *Emma-Lindsay Squier* 36

Meet the Frog. The picturesque story of Lon Chaney, who scored in "The Miracle Man" .... *Maude S. Cheatham* 38

Jack Straw. Short story based upon Robert Warwick's latest screen vehicle .... *Faith Service* 39

Personalities in the Theater 44

Juanita Rising from the Sea 46

Zena's Zenith. Little Zena Keefe at last reaches stardom ... *C. Blythe Sherwood* 48

The Celluloid Critic. The newest photoplays in review. *Frederick James Smith* 49

The Fortune Hunter. Earle Williams' new photo-comedy presented in fiction form .... *Alexander Lowell* 51

The Ambitious Miss Eddy. Being the story of Helen Jerome Eddy .... *Elizabeth Peltret* 55

THE FAME AND FORTUNE CONTEST OF 1920. An Announcement of Tremendous Interest to Our Readers 56

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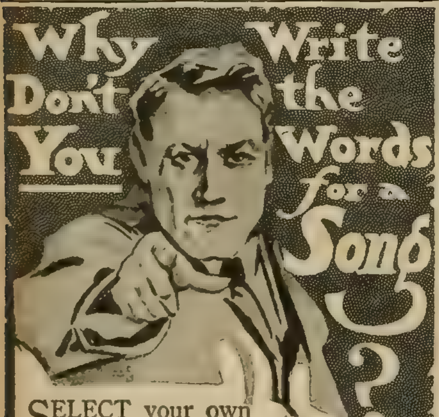
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Astor.—Fay Bainter in "East Is West." The story of a quaint little Chinese maid who falls in love with a young American. Racial barriers seem insurmountable, but there is a happy and surprising ending. Has all the ingredients of popular drama. Miss Bainter is picturesquely pleasing.

Booth.—"The Purple Mask," with Leo Ditrichstein. A stirring, romantic melodrama of the days of the First Consulate in France; tense, colorful and highly interesting. One of the best evening's entertainment in New York. Mr. Ditrichstein is delightful as the royalist brigand, the Purple Mask; Brandon Tynan is admirable as the republican police agent, Brisquet; Lily Cahill is a charming heroine, and Boots Wooster makes her bit of a peasant girl stand out.

Broadhurst.—"Smilin' Through," with Jane Cowl. An odd, but effective, drama which purports to show how those who have gone before influence and watch over our lives. Miss Cowl is exceedingly good as a piquant Irish girl and also as a spirit maid whose death occurred fifty years before. "Smilin' Through" will evoke your smiles and tears.

Casino.—"The Little Whopper." Lively and amusing musical comedy with tuneful score by Rudolf Friml. Vivienne Segal pleasantly heads the cast, which also numbers Harry C. Browne, who does excellent work, Mildred Richardson and W. J. Ferguson.

Cort.—"Abraham Lincoln." You should see this if you see nothing else on the New York stage. John Drinkwater's play is a noteworthy literary and dramatic achievement, for he makes the Great American live again. "Abraham Lincoln" cannot fail to make you a better American. Moreover, it is absorbing as a play. Frank McGlyn, a discovery, is a brilliant Lincoln.

Comedy. — "My Lady Friends." Highly amusing entertainment, adapted from a Continental farce. Much of the humor is due to the able work of Clifton Crawford in the rôle of a guileless young publisher of Bibles whose efforts to spend money get him into all sorts of difficulties. June Walker scores in Mr. Crawford's support.

Century.—"Aphrodite." Highly colored and lavish presentation of a drama based upon Pierre Louys' exotic novel of ancient Alexandria. Superbly staged adaptation of the play that caused a sensation in Paris. Dorothy Dalton, the screen star, returns to the stage in the principal rôle of the Galilean courtesan, Chrysis, and scores. McKay Morris is admirable in the principal male rôle. The ballet, directed by Michel Fokine, is spirited and colorful.

Forty-fourth Street Theater. — G. M. (Broncho Billy) Anderson's girl revue, "The Frivolities of 1920." Lively, speedy musical show with a large measure of vulgarity, but many pretty girls. The cast includes the Kouns Sisters, Doraldina, Henry Lewis and the beautiful Doris Lloyd.

Eltinge.—"The Girl in the Limousine." A decidedly daring boudoir farce, by Wilson Collison and Avery Hopwood, in which a pink and white bed is invaded by every member of the cast during the progress of the evening. John Cumberland is very funny and Doris Kenyon, fresh from the screen, is both pretty and pleasing as the heroine.

Globe.—"Apple Blossoms." The ambitious and much heralded operetta of Fritz Kreisler and Victor Jacobi plus colorful Joseph Urban settings. An offering above the musical average. John Charles Thomas sings admirably, Wilda Bennett is an attractive heroine and Florence Shirley lends a piquant personality to the proceedings.

Harris.—"Wedding Bells." A bright and highly amusing comedy by Salisbury Field. Admirably written and charmingly played by Margaret Lawrence and Wallace Eddinger. One of the things you should see.

Hippodrome.—"Happy Days." Big and spectacular production typical of the Hippodrome. The diving girls are again a feature, disporting in the huge "Hip" tank.

Hudson.—"Clarence," Booth Tarkington's delightful comedy, built about the way a returned soldier re-united a disturbed but typically American household. Superb performances by Alfred Lunt, Glenn Hunter and Helen Hayes give the comedy a fine verve.

Lyric.—"The Light of the World." A picturesque story of the passion players, showing the effect of a modern Christus upon life in 1920. Pedro de Cordoba is excellent as the wood-carver who plays Christ in the passion play, Clara Joel is effective as a village girl, and the remainder of the cast is adequate. "The Light of the World" is impressive.

Plymouth.—"The Jest," Arthur Hopkins' production of Sem Benelli's colorful and gripping Florentine drama. John Barrymore is seen in his original rôle. An admirable cast and Robert Edmund Jones' settings lend splendid aid.

Princess.—"Nightie Night." Described by the program as a "wide awake farce," "Nightie Night" lives up to its billing. It has plenty of verve and ginger. There are scores of laughs. Heading the very adequate cast are Francis Byrne, Suzanne Willa, Malcolm Duncan and Dorothy Mortimer.

Selwyn. — "Buddies." Amusing comedy-drama with music of the after-armistice days of our boys in France. Roland Young, Peggy Wood and Donald Brian head the cast.

Shubert.—"The Magic Melody." A "romantic musical play" with a tuneful score and a picturesque Willy Pogany setting. Charles Purcell, Julia Deane, Earl Benham and Carmel Myers, the last two well known on the screen, head the cast.

Thirty-ninth Street Theater. — "Scandal," Cosmo Hamilton's daring drama which Constance Talmadge played on the screen. Francine Larrimore and Charles Cherry have the leading rôles in the excellent footlight production.

Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show of 1919." A typical girly garden show in which the famous runway gets plenty of use. The revue presents a number of travesties upon current attractions, particularly colorful being that of "The Jest," with Charles Winninger doing a clever burlesque of Lionel Barrymore.

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"See-Saw." A pleasant musical entertainment. The delightful Elizabeth Hines stands out and Dorothy Mackaye is pleasantly cast.

"Moonlight and Honeysuckle." Ruth Chatterton in a charming comedy that might have been a big hit had the playwright taken full advantage of some splendid situations in the last act. As it is it starts like a hare and ends like a tortoise.

"An Exchange of Wives." Another Cosmo Hamilton comedy which, however, never attains the spontaneity or piquancy of "Scandal."

(*Continued on page* 8)

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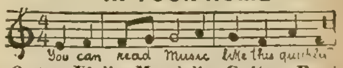

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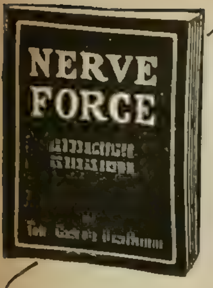

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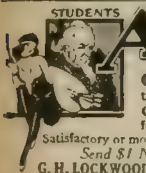
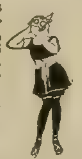

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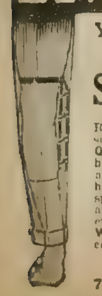

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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(*Continued from page 6*)

The chief blush producer is a scene on a sleeping porch.

"The Better 'Ole." The Coburn production of the musical comedy based upon Bruce Bairnsfather's now immortal cartoon creation, Old Bill. Mr. Coburn's characterization of Bill is still as remarkable as ever.

"A Lonely Romeo," with Lew Fields. A light show running in the usual groove. Frances Cameron, who is developing remarkably, is the bright figure of "A Lonely Romeo," while Mr. Fields is his humorous self. There's a decidedly funny scene in a men's hat shop.

"Chu Chin Chow." An opulent and beautiful musical extravaganza based upon the Arabian Nights tale of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. Dazzling series of sensuous stage pictures. "Chu Chu Chow" is presented this year with an entirely new edition and new costumes. Marjorie Wood makes a colorful desert woman, Lionel Braham is very effective as the robber sheik and Eugene Cowles makes the rôle of steward stand out. George Rosely plays the young lover admirably.

"La La Lucille." Musical comedy built around the efforts of a loving couple to arrange a divorce in order to live up to the terms of a millionaire aunt's will. A co-respondent is engaged and troubles begin.

The Shubert Gaieties of 1919. A lively revue with scores of statuesque girls and stunning frocks. A decidedly attractive entertainment.

"John Ferguson." A vigorous drama that compares favorably with anything of the kind that New York has seen for years. Beautifully staged and acted. Masterpieces of this kind should be liberally patronized to encourage others.

George White's "Scandals of 1919." All sorts and variations of dancing make up for a lack of story or humor. The real star is piquant little Ann Pennington—as seductive a little jazzer as ever shimmied on Broadway. Then there's the lively dancing of Mr. White himself.

"Friendly Enemies." This is the record-breaking comedy drama of last season, with Louis Mann in his original rôle.

"Three Wise Fools." Austin Strong's human little drama of three crusty old bachelors who are bequeathed a young woman and who are subsequently rejuvenated. Melodrama with a heart throb. Helen Menken gives a striking performance of the nerve-racked heroine, while Claude Gillingwater is a delightfully testy old Teddy Findley.

"She's a Good Fellow." A light but pleasant musical comedy built about the efforts of old folks to break up a marriage between a loving young couple. Joseph Santley is a likeable lover-husband, masquerading in skirts for a whole act. Ivy Sawyer, the very pleasing Ann Orr and Scott Welsh lend delightful assistance.

"39 East." A charming comedy founded on a boarding school romance in which many interesting characters make love-making difficult for a pair of young lovers.

"Up in Mabel's Room." Piquant, daring but decidedly amusing farce built about the pursuit of a dainty pink undergarment which bears the same name as a recent jazz dance. Admirable cast, including the radiant Hazel Dawn.

"Three Faces East." Another Secret Service-German spy drama, this one by Anthony Paul Kelly, one of our most successful photoplaywrights. The principal charm of this play is in trying to guess who are the German spies and who are the Allies, just as we were puzzled in "Cheating Cheaters" to know who were burglars and who were not.

LEADING PICTURE THEATERS.

Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.—Photoplays; first runs. Daily program.

Loew's Metropolitan, Brooklyn.—Feature photoplays and vaudeville.

Capitol.—Photoplay features plus a de luxe revue. Superb theater.

Rivoli.—De luxe photoplays with full symphony orchestra. Weekly program.

Rialto.—Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

Strand.—Select first-run photoplays. Program changes every week.

Hear, Hear!

The world is so full of a number of things, but—nothing more important to the readers of THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE than the following announcement—delivered in our best oratorical manner, and with *gestures:*

Ladies and Gentlemen:

Owing to the congested condition at the printers'—occasioned by their recent strike—and in an endeavor to catch up with our customary schedule, we regret to announce that there will be no April issue of that most welcome of visitors, THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

But——

We also wish to announce that we will issue on the First Day of April, 1920 (*mark the date with red ink on your calendar*), *a unique feature in the magazine world—to be known as The April-May Issue of* THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE!

This will be a two-in-one magazine, and the subscribers of THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE *will have no reason to regret the missing one, when this one will be released.*

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In "The Wonder Book for Writers," which we will send to you ABSOLUTELY FREE, these famous Movie Stars point out the easiest way to turn your ideas into stories and photoplays and become a successful writer.

Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison of New York, one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really *can* and simply *haven't found it out?* Well, come to think of it, most anybody can *tell* a story. Why can't most anybody *write* a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality today.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh but these are The Writers of Tomorrow.

LETTERS LIKE THIS ARE POURING IN!

"I wouldn't take a million dollars for it." MARY WATSON, FAIRMONT, W. VA.

"It is worth its weight in gold." —G. MOCKWITZ, NEW CASTLE, WASH.

"Every obstacle that menaces success can be mastered through this simple but thorough system." MRS. OLIVE MICHAUX, CHARLEROI, PA.

"It contains a gold mine of valuable suggestions." — LENA BAILEY, MT. VERNON, ILL.

"I can only say that I am amazed that it is possible to set forth the principles of short story and photoplay writing in such a clear, concise manner." GORDON MATHEWS, MONTREAL, CAN.

"I received your Irving System some time ago. It is the most remarkable thing I have ever seen. Mr. Irving certainly has made story and play writing amazingly simple and easy."—ALFRED HORTO, NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

"Of all the compositions I have read on this subject, I find yours the most helpful to aspiring authors." — HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR, LITERARY EDITOR, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

"With this volume before him, the veriest novice should be able to build stories or photoplays that will find a ready market. The best treatise of its kind I have encountered in 24 years of newspaper and literary work."—H. PIERCE WELLER, MANAGING EDITOR, THE BINGHAMTON PRESS.

"When I first saw your ad I was working in a shop for $30 a week. Always having worked with my hands, I doubted my ability to make money with my brain. So it was with much skepticism that I sent for your Easy Method of Writing. When the System arrived, I carefully studied it evenings after work. Within a month I had completed two plays, one of which sold for $500, the other for $450. I unhesitatingly say that I owe it all to the Irving System."—HELEN KINDON, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. *Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest writer?* Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet if, by some lucky chance, they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!

BUT two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard often turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. Many of the greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they *really learn to write* from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you might be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't *I* learn to write?" *Who says you can't?*

LISTEN! A wonderful *FREE* book has recently been written on this very subject—a book that tells all about the Irving System—a Startling New Easy Method of Writing Stories and Photoplays. This amazing book, called *"The Wonder Book for Writers,"* shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't *dream* they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest Ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own Imagination may provide an endless gold mine of Ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you *ARE* a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. How to *WIN!*

This surprising book is *ABSOLUTELY FREE.* No charge. No obligation. *YOUR* copy is waiting for you. Write for it *NOW. GET IT. IT'S YOURS.* Then you can pour your whole soul into this magic new enchantment that has come into your life—*story and play writing.* The lure of it, the love of it, the luxury of it will fill your wasted hours and dull moments with profit and pleasure. You will have this noble, absorbing, money-making new profession! And all in your spare time, without interfering with your regular job. Who says you can't make "easy money" with your brain? Who says you can't turn your Thoughts into cash! Who says you can't make your dreams come true! Nobody knows—*BUT THE BOOK WILL TELL YOU.*

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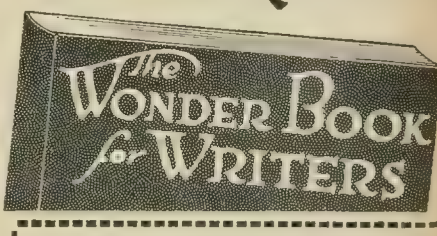
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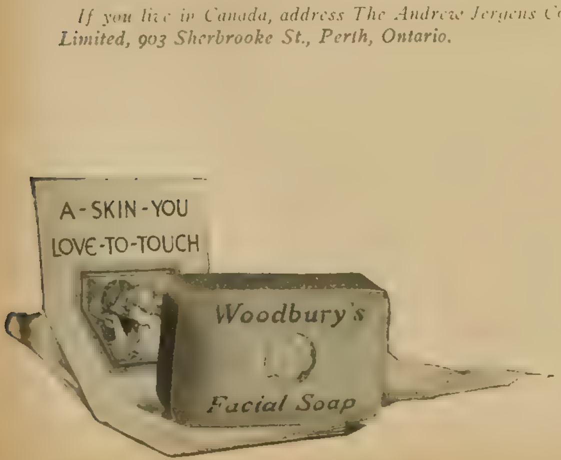

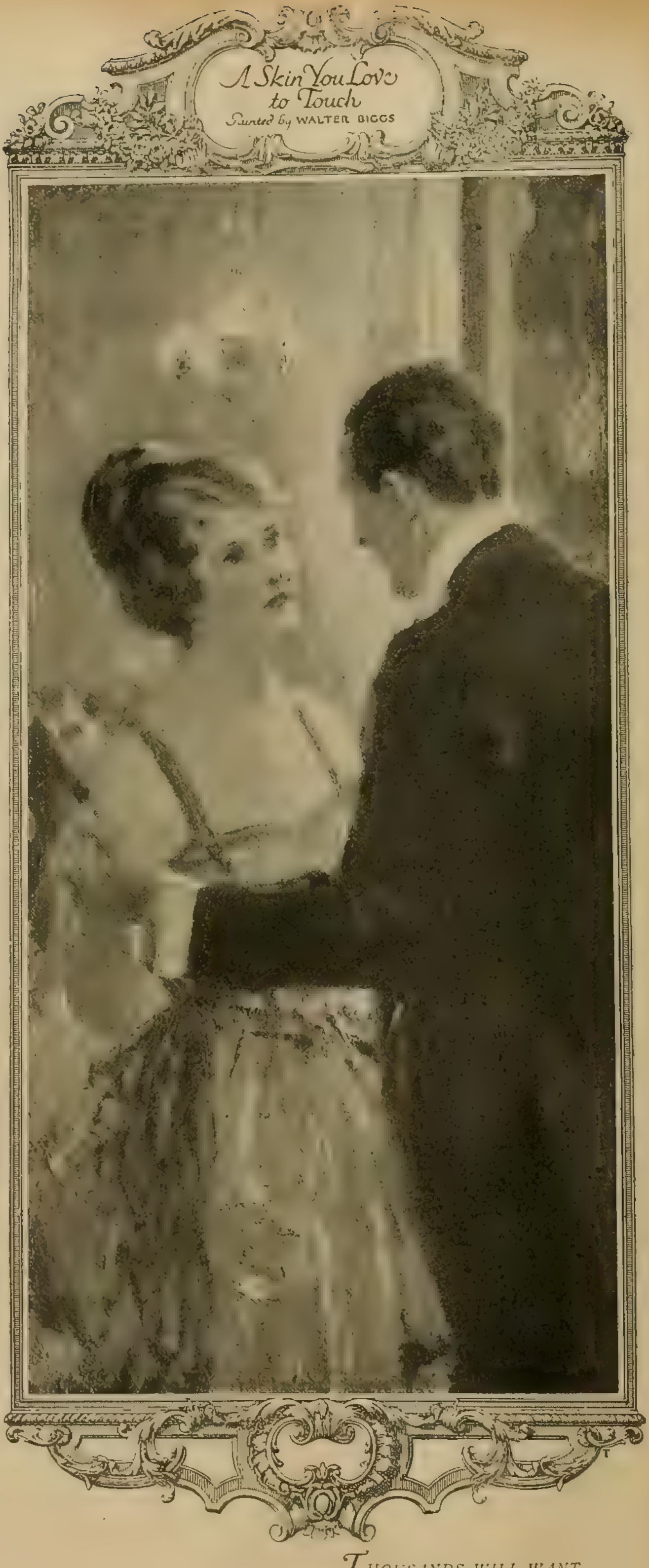

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Photograph by Abbe

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

EUGENE O'BRIEN
Selznick star.

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN

Elaine started by being merely the granddaughter of the famous Oscar, and daughter of the stage producer, Arthur Hammerstein. But she has established herself as a star on her own merits in Selznick Pictures.

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

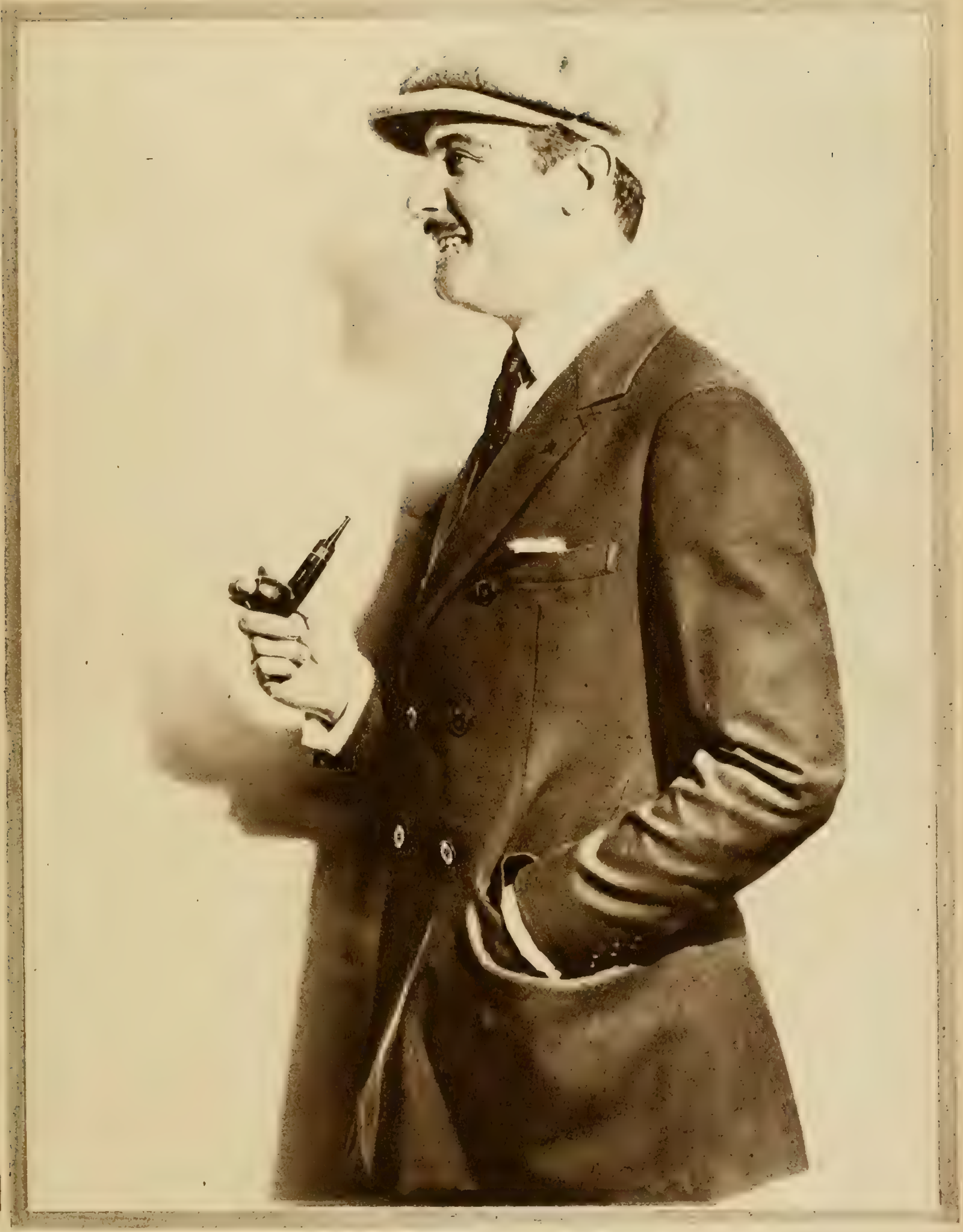
ALICE LAKE

Miss Lake is a Brooklyn girl and she made her début at Vitagraph. Then came several years in screen farce—with "Fatty" Arbuckle and the Christie forces—after which she returned to film drama at Metro.

Photograph by Hartsook, L. A.

ANTONIO MORENO

We hear that Tony is soon to be transferred by Vitagraph from serials to features. For which we say, "Praise be!" For there is no more picturesque or colorful young actor than Tony Moreno.



Photograph by Jock Freulich

LEW CODY

"The male vampire of the screen," they call Lew Cody, now a star in his own name. Cody brings a new personality to the films, a boulevardier of the Continental capitals—an Anatol of the cinema.

Mae, Mary and Matrimony

Mary had just been put to bed.

We sat at the dining-room table—Mae Marsh Arms, her husband, little Mary's nurse and I. Quaint candles illuminated the room with flickering, home-like gleams.

Across the table we caught the glow in Mrs. Marsh Arms' eyes. We had interviewed the Mae Marsh of picturedom at least several times before, but this was a new Mae Marsh.

Where once flashed a rollicking glow of mischief now burned a new and steady light. And we listened:

"Mary is wonderful!" exclaimed Mamma Marsh.

"Yes, indeed," echoed Papa Marsh.

"Did nurse tell you how splendid she was today?" said mamma, turning to papa.

Papa shook his head enthusiastically. "You bet!"

"She just loves strangers——" began mamma.

"Not a bit like most whiney kids," interrupted papa.

"Every one says she's awfully different," smiled mamma, proudly.

"Yes, indeed," echoed papa.

We caught our breath. A year or so had certainly transformed the hoydenish Mae. Plumper, more rounded, there was a new dignity here. And that wonderful light in her eyes!

We asked the once-so-wistful star of the screen how she liked married life.

"Great!" she exclaimed. "I simply cant under-

Photograph above by Mishkin Studio
Photograph right by C. Smith Gardner

Two interesting home glimpses of the new Mae Marsh and little Mary Marsh Arms, aged six months. "I love married life—and Mary—more than all the world put together," says Mamma Marsh

By
FREDERICK
JAMES
SMITH

stand why every one isn't married. I love it—and Mary—more than all the world put together."

"And you wouldn't change—"

"Not for millions," she answered, fairly aghast. "Of course, I *am* returning to the screen, but I am taking Mary along with me. All the photoplays in the world couldn't separate us.

"I believe all this happiness—and Mary—have made me a better actress. They couldn't fail to do that. Why, I didn't begin to know the depths and the heights of life before Mary came. Now it is as if a curtain had been drawn aside and all life's possibilities lay before me.

"I may never again be successful on the screen from the standpoints of appeal and personality, but I cannot fail to be just a bit better actress. For I understand a little of life now."

"Ethel Barrymore once said something like that," we reminded.

"And it is true. Life was a thing of pleasures and whims—to be tasted as pleasant or unpleasant, and passed on. But—think of it—Mary is upstairs asleep—my own little Mary—my husband is here and I am infinitely happy.

"I am going to do my best to be successful in the films upon my return. I know I shall, if I can only make a fraction of my happiness shine out of my work."

Little Mary is just six months old. We asked her mother if she wanted Mary to be an actress. Papa Arms, who is a newspaper man, smiled.

"If she wants to be an actress, of course, I shall help her," mamma answered.

"I think she is going to be a writer," said papa, proudly. "When I sit down at night with her in my arms and open a newspaper, Mary's joy is complete. She chuckles with glee, I can tell you."

The Marsh-Arms have been spending the past summer at Forest Hills. There Mae Marsh has been resting. No pictures did she see all thru the year, of course. "I'm having a perfect orgy of picture-going now, and I'm hunting everywhere to see 'Broken Blossoms,' 'The Miracle Man' and all the other big things I have missed. I simply must see them all."

At this writing Mamma Marsh, plus papa and Mary, are about to start for the coast, where Mae will again return to the Cooper-Hewitts.

"We haven't found exactly the right story yet," said papa. Just then a sound came from the upper regions of the Arms' mansion. Mamma and nurse dashed Mary-ward.

"She's laughing in her sleep," ex-

(Continued on page 60)

Photograph by C. Smith Gardner

The very first close-up of little Mary Marsh Arms. Note the ingénue tendencies that already reveal themselves—the coy fingers to the lips. Yet Papa Arms thinks Mary is going to be a writer

INTRODUCING THE REAL TOMMIE:

Thomas Meighan is going to star shortly, the Tommie you have come to love in "The Miracle Man," "Male and Female" and other photodramas. That alone isn't particularly startling. But the fact that Tommie has reached stardom—and retained his human viewpoint—is. Thus it is that we take unusual pleasure in saying:

"Mr., Mrs., and Miss Classic Reader, meet Mr. Tommie Meighan."

"Dear Tommie"

THE quote marks are discreetly placed to the fore and aft of the title lest the stigma of an undue familiarity be ascribed to the wholly humble and well-meaning scrivener thereof. At any rate and all rates, the quotes *belong*, because . . .

I took tea with Thomas Meighan at the Claridge, late one afternoon, lately. During the course of the chicken sandwiches and the conversation we touched upon the oft-discussed fact that simplicity is the outward and visible sign of all true greatness. Thomas had with him a letter from a very well-known editor of this city. It began "Dear Tommie," and I thought, "How fitting." It contained, too, a pithy paragraph anent our subject of greatness; *i.e.*, simplicity, and it went on to say that in some few years "Dear Tommie" hadn't changed a jot. It said it much more *cleverly* than that, you understand. It was more to the point and it didn't use the word "jot," but the gist of it was the abiding simplicity of Tommie with the necessarily accompanying innuendo. It occurred to me, still further, that, ten years or more from now, there will perhaps be another letter, other letters, and that they will say "Dear Tommie, you haven't changed a bit."

The boy, Tommie, is very illy concealed by the man, Thomas.

And, still more pertinent, Tommie has an abounding sense of humor. It is a powerful lens, a sense of humor, and it does not permit the greatest of us to be set very high in our own esteem.

Tommie has been married, he told me, for ten

did not ask me to censor the statement in my written word, either. The ten years, happy years, I take it, from the twinkle in his eye, have been dedicated to Frances Ring. "She's got something up here," he told me, touching his forehead. I asked him, awed by the ten years, what he thought the secret of marital success really was—or *is*. I felt that the decade entitled him to some ripe philosophizing. He answered me, "A sense of humor." He went on to say that he considered it the really vital thing. He said that it *must* exist if the matrimonial ship is to escape the reefs and shoals. One doesn't fight, he said, when one can laugh. It makes for true camaraderie. It removes all stings. It is the real solvent.

I asked him what he thought his own success was due to, what intrinsic thing within himself.

He waved a protesting hand when I articulated the word success, but I was well fortified with chicken sandwiches and considerable orange pekoe, and I persisted. I was there to push my questions, and I believe I can say, modestly, that I *pushed*. I had to, with "Dear Tommie." He has a habit of running off the track and discoursing upon somebody else, volubly and with interest. As monologist on himself he is a good Miracle Man. However, as I say, I did persist . . .

After a tentative waiving of the word success, he said, "Such as it is—to my mother and father."

I asked him why. What particular thing or things they had done for him. "Just because they were what they were," he answered, "right-thinking, clean-living, *regular* people. Being with them was enough."

We paid the small tribute of a momentary silence to the memory of his mother, who had died six weeks before.

I wanted to know whether

Tommie Meighan has been married ten years; Frances Ring being Mrs. Meighan. Regarding the secret of marital success, Tommie answers: "A sense of humor." Moreover, he calls it the one vital thing to marriage. It makes for true camaraderie. It removes all stings. It is the real solvent. Adjoining are glimpses of Mr. Meighan in recent De Mille productions

By FAITH SERVICE

he really loved the work he was doing, and what he hopes to do in the future, along what line or lines and, particularly, whether he has any aspirations along the directorial line.

He is, you know, a very pleasant sort of person, with a lightsome smile and an easy manner, or he might have gently evicted me from the further consumption of food and time as a human interrogation and therefore not accountable. Instead of which he was smilingly informative.

He hadn't cared much about his work, he admitted frankly, until quite recently. Hadn't, at all events, taken the same deep interest in it he takes now, felt the same impelling charm. Then, too, so many and such limitless possibilities have opened up to him recently. "The Miracle Man," he said, is the type of work he wants to do, his *line* . . . He has no desire to go back to the stage, very much contrariwise. He'd have stage-fright, he declared. Facing an audience—whew! After working in the rather clubby fashion of the studios. As for being a director . . .

Meighan says he owes all his success to his mother and father. "Just because they were what they were," he says, "right-thinking, clean-living, regular people. Being with them was enough." As regards success, Meighan remarks: "A well-known person can never go out and have a thoroly good time, when and where and with whom he pleases"

"To my mind," he said, "there are three absolutely essential factors in the make-up of a really great director. The first is *imagination*. The second is *concentration*. The third is *application*. I haven't any one of the three. I guess that lets me out."

"I dont believe you haven't any one of them," I said; "the first, now . . ."

"Oh, well," he said, with a smile, "I'm Irish . . ."

The Little People have flocked for too many idyllic centuries over Ireland . . . too many banshees have wailed on too many moon-white nights . . . legends with thrills and throbs of a wild beauty have been too rife for one of Ireland's sons to disclaim imagination now.

"Well, then," I prompted.

"Well, the other two—the majority, you know—application and concentration, I haven't a vestige of either one of them. Besides, I haven't, honestly, the desire. I'm content to leave the directing to others—Griffith and De Mille and George Loane Tucker, and men like them."

I asked him, while we were sky-rocketing with the subject of success, whether he thought a high price of some sort or other was necessarily attached thereto.

"I do," he said; "for one thing, the loss of personal liberty. Imagine, for instance, coming here for tea with Charlie Chaplin. You'd be mobbed in a great many places; in almost all places you'd be so whispered about and nudged about and openly and overtly stared at that you'd have acute indigestion before you got hold of the tea-card. A person with all that success can never go out and have a thoroly good time, when and where and with whom he pleases. There's a sort of barrier built and there's no getting past it. It's distinctly a limited sphere while seeming to be without limit."

Then, too, a certain loss, I think, of perspective.

Rose-colored glasses, in a sense, even tho we may be wholly unaware that we are wearing them, or that they have been placed upon the bridge of our, so to speak, nose.

We gaze, at times, from a figurative Woolworth and the good substantial horses and drays and other matter-of-factnesses seem lost in a sort of blur.

Tommie has not lost his. There is no blur, of rose or otherwise, upon his figurative glasses.

"Dear Tommie" is going to star this coming year. He believes, he says, that starring will show a considerable change in his work. "A great many of the best bits of the cast are often and necessarily cut out for the fuller benefit of the star," he explained, "and, quite often, work I have done has seemed stolid for that very reason. When I am doing my own starring such will not be the case, so I'm hoping."

Tommie will be interesting to watch, but what is more and better, I believe, with the well-known editor, that he will always be just about the same to *know* . . . essentially, come what may come, "Dear Tommie—You haven't changed a bit!"

Marjorie Daw: A Real Girl

"I've always wanted to work for Micky Neilan," says Marjorie Daw. So her present engagement means that her dreams have come true. "I nearly died with joy when it all really happened," she admits

MARJORIE DAW isn't her real name at all! Cecil De Mille gave it to her several years ago when she first came to the Lasky studio. With his prophetic eye, he probably saw that it would look better in electric lights when she grew up and became a star, than her own, which is much longer. Anyway, this sweet little name just suits her, and tho it has not yet flashed in electrics, it has appeared in very black type on many programs, for her career has progressed by leaps and bounds and she has played with many of the best known film stars of the day.

Great things are predicted for this young girl, whose spontaneity makes her characters live and breathe upon the screen, bringing youthful romance vividly before our eyes.

"Isn't it *wonderful?*" questioned Marjorie, dancing about in girlish enthusiasm.

I agreed with fervor, even while I secretly wondered if she referred to the very smart frock she was wearing, an adorable navy tricotine, which was one of her purchases during a recent trip to New York, or the artistic dressing-room, newly decorated especially for her at Marshall Neilan's quaint little studio in Hollywood, or, indeed, her splendid contract in which she is to appear in this young producer's pictures.

"It is so cheerful," she continued, as her eyes swept the large, sunny room, with its wicker furniture and gay cretonnes, while thru the open windows could be seen rows of flaming dahlias and lovely lawns. "I adore colors. They spur me on, and these ducky yellow lights are warm and cozy. Oh, but just look here; *this* is the very best of *all*," and, dashing to a door, she led me into the most perfectly equipped little kitchen imaginable. "I've never had time to learn to cook, but now I am so enthused that I want to learn everything all at once so I can invite my friends in to a studio luncheon. Micky thinks this is a huge joke, but I'll show him.

"Always," Marjorie went on, seriously, after we had returned to the dressing-room, "I have wanted to be in Micky Neilan's company. I remember, when I was just a little girl at the Lasky studio, how I would slip around and watch him directing Mary Pickford, just hoping and *hoping* that some day I, too, could be under his direction. I nearly died of joy when it all really happened.

Photograph at left by Alfred Cheney Johnston
Photograph below by Evans, L. A.

By MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

"We're making a great picture now, 'The River's End,'" she rattled on, with her contagious enthusiasm, "and my rôle is light comedy. I'm an English girl, and everybody loves me down to the Chinese cook. I wear pretty clothes and have a beautiful time. Why, I even ride horseback—in a still!" and she laughed gaily.

"Our whole company is wonderful, all working together like one big family, and even the camera-man, who is a dear, tells me when to put more soul into my eyes.

"Micky is so boyish, with a regular Peter Pan sense of youth, and he is always joking and 'kidding.' He sees life at its best, and one of his rules is never to lose his temper while working, and he lives up to this faithfully."

"The trip to New York—was it all you had anticipated?" I asked.

"Was it?" jumping to her feet to give added emphasis. "It was *wonderful!* I went and *went*, and saw and *saw*, and everything was *so* exciting," and Marjorie dropped back into her chair, subsiding for a moment after this ecstatic explosion.

Then followed an animated account of the shops and the styles, the new plays and the interesting people she had met, all from a girlish viewpoint so refreshing that it seemed to sweep everything old and sordid from the map.

She confessed that she found herself judging those splendid Gotham hotels and cafés by the quality of their ice-cream, this being her fad of the moment.

"Down in Greenwich Village," she told me, eagerly, "I found a new kind, queerish and delicious, made by a secret process or something, and I couldn't describe it in a hundred years, so it is just a memory to dream about," and again came the gay laugh.

"My first and only character rôle was Emmy Jane Perkins in 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm,'" said Marjorie, settling down to the demands for an interview. "I was embarrassed to death with

(*Continued on page* 65)

Marjorie Daw's reminiscences are necessarily limited since she is but 18. Colorado Springs, Col., is her birthplace. She journeyed to California at the age of eight and she has been there ever since

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Scotch and Seltzer

Photograph by Evans

Norman Kerry says he is more or less afraid of women—except his mother, who is seen in the circle picture. Also that he loves his liberty. Dan Cupid is duly warned

Ten o'clock in the morning, and the maid said he hadn't as yet wakened. A half-hour's wait, and at length a sleepy-eyed young gentleman clad for tennis, and bemoaning the fact that three old-fashioned, very rare, hand-blown glass bottles, sent him by express from the East, were broken in transit.

"I'm all disheartened," quoth the insouciant Mr. Kerry. "I cant replace 'em."

"Oh, yes, you can," I replied. "The Olde Curiositie Shoppe on Sixth Street has a couple just like them. Four dollars apiece, but I imagine you can 'Jew 'em down.'"

"Righto!"

And the insouciantly broken-hearted Mr. Kerry became happy again. You see, I didn't have to go thru the formality of an introduction. Norman and I have been friends for some time. In fact, I quite well remember the time that he sang a sobby song to me at my table in a Los Angeles café. That's how I met him. He thought I was some one else, and when I told him I wasn't, he said he didn't give a whoop; we were friends anyhow.

Being of the sex that wears sox and a mustache, I was at once enjoined to languish in his *chambre à coucher*, where he keeps his art treasures and which looks like a cross between the peacock-room of the late Empress of China and the studio of a Bolshevik artist. Purple and grey hangings on the four windows, funny little doo-dabs, that Norm told me are *very* valuable, on the tabouret which stands at the head of his bed. I thought that probably they'd contain incense, or something like that, but I found they held cigarets. And—keep this quiet, mates—there's a table which looks like an escritoire standing along one of the walls which caches what, in these Saharaesque days, is mintly—a cut-glass carafe filled with spirituous liquor.

"Have a drink?" His forethought was really remarkable. Personally, I am never known to refuse. Neither is Norman. We both of us are Scotch, and Scotch always finds itself in seltzer.

"And now, what do you know about women?"

I knew it would get him started. He has every feminine heart in Hollywood fluttering when he makes his appearance at the hotel dances or dines publicly. And the high school sub-débs blush and cast their eyes to the ground with what authors are prone to call maidenly ingenuousness when he passes them on the street, and I've heard 'em sigh over him. Gosh, girls, it's awful!

"The dear things!"

"Well, what about 'em?" quoth I, interviewally.

"I love them all. Except the vampires; they're too obvious. The girl to vamp me is the baby blonde. Then I know I'm getting vamped, and I enjoy it."

What is a vamp? Kipling calls her the rag-bone-hank. Gautier refers to her as a disappointed mistress. Kerry to the fore, thusly:

Vampire—Thisbe minus the hole in the wall; Melisande without her Pelleas. In other words, an unnecessary female, who makes life more unpleasant for herself than for those whom she'd like to "wreck."

And with this

By TRUMAN B. HANDY

high-minded ideal, perhaps you may draw the conclusion that Mr. Kerry is in the matrimonial market, or that his "Wanted—A wife" ad appears in the daily papers. Huh-uh!

Kerry is more or less afraid of women. He says so himself; also, that he likes his liberty.

"For that simple reason I've never been married. I may, and I may not be, but if I were, I'd bow to my superior.

"I hate that word 'superior,' and personally, I fail to recognize any of this so-called 'superiority' in the opposite sex. In California, where women vote, they're quite an equal, but superior—huh!"

"But are they superior?" I back-fired.

"Certainly—if you love them. I mean, a man's wife is always his superior, for the reason that he wouldn't have married her if he didn't recognize in her qualities which he fails to possess and wishes to acquire. And then, too, *grandes passions* are as rare as masterpieces, and very few men are geniuses."

"And what about the cave-man? Like to be one?"

"Hot doggie! If I were married, there would be only one pair of trousers in the house, and I'd be in 'em. A man is born to be a soldier, as he is to be the head of his house. If he gives up his life for his country, he's bound to do so for his marriage, and, according to Emerson, everything has its compensation—even, in this case, if it's only paying the checks. And that's why I'm single. I've never wanted to spoil a woman's illusions."

As Kerry and I discussed pro and con the woman question, Norm skimmed thru a few dozen fan letters. At one of them he laughed. Handing it to me, I read that a shop girl in St. Louis would like to marry him. In fact, she openly stated that she idolizes him. Another heartache?

"Doesn't it give you a thrill to be idolized?"

"Huh-uh. Lions are good for only one season. As soon as their manes are cut they are the dullest creatures extant."

"But why keep the fair sex in suspense?"

"That's just why I'm telling you all this. I'm not. No man wants to make a woman impatient. Women consider themselves a flower to be plucked before the boll gets into the bud. But the proper basis for marriage is a mutual understanding. Kind of hard to get nowadays, isn't it, when in so many cases they've made a deletion in the marriage ceremony?"

Kerry is a strong romanticist, as Oscar Wilde says, "very punctual and with a passion for collecting curiosities. Great aversion to cats and bores."

His art collection ranges from an age-old

(*Continued on page* 68)

Photograph by Evans

"Women are superior—if you love them," says Kerry. "A man's wife is always his superior, for the reason that he wouldn't have married her if he didn't recognize in her qualities which he fails to possess and wishes to acquire."

A Doll's—Apartment

Olive Thomas is too happy, hard-working and too busy having fun to ever be morbid. Indeed, she is too youthful and healthy—too essentially a product of Pittsburgh in nativity and New York and California in profession and general atmosphere

THERE is to be nothing Ibsen-esque about this interview saving the rather obvious play on a famous Ibsen title—not that the scrivener thereof wouldn't like to attempt an emulation, but that there is nothing of the morbid Scandinavian and his equally morbid and highly introspective heroines to be deduced from the Maytimish Olive Thomas.

Olive could never have posed for Ibsen. She is quite youthfully and healthfully an antithesis. Too essentially a product of—well, Pittsburgh in the matter of nativity and New York and California in the matters of profession and general atmosphere

Also, she is too happy and too hard-working and too busy having fun.

Then, there is the matter of her looks . . . tawny-colored hair massed on her head, bright eyes, fresh coloring, a springy sort of a walk and rounded lines. No, there is no suggestion in Olive Thomas of "going out into the night" to find herself. She appears to be quite completely found, between the pictures and her new and fascinating occupation of decorating and buying for her new apartment and being Mrs. Jack Pickford, at which estate she is quite evidently pleased, save for the long distance and the long times that elapse between their meetings. Said Olive, with naïveté, "I call Jack my 'long-distance lover.'"

Considering the newness of her apartment, a charming place overlooking the Park in the Fifties, we

By FAITH SERVICE

did much discussing of interior decorating. Olive has opinions and tastes, discriminating ones, and enthusiasms tempered with a really good sense of color effects and general schemes. She knows what she wants and how she wants it, and also how to go about acquiring what she wants. There is a certain directness about her despite her most palpable youth, which gives the impression of a small child in a mammoth toy shop, given, suddenly, carte blanche.

Her long, spacious living-room, with windows across the entire front of it, overlooks the park. It is carpeted in a soft French gray and Olive told me, with asperity, that she was at the studio when the carpet was laid and the men had neglected to lay filling underneath it. "If," said the small matron, "I am to pay for good stuff, I expect to get it, and good workmanship into the bargain. I am going to have them take the whole thing up again and lay it properly. I believe in value received." Which shows, in a very young person with a not inconsiderable salary, a certain sense of economics.

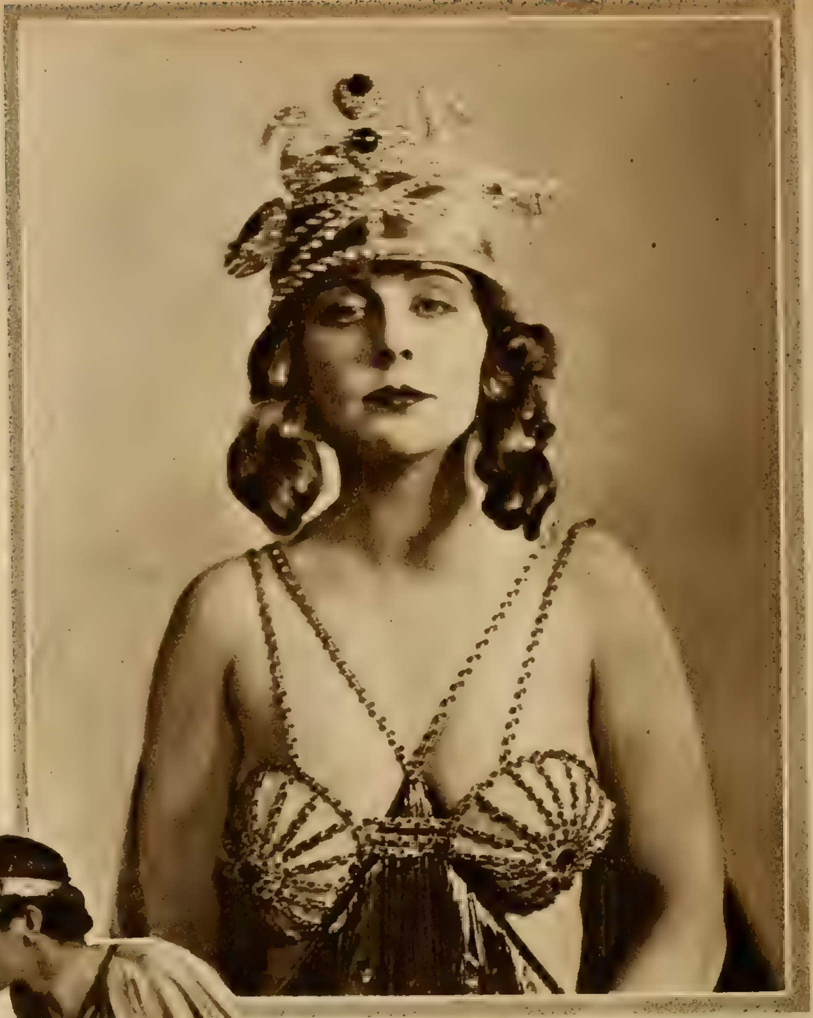
Olive Thomas calls her husband, Jack Pickford, her "long distance lover." She wants to return to the stage, but for the next two years or so, she is going on with her screen work

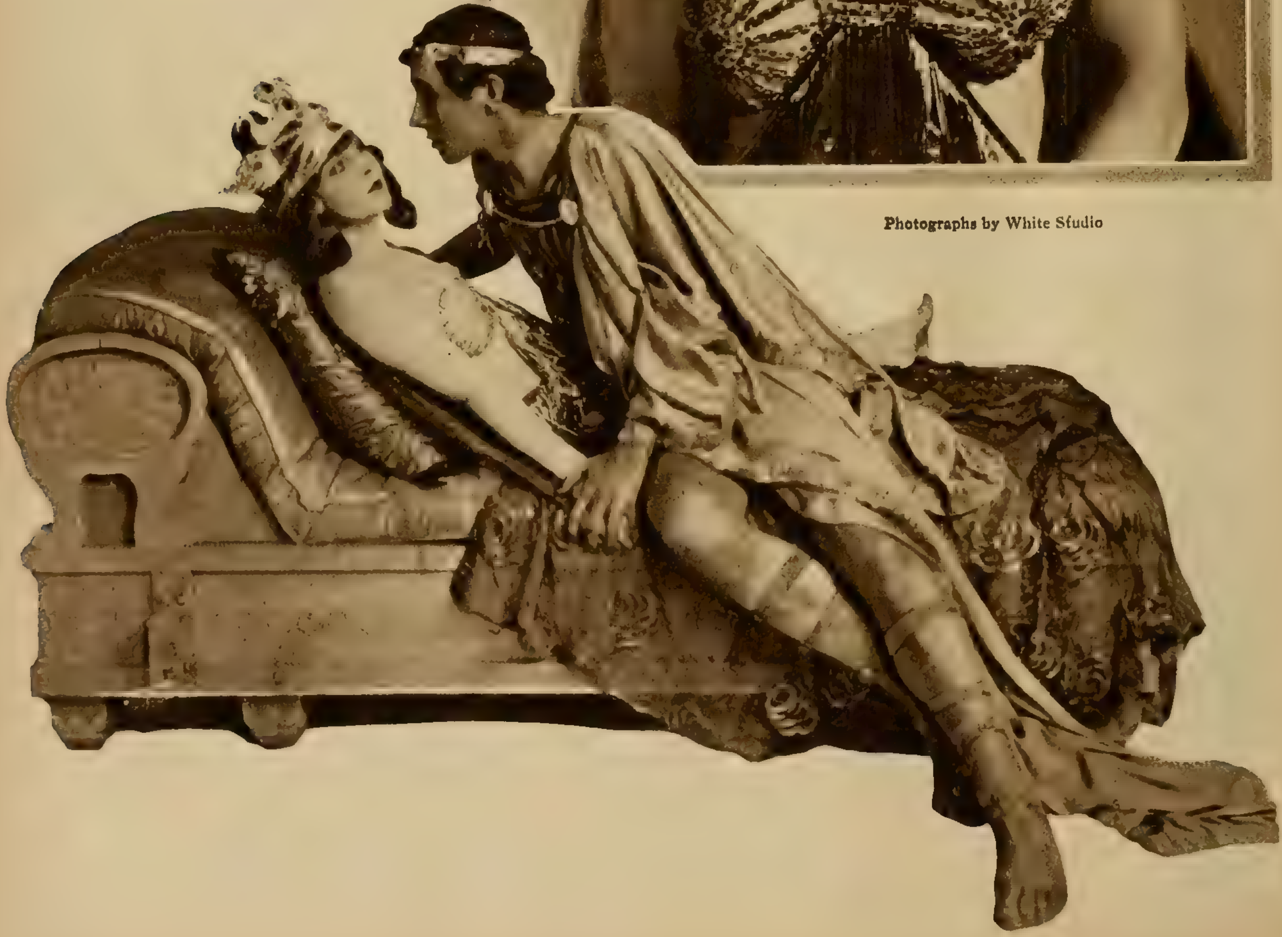
The apartment, she told me, was to be well on its way to completion before the arrival of the "long-distance lover" for Christmas. It was going to be, she said, with anticipation, the best Christmas they have ever had. Their first was spent in Pittsburgh in the hospital with Olive's mother, who was very ill. Last Christmas Olive was here in the East in the hospital herself, with influenza, and quite alone, and so this third Christmas

(Continued on page 62)

An Aphrodite From the Screen

Dorothy Dalton has temporarily deserted the silversheet to play the leading rôle in the gorgeous Century Theater production, "Aphrodite," the highly colored drama of ancient Alexandria which has set Broadway gasping. Here are two glimpses of Miss Dalton as the Galilean courtesan, Chrysis, and a single—but compelling—one of McKay Morris as the sculptor-lover





Photographs by White Studio

If—

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

BERRY I
NASSA

Richard Barthelmess had gone on to the Bahamas ahead of the Griffith party. When news reached him that the Griffith steamer was missing he chartered the "Berry Islands" and started out in search. Here are views of Barthelmess and his mother on the searching trip. Below is a recent study of Griffith

THE world of motion pictures drew a startled breath and paused to think one recent December morning when the newspapers of the land carried the story that David Wark Griffith and his party had been "lost at sea" off the Bahama Islands.

It is human to take a person or thing for granted—to accept unthinkingly. So Griffith, standing at the very forefront of the photoplay's march, had been accepted. But the news that Griffith might be adrift in the lonely Spanish Main—dead or dying—startled the film world and set it thinking.

Quickly it took stock of just what it owed this genius of the silent drama—for Griffith, with all his faults, is the one genius of the photoplay. From the flickering first days he has proudly held the standard upright. From the moment when he stepped from crude one-reel melodrama to such brief celluloid bits of brilliancy as "The Blot in the 'Scutcheon," "Enoch Arden," and scores of others, down thru the avenue of progress marked by the fade-out, the close-up, the dissolve, and a multitude of now accepted technical devices, to the present of that lyric tragedy, "Broken Blossoms," Griffith had led the way—and led in every sense of the word.

Other excellent and in many ways brilliant division commanders have appeared—De Mille, Ince, Tourneur, Tucker and Dwan among these potential leaders—but Griffith is still essentially the field-marshal of the film. So the world of the cinema realized in a flash that December morning.

But, after drifting for four days, the Griffith party made port. The photoplay sphere settled back—but we trust not to forgetfulness. It is natural for those close to greatness not to observe the light, but the honor that alone is Griffith's must be accorded. No other one man has done a fraction of service to the silent play performed by Griffith.

May he long retain the leadership! May he go on experimenting and trying, for few others have his courage and resourcefulness! To be sure there are many promising figures upon the horizon—none more notably so, for instance, than the youthful King Vidor or Mrs. Sidney Drew—but there is but one Griffith.

Let us recognize this Moses of the motion play, this Columbus of the cinema! Let us remember that grim December morning—and give all honor where honor is due—*now*.

H—H—H!
Human Hobart Henley

By OLGA SHAW

"H-H-H" sounds like the Crown Prince, but it is not, however topical at the date of writing. It is about Hobart Henley, who has the humanizing touch. He has it in his pictures, "The Gay Old Dog" to wit, and he has it in his personality, which is even more, because, sooner or later, the personality of the man is bound to seep into the personality of his pictures, his work whatever form it may take. A man cannot give greater than he is.

I dont believe that Mr. Henley is conscious of the human touch he has in any deliberate sort of way. He is so very much and so very naturally a homey sort of person, with a rich sort of speaking voice, Kentuckian and rather slow, and a smile that gives you a comfortable glow in the cardiac regions and—he would blue-pencil this, I know, if I gave him half a chance, which I shant—romantic eyes and hair and general aspect.

He adores his mother, which means more than the face value of the assertion. The adoration is mutual. Originally a Kentuckian, as I said, he brought his mother here to make a home for him and in that home he abides. He is a believer in the home. He gave me a sketchy idea of his idea of happiness, and it was to get up in the morning on your own place in the country, the country *of course*, he said, and jump on your horse and take a good gallop before breakfast, then back to steaming coffee and eggs and things, *à la anglaise*, as it were, then dalliance in the sunshine, browsing among your books, thinking, planning, dreaming . . .

"Of course," said Mr. Henley, "to be happy and normal there must be work, interest of some constructive nature. Every individual craves self-expression in one form or another. It is as essential as any other one thing, and more. But it should be work that can be done when the *spirit* of it moves the *activities*. An artist, and fundamentally, a director *should* be an artist—an artist cannot work by clock, on schedule, according to rote. Theoretically, it would be very fine if it were possible and best. But it is not possible. The creative impulse is bound to be more or less sporadic. Some training can, of course, be brought to bear, but efficiency—horrible word!—will grind out inspiration if one is not careful. And it is in inspiration that the great things of living, in so far as the arts are concerned, are achieved."

Speaking of art, I unearthed the hoary question of whether he thought the film business an art, etc., etc.—you knowem. He said he thought the art of the screen certainly *was* an art. The business end of it—*no*.

(*Continued on page* 93)

Three glimpses of Hobart Henley adorn this page. In the center he appears with John Cumberland and, below, with members of his company

The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come

Told in Story Form from the Jack Pickford–Goldwyn Photoplay

By DOROTHY DONNELL

"Air they places bigger'n the Junction—bigger'n Lexington?" Melissa's eyes were round with awe. "Hit dont seem likely, Chad! 'Pears like they couldn't be."

The boy laughed with masculine superiority, flinging his fine head back in a gesture characteristic of him. "Pooh! M'liss, they're grander than anything we ever saw! They've got shining streets and white castles that reach up and up, and towers where you can see the whole world from. They've got many mansions, M'liss—grand mansions——"

Caleb Hess, schoolmaster, smiled a very little at the boyish rhapsody, with its odd mingling of the Arabian Nights and the New Testament, but it was an infinitely tender smile. Twelve patient years in the Cumberlands, dealing with soggy minds, dulled with generations of pork and pone eating, with the sullen, the dull, the vicious, had not quite extinguished the flame that had burned, altar-like, in his soul when he came up into the mountains to teach the mountain young of the beauty and the wonder that is in the world.

"Ah, but you must build your castles, Chad boy," he said gently; "you must work for your towers, earn your mansions. There is no virtue in easy things. It is you and you alone who make your life what it will be."

Trite words, old, frayed truths, but to the boy the sayings of an oracle. His dark eyes, under the ragged fringe of uncut hair, glowed like smouldering coals in a fanning wind. "I can do anything—I want to," cried Chad Buford. The last name was problematical, a thing of tradition, for the boy was a waif of the wilds, without parents or kin, or even graves that held his own. "I can do anything I choose to do—*anything!* I can get learning, I can b a *gentl man*–

The didactic voice of the schoolmaster sounded soothingly. "A gentleman isn't the best thing to be, Chad boy. If you're honest and brave and kind you'll be a *man*, and that's better. A king who controls a million men is no greater than a man who controls himself."

"Chad could be a king," Melissa cried, jealously, with a look that yearned toward the long, lank boy-figure huddled before the fire; "Chad could be a king easy. He aint like the res' of us, somehow, 'pears like. He's like somebody—somebody in that book you-all read t'other day at school, 'bout tournyments and round-tables."

If Chad had lifted his eyes to the girl's face as she turned it toward him with the age-old mothering in it, he would have known what few people guessed—that Melissa Turner, daughter of his employer, was beautiful. But Chad's gaze was in the dancing flames, where his fancy pictured the strange, fluid, changing shapes of the future, and his thoughts were leagues away from the dingy, log-cabin room. Caleb saw, however, and winced. It was a pity that there could be no beauty, no grace in the world without bringing suffering with it, as the sunshine brings shadows.

"But the boy must not be fettered. He must be free, and he will go far," he thought. "Melissa is right. He is not like these dull-souled mountain folk. There is blood in him somewhere, race. Look at the height of that forehead, the shape of that chin! But he must go away quickly before harm can come. He is young, and youth's wants are dangerous."

Aloud he spoke in his accustomed drawl. "How would you like to go to Lexington, Chad? Or, better still, how would you like to go up North to school?"

"Oh, sir!" Chad gasped, and could say no more. His sensitive lips were quivering, his long, lean hands, which all the rough work of shepherding could not make like the thick-set paws of the mountain boys, clenched together on his knee with a grip that turned the fingers white. Neither he nor Caleb, absorbed in the plans of the moment, heard the strange little cry the girl gave from her shadows, a hurt cry, like a little wild animal wounded, nor saw the whitening of the long, pointed face between the fans of wild tangled brown.

They were still talking eagerly, making plans for the journey that was to set Chad's impatient feet on the pathway to the world, when she slipped out into the cool Cumberland night, lucent with the cold clearness of the stars. She lifted her face toward them, marked with strange woman lines of pain in its girlishness. Melissa was fifteen, but she was very old tonight, old as the travail of her soul, old as the brave, sweet heart of her that now rose above its pain to pray for him.

"I've lost him, but hit's best. On'y, God, take keer o' him. If they's any hurtin' to be done, hurt *me* instead," Melissa begged. "That's what womenfolks was made for, I reckon, to git hurt 'stead of they men."

The next week Chad Buford, with all his worldly possessions, a poor calico shirt, two pairs of white socks and a thumbed, dog-eared copy of "The Knights of the Table Round" rolled into a bundle under his arm, started out afoot down the mountains, with Caleb Hess beside him, and only the half-jeering commentaries of the loafers outside the tiny general store as farewell.

"Spect you'll be 'lected President one o' these days, Chad!"

"Dont l'arn too much—'taint healthy, I reckon. Knowed a man onct went thru the 'rithmetic and took with a fever 'n' died."

To each other, after the two figures had disappeared down

"How would you like to go to Lexington, Chad? or, better still, how would you like to go up North to school?"

"You've been moughty good to me, M'liss; I reckon I wont forget it, ever," he said

the trail, they spoke with coarse freedom of the boy's dubious parentage. "A bound boy, with no pappy and no mom as anybody knows on," they sneered, "settin' hisself up to be somebody—it's 'nough to make a hawg laff. He'd 'a' done better to have stayed and minded Jeff Turner's sheep, and kept his belly full."

Only one person watched Chad set out, and sent a gentle thought with him, a prayer that he might find what he went to seek for—happiness and success. Melissa, hidden behind the great tree at the bend of the trail, heard their voices coming closer, passing, then dared to look out from her leafy covert for one last glimpse of the dark head, held so high in its rough fur cap, the straight shoulders in their sheepskin covering, the very way he walked—as if, she thought, he already had his white castles, his towers. She closed the memory of this last glimpse of him away in her heart sacredly, to be taken out when she was alone sometimes, looked at, dreamed over. "I'll never see him again," said Melissa, but she did not know.

A week later Caleb Hess returned. It got about, after a while, thru assiduous questioning, that he had not taken Chad up North after all, but left him in Lexington with a Major Rufus Buford, who had taken a fancy to the boy and promised to care for him and give him an education. The name reawakened old rumors. What if Chad should have a right to the half-jesting patronymic he had always borne? What if this major should be kin of his?

"Always said the boy had something to him," the mountaineers told each other. "Reckon he'll be moughty proud, now he's got fine friends, an' fergit all we've done fer him!"

Life went on, thru the cold winter days, the sheep, huddled in their folds, bleating plaintively. The women shuffled about the dark cabins from greasy skillet to the cradles of their ailing babes. Caleb, in the frigid log schoolhouse, labored patiently, but without inspiration, to plant a small seed of beauty in the unfertile minds before him, and M'liss dreamed in the red dusks of a tall, erect figure, panoplied like a knight, striding down the shining street of a great city.

And then one night, as the Turners sat about their eternal sow-belly and beans, and the cabin swam in the sooty, greasy light of oil lamps, the door opened and Chad stood on the threshold, looking at them with a set, white face and eyes cold and empty, like dead brands when the flame is gone.

The elder Turner brought his knife handle down on the table with a hoarse cackle of delight. "Haw, haw! Come back, eh? Fine friends turn you out and you come crawlin' back to fill your crop."

Dan and Jake, the boys, echoed their father's hateful hilarity, Mrs. Turner gave a spiritless glance at the silent figure, then shuffled to the stove to pile another plate with food, but Melissa sprang to her feet and ran to Chad, clutching his hands in her hard, calloused ones.

"Chad boy! Oh, mebbe it's wicked to be glad, but I am—I am!" Melissa sobbed. Then, vaguely terrified by the stillness of him, she stood on tiptoe, thrusting her face close to his. And the set despair she read there brought a cry to her lips. "Chad! What's happened? Tell me. Oh, Chad, the fire—the fire in your eyes is out! What have they city folk done t' you?"

But the boy merely shook her off, not unkindly, and went to the table. "I've come back—if you'll keep me," he said, with set lips. "I kin take care of the sheep for my keep. I found" —he drew a deep breath, and his face went white—"I found I belonged up here——"

And that was all he would say, tho he pushed the plate of repulsive food away and sat silent, staring down at his lax hands till all but Melissa had yawned themselves away to bed. Like a little, grey shadow, Melissa slipped closer, laid her hand tremblingly on his knee. "Now, Chad, tell me," she whispered. "I reckon 'tisn't anything that cant be mended. What did they-all do to you—down thar?"

Chad drew a sharp breath, laughed terribly. He was very tragic, as is youth's way, for his pride had been hurt almost to death and his heart was sick. "Kin you mend bad stock? Kin you find me a mammy and a pappy—kin you give me the right to be borned at all?" Unconsciously, his tongue fell into

"What does it say in the Scriptures," Margaret murmured, "what does it say—about loving—your enemies?"

mountain rudenesses, which told her more plainly than anything else of his utter recklessness. "No, M'liss! I was wrong—I kaint ever—be—a—gentleman——"

Then, in a tumbled flood of words, it was all out. The major had been kind, wonderful kind. He had treated him like kinfolk and told him he should have his chance for all the book learning he wanted. He had seemed to—to *like* him, somehow. Oh, and it was a grand place where he lived—fifteen rooms, each one bigger than the cabin, and black servants, and horses—they were moughty nice, the horses. Then there had been the folks next door—Dean, their name was, a terrible fancy man and woman, and two boys his age, and—and——

Chad's face grew scarlet in the firelight, and she saw that his hands were trembling.

"They was a girl, too—her name was Margaret," he stumbled. "She had awful pretty hair, light and sort of soft and the color of sunshine at high noon—a real lady she was, but she—she was powerful pleasant to me, and made me forget I wasn't anything but a mountain critter. We—went riding in the park—once or twice. Then they found out"—his voice brooded—"about me being a nobody, having no pappy that I knowed on. They'd thought I was some blood kin of the major—an' when they found I wasn't, they told me"—he choked, fought wrathfully with unmanly tears—"they done told me not to come to they house no more—not to speak to—to Margaret——"

Melissa had drawn away from him. She did not want him to feel the shaking of her meager body. Her voice was dry and expressionless. "So your major friend sent you away?"

"No!" Chad said, violently. "No! He didn't know I was coming, but I couldn't stay an' be a burden—be looked down on. It hurt me—in here!" He struck his chest cruelly, violently, like a bitter man; then, like a disappointed boy, he began to sob, his forehead resting on Melissa's shoulder for comforting. "Oh, M'liss! I'll never find the white towers—and the many mansions. I wish I was dead! I wish I'd never been born!"

Melissa patted the rough head pitifully. "Dont fret, boy," she whispered; "dont fret." But her brain was already busy

(*Continued on page 72*)

THE LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM COME

Fictionized from the scenario based upon the late John Fox, Jr.'s, novel. Produced by Goldwyn, starring Jack Pickford. Directed by Wallace Worsley. The cast:

Chad	Jack Pickford
Margaret	Clara Horton
Melissa	Pauline Starke
Dan Dean	J. Park Jones
Harry Dean	Clark Marshall
Mrs. Dean	Edythe Chapman
Major Buford	James Neill
General	R. D. McLean
Schoolmaster	Dwight Crittenden
Cousin Lucy	Aileen Manning

The Farce University

By HARRISON HASKINS

THE celluloid farce comedy seems to be the training school of the film star. "The farce university," they call it in picturedom.

Consider Gloria Swanson, Clarine Seymour, Betty Compson, Alice Lake, Bebe Daniels and Mary Thurman. All graduated with honors from fast and furious farces.

We asked one of the biggest directors in the country to account for this seeming phenomena.

"Phenomena—nothing!" he exclaimed. "In farce comedy you are taught to put over your points with a bang—to accentuate with speed—to retain your poise while tons of water sweep by and a brick house tumbles about you. In a sentence, to have poise with pies."

Which, if we may further pun, seems to hit it.

We put the same question to Gloria Swanson herself. She said almost the same thing.

"Acting in farce teaches you to slightly over-exaggerate to drive home things with a smash," remarked Miss Swanson. "When the dramatic director gets you, he merely has to tone you down. And it is much easier to tone down than to tone up some one who doesn't know how to make his or her points. That is why you can more or less successfully step from film farce to film drama."

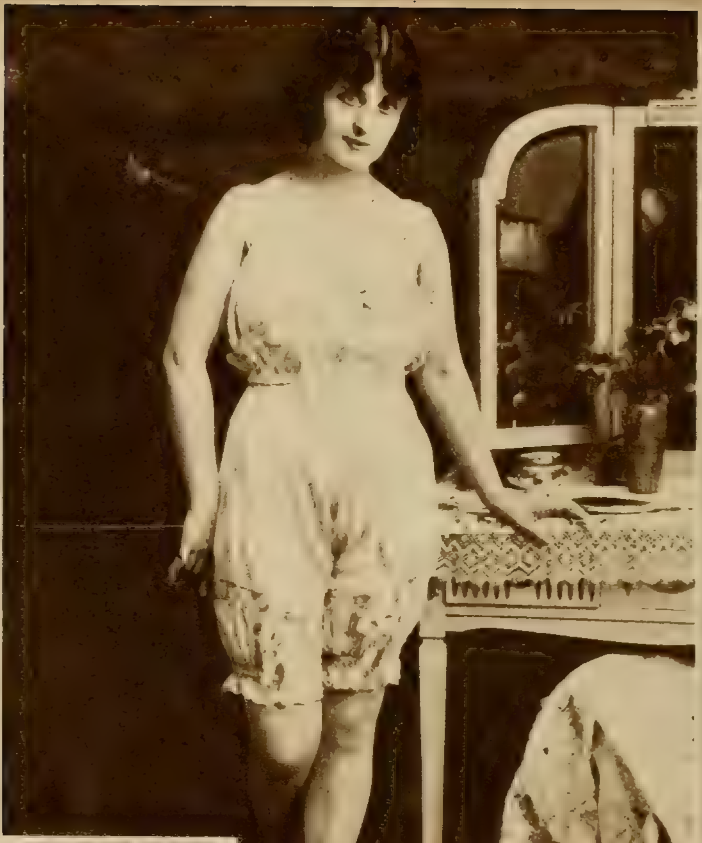
Which explains why Miss Swanson only a short time ago was a player in Mack Sennett farces.

(*Continued on page 87*)

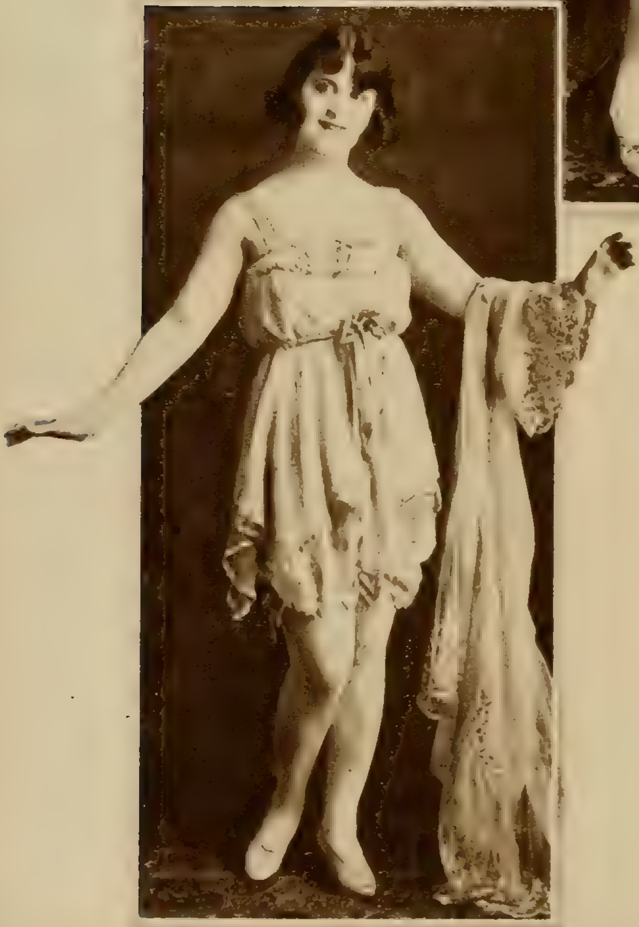
Above, Betty Compson in "The Miracle Man," and, right, in an old Arbuckle comedy. Below, the new dramatic Bebe Daniels and, lower right, the Gloria Swanson of Sennett days

Photographs by Evans

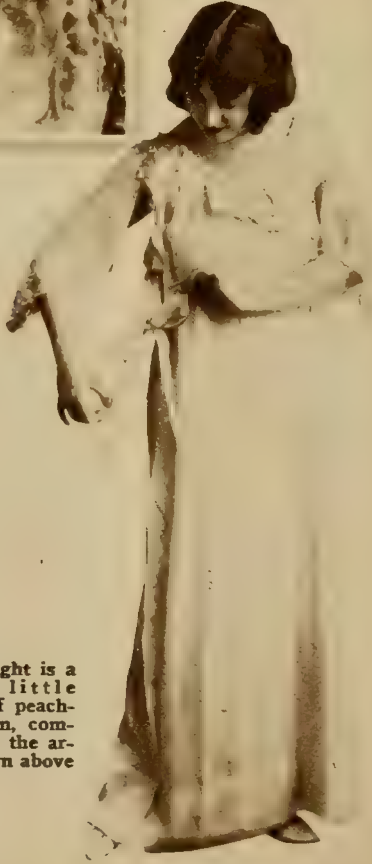
The Midnight Margarita



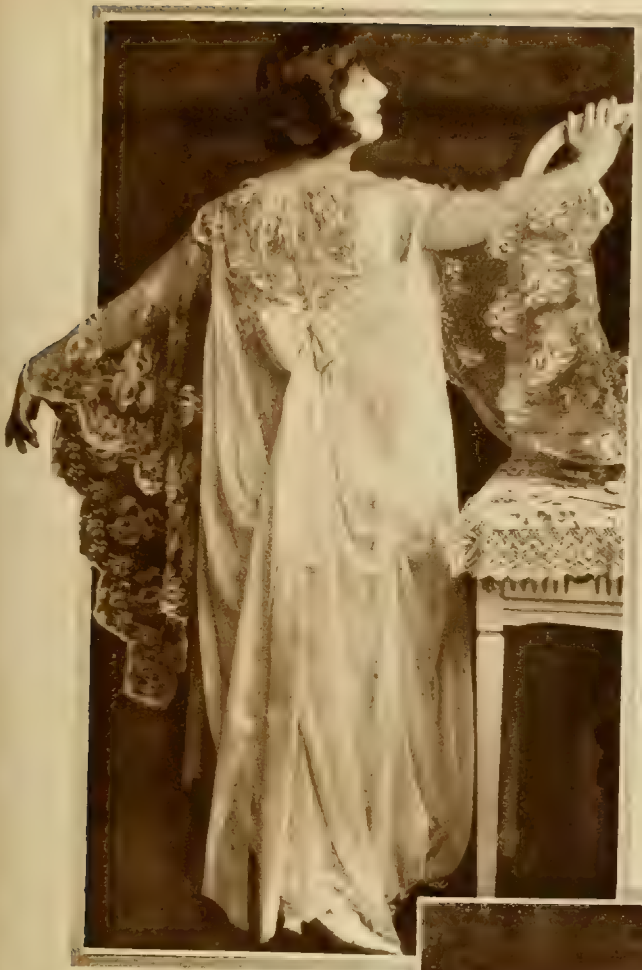
Margarita Fisher may be glimpsed at the left in what our fashion editor declares to be a substance of wash satin of a peach-blow shade, inset and edged with cream-colored lace and boasting a plentiful accompaniment of bows, loops—and things

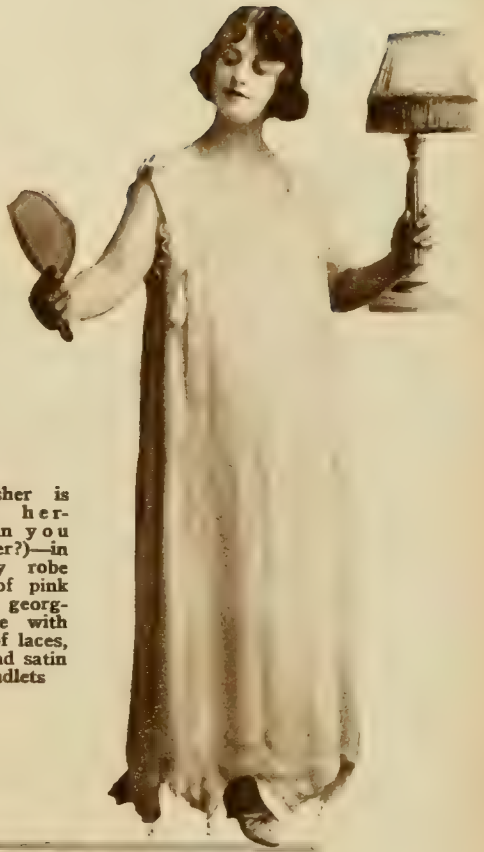


At the left is a view of a Margarita Fisher dessous. It's orchid and old-rose georgette with satin ribbon in contrasting tones for edging



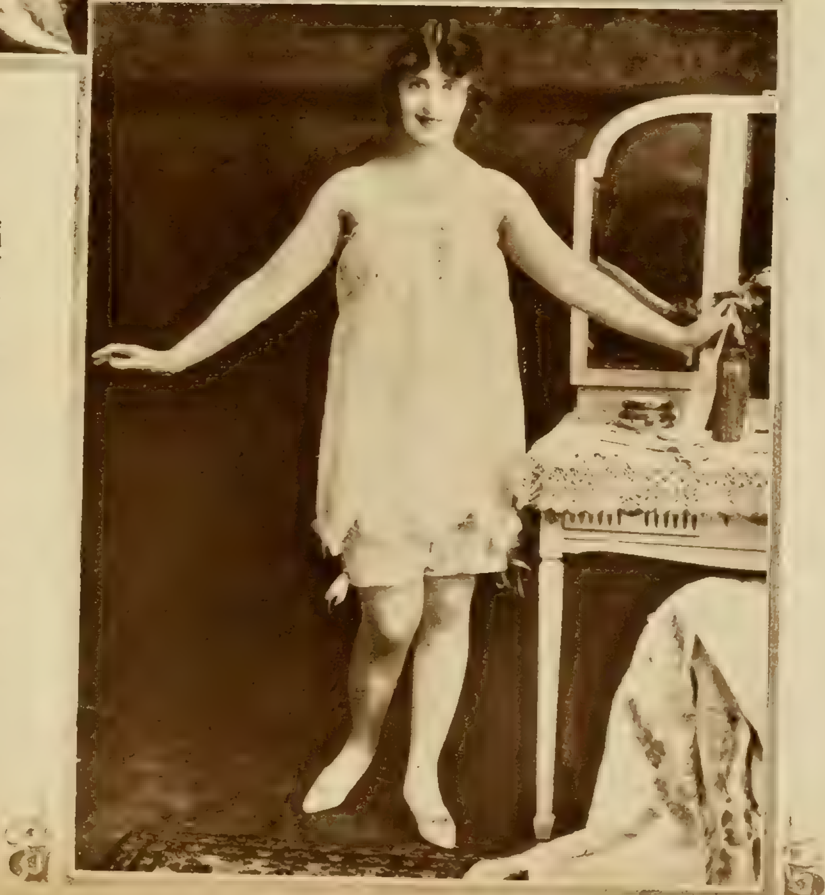
At the right is a simple little nightie of peachblow satin, companion to the articles worn above





Miss Fisher is observing herself—(can you blame her?)—in a dreamy robe de nuit of pink and blue georgette crepe with addenda of laces, ribbons and satin —er—budlets

The negligee just above is of blue and orchid georgette with a lacy over-drape patterned in creamy-tinted fleurs-de-lis. The slippers are of pink satin, embroidered in silver Cecil Brunner roses and forget-me-nots



If the fashion editor hadn't come to our rescue, words would have failed us in describing Miss Fisher in a combination of pink and blue chiffon, daintily dotted, embroidered, tucked and frilled. And—but here we pause

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

Pell of Pell Manor

The first thing I asked Pell Trenton was the whyfore of his first name. By rights, I should have quizzed him concerning his stage and screen career, but when a man has a name that sounds as if it might be an abbreviation for "Pellingham" or "Pellerford," or something equally romantic, to say nothing of its being a great deal like "pal" and a bit like "pill," he may expect to be asked for an explanation, even tho names are strictly personal affairs and as such are supposed to be exempt from cross-examination. And he wasn't the least bit offended. Indeed, he seemed pleased to talk about it.

"I've wondered why no interviewer ever asked me that," he beamed upon me. "Every one else does as soon as the law allows. I'm proud of it for various reasons, and it is my 'monicker' and not a stage name, as every one seems to think.

"I am a descendant of the first Lord Pell, who came over from England in 1600 and was given a grant of land in New York in what is now Westchester County. The eldest son has borne the name all down along the line—hence the cognomen for me."

They had told me at the Metro that I would find Mr. Trenton somewhere on the lot, wearing a kimono and a classic hair-cut, which was their more or less subtle way of telling me that he was playing in "The Willow Tree," an adaptation of an old Japanese legend, and that he made a romantic-looking hero.

When I first glimpsed him, he was wearing a gorgeous black kimono with gold dots, and he was standing near a half-moon bridge in a perfect Japanese garden—made for the occasion out of the prosaic Metro lot. While waiting for the camera-men to adjust reflecting screens and mirrors, he was en-

Pell Trenton started out to be a lawyer, but changed his mind. He made his debut doing a "bit" with Julia Marlowe in "The Goddess of Reason." At the right is a glimpse of him in the garden set of "The Willow Tree"

By EMMA-LINDSAY SQUIER

gaged in the somewhat startling occupation of powdering his nose in public, while Viola Dana, metamorphosed into a dainty Nipponese maid with tinseled black wig and butterfly kimono, was doing likewise. They seemed quite oblivious of each other's proximity until Director Otto shouted, "Action!" when they hastily put away their make-up boxes and stood very close to each other in the time-honored position for those in love.

"Camera!" called the director. "Run across the bridge, Vi—right after her, Pell—call to her, 'I'll catch you!' Run off after her—cut!"

Little Miss Dana hurried away to change her costume, and it was a rather weary but intensely romantic-looking Pell who led me over to the steps of the tea-house set for a chat between scenes.

"I didn't know whether I was going to get a minute off or not," he said, dabbing his face carefully with a handkerchief. "I am playing opposite Miss Dana in this picture, and many of the scenes are taken in this garden. There are only a few hours a day when the sun is right for shooting, so we have to take advantage of every minute when the light is good."

He has a deep, rich voice—baritone, I suppose you would call it, with that inflection which betokens at once a New Yorker and an actor. He has grey eyes that regard you alternately with twinkling humor and flattering sincerity, and his forehead is of that classic variety that in a mid-Victorian novel would be termed "brow," possibly with the adjective of "lofty" or "noble" before it. His hair is brown and has a slight wave that becomes a positive crinkle over the ears, and tho I'm sure he wont own up to this, the fact remains that he has a romantic face. You could visualize him as Launcelot or Francois Villon, or as the first Lord Pell of Pell Manor, in powdered wig and satin waistcoat.

"I enjoy working in 'The Willow Tree' immensely," he told me, when we got around to talking pictures instead of Pells. "It is an adaptation of the play that made such a success in New York, and I take the part of the English sculptor who falls in love with the little Japanese girl who pretends that she is the willow-tree image come to life.

"Let me show you thru the garden," he invited. "It is a real achievement—perfect in every detail."

He helped me across a narrow little bridge that spanned an artificial canal, and we stopped a moment to watch the white ducks sunning themselves on the banks.

"At first the stream was full of gold-fish," he said, "but ducks are no respecters of movie props, and they ate them all the first day."

The garden was indeed a miracle of realism, carpeted with soft green grass, filled with transplanted willow trees, cherry trees in full artificial

(*Continued on page 78*)

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

Trenton enlisted when America went into the war. He was at an officers' training camp at Palo Alto when the war ended. Pell considered it rotten luck, since he comes of a military family. At the left is a snap of Trenton in the act of being interviewed

Meet "The Frog"

By MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

Those who saw Lon Chaney's remarkable character study of The Frog in George Loane Tucker's great play, "The Miracle Man," will not soon forget it.

All thru the horror of the early scenes, where as an underworld derelict preying upon the sympathies of the slum sight-seekers with his faked paralysis, to his inspiring regeneration, not one false note was struck, and it remains as a unique study in sharp contrasts.

I was quite convinced that he must be a contortionist, and this was the first question that I asked him.

"I should say *not*," laughed Mr. Chaney, amused at the thought. "I am not even double-jointed. I figured it out that to throw the body back into position after twisting it as a paralytic, the first movements would be slow—and painful—with a quick jerk at the last, and with practice I mastered the trick.

"I'll confess that, with all my knowledge of make-up—and I have been character actor both in musical comedy and on the screen during my entire professional career—I had some difficulty in deciding just what to use for The Frog. In the first place, I planned to be a cripple, have a withered hand and a hump on my back, but when I discovered that I had to unfold *twice* before the camera, these three infirmities were, of course, impossible.

"Finally, after several sleepless nights and a number of experiments, I decided on—paralysis! I let my beard grow, and altogether I worked out a convincing make-up, horrible as it was.

"We spent twelve weeks making 'The Miracle Man,' and it was a wonderful experience, for Mr. Tucker was certainly inspired, and he inspired us until we were all living our parts every minute of the time. He works very quietly, directing every scene himself, and he went thru those underworld scenes relentlessly, with set jaw and cold eyes, while in the emotional moments he cried as hard as the rest of us.

"Character work is always interesting," continued Mr. Chaney. "In my last picture, 'Victory,' under Maurice Tourneur's direction, my rôle called for pockmarks, and I followed a Mexican, who was badly marked, all about the Plaza in Old Town for hours one hot afternoon. I wanted to see how they appeared on his face. Then I hunted up another Mexican to study the cut of his mustache.

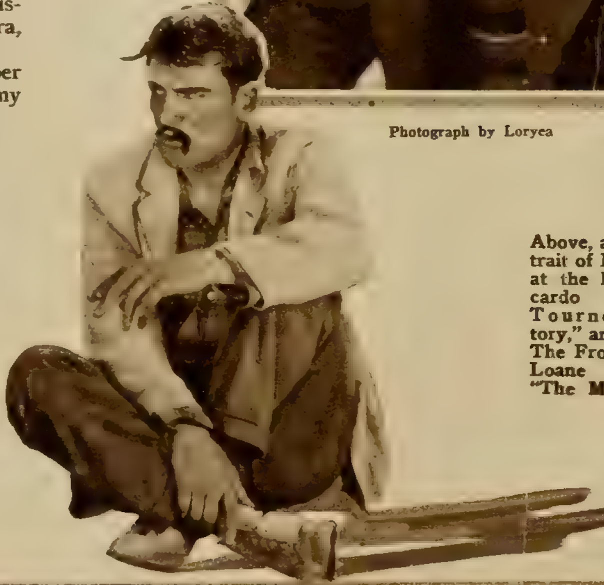
"Recently, I played two totally different rôles in Tourneur's production of 'Treasure Island.' One was a bloodthirsty pirate, the other Pew, the blind man. In every picture I learn a little more about human nature, for preparing a character rôle means studying people. I am ever on the watch for characteristics and peculiarities that I can use in my work."

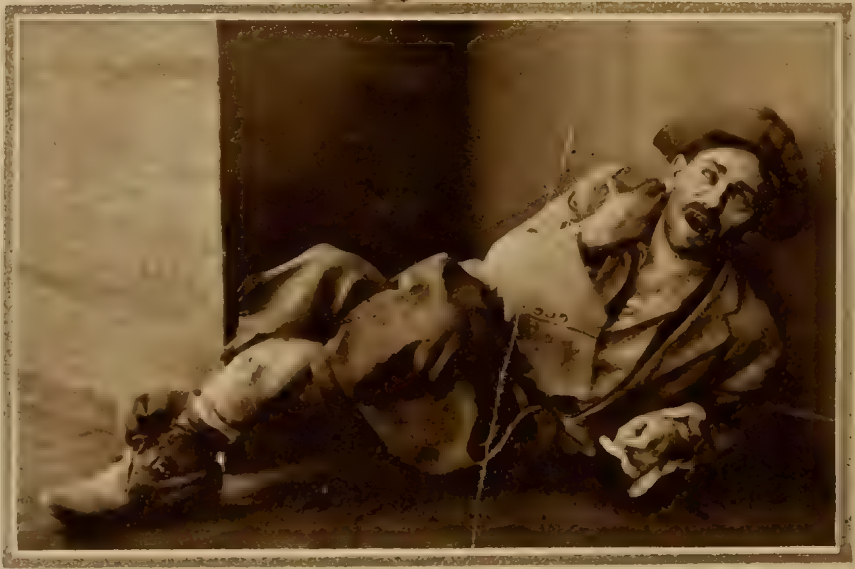
Lon Chaney was born in Colorado Springs, Colorado. Both his parents are deaf and dumb, his mother from birth, his father since he was three. This is without doubt the secret of his remarkably expressive face, which mirrors every fleeting thought, for, of necessity, he early mastered the art of pantomime.

His maternal grandmother's four children being mutes, she founded

(*Continued on page* 81)

Photograph by Loryea





Above, a recent portrait of Lon Chaney; at the left, as Riccardo in Maurice Tourneur's "Victory," and, below, as The Frog, in George Loane Tucker's "The Miracle Man"

Jack Straw

Told in Story Form from the Paramount-Robert Warwick Photoplay

By FAITH SERVICE

IMMEDIATELY upon their arrival in California the Jennings became the Parker-Jennings. This was but the beginning, but a very real beginning, of a series of satisfactions to Mrs. Jennings—er—*Parker*-Jennings. It was the only sort of satisfaction she had ever craved. The lack, heretofore, of these satisfactions had put the fretted lines about her mouth and the petulance in her eyes, which might, devoid of it, have been pretty. Once, they had been.

Money and the lack of money had been the scales on which Mrs. Jennings had weighed her happiness and her unhappiness, and, since up to the time of the oil findings, there had been rather a bad lack of it, the scales had weighed decidedly for unhappiness. She hadn't been able to find it in any other way. Her husband didn't give it to her. She felt that he had failed her. It was the only sort of failing she would have considered as such. His petty clerkship, his petty salary, the inevitable scrimping and scraping and piecing and patching, all had been irritants for which she had no counter and no inner resources to tap for her consoling.

Nor had her daughter been of much avail to her. Ethel was too different to be in any sense availing. She was too happy in the small things. She had too deep and serene a spirit of content. She loved too greatly and was too well satisfied with the petty clerkship and the correspondingly petty salary of her father. When things pinched too hard, as they did during her junior year at college, she left college and all the hopes it held forth to her and the friends she had made and the atmosphere she had worn with a high pride as a sort of garment and stayed at home and went to work in the town bank. More, she avowed her happiness in so doing. She was quite beyond her querulous mother and not at all comforting in her aloofness, or what her mother felt her aloofness. There was no kinship of spirit between the two.

When the miracle happened, when the California oil wells in which Mr. Jennings had once, long ago, foolishly, so they told him, invested, and which had, ever since, lain foolishly fallow, when they, all at once, gushed rivers of oil and, simultaneously, rivers of dollars into the stunned coffers of the impecunious Jenningses, the reactions were dissimilar and not without farce value. Not, either, without an element of pathos.

Mr. Jennings, worn by his petty clerkship, by the fretting of his petty salary, by the small recriminations and piled-up barbs and stings of the piled-up years, simply relapsed and asked to rest. What initiative he may once have possessed, which had been adequate, at least to the retaining of the clerkship, dropped from him. A chair in the sun, skimming the morning papers, an occasional light novel of the summer reading variety, the society and tender attentions of his daughter, who bolstered him up by frequent references to his foresight in the purchase of the oil wells, these were the things his millions brought to him.

To Ethel it meant simply a sort of surcease for her father. She took a deep and gratifying pleasure in watching him lie back and relax. For the rest, of course, it was a good deal to hear Mrs. Jennings change the tone of her complaints, but the complaints remained, only that they took, now, the form of aspirations

Things conspire. Mrs. Parker-Jennings' snobbery, Ambrose Holland's love of Mrs. Wanley, the clean-cut good looks of Jack Straw, all these things conspired together with the result that Ambrose Holland approached Jack Straw with a proposition.

probably impossible of achievement. She wanted, virulently, to break into society. For herself, Ethel had taken a sort of enjoyment in the struggle. She liked construction and she felt, when she left college and went to work, that she had done, in the way of character building, a constructive thing. Then, the way she had been managing things, the small income and all. It had been a game, played with realities, by an earnest gamester. It had had its value and also its fascination. The frills of life meant nothing to Ethel.

To Mrs. Jennings, as has been said, it meant being Mrs. *Parker*-Jennings.

It meant that as an outer symbol to cover multifarious other details, such as the buying, for instance, of exorbitant diamonds, unsuitable gowns and furs. It meant the trip de luxe to California, where the family had, perforce, to live in close proximity to the gushing oil wells and the operating company. It meant the leasing and furnishing and exceeding interior decorating of the most ornate mansion to be had. It meant, too, the opportunity to be a snob, altho, of course, Mrs. Parker-Jennings would not so have termed it.

She was one, however. Successfully, to her mind; disastrously in the eventuality, as such codes of conduct generally are. Mrs. Parker-Jennings had, herself, been snubbed. The biting memories of the snubs had remained. Remained, too, the reluctant admiration for the persons so fortunately placed as to be able to indulge in snubbery. One of her first ambitions was to do to some other what had been done unto her. The victim was more or less non-important.

The victim happened, however, to be important to other minds if not to that of Mrs. Parker-Jennings. She was a young widow, Mrs. Wanley by name, with an adopted daughter and enough attractiveness to warrant her male support from some quarter or other. Probably rather arduous support. It came, in this instance, from one Ambrose Holland, who had one ambition in life, and that was to be the successor to the late lamented Wanley. What was resentful to Mrs.

JACK STRAW.

Fictionized from the scenario of Olga Printzlau and Elmer Harris based upon the stage comedy of W. S. Maugham. Produced by Paramount-Artcraft, starring Robert Warwick. Directed by William C. DeMille. The cast:

Parker Jennings	Charles Ogle
Mrs. Jennings	Sylvia Ashton
Jack Straw	Robert Warwick
Ethel Jennings	Carroll McComas
Serlo	Lucian Littlefield
Ambrose Holland	J. M. Dumont
Mrs. Wanley	Helene Sullivan

Wanley was resentful, in triplicate essence, to Holland, and he had the means and the power of retaliation. When Mrs. Parker-Jennings gave it forth that her daughter, Ethel, was not to associate with such penniless nobodies as the Wanleys, Holland swore revenge. That Ethel herself moaned over this crudity in secret was not known to Mrs. Wanley. Which brings us to Jack Straw. Also, back to New York, briefly.

Jack Straw was an iceman, and this is a romance, despite the seeming disparity. He was an iceman, that is, at the time he first saw Ethel Jennings singing while she kneaded dough. There was no ostensible reason why Jack Straw, who had roved the world in one capacity or another and had been and done many things, should fall, for the first time, in love with a young girl kneading dough and singing a popular song. Yet such is love. He did fall in love with her. Rather badly, even painfully. And he remained in love. If the oil wells had not gushed at an unpropitious moment, he would have revealed his identity and his amour at one and the same time, but to the heiress of the Parker-Jenningses such an avowal would have seemed rather preposterous. Jack Straw knew that the millions would make no fundamental difference in Ethel. She was too firmly grounded and too finely poised. But he loved her, and he wanted her to have her chance. She hadn't really seen the world, save from her college dormitory and her kitchen window, and such views were, of necessity, limited. If she should see the world thru a mist of gold and still, some day, be able to turn to Jack Straw, such a gifting would be for time immeasurable.

So Jack Straw, with an aching heart, watched the Parker-Jenningses depart, and, a month later, covered the same ground himself. Before Ethel's departure, however, he permitted himself the daring to leave a note on the kitchen table asking her not to fall in love with any one in California until he could meet her there. He signed it Jack Straw. He counted on the essential romance singing in her heart. All nice girls had romance in their hearts. They wouldn't be nice if they didn't have. It was part of a nice girl's birthright, and dreams, too . . .

Of course, Ethel did dream. She dreamed a great deal. She liked the name, Jack Straw, and the handwriting and the spirit he gave to it all. She decided that it would not be very hard to wait. Dull hours were lightened by the funny little, appealing little thought of Jack Straw. How would he come to her? In what array? In shining panoply, or tattered rags? And would he bring love with him? And who was he, after all?

After all, and just at the time of Ethel's wondering, Jack Straw had become a waiter in a hotel nearby the Parker-Jennings' mansion. The Parker-Jenningses dined there quite frequently, being usually, owing to Mrs. Parker-Jennings, without a cook. No doubt Jack Straw had had wind of this before he accepted and capably conducted his profession as waiter. It was something to be able to gaze upon Ethel, dining. To be able, now and again, ecstatically to serve her. It gave them, even tho she was serenely unaware, a bond. It gave him, too, the thrilling assurance that his note had struck a response. Ethel was waiting and watching for Jack Straw. But the time, Jack Straw believed, had not yet come. In the meantime, the greatest part of love is service . . .

Things conspire. Mrs. Parker-Jennings' snobbery, Ambrose Holland's love of Mrs. Wanley, the clean-cut good looks of Jack Straw—all these things conspired together with the result that Ambrose Holland approached Jack Straw with a proposition. It was to impersonate some titled person and allow himself to be introduced into the Parker-Jennings family. "The old bird," informed Holland, "will fall for it like a duck. She will literally hurl herself upon you. You can fall for the daughter . . . you see?"

"I see," said Jack Straw, and was speculative. He added, "It's not a question of money, with me, of course."

"Of course not," said Holland, hastily, recognizing a sensibility and, evidently, the spirit of the adventurer for adventure's sake, since he could not know of Jack Straw's love for Ethel, nor yet that Jack Straw had seen, too frequently, Serlo, the free versifier, at the Parker-Jennings' table, reading his fre verse to Ethel and expounding, no doubt with dire intent, his theories of free love. It was to circumvent Serlo that caused Jack Straw to adopt the pretentious title of the Archduke Sebastian and be thus presented to the Parker-Jenningses, to the enraptured Parker-Jenningses as represented by Mrs. P.-J. and.

After that, for minutes without end, the world swirled by in flower scents and moon radiance and the star-strewn sky and kisses and low words. Love

The papers carried gallant tales of him—the way he had hurled the poet, Serlo, into the lake . . . .

a little later, by Ethel.

The causes of emotion were, as usual with this mother and daughter, largely variant. To Mrs. Parker-Jennings the Archduke was the thing. To Ethel Jennings the man was the thing. Out of a world of men he came, quite suddenly, and there was no other man save him. Singularly uninvolved where her emotions were concerned, Ethel knew, without compromise, that she loved him. Sensing, with the same delicate perceptiveness, his response, she knew that he loved her. This, then, was the reason of her being. It became, with the advent of this love, a paradise of a world to live in, riotous, yet serene, with flowers and the sound of music, with color and rhythm and unimagined dreamings . . . a wonder-place!

One little rift in the clear lute of all this happiness was the recurrence of the note she had had before she left New York, signed, even as that first one, Jack Straw. She did not want to make this unknown person unhappy. Out of her own largesse she wanted to give, even as she was receiving.

On the night of the large reception Mrs. Parker-Jennings gave the Archduke Sebastian, Ethel met the guest of honor in the conservatory. He gave her, with his whimsical smile, a little note, a replica of the other three. Ethel read it, only half comprehending. Then she sought the eyes, the suddenly-grown-tender eyes of the Archduke Sebastian. She was silent. No word had as yet been spoken. She was delicate of the first one. Then came his voice, unlike, yet deeply like. "Have you waited?" he asked.

Ethel felt the need of a great simplicity. "You know I have," she said.

After that, for minutes without end, the world swirled by in flower scents and moon radiance and the star-strewn sky and kisses and low words. *Love.*

Ethel's joy shone about her, a halo, when she returned to her mother and the reception committee. She couldn't keep her joy confined. Her tolerance embraced even her mother, who would see, as cause for joy, only the fact of the Archdukery. Nevertheless, she told her, and, breathless with this latest stroke of a kindly fate, Mrs. Parker-J. planned to announce the tremendous news. This, she said, was pre-eminently the time. It was striking while the iron was, so to speak, hot. Ethel, heedless of the world knowing or not knowing, gave her half-dazed assent. Nothing of all this made very much difference. She had come, with reverence and joy, into the High Courts of Love. She was remote.

Mrs. Wanley and Ambrose Holland, arriving on the outer edge and hearing of the proposed announcement, saw the thing as a practical joke gone decidedly wrong. This, they felt, would involve too much for the joyous fillip of humiliating the impossible Mrs. P.-J. This would involve too much responsibility for the gratification of an, after all, unimportant vengeance. They decided to appeal to the pseudo Archduke, and, appealing, found him adamant.

"The thing is precipitated now," he said; "the kindest thing to do is to let this affair go off, just for tonight. Afterward, let her down. She will be able to bear it better after her triumphal hour. Anyway, you are responsible for the hoax, neither the Jenningses nor I. They will, therefore, be absolved and you yourselves will harbor what blame there will be. I think you will both deserve it for not recognizing in Mrs. Parker-Jennings a spoiled and fretted woman taking out her, after all, childish, silly spites. I think it is all up to you, both of you."

Panicky, Ambrose Holland confessed to the Parker-Jenningses. Confessed the hoax which had made of the waiter, Jack Straw, the Archduke, Sebastian. It was a confession with horrible results. Mrs. Parker-Jennings dropped from her, as one drops a flimsy cape, the aristocracy of her millions. She ranted and raged and all but gnashed her teeth. She had been on the very threshold of a supreme achievement, and lo! it was snatched from her and she was given a cup of the bitterest gall. Society, all but her own, was once again unattainable. She wept until her lashined eyes were red-rimmed, even as they had been in the days when she bent over her kitchen range to test her homely breads and pies.

It was, after all, Jack Straw who saved her immediate skin. He persisted in his original idea of going thru with the reception and announcement as had been planned. The glory of it all, he maintained, would remain firmly in the thoughts of assembled society. The divulging of the hoax would come more easily afterward. In the meantime, something would have been established. There would be a comprehensive pity for Mrs. Parker-Jennings, not unmixed with awe at her splendid hostess-ship. Society was accustomed to being hoaxed. She would not be, because of this, beyond the pale. Mrs. Parker-Jennings, all but lost in her own esteem, seized, none the less, at this granted reprieve.

The evening and Jack Straw were successful. Society seemed captivated, by the entertainment, by the Archduke and also by his prospective bride. They went away imbued with the charm, wit and gallantry of the man. The papers carried gallant tales of him: how he had written anonymously to Ethel Jennings for some months; the way he had hurled the poet, Serlo, into the lake because he had expressed sentiments to Ethel which the Archduke considered inexpressible; the home he was going to give her; the almost-royalty of it all; the way the Archduke had disappeared some time ago from his kingdom and had thus and in this place revealed himself. It was a charming romance.

Ethel Jennings read it and was able to smile over it. Was even glad that she had been, as she was, tested. She loved him. She knew that now. That he was "just Jack Straw" made, miraculously even to her, no kind of conceivable difference. He was the man for whom she had been waiting, the man who had kist her into an acceptance of life and living, there in the conservatory, the radiant being who had led her into the High Court of Love. The mere matter of who he was was no matter at all.

The matter of who he was seemed, however, to admit of various doubts and complications. One of the features of the reception, indeed, had been the arrival of the Ambassador of Pokerania, native kingdom of the supposed Archduke. Those in the secret supposed that it was the short-sightedness of the Ambassador which caused him to, apparently, acknowledge the Archduke Sebastian.

When, on the following morning, he called upon the Archduke at the Jennings home, he found the luggage of that young man being hurled upon the front lawns, to the complete demolition of the flower-beds, and the young man himself in the extreme eventuality of following said luggage. He was informed by an irate Mrs. P.-J. that this was no Archduke, but a waiter in the hotel nearby, an impostor and the cause of her immediate downfall, just when victory had been so near.

The Ambassador amazed them all. He pooh-poohed her statement with some show of outraged dignity himself. The young man, he claimed, was indeed the missing Archduke who, some years before, had been very ill and had evidently wandered away while suffering from some sort of amnesia. The Ambassador had proofs of identification, many photographs and other things, the surveying of which brought back to Jack Straw that man he had been when, fifteen years before, he had set surreptitiously forth upon his wanderings.

Mrs. Parker-Jennings knew, in that moment, what it was to faint from joy. She took pleasure in the faint.

Ethel knew, still again, what it means to love. The outer manifestations of the state in life of Jack Straw passed over her, wholly non-essential. She told him that she had quite lost track of which of the two he might be, Jack Straw or the Archduke Sebastian. He said, loving her, that it didn't matter. And she agreed with him.

"There's only one identity worth while for me," he told her, and she, within his arms, whispered, "And what is that?"

"The man you love," he said, "the man . . . you . . . love."

"There's only one identity worth while for me," he told her, "the man you love"

Personalities

A delightful and thrilling romantic melodrama is "The Purple Mask," now at the Booth Theater. Leo Ditrichstein is the picturesque star, playing a royalist brigand of the Napoleonic days, while Lily Cahill is a charming heroine

Photograph above by White

Left, Doris Ferguson, one of stageland's beauties, now appearing in "As You Were"

Ralph Herz and Ann Seymour are principals in the new Hammerstein musical comedy, "Always You"

Photograph above by White

in the Theater

At the right is a charming moment of Jane Cowl's quaint play, "Smilin' Through." Henry Stephenson appears opposite Miss Cowl

Photograph below by Apeda

Photograph by Abbe

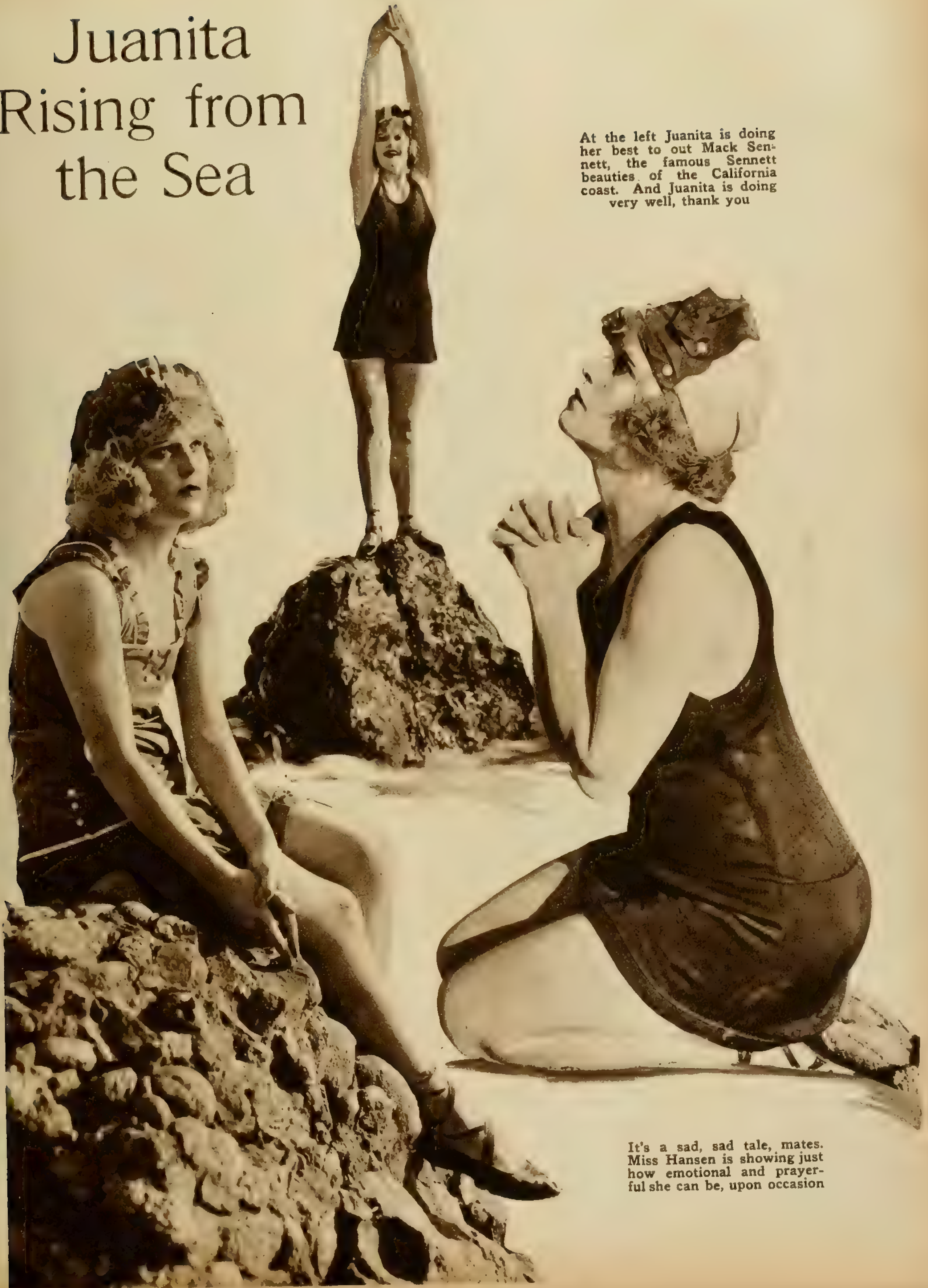
At the lower left are Henry Miller and Marzalo Gillmore in "The Famous Mrs. Fair," one of the season's hits at the Henry Miller Theater

Photograph by Apeda

Above are Otis Skinner and Ruth Rose in Mr. Skinner's new play, "Pietro," running at the Criterion Theater

Juanita Hansen, Pathé serial star, is one of screenland's mermaids. Juanita doesn't merely pose along the sands. She swims with the best of them

Juanita Rising from the Sea



At the left Juanita is doing her best to out Mack Sennett, the famous Sennett beauties of the California coast. And Juanita is doing very well, thank you

It's a sad, sad tale, mates. Miss Hansen is showing just how emotional and prayerful she can be, upon occasion

Zena's Zenith

By C. BLYTHE SHERWOOD

"SAY! How do ye get that way?"

It was an officer who growled the anthem. As Anthony Paul Kelly was so fond of describing his nautical rank and appearance last year—a C-O-P, who thuswise addressed Zena and me.

"Why, Mr. Policeman," pouted Zena, débutanting, "what do you mean?"

"What do I *mean?*" He dramatically swept his club along the landscape of New Jersey. "There! What do *you* mean?"

Zena and I peered thru the glass of the coupé. A line of thirty or forty machines purred impatiently and were honk-konking their temperament. Thirty or forty machines—and Zena, who had arrived in the little brand new Hudson but a moment before, headed the pageant!

"Oh, Mr. Policeman," continued Zena the débutante, "I'm so tired. I've been working at the studio all day. And I do want to get home." Tears glistened. Ingenue disconsolance prevailed.

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Zena Keefe comes from San Francisco. She was a vaudeville artist to begin with. Then Mamma Keefe and little Zena headed for New York—and fame

Rome has fallen. So has Sennett. And Enright's bluecoats are not impervious to charm. "All right, then. You can fight with the others on the ferry."

Zena threw her in first. She crushed the claxon and laughed into the thirty or forty claxons shrieking behind, and prepared to lead the file aboard. "Dear Mr. Policeman, thank you so much!" she bade him au revoir.

"There aint much nourishment in that," he groaned, but Zena and I had already settled in front of the *Fort Lee*.

"I absolutely could not have waited until all those other cars got aboard," Zena sighed. Relief and wafted suspense illuminated her eyes. "I'm going to the theater tonight and I'll die if I miss that show."

"Which show?"

"I dont know exactly which, but I told mother to get tickets for 'The Crimson Alibi,' 'At 9:45,' 'A Voice in the Dark' or 'Those Who Walk in Darkness.' I'll enjoy any of them, so it doesn't make much difference. I'm crazy about mystery plays."

"You dont get much time for the theater, tho, do you?"

"I should say I dont. We've had to work late so often on 'Piccadilly Jim' that by the time I did get home I was afraid to take a tubbing for fear I'd fall asleep therein. But one thing nice about being with the people of 'Piccadilly' is that we are all as young and as strong for holidays as for work! Owen Moore made it a rule that we would never have to keep shop on Saturday night, and Wesley Ruggles, a peach, tho a director, was only happy, too, to pass."

Manhattan slowly shifted its skyline as we sailed nearer. Manhattan is marvelous at all times, but especially exquisite under the

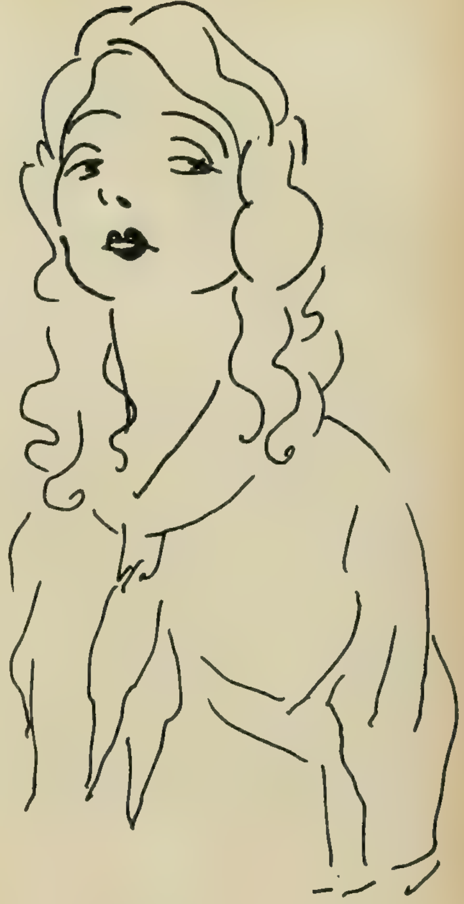
(*Continued on page 60*)

The Celluloid Critic

The Newest Photoplays in Review

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Pen Impressions by NORMAN JACOBSEN

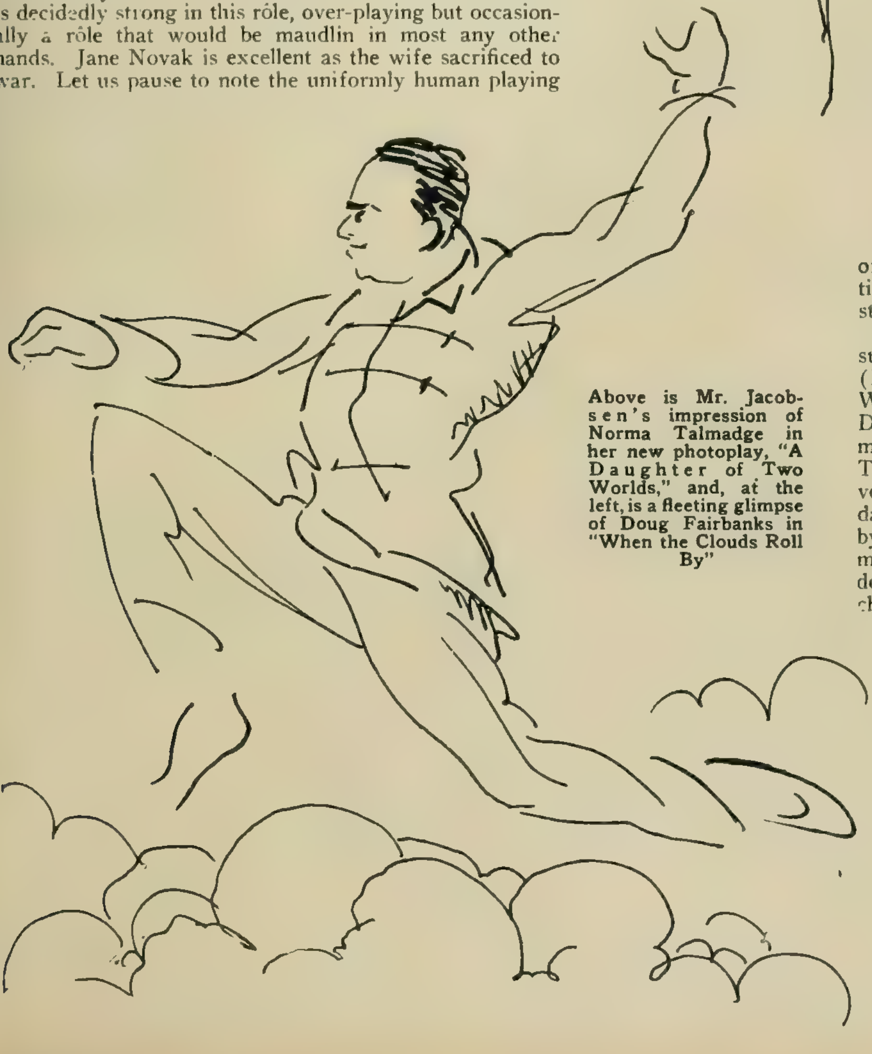


OUT of a dull month in the cinema stands Irvin Willat's visualization of the Gouverneur Morris story, "Behind the Door." We say this not from approval of the thesis of Mr. Morris' tale, but from appreciation of a well-knit scenario, skillfully directed and played with a fine vigor.

"Behind the Door," (Paramount), is an opus in brutality—an intermezzo in gory revenge. Mr. Morris asks: What would you do if you saw your wife taken prisoner by a bestial captain of a German submarine who left you adrift in the open sea? Mr. Morris' hero, being a taxidermist, pleasantly decides to skin the Hun officer alive and, when chance later throws the U-boat in the path of his scout ship, he carries out his revenge, at least in part. But not quite, for the ex-taxidermist sighs, "I swore I would skin him alive, but he died on me—damn him!"

It isn't an appealing tale, this filming of brutal vengeance. There is too much of the material side of life in every photoplay, too little of the sweetnesses, the sacrifices, the really heroic things of the every day. "Behind the Door" is a ghastly epic in war hysteria, but it is admirably done.

Mr. Willat has superbly handled a number of difficult moments, notably the shelling and sinking of the submarine. He has evolved another remarkably powerful scene, wherein the American wrings the sordid story from the German officer. Hobart Bosworth is decidedly strong in this rôle, over-playing but occasionally a rôle that would be maudlin in most any other hands. Jane Novak is excellent as the wife sacrificed to war. Let us pause to note the uniformly human playing of Miss Novak in all her rôles, but particularly in this. Wallace Beery, too, is striking as the U-boat commander.



Above is Mr. Jacobsen's impression of Norma Talmadge in her new photoplay, "A Daughter of Two Worlds," and, at the left, is a fleeting glimpse of Doug Fairbanks in "When the Clouds Roll By"

Again is Alla Nazimova's vivid art submerged in "Stronger Than Death," (Metro), an adaptation of I. A. R. Wylie's novel of India, "The Hermit Doctor of Gaya.". We do not know the merit of the original, but "Stronger Than Death" is draggy, labored and conventional. Nazimova plays an English dancer in the East, a young woman told by her physicians that another dance will mean death. But she meets the hermit doctor, who, single-handed, is fighting cholera, and, imbued with his sacrifice and in order to gain time that a native uprising may be forestalled, poses as a reincarnated vestal—and dances. The doctors are wrong, of course, for the dancer lives to gain happiness with her lover.

We do not know just who is to blame, but both the continuity and the direction shift the interest from Nazimova to Charles Bryant, who plays the self-sacrificing hermit physician. "Stronger Than Death" is but fair in the matter of Herbert Blache's direction and is too long and wandering in its telling. Mme. Nazimova's opportunities are slight.

Norma Talmadge appeared in

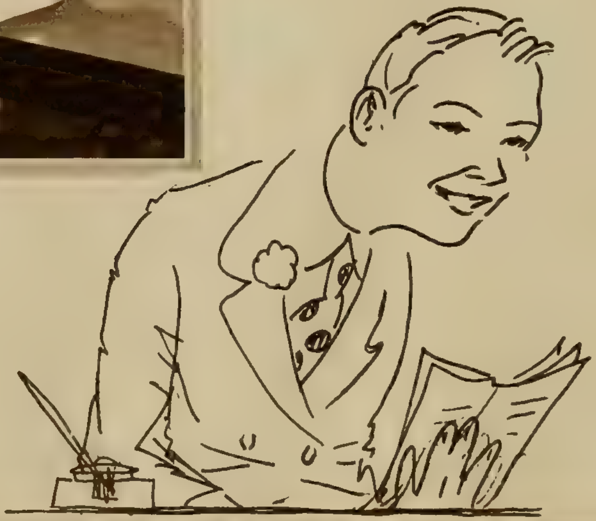
two contrasting photoplays: one a delightful but slight comedy, the other a vague and badly built melodrama.

"She Loves and Lies," (Select), is a light little tale—of a vivacious girl who poses as an elderly woman of wealth in order that she may marry the man of her choice. Then, as her real self, she actually wins his heart. When divorce seems to face the worried husband, she throws disguises aside—and he finds that he has fallen in love with his wife. The comedy is done with nice spontaneity by Director Chet Withey. Miss Talmadge is charming as the much-disguised heroine and Conway Tearle is a delightful foil.

On the other hand, Miss Talmadge's "A Daughter of Two Worlds," (First National), is far-fetched and impossible stuff, badly told in continuity and direction and but indifferently acted. This deals with the efforts of a girl of the underworld to find happiness in a higher strata of society. James Young, the director, has failed to clearly place his characters, has been inexpert in many of his scenes and, on the whole, has turned out an inferior and slow-moving melodrama. True, we doubt if any director could have done much with it.

Doug Fairbanks' latest, "When the Clouds Roll By," (United Artists), is at least a little different. Doug plays a superstitious chap who falls under the persuasions of a mysterious stranger—a man who turns out to be an escaped lunatic. Doug overcomes all obstacles, including a real flood. The climax finds Doug in a tree in the midst of the inundation. A house, with the heroine clinging to the roof, floats by. Splash!—and Doug is beside her. Then a church, with a parson astride the steeple, comes drifting by. The young couple succeed in maneuvering their house alongside the church—and the

(*Continued on page* 103)



Above is Constance Talmadge in her newest vehicle, "Two Weeks," at the right is Mr. Jacobsen's idea of Charlie Ray in "Red Hot Dollars," and, below, are Norma Talmadge and Conway Tearle in "She Loves and Lies"

The Fortune Hunter

Told in Story Form from the Vitagraph-Earle Williams Photoplay

By ALEXANDER LOWELL

Henry Kellogg was flushed by the wine of the grape and the headier wine of success. He could afford to be expansive, and he was. He eyed his friend and the sharer of his Park Avenue bed and board with a speculative as well as a kindly eye. Finally he said, "Dont be despondent, old man. You've always been successful in *one* line, at least."

Nathaniel Duncan didn't raise his head nor cease his nervous fiddling with a macerated cigaret. But he said, colorlessly, "What line?"

"Women," said Kellogg and shot him a glance.

"Oh, that . . ."

"It could be remunerative, y'know. I've a plan."

"Shoot."

"Dont be so lifeless. One thing you've got to have is pep . . . your old-time pep. It's your asset. Your stock in trade. All you've got to do is be yourself."

"I cant cash in on that. You know that."

"No, I dont. The point is, that you have never been yourself. You've tried to be everybody but yourself, every kind of type. That's why you haven't succeeded. You need the chance of self-development. You can get that by . . ."

"By . . . ?"

"By marriage."

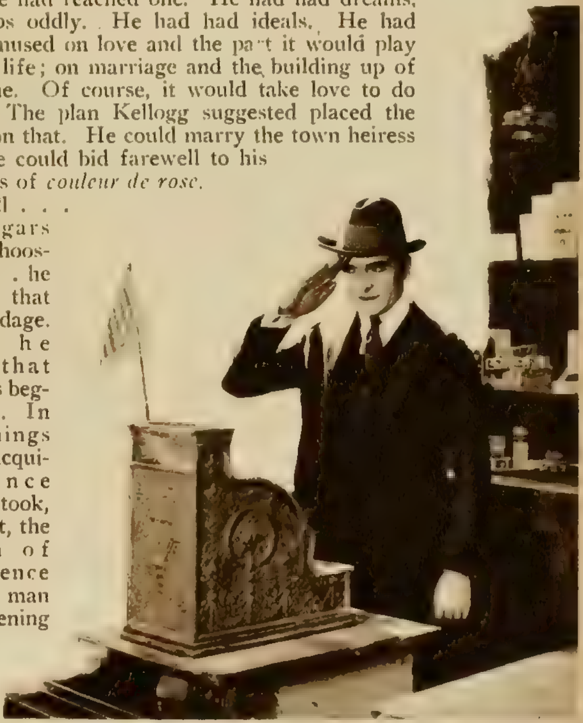
"I'm damned if I do! I cant support myself. What th' hell d'you mean coming in here with a line of jibber like this? Cant you see I'm on my uppers for fair? Down and out? I'm in no mood for your bibulous mirth. You've had a big success. I can see that. I can even be glad. But dont stand on the pinnacle of it and throw your fool cabbage-roses down at me. They . . . tonight they hurt."

Henry Kellogg shook his head. "You've got me as wrong as I've got you right, old man," he said; "actually, I'm in earnest. Here you are, college-bred, the son of a millionaire who, kindly enough, he thought, robbed you of incentive and consequently of initiative. Result, failure and discouragement. What he didn't rob you of, however, is your appearance, your charm for women—oh, a decent enough charm, I know that; in short, your personality. My plan is for you to go to some small town a safe distance from any city. The sort of town where a man like you would be Prince Charming come to flesh and blood, set all the hearts a-flutter, a thing of fairyland, you know . . . all that . . . I'll stake you to all expenses and a wardrobe fit to knock the eyes out of fifty local belles, and all you have to do is . . . to marry the town heiress. There's *always* a town heiress. *All* you need to do, say, is . . . to be your father's son."

Nathaniel Duncan had one faculty. He realized a limit when a limit had been reached. Today he knew that he had reached one. He had had dreams, perhaps oddly. He had had ideals. He had even mused on love and the part it would play in his life; on marriage and the building up of a home. Of course, it would take love to do that. The plan Kellogg suggested placed the limit on that. He could marry the town heiress and he could bid farewell to his dreams of *couleur de rose.*

Well . . .

Beggars and choosers . . . he knew that old adage. And he knew that he was beggared. In all things save acquiescence which took, tonight, the form of obedience to the man in evening



It was an unforgettable supper. Bread and cheese, and the thought at least of kisses, old Sam Graham talking inventive possibilities and speaking with gentle whimsy of the drug-shop

clothes, redolent of the success stocks and bonds and certified checks can bring. He gave Kellogg his word, which, at least, he had maintained and made good, and they shook on it.

Two weeks later beheld him alighting at the rather impoverished appearing station of Radville, O.

Radville, O., station or otherwise, seldom if ever had seen anything resembling Nathaniel Duncan alight. He was, so to speak, an innovation. A breath-taking one. To a man, it sat up and took notice.

Nathaniel had a charming way. He had the priceless knack of making friends. He could talk. He went to Radville determined to like Radville, and equally determined to make Radville like him. He began with Hetty Carpenter, the village gossip, to whose domicile he was directed for bed and board. Rather different, he reflected, ruefully, as its spare clapboards, thinly painted, dawned upon him, from Park Avenue and the opulent Kellogg. Still . . .

He unpacked his "props" quite ostentatiously before the trained eyes of Hetty Carpenter. Hetty had little enough on which to feed her one acute sense, the gossip sense, in Radville, and she made the most of her lean opportunities. This one, she felt, however, to be other than lean. The young man, besides a magazine cover appearance, had the gossip material of a Bible, apparently fervently thumbed, dog-eared student books and a goodly roll of the green bills of the realm. Here, indeed, was material and to spare. By nightfall every person in Radville knew of the arrival of the miraculous young man and each minutest particular thereof. Also, by the same token, Nathaniel knew each minutest particular of each inhabitant of Radville. He knew, pertinently, that Josie Lockwood was the town heiress, considerably an heiress, what was more, and that her father was an old skinflint and that he owned the bank wherein worked one Roland Barnett, who had long had the same Josie as the object of his clerkship.

He knew, too, that the town paupers were Sam Graham and his daughter, Betty. That Sam was a pauper because his pockets had always leaked and his heart had overgrown, and that Betty was the cuddliest lamb this side of the paved streets and loved nearly to the death in spite of her poverty by Radville. Contrariwise, Nathaniel felt a glow when he heard of the impecunious Betty and her dad, and a cold, frigid little feeling when he heard the description of the gilded Josie. But that, he thought, was just him, his mulish nature.

He thought rather differently, tho, after he had met the heiress and likewise the grey-eyed, starry-faced pauper. He felt that his instincts had been right. He met them both in church, whence he was conducted, as a matter of course, by Hetty Carpenter, not without, on her part, an air of triumph. Kellogg had warned him that church would be part of the game in a small town, and he had rehearsed sanctimonious expressions which, he felt, he successfully executed. After all, there was a sort of glow to it. These simple folk, each one a part and parcel of the other's life, participant in their births, participant, too, in their deaths, offering their simple joint worship to an indisputable God. Things felt clearer, somehow.

After worship Hetty Carpenter, with the air of a convoy, presented him to Josie Lockwood. His heart sank, even while he knew it had no obvious reason for so doing. Josie was tall and slenderly made and golden-haired and with a certain sort of manner. She quite evidently knew her position and prestige in Radville, and just as evidently was deliberately *not* making use of it. There was a beyond-Radville cleverness to Josie. And yet . . . . and yet . . . the chill, the frigidity grew . . . Nathaniel could not seem to picture the stately Josie rearing up the edifices of his trampled little dreams . . .

Betty Graham, the town pauper, had a difference. He didn't know *what* it was, but he knew that it was. She wasn't so much of a "looker"; she didn't have airs and graces, her hair was blowing about under her wide straw hat, an old hat, but her mouth was frank, like a child's, and her eyes were frank, too, like early dew, and eager and expectant, and her little hand was warm and even eager. She invited Nathaniel home for supper, adding that there wouldn't be "much," and so did Josie Lockwood, adding no such thing, and Nathaniel went home with Betty Graham. Inwardly he groaned while something in his cardiac region sang, and was vindicated. It was, he knew, his lack of business acumen again attacking and conquering him.

It was an unforgettable supper. Bread and cheese, and the thought, at least, of kisses. Old Sam Graham talking inventive possibilities and speaking with gentle whimsy of the drug-shop. Betty hovering over them both, making the insufficient food manna to one of them at least.

"Rot!" said Nathaniel to himself, and gave himself a shake, but something within him denied the allegation and persisted in singing fantastic little tunes, all glad, all free, all promise-full.

Lots of things came from that first little supper. Nathaniel took a fancy, not only to Betty, but to Sam as well, with his dreaming impracticability, the broken hopes he had strewn all along his way, the thing he might have been and the thing he was. There was a bond.

Also, the drug-store promised things Nathaniel felt that with these gentle, impoverished visionaries and his five hundred dollars something could be made of the store. Then, too, girls patronize soda fountains, particularly and especially when a tall young man with a pleasing personality dispenses the frappés, the vanilla and the nut sundaes. The drug-store might be made to pay in more ways than one.

It did. Nathaniel bought syrups, bought fixtures, paid off old credits and stood, himself, behind the polished and newly ornamented fountain.

In the evenings, he and Sam worked over Sam's automatic soda fountain. He found a great deal that was good in it; found, as was the case with most of Sam's dreams and plans, that it had not been marketed properly and at once had found obscurity. He wrote to Kellogg about it, who was ever on the lookout for the new and the possible. He wrote, too, that he had an interest in the invention, that he believed in it and that he wished that Kellogg would "let him off." He insinuated that he didn't care an awful lot for the town heiress, who was "a good sort, but——"

Kellogg wired back, "Nothing doing."

That same night Nathaniel escorted Josie home from the prayer meeting he made a habit of attending. On Josie's other side walked the all but displaced Roland, who had, before the advent of Nathaniel, been considered, and considered himself, the flashiest boy in town. To Roland, who really nurtured a passion for the stately Josie aside entirely from his mutilated pride, the presence of Nathaniel was insupportable. Before they reached the Lockwood mansion the thin skin of Roland Barnett was insufficient protection for the primitive passions always so near to the surface. He fell upon the surprised Nathaniel and they "had" it. Nathaniel conquered. He never knew why, unless it was because he had had such bully training at college and was, at the assault, red mad. Anyway, Josie screamed and the sheriff intervened, and when it was all over the conquering hero escorted Josie home and something—it may have been his turbulent blood, of which she had been the really unwitting cause, or it may have been hunger for some soft touch, or the moon, or sheer madness—anyway, he kist her at her gateway, and put the fatal query and was affirmatively answered, and it wasn't until he reached home—home being, by this time, the Grahams'—that he *knew* that he loved Betty.

He knew when she met him at the gate, with her face coming out of the dusk like a little, bruised white flower, and her starry eyes all dimmed and her clear voice all trembly because she'd heard he "had got hurt." He knew poignantly, sharply, painfully, sweetly, unforgettably and for all time. And because it was so true and so strong and came upon him with such breath-taking sweetness and force he didn't have time to collect all the emotions that rushed in upon him, and he had her against his heart and was kissing her. And then it occurred to him that he had just kist Josie Lockwood, and was pledged to her, and he dropped down on his knees with a groan and kist, not once, but many times, the frayed hem of her little cotton gown. He said that he was not worthy of her and many things along the same line, but love had made wise the heart of little Betty Graham, and she knew that men say such things in such an hour, and she smiled while the tears of her love glistened on his hair and caught the vagrant star gleams and held them . . .

It was very sweet . . .

The next day Nathaniel told Betty of his enforced engagement to Josie. He told her all about Kellogg, and how he, Nathaniel, had tried to beg off, and how Kellogg had refused him his plea and so he had had to go thru with it. Betty said her heart was broken and her tears came again, from the broken depths of her tenderness, and Nathaniel said his was, too, and they stared with the uncompromising eyes of youth into what they deemed to be uncompromising tragedy.

Dispensing sodas, sundaes and other frivolities that afternoon, Nathaniel felt as tho he must be giving wormwood and gall in the glass receptacles. His soda fountain popularity cost him dearly that day. His smiles, he felt, were so many self-victories achieved from the very spirit of bitterness.

The following day dropped the Damoclean sword, so to speak. Henry Kellogg arrived in town, having received from Nathaniel a sketch of Sam Graham's invention. He was, he said, interested. Nathaniel presented Betty. After a bit, when they were alone, Kellogg gave Nathaniel a quick look. "Betty is the reason, yes?" he asked.

"Reason for what?" asked Nathaniel, dourly.

"For your—let us call it begging off."

"Yes. Yes, you may as well know it, I love her."

"Really?"

"Really and truly."

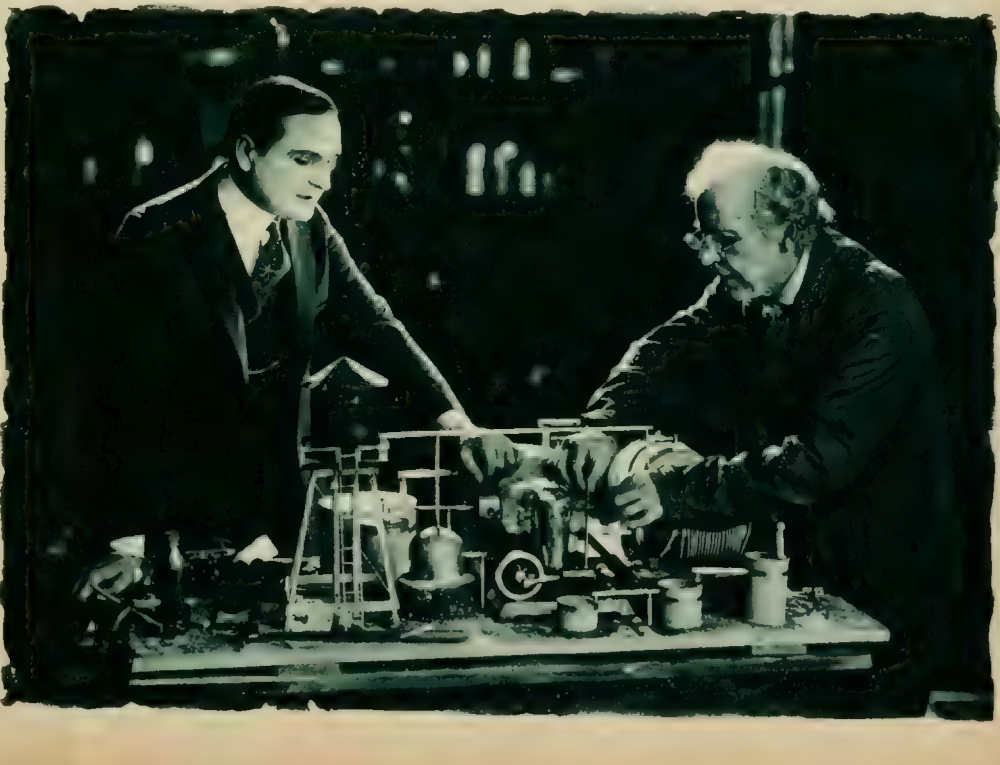
"What makes you so certain?"

"You are certain when love comes. You just know. I cant explain."

"You dont need to, Nat. I do release you. I think I understand."

"You . . . ?"

"I've seen Betty. She's real. Awfully



In the evenings he and Sam worked over Sam's automatic soda fountain

THE FORTUNE HUNTER

Fictionized from the scenario of Graham Baker, based upon Winchell Smith's comedy drama. Produced by Vitagraph, starring Earle Williams. Directed by Tom Terriss. The cast:

Nathaniel Duncan	Earle Williams
Betty Graham	Jean Paige
Josie Lockwood	Nancy Lee
Sam Graham	Van Dyke Brooke
Banker Lockwood	William Holden
Harry Kellogg	Charles Trowbridge
Sheriff Pete Willing	Frank Norcross
Roland Barnett	Earle Metcalfe
Tracey	Billy Hoover
Angie	Louise Lee

real. I can imagine. She would break your heart. Also, she'll make you, more, even, than the heiress. And you do love her. Betty is real. Go to it."

Occasionally the law intervenes in a sense of liberation. It did, as it happened, for Nathaniel Duncan. He had been wandering about Radville, the day after his talk with Kellogg, too dispirited to go to the store, too dispirited to seek out Josie and put it up to her, not daring to face the soft, the terrible temptation of Betty. Some one, he feared, was going to get hurt in this mix-up, and he didn't want anyone to. Not Josie, who was, after all, a good enough sort according to her lights, and not, oh, not Betty . . .

In stepped the law.

Back, it seemed, in the place in New York last graced by Nathaniel's presence in the capacity of a clerk, money had been missing. The thief had escaped, not without, however, being seen and a description given. The man described had boarded a train going in the direction of Radville. The police had picked up the clues and the thievery was traced to the amazed Nathaniel.

An hour or two or three before he was aware of the fact, all of Radville knew that Nathaniel Duncan was a plain, ordinary thief, who had stolen from his employer and had fled to hide his crime and himself in poor, innocent Radville.

Nathaniel himself, however, confronted suddenly, by Josie Lockwood, her father, the winking sheriff, who, loathing the bonds of matrimony, thought this an opportunity to release Nathaniel, did not deny the allegation. He admitted, quite solemnly, to being a thief. He didn't say of what. He expressed no surprise. He had understood the sheriff. Formally, then and there, Josie released him, or rather, dismissed him with hauteur and scorn. She was last seen by Nathaniel sobbing away her outrage in the consolatory arms of Roland.

In the Grahams' back yard that night, or that twilight, Nathaniel sought out Betty and told her the whole truth. "It was a ruse, dear heart," he said, "and of course, Josie will know that it was when she learns that the real thief has been caught; but it did give her a chance to prove whether or no her heart was involved, and you see it wasn't. If it had been . . . well, she would have stuck anyway, wouldn't she, Betty?"

"Yes," said Betty.

"Love is like that, isn't it?" went on Nathaniel. "Real love, you know; it persists, anyway, all the time, doesn't it?"

"Oh, yes," whispered Betty.

"Then everything's all right," said Nathaniel, coming closer; "the invention is going to go . . . Kellogg, God love him, will make it, and there will be money and the store will thrive and you and I . . . and I and you . . . I love to say it, darling, you and I . . ."

But Betty was in his arms and he could not speak for the kisses on his mouth.

Dispensing sodas, sundaes and other frivolities that afternoon Nathaniel felt as tho he must be giving wormwood and gall in the glass receptacles

The Ambitious Miss Eddy

By ELIZABETH PELTRET

"I'VE played dozens of love scenes," said Helen Eddy, whose work with George Beban, with Sessue Hayakawa and more recently in the King Vidor production, "The Turn of the Road," has given her a place in screen circles peculiarly her own, "but," she went on, "I've never had a real love affair in my life." Probably it is this that makes Helen Eddy so different from other young girls of her age.

The game of hearts that interests them more than anything else has no interest for her at all. She doesn't talk about it with the keen relish most girls do. She regards love as an important ingredient in the making of a play, she said. We had been discussing the necessity, or lack of necessity, of an actress having some basis of actual experience as a foundation for her characterizations. "But I dont think it is at all important for any player to experience any emotion of a part in reality. Of course, you have to realize these emotions in your imagination, and that would argue some basis of experience—at some time."

"Then you believe in reincarnation?"

"Yes; it seems to me the best explanation of everything. After all, isn't it not only possible but probable that I have taken up the broken thread of an interrupted work, that I have had much of the experience necessary for this work and that it alone will be sufficient for me now?"

Shortly after Helen Jerome Eddy left a dramatic school in Los Angeles she met a Lubin director. At that time, she wanted to be a scenario writer. The director didn't buy her script—but he did engage her as an actress

We were sitting in the front room of her home on Van Ness Avenue in Hollywood, where she lives with her father and mother. (Other members of the family are three very lively and very affectionate puppies.)

One's first impression of Helen Eddy is of surprise—that she should be so much taller than she appears on the screen. Her brown eyes are rather round in shape and have in them something of the fatalism of the Oriental. She is an indefatigable worker. When she is not at the studio she is usually studying or rehearsing a part in some production of the Hollywood Community Players. Her voice is deep, well cultivated and of splendid scope and power. Her hair is a glossy black. She was, you will remember, a remarkable Italian in her work with George Beban. It is interesting to note that in a recent picture with Sessue Hayakawa she appears just as characteristically Chinese.

Helen Eddy is a fatalist. She feels that in training herself to become an actress she is

(Continued on page 86)

The Fame and Fortune Contest for 1920

We were, to say the least, delighted with the results of the 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest. Thereby we verified our theory that the world in general, and America in particular, are still well supplied with cinema possibilities, both optically and dramatically. Our two-reel feature, "A Dream of Fair Women," which is now being shown thruout the country, presenting the winners and honor roll beauties, is proof of our success. The flattering offers received by winners and honor roll girls alike show how highly producers regard the opinion of our judges. Hence we take great pleasure in presenting our bigger and better Fame and Fortune Contest for 1920.

In connection with the contest now in progress we shall produce a *Five-Reel Feature* drama for the honor roll beauties, work upon which is already under way. The story has been selected, and it is strong, picturesque, unique and original, presenting unusual opportunities for many players of various types. To the members of its cast who measure up to possibilities, this production will give unusual publicity and prominence, since the drama, aside from being a product of the greatest campaign of its kind, would stand well-nigh alone upon its own histrionic merits.

Those contestants whose pictures appear promising will be communicated with at once, and they may—depending upon ability—be offered a part in this five-part play immediately. While we are now starting production, the play will not be completed till the late fall, since as a special feature it is to contain the test scenes taken of the honor roll girls at Roslyn, N. Y.

This opportunity is not limited to youth and beauty alone, for there are several character types needed, both male and female, some of whom are to play big parts. We suggest that any contestant wishing to apply for one of these parts so state on the entrance coupon, as well as by letter accompanying photos.

FIVE-REEL FEATURE

Having successfully produced the two-reel feature, "A Dream of Fair Women," which is now being shown thruout the country, presenting the honor roll beauties and winners of the 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest, we now take pleasure in announcing our plans for the 1920 contest. We shall produce a FIVE-REEL FEATURE drama for the honor roll contestants, and we shall start on this immediately. The story has already been selected, and it is a strong, unique, original and picturesque one, affording fine opportunities for many players of different types.

Those contestants whose pictures appear to us to be very promising will be communicated with at once, and they may be offered parts in this unusual play immediately. While we are now starting production, the play will not be completed until late in the fall, and it will include the test scenes of the honor roll beauties which will be taken at Roslyn. In this picture we can use a few persons other than young and pretty girls, for we shall need several character types both male and female. All contestants who wish to apply for one of these parts will kindly so state on their entrance coupon, or in a letter accompanying photo.

There are several points to be considered in the choice of photographs. First, do *not* submit photos that lie. Choose an artistic portrait that shows you up to the best advantage, but never one that conceals really visible defects. A false photo may win a place on the honor roll, but a feat so accomplished will only make keener your disappointment at rejection when you in person appear before the judges. So be perfectly honest with your picture; it will pay in the long run. Furthermore, we must have at least *one* straight photograph. There is no objection to an extra tinted photo, but our main concern is how you will show up on the screen, whose sole colors are black and white. Then, too, if you should win a place on the honor roll a tinted picture could not be reproduced. There is no limit to the number of pictures that may be sent in; in fact, if you fail to succeed at the first attempt, it might be well to recall that anything worth while is worth repeated efforts.

It will be well to here review the salient features of the rules and regulations governing the contest. In the first place, we *must* have regular photographs, not snapshots or post-cards; and be certain that the necessary entrance coupon is pasted upon the back of each picture. Bear in mind when entering the contest that under *no* conditions will any photo be returned. Another important point, while a little previous stage or screen experience is allowable, *no one* may enter who has already played prominent parts; this contest is for amateurs only. Both sexes and all nationalities are eligible and there is no age limit; in short, *any one* other than well-known actors and actresses may compete.

All four winners in the 1919 contest were girls, simply because the latent Romeos of the screen were so utterly indifferent. There is just as great demand in pictures for men as there is for women, and this demand ranges from the "handsome and dashing" juvenile to the character parts. So, men of America, rouse yourselves, and show to the "female of the species" that you are as deadly as she when it comes to silver-sheet possibilities.

And, finally, we *cannot* answer any letters in regard to this contest. Obviously, it would be utterly impossible to answer all of the hundreds that pour in daily; hence we will answer *none*. The announcements in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND will cover every phase of the rules and regulations governing the contest. We shall also publish special articles on the subject from time to time.

Remember, this is the opportunity of a lifetime; for to the winner or winners, as the case may be, we give invaluable aid in winning a place among the bright lights of the shadow stage. We guarantee an engagement and will give to each of the winners two years' publicity. This will consist of cover portraits, pictures in the gallery, special articles and interviews by prominent writers — publicity that *cannot* be bought at any price! Hence we can promise that at the end of two years the winners will—to a degree depending upon the artistry of their work—be known thruout the civilized world. In other words, we can, thru the power of publicity, place an amateur possessing unusual screen possibilities in a position of prominence such as could not be attained thru single-handed efforts except after a long and arduous struggle. This we guarantee.

This feature of the contest is invaluable to the winners. True, we have artists of the screen who began at the bottom and worked up step by step—and we admire them all the more for it—but it took years of struggling against fearful odds. On the other hand, think of what we are offering you. Thru our three magazines we bridge this great gap of obscurity and insignificance and immediately place you in the position which your abilities demand. Why linger at the foot of the ladder indefinitely if you have within your power the means of covering many unessential rungs at a single bound?

So here's to Fame and Fortune! We shall put over the contest and its resulting feature production with characteristic energy and enthusiasm. Your success is now up to you. Meet us half-way in the beginning, and if you possess sufficient screen possibilities we can give you the opportunity to make a place among the great artists of the silversheet.

In connection with the showing of "A Dream of Fair Women," local theaters will conduct contests under the patronage of our magazines, the winners in which will be placed on our honor roll. If your manager has not heard about this, tell him to write to Murray W. Garsson, Foundation Film Corporation, 1600 Broadway, New York City, for details and literature. Announcements also in current issues of our publications.

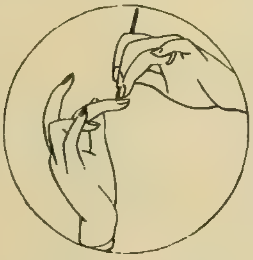
Every Day People Judge You by Your Nails

Have they the beauty they so easily can gain?

"HOW beautifully turned out, how correct," you thought—until you caught a glimpse of her nails.

Then, "Shocking!" you said to yourself.

And that one glimpse of her carelessly groomed hands left an impression that you never forgot.



This method is the secret of the perfect, even cuticle of many fashionable women.

Do you realize how easy it is to keep your nails lovely—so lovely that they lend you that assurance which comes from the knowledge that even the most critical eye can find nothing but immaculate perfection?

The secret of beautiful nails lies in the care of the cuticle. This is the most important part of a manicure. The more you cut the cuticle the faster it grows. It becomes tough, thick, and hangnails appear.

You can keep your nails lovely without injuring the cuticle.

Cutex is a harmless cuticle remover. Applied to the cuticle, it keeps the base of the nail smooth, firm, crescent-like.

Wrap a little cotton around the end of an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package), dip it into the bottle of Cutex and work it around the base of the nails, gently pushing back the cuticle. Instantly the dry cuticle is softened. Wash the hands, pushing back the cuticle with a towel. The surplus cuticle will disappear, leaving a firm, even, slender nail base.

If you like snowy white nail tips apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails directly from the tube. Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish. For an especially brilliant, lasting polish, use Cutex Paste Polish first, then the Cutex Cake or Powder polish.

If your cuticle has a tendency to dry and grow coarse, apply a bit of Cutex Cold Cream each night. This cream was especially prepared to keep the hands and cuticle soft and fine.

Give yourself this manicure *regularly*. Make it as much of a habit as keeping your shoes shined. It is true that one Cutex manicure makes your nails look lovely; but you cannot *keep* them well groomed by irregular care. Give your nails a Cutex manicure *regularly*.

Cutex Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Nail Polish and Cold Cream are 35 cents. The Cuticle Remover comes also in 65 cent bottles. You can get Cutex in any drug or department store in the United States, Canada and in any chemist shop in England.

A manicure set for 20 cents

For twenty cents we will send you the Midget Manicure Set containing enough of the Cutex preparations for at least six manicures. Use the coupon below. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York City.

If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 903, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal, Canada.

Mail this coupon with two dimes today

NORTHAM WARREN
Dept. 903, 114 West 17th Street, New York City

Name ____________________

Street and Number ____________________

City and State ____________________

Double Exposures

Conducted by F. J. S.

Courtesy Vitagraph Comedies

The goal of all screen producers — having a "two-page spread" advertisement in *The Saturday Evening Post.*

Now that Metro is doing Ibanez's "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," some one suggests that the title rôles ought to be played by Bill Hart, Tom Mix, Harry Carey and Texas Guinan.

Our Makers' Dozen

Picking the twelve directorial leaders is no easy task. But here is Double Exposure's list:

David Griffith
Cecil De Mille
Thomas Ince
Mack Sennett
King Vidor
George Loane Tucker
Marshall Neilan
George Fitzmaurice
Maurice Tourneur
Allan Dwan
Mrs. Sidney Drew

—and Hobart Henley if he makes another "Gay Old Dog."

Conservation of Superlative Note

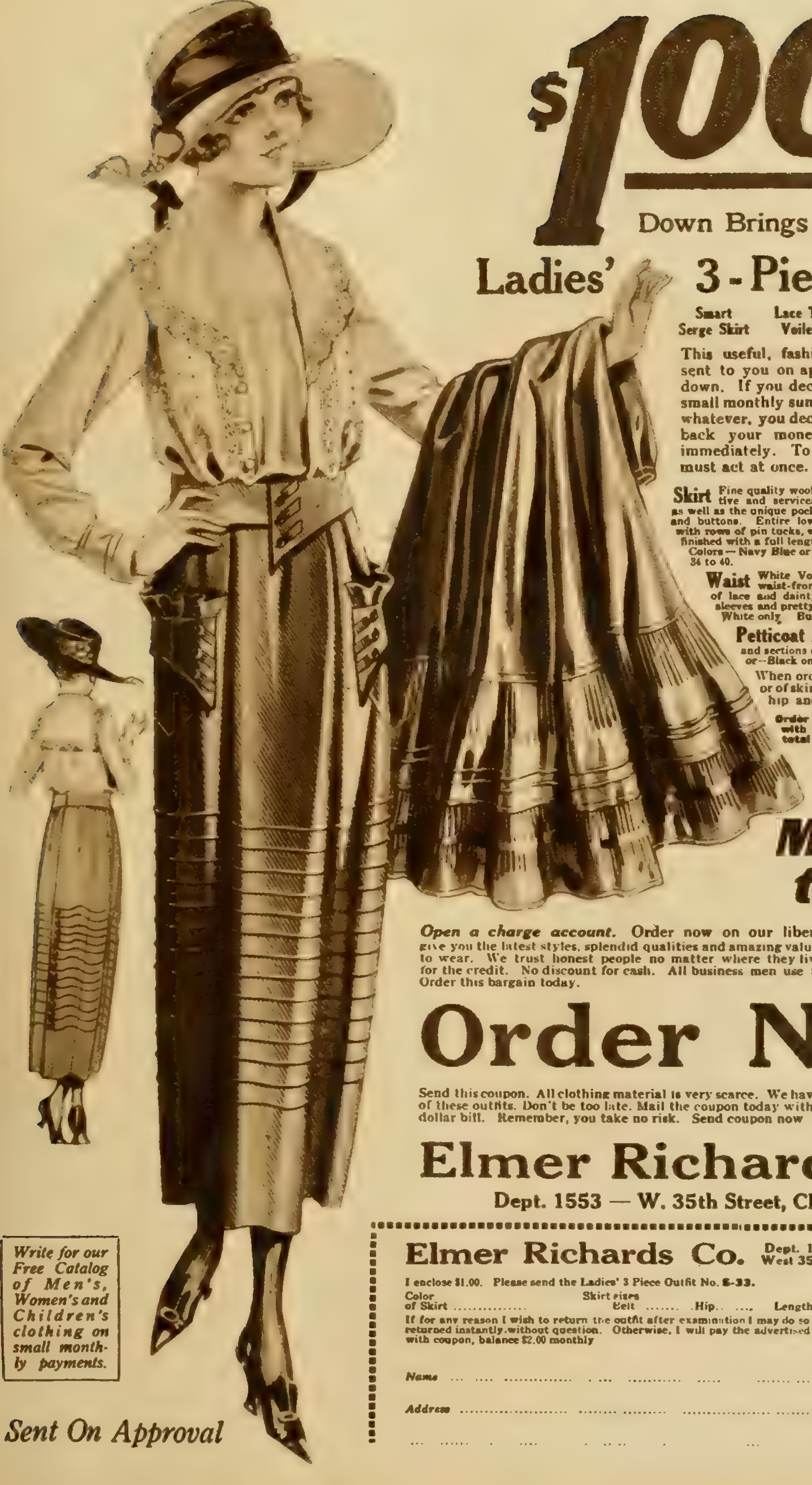
Selznick announces the acquisition of that Pollyanna philosopher, Herbert Kaufman, as "the greatest mind on earth."

When "Yankee Doodle in Berlin" crossed to England it became "Tommy Atkins in Berlin." And the British advts. comment upon "the bonny bathing belles" and that the police have "plenty to do controlling the queues."

Publicity suggestions—Why doesn't Thomas Ince pose for a photograph while shaking hands with some notable studio visitor?

Isn't man ever satisfied? Here is Mary Thurman being sued for divorce? (*Continued on page* 89)

The Classic conserves.—Everybody is saving something these days, and The Classic feels that it is necessary to cut down on—bathing girls



$1.00

Down Brings This

Ladies' 3-Piece Outfit

Smart Serge Skirt **Lace Trimmed Voile Waist** **Handsome Flounced Petticoat**

This useful, fashionable ladies' outfit sent to you on approval for only $1.00 down. If you decide to keep it, pay in small monthly sums. If, for any reason whatever, you decide to send the outfit back your money will be returned immediately. To get this bargain you must act at once. The offer is limited.

Skirt Fine quality wool mixed Serge, both attractive and serviceable. The novel shaped belt as well as the unique pockets are trimmed with braid and buttons. Entire lower half of skirt is enlivened with rows of pin tucks, while the back is furthermore finished with a full length tailored fold and buttons. Colors — Navy Blue or Black. Belt 22 to 30, length 34 to 40.

Waist White Voile with shapely collar and waist-front enlivened with insertions of lace and dainty embroidery. Full length sleeves and pretty, dainty cuff effect. Color—White only. Bust sizes 34 to 44.

Petticoat Black Sateen, with flounce enlivened with neat tucks and sections of accordion pleating. Color—Black only.

When ordering be sure to give color of skirt wanted, also bust, belt, hip and length measurements.

Order by No. S-33. Terms $1.00 with coupon, $2.00 monthly, total $12.95.

6 Months to Pay

Open a charge account. Order now on our liberal credit terms. We give you the latest styles, splendid qualities and amazing values in anything you want to wear. We trust honest people no matter where they live. Not a penny charge for the credit. No discount for cash. All business men use their credit. Use yours. Order this bargain today.

Order Now

Send this coupon. All clothing material is very scarce. We have only a limited quantity of these outfits. Don't be too late. Mail the coupon today with a $1.00 P.O. order or a dollar bill. Remember, you take no risk. Send coupon now

Elmer Richards Co.

Dept. 1553 — W. 35th Street, CHICAGO

Write for our Free Catalog of Men's, Women's and Children's clothing on small monthly payments.

Sent On Approval

Elmer Richards Co. Dept. 1553 West 35th St. **Chicago**

I enclose $1.00. Please send the Ladies' 3 Piece Outfit No. S-33.

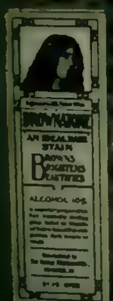
Color of Skirt .... Skirt sizes Belt .... Hip.. .... Length Bust size for Waist.................

If for any reason I wish to return the outfit after examination I may do so and every cent I have paid will be returned instantly without question. Otherwise, I will pay the advertised price, $12.95, on your terms of $1.00 with coupon, balance $2.00 monthly

Name ....

Address ....

....



TINT GRAY HAIR YOURSELF AT HOME

AT forty or fifty a woman may still not feel more than twenty-five years old. But no matter how well preserved her skin may be, how clear the sparkle of her eyes or how painstaking she may be in other details of her toilette—in the end she will be judged by the appearance of her hair.

For there is no longer any excuse for permitting the hair to remain gray, faded and streaked. In one's own home, with no other help than a bottle of BROWNATONE, all its original color and beauty can be instantly restored—any shade from light to medium brown, dark brown or black—making it even more glorious and attractive than it was in youth.

Hundreds of thousands of women use and all leading druggists recommend this safe and harmless hair tinting preparation.

BROWNATONE

Send 11 cents for Trial Bottle and valuable booklet on the care of the hair.

Two colors: "Light to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black." Two sizes: 35c and $1.15. In Canada, 50c and $1.50.

The Kenton Pharmacal Co.
WINDSOR ONTARIO
COPPIN BLDG. COVINGTON, KY. U.S.A.

MOVIE MISFITS

By Ethel M. Feuerlicht

Charlie Chaplin as Hamlet
Mary Pickford as Cleopatra
Theda Bara as Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm
Fatty Arbuckle as Romeo
Fay Tincher as Juliet
Pauline Frederick as the Ugly Duckling
Jack Pickford as Othello
Charles Ray as Iago
Douglas Fairbanks as the Little Lame Prince
Dorothy Gish as Alice Sit-by-the-fire
William S. Hart as Prince Charming
Eugene O'Brien as Old Scrooge
Olga Petrova as Cinderella
Nazimova as the Quaker Girl
Mary Miles Minter as Katherine the Shrew
Kitty Gordon as the Brat
Marion Davies as Topsy
Lillian Gish as Thais
Marguerite Clark as Salome
And we dare any one of them to try it!

EMPTINESS

By Barbara Hollis

My soul went out to the soul of the moon,
As she rode thru her studded sky;
There was no one else in the earth or air—
There were only the moon and I.

I traveled far in that mystic land,
Out over the Bridge of Years,
That crosses the River of Time and Space
With its ripples of smiles and tears.

I passed the Gateway of Hopes Long Dead,
With the Arch that is built out of Dreams;
And walked thru the Valley of Things undone
By the mortals who basked in her beams.

I, too, felt the spell of her magic rays,
But the joy from my heart had fled;
And I turned away with a bitter sigh—
For the soul of the moon was dead.

MR. BROWN QUALIFIES

By Walter E. Mair

James De Lancey Sterling Brown
(Classic mug but hopeless bean!)
Dreamed that Fate had writ him down
For a future on the screen.

So he journeyed to the Coast,
(Rather logical at that!)
But he dwindled to a ghost,
Looking 'round for "something fat."

Desperate at length he grew—
(Ah, Los Angeles was cruel!)
For our J. D. L. S. knew
Fate was smiling as the mule

Smiles upon its incubus:
(Pause we now to drop a tear!)
Plunged he 'neath a jitney-bus,
Broke a nose, tore off an ear.

* * *

Later on, that visage rare
(Ah, the murderous extra-line!)
He displayed; someone yelled "There
"Is the type we're after: fine!"

Steady work from that day on!
(Viva, J. D. L. S. Brown!)
Crooked-nosed, with beauty gone,
As a bum he scooped the town.

Moral, friend? Well, h'm, let's see—
(Moral market's mighty slack!)
Why, oh, yes,—it seems to be:
"Always keep on coming back!"

A HOPELESS CASE

By Vara Macbeth Jones

Brown wished to be very emphatic
When he spoke of a friend quite erratic,
Who spent all his days
At the movie-plays;
So he called him a hopeless FANatic!

Zena's Zenith

(*Continued from page* 48)

iridescence of sunset. The west was aglow, and the windows we approached gleamed like orange lanterns behind a veil of rose chiffon. I looked at Miss Keefe, in her black velvet toque, and her squirrel-trimmed suit. Orchids lent an extra tint to the picture that I sensed she so completely harmonized.

Manhattan spells expectation. And Manhattan at twilight spells fulfillment. Zena Keefe, sitting beside me, vibrant, alive to influence, keen to interest, spelled expectation . . . and fulfillment . . . and expectation all over again.

Zena comes from San Francisco, where at an early age she became a vaudeville artist. Mrs. Keefe recognized that the only way to gain development is to go after it. So Mother Keefe and Baby Keefe rolled up their tent-flaps and went on circuit tour.

Zena laughs now. "At every different town we visited, I was enrolled in a new school. I'm not the least bit sorry that I didn't get the academic training in one particular school, because, now that I look back"—which isn't so awfully, awfully far—"I think the course laid out for me did much more good. The rules were few. Tersely, I believe I was drilled to work and play, as much at one as at the other and—enjoy both."

The primer of "Never to Be Bored" is as innate in Zena Keefe as A-B-C. She claims that working as she did when a child has not taken away her youth but, if anything, has shot it out ahead, *preceding* her. All the work that she did then has been balanced by all the play she can afford today. She says this, but Zena makes me feel sure that when she slept, even, she giggled, and when she wept, if ever—she is not the weeping-willow sort—she'd jazz her sobs into oblivion. Zena may some day catch up to her kidhood, but she will never entirely grasp it so that it can absorb.

Zena may be of the footlights, but, like all compensations that run true to Emerson, Zena is essentially an outdoor girl. When she told me that skiing and riding and skating were her middle names, and I found it a happy surprise, Zena smiled, "Yes, indeedy! I may *look* fragile, but if I bend over I wont break my back." The one expectation of her heart not yet fulfilled is to—fly!

Zena let 'er out again, and this time whizzed past the freshmen. "I wish some kind fan would give me an aeroplane for Christmas," she whispered to the wind.

Mae, Mary and Matrimony

(*Continued from page* 17)

plained papa, with super-fatherly calm. "Never cries—never. It's all the way you bring them up. Start them right and they go right."

Which we jotted down in our notebook for possible future reference.

How Famous Movie Stars Keep their Hair Beautiful

NORMA TALMADGE
"You may use my testimonial to the value of WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO."

ALICE BRADY
"I consider WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO an ideal shampoo. It can be used with such little effort and keeps my hair in wonderful condition."

MABEL NORMAND
"I never knew that a shampoo could be so delightful until I used WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO."

PAULINE FREDERICK
"Not only is the use of WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO beneficial to one's scalp and hair but the refreshing and stimulating after effects are delightful and indescribable."

MAY ALLISON
"Of all shampoos I have ever used WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO is by far the superior."

PROPER Shampooing is what makes beautiful hair. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why leading motion picture stars, theatrical people and discriminating women use

WATKINS
MULSIFIED
REG U S PAT OFF
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product, cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to do up.

You can get WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO at any drug store. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children

THE R. L. WATKINS CO., Cleveland, Ohio

R.L. Watkins
MULSIFIED
COCOANUT OIL
SHAMPOO
ALCOHOL 3%
DIRECTIONS
WATKINS
THE R.L. WATKINS COMPANY
CLEVELAND, OHIO, U.S.A.
NET CONTENTS 4 FL. OZ.

Be SURE it's

WATKINS

If it hasn't the Signature, it isn't "MULSIFIED"

Cherish your beauty at all Seasons

THERE is nothing we cherish so deeply as the persistent preference that American women of three generations have expressed for D & R Perfect Cold Cream. The fact that old admirers continue to use this dependable and tested toilet necessity, year in and year out, while the younger generation keeps swelling the ranks of satisfied patrons, is the final proof of superiority. The Red Band of Honor on every package of

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S
PERFECT COLD CREAM
"The Kind That Keeps"

is put there as our pledge to you of unquestioned quality and purity and for your protection against substitution. The daily use of D & R Perfect Cold Cream will add charm to your complexion, cherish its beauty in all seasons and keep your skin clear and soft. It has many uses in the home and nursery. In tubes and jars, 10 cents to $1.50.

Poudre Amourette: The renewing face powder that stays on and always looks natural. Flesh, white, brunette, 50 cents. Of your dealer or by mail of us.

Daggett & Ramsdell
Dept. 14[illegible]
D & R Bldg. New York

Send For Free Trial Samples

Samples of D & R Perfect Cold Cream and Poudre Amourette will be sent Free on request.

DAGGETT
COLD CREAM

'Tis in the Leaf

A MATCHLESS PREPARATION FOR OBTAINING AND PRESERVING THE BEAUTY OF THE COMPLEXION.

"Nacarine" clears the skin thoroughly, removes tan and freckles, whitens and softens the hands. By mail $1.00.

THE NACARINE CO., 621 West 135th Street, N. Y.

Keeps Skin Smooth, Firm, Fresh — Youthful Looking

To dispel the tell-tale lines of age, illness or worry—to overcome flabbiness and improve facial contour—there is nothing quite so good as plain

Powdered SAXOLITE

Effective for wrinkles, crowsfeet, enlarged pores, etc., because it "tightens" and tones the skin and underlying tissue. No harm to tenderest skin. Get an ounce package, follow the simple directions—see what just one application will do. Sold at all drug stores.

How to Obtain Beautiful, Rich, Long, Eyelashes and Brows!

EVERY WOMAN should be the rightful owner of beautiful eyes, the essentials of which are, First: Long, rich eyelashes; and Second: Well-cared-for eyebrows. No matter what color your eyes may be,—gray, brown or blue,—if they are shaded by thick, silky lashes, and well-shaped brows, their charm is greatly accentuated.

Nowadays, no one needs to be the dissatisfied possessor of short, thin, uneven brows and lashes; you can greatly assist Nature by simply applying a little of M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier at night. This scientific preparation nourishes the eyebrows and eyelashes, causing them to become gradually thick and lustrous, imparting sparkling expression to the eyes, and added charm to the face.

M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier, which has been successfully used by thousands, is guaranteed absolutely harmless; it is not a greasy, sticky salve, but a clean, nicely-perfumed liquid, in a cut glass bottle with glass stopper and applicator. The cut represents actual size of bottle. The active principle of this valuable article is a rare and expensive organic concentration which is unequalled for the purpose of stimulating and strengthening the particular follicles which produce rich, dark eyelashes.

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Upon receipt of 75c in stamps, coin or Money Order, I will send you postpaid, in plain wrapper, a bottle of M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier together with my copyrighted booklet on Beauty Hints.

The following preparations are of highest standard and well recommended:

M. T.'s Nature's Beauty Cream, a wrinkle eradicator	$ .75
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M. T.'s Freckle Cream, for stubborn freckles and tan	$1.00
M. T.'s Minerated Quinol, "The Incomparable Vanishing Cream"	$ .75

M. TRILETY, Toilet Requisites Dept. 30, Binghamton, N. Y.

A Doll's Apartment

(*Continued from page* 25)

must do a great deal of atoning. Also, they have a kiddie with them. Six years old. Of the masculine gender.

I inquired.

The kiddie is Olive's brother's boy. Last summer the mother died and Olive adopted the small nephew. Just at present he is going to school in Tarrytown. At the date of my talk with Olive she was expecting him the following day to come to New York, while she bought for him a velvet suit and a fur overcoat.

"He wants an aeroplane for Christmas," she informed me, with seriousness at the behest; "the only thing that bothers him is how it is going to manage to get thru these windows. I explained to him that Santa will manage it somehow, that he is quite marvelous as a manager. I dont know just what I can get by way of an aeroplane, but of course I shall get some sort of a thing that flies."

All told, the young Jack Pickfords were going to make a high and festive occasion of Yuletide. That very morning Olive had been buying Jack's gift, consisting of a set of black pearls for evening wear, at Tiffany's, and there was also a resplendent lounging robe of sumptuous silk, and then it was only the first part of December. I should think the aeroplane not the only unlikely thing to wedge into one apartment. Olive laughingly remarked that her mother says she and Jack spend all their salaries giving one another presents.

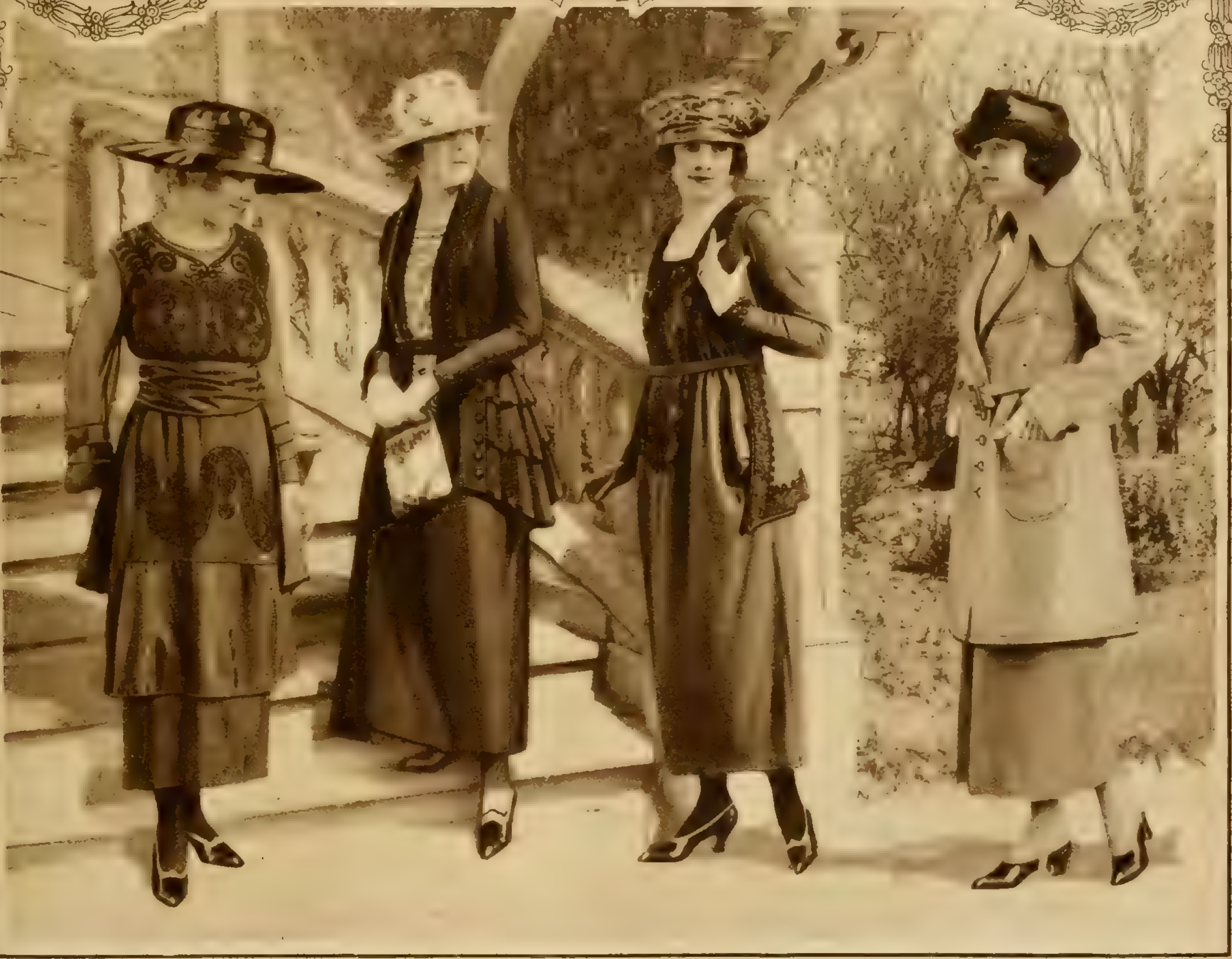
"He's always sending me something and then I send him something back," Olive said. "You see, we have to bridge the distance in some way. At first I just couldn't get used to the idea of living this way, but I suppose one gets used to anything, given time. When we were together we used to use up the time fighting over things. I'd say, 'You were out with this person or that person,' and he'd come back at me in the same way, and we'd have a lively time of it, but we're over that now. We know that we cant sit home by the fireside *all* the time just because we cannot be together."

She went on to observe that there was not, in screen work, however, much of any time to sit by the fireside or elsewhere. She worked, she said, with a pretty little air of distraction, night and day, and when she was supposed to have a week off to attend to such necessaries as shopping for household and for Christmas, there were all sorts of retakes and other summoning things.

She would *love*, she said, to go on the stage, but for the next two years or more she will do as she is doing now . . . for the present . . . Thus is it gorgeous to be gorgeously young and be able thus to dicker with the passing of the young years . . .

As I was leaving she showed me thru the whole of the apartment and told me, with the pretty pride of possession, of what she was doing, intended to do, with every nook and corner. One feature of

(*Continued on page* 101)



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With prices still going up, a saving of $5 to $10 on every garment is certainly worth while. By buying from us—the manufacturers—you save the middleman's profit. 200,000 pleased customers are now making this great saving. Couldn't *you* use the extra money too?

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You cannot lose by buying from us. If a garment is unsatisfactory in any way, return it at our expense. *We guarantee everything*—even the fit. You can exchange it for another garment or have your money refunded without question. A trial costs nothing—*Postage is prepaid!*

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DRESSES, $9.95 up SUITS, $16.95 up COATS, $9.95 up

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Nature intended that your skin should remain smooth and fresh despite the free flowing of the blood that comes from exhilaration, and Resinol Soap is nature's agent for preserving the soft natural bloom of your skin.

Resinol Soap is an unusually pure and cleansing toilet soap with qualities that soothe and heal irritations of the skin's texture. It is the soap for you if you are resolved not to permit skin imperfections to interfere with your social and business success.

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RESINOL SOAP
MEDICATED FOR THE SKIN AND COMPLEXION
BATH TOILET
Resinol Chemical Co.
BALTIMORE MD. U.S.A.

Marjorie Daw: A Real Girl

(*Continued from page* 21)

my make-up, for every one teased me about my fat legs. You see, I wore woolen stockings and flat-heeled sandals, and I guess they did look big.

"I played with Sessue Hayakawa in 'The Jaguar's Claws,' and it was while making this picture up in Montana that I learnt to ride horseback. I had the wildest time on that trip, for it was my first experience going away on location, and there were cowboys and Indians, and I was thrilled every minute.

"Then I was Betty Warren in 'The Warrens of Virginia,' and fell madly in love with Blanche Sweet, with her charm and lovely poise.

"At the time Geraldine Farrar made 'Joan the Woman' I was studying geography and history, and was so thrilled to be a part of that fascinating period of French history that I read book after book on the subject and became a walking encyclopedia on Jeanne d'Arc.

"My first grown-up part was in 'The Chorus Lady,' with Wallace Reid. I wore my hair up, and I know I aged years trying to be emotional at the right time, for I didn't know what it was all about. After this I was glad enough to be a little girl again with Charlotte Walker in 'Out of Darkness.' I remember what a blow it was, tho, when she told me that I must wait until I had *lived* before I could hope to play tragedy, for I was just beginning to feel the urge toward 'heavy stuff.' Then, when Theda Bara came along, I decided I must be a vamp, the greatest of them all, and now I want to be a good comédienne. I absolutely refuse to be called an ingénue. I'm *not* one!" And Marjorie's big eyes flashed a bit of defiance at this much overworked term.

"Perhaps it was during my two years with Douglas Fairbanks as his leading woman that I learnt the real power of comedy. He has a tremendous vitality and so much pep, thoroly enjoying his work. One important thing I learnt from him was never to go on a set in a listless mood, no matter how one may feel. He puts his whole heart into every scene, and it makes me a little homesick to think there is another girl in my place, for I loved to work with Douglas."

Marjorie's reminiscences are necessarily rather limited, for it was only eighteen years ago that she was born in Colorado Springs, Colorado.

When she was eight she came to California with her mother and brother, Chandler, who is three years her junior.

Marjorie and Chandler are all alone in the world now, for the little mother passed away two years ago, and the absolute devotion and remarkable "chumminess" existing between brother and sister is a favorite topic among their friends. With an older girl friend they play at housekeeping in a pretty little bungalow in Hollywood.

Tho Chandler had gained some prominence in the picture world, they have

(*Continued on page* 101)

"$1,000 Saved!"

"Last night I came home with great news! Our savings had passed the $1,000 mark!

"I remember reading one time that your first thousand saved is the most important money you will ever have, for in saving it you have laid a true foundation for success in life. And I remember how remote and impossible it seemed then to have such a sum of money.

"I was making $15 a week and every penny of it was needed just to keep us going. It went on that way for several years. Then one day I woke up! I found I was not getting ahead simply because I had never learned to do anything in particular. As a result whenever an important promotion was to be made, I was passed by. I made up my mind right then to invest an hour after supper each night in my own future, so I wrote to Scranton and arranged for a course that would give me special training for our business.

"I can't understand why I had never realized before that this was the thing to do. Why, in a few months I had a whole new vision of my work! The general manager was about the first to note the change. An opening came and he gave me my first real chance—with an increase. A little later another promotion came with enough money to save $25 a month. Then another increase—I could put aside $50 each pay day. So it went.

"Today I am manager of my department—with two increases this year. We have a thousand dollars saved! And this is only the beginning. We are planning now for a home of our own. There will be new comforts for Rose, little enjoyments we have had to deny ourselves up to now. And there is a real future ahead with more money than I used to dare to dream that I could make. What wonderful hours they are—those hours after supper!"

For 28 years the International Correspondence Schools have been helping men and women everywhere to win promotion, to earn more money, to have happy, prosperous homes, to know the joy of getting ahead.

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You, too, can have the position you want in the work of your choice, you can have the kind of a salary that will make possible money in the bank, a home of your own, the comforts and luxuries you would like your family to have. No matter what your age, your occupation or your means—you can do it!

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☐ CHEMIST
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☐ SALESMANSHIP
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"I Would Not Part With It For $10,000"

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Wear It 30 Days Free at Our Expense. Does away with the strain and pain of standing and walking; replaces and supports misplaced internal organs; reduces enlarged abdomen; straightens and strengthens the back; corrects stooping shoulders; develops lungs chest and bust; relieves backache, curvatures, nervousness, ruptures, constipation. Comfortable and easy to wear. KEEP YOURSELF FIT. Write today for illustrated booklet, measurement blank, etc., and read our very liberal proposition.

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For Boys and Girls Also

Gloria Swanson
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"The LASH-BROW-INE GIRL"

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Sincerely,
GLORIA SWANSON."

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GLORIA SWANSON—one of the world's most beautiful screen stars—is fully aware of the fact that *beautiful eyes make a beautiful face,* because she, as well as all other stars of stage and screen, and society's favorite beauties, spare no pains to add to the charm of their eyes, by means of long, silky, luxuriant Eyelashes and well-formed Eyebrows, Nature's perfect frames for *"The windows of the soul"* the EYES. What hundreds of thousands of women are doing, *you can do*—make your eyes beautiful, give them a deep, soulful expression with the aid of beautiful Eyelashes and Eyebrows if you will simply apply a little

Lash-Brow-Ine

nightly. You will be amazed and delighted with results obtained, so, *why not start this transformation at once?* "LASH-BROW-INE" is a pure, delicately scented cream, which nourishes and promotes the growth of the Eyelashes and Eyebrows in a natural manner. Guaranteed absolutely harmless. Used and endorsed by beautiful women everywhere.

Generous Size 50c, at Your Dealer's or sent direct, prepaid, in plain wrapper, on receipt of price.

Imitations are annoying as well as disappointing. Avoid them. Look for the picture of the "Lash-Brow-Ine Girl," same as above, which is on every box of the genuine, and insist on getting what you ask for. **Satisfaction Assured or Price Refunded.**

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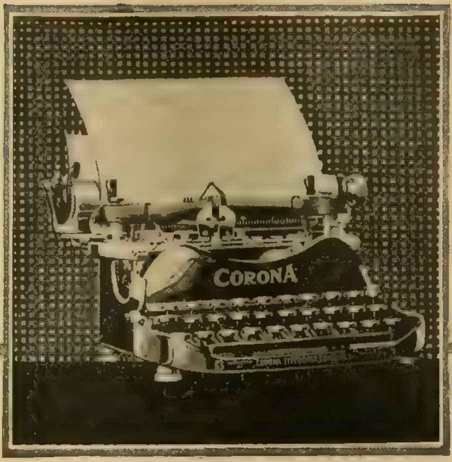
4305-73 Grand Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

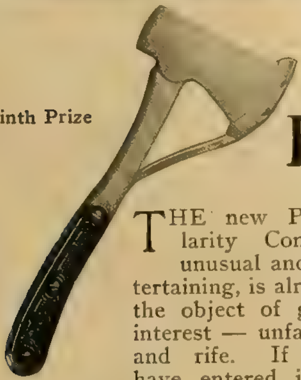
Fourth Prize

Third Prize



Second Prize

Ninth Prize



Sixth Prize

Popularity Contest Awards

THE new Popularity Contest, unusual and entertaining, is already the object of great interest — unfailing and rife. If you have entered it or have read the announcements which have appeared, and will appear, from time to time, containing the rules and regulations, you know it is actually a double contest—a contest in which both the public and players are equally interested.

The prizes depicted above and below were selected after much careful thought and attention and each one is destined to make some one happier, from the beautiful Crescent phonograph which suggests a twilight hour with the gems musical genii have given to the world, to the Marble nickel-plated axe which brings to mind a jolly time in some invitingly green woodland.

Perhaps you have not yet decided to enter the contest—if not do so *now.* Dont lose an opportunity of enjoying the unique entertainment it affords or of capturing one of the lovely and useful awards.

FIRST PRIZE

Crescent Phonograph, piano mahogany finish (value $160). Plays all makes of disc records: Victor, Columbia, Pathe, Edison, Emerson, etc., without the use of extra attachments or intricate adjustments; a simple turn of the sound-box is all that is necessary in changing from a lateral cut record to playing a hill and dale cut record.

A Crescent owner can enjoy a repertoire of the greatest opera singers, popular songs, dance music or anything that is turned out of the disc record. The tone of the Crescent is full, round, deep and mellow. It has a large compartment for records.

First Prize

SECOND PRIZE

Movette Camera and three packages of films (value $65). Compact, light, efficient, easily operated. Think of the possibilities during your vacation trip — your canoe trip—in pictures —pictures of your family or friends—living pictures that you can project at any time in your home. A priceless record of your life.

THIRD PRIZE

Corona Typewriter with case (value $50); an all-round portable typewriter, light enough and small enough to be carried anywhere, and strong enough to stand any possible condition of travel. It is trim and symmetrical and does not give one's study the atmosphere of a business office. Fold it up and take it with you anywhere.

FOURTH PRIZE

Sheaffer "Giftie" Combination Set, consisting of a Sheaffer Fountain Pen and a Sheaffer Sharp-Point Pencil, in a handsome plush-lined box. Gold filled, warranted twenty years. Cannot blot or leak. A beautiful and perfect writing instrument.

FIFTH PRIZE

Bristol steel Casting Rod agate guide, cork grip, strong and durable. Packed in linen case. Can be easily put in traveling bag

SIXTH PRIZE

Loughlin Safety Self-Filling Fountain Pen. No extensions to remember, no locks to forget.

SEVENTH PRIZE

Star Vibrator, handsomely finished in nickel plate with three attachments. Alternating current. Excellent for massage. Use it in your own home.

EIGHTH PRIZE

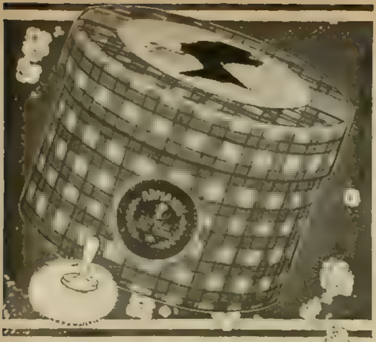
Same as Seventh Prize.

NINTH PRIZE

Marble nickel-plated pocket axe of tool steel, carefully tempered and sharpened. Indispensable in camp or woods.

Fifth Prize

Seventh and Eighth Prize



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COMPLEXION POWDER

ARMAND is all a woman could desire in a face powder—soft, clinging and invisible!

All the better shops carry Armand in several delightful fragrances. Armand Bouquet, a fairly dense powder, is 50c and Armand Cold Cream Powder, a wonderful new idea originated by Armand, is $1.

If you prefer, send us 15c and your dealer's name for three samples. Address

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"Diamond Dyes" Make Old, Shabby, Faded Apparel Just Like New.

Don't worry about perfect results. Use "Diamond Dyes," guaranteed to give a new, rich, fadeless color to any fabric, whether wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods,—dresses, blouses, stockings, skirts, children's coats, draperies,—everything!

A Direction Book is in package.

To match any material, have dealer show you "Diamond Dye" Color Card.
Wells and Richardson Co., Burlington, Vt.

Fashion says the use of DEL-A-TONE is necessary so long as sleeveless gowns and sheer fabrics for sleeves are worn. It assists freedom of movement, unhampered grace, modest elegance and correct style. That is why

"they all use Delatone"

Delatone is an old and well known scientific preparation for the quick, safe and certain removal of hairy growths, no matter how thick or stubborn. After application the skin is clear, firm and hairless, with no pain or discoloration.

Beauty specialists recommend Delatone for removal of objectionable hair from face, neck or arms.

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Druggists sell Delatone; or an original 1 oz. jar will be mailed to any address on receipt of $1 by

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THE NEAR-PICKFORD

By WALTER E. MAIR

When a studio was built next door to Blomstein's,
And Reba was born soon after,
With hair that curled so naturally,
And soulful eyes that rolled,
And everything. . . .
They said Art had been, so-to-speak,
The predominating, prenatal
Predestining influence. . . .

Reba grew up.
So did the hair that curled so naturally,
And the soulful eyes, which waxed more lustrous . . .
She became more screenish every day . . .
And everything . . .

But somehow, alackaday,
Reba is only a cold-cream demonstrator.
And the Blomsteins do not live luxuriously
In a million-plunk bungalow-dream
Down among the sheltering palms.

So we think that the good Lord must have put
Almost all the elements into little Reba
Of a wondrous second Mary Pickford,
Excepting only—the necessary soul o' the ould sod.
Which, of course, is Heaven's fault . . .
Not Reba's.

SCREEN MAGIC

By ETHEL HOPE

Out from the cold and the whirling snow,
He came at close of day;
Lured by the warmth and the ruddy glow,
Lured by the tones of the music low,
Where picturedom held sway.

Fair were the scenes that before him went;
He watched as one entranced;
Feeling his heart growing more content,
Feeling himself far less worn and spent,
And his heart's joy enhanced.

Into the cold and the whirling snow
He trailed the crowds at last;
Deep in his soul was the summer's glow,
Deep in his eyes a glad light shone low,
As on his way he passed.

IMPRISONED

By BETTY EARLE

Like a leaf I would turn and turn in the sunlight,
Enlarging my shadow in my own way,
Baring the flaunting green of my soul to all who would understand;
And to all who would understand, baring the wan underneath of my soul.

But they have bound me tight, tight:
All the tendrils, the minions, the moods.
They have pressed me between white walls that breathe no escape.
And when the stars lean over the night, I cannot answer;
And when the wind pulses low, I cannot respond.

THE TRAGEDY OF HUMOR

By LA TOUCHE HANCOCK

Everybody's still,
Everybody's solemn,
Papa's got to fill
The daily comic column!
Mother doesn't dare
To ask him for money;
Silence everywhere,
Papa's being funny!
Sister cannot sing
To amuse the folks;
Peace o'er everything,
Papa's making jokes!
Anxious, quiet, sad,
All around we sit;
Isn't it too bad
Papa is a wit?

Scotch and Seltzer

(*Continued from page* 23)

hand-carved rum-chest given him by his uncle, an old Nantucket whaler, to a set of ebony opium pipes regaled him by a Chinese smuggler. He has every variety of vase, pitcher, bottle, platter; a dozen different varieties of period furniture from Jacobin to Stickley; several original canvases—one of Rembrandt's.

And then, he has a sister, who is his secretary, and a charming mother, who speaks with a semi-Southern accent and whom Norm worships.

And he, who is the typical sophisticated man of today, the romancer who is a romancer without being a vampire, is, about his sister, unquestionably the most solicitous being I've ever seen.

Miss Kerry is eighteen and beautiful, tho one of those rare flowers whose petals have as yet to be singed by the bright lights. Norm says that he's glad she's not what is generally known as "sophisticated."

"I'm afraid it's a very great drawback these days," he remarked, "altho I wouldn't have sis any other way for worlds. A fellow, when he only has one little sister, places his every hope in her. He wants her to be like his mother. What he himself does, affects him alone; it must never reflect upon others."

In 1910 Kerry had an appointment to Annapolis. Somehow or other, he changed his mind about being a naval officer and enrolled in St. John's College, the arts and science branch of the University of Maryland, to learn about the world.

But college got on his nerves. He, like many other young progressives have found, discovered that one today lives in a commercial era that has swept away the dust of ancient Rome and Greece; that has put the practical note into affairs of education. In fact, Kerry says that to him a worldly education was worth twice that gleaned from fifty-seven varieties of 'ologies and 'onomies.

He became associated with his father in the cattle business and journeyed to Latin America to purchase hides and beef. Later he returned to this country and rode the range in the West. It was there that he met Art Acord, with whom he eventually journeyed to Los Angeles, where he became a salesman of anything from real estate to cuff-links.

One day, two years ago, he journeyed to the Brunton studio to sell Paul Engstrum, one of the proprietors, some paint. As he walked across the lot he was accosted by a casting director. Bessie Barriscale's leading man, it seemed, had suddenly become temperamental and "walked off the set" while the company was "shooting" a nearby park. Blonde Bessie, stranded, had sent in an S. O. S. for a leading man. The casting director liked Norm's looks, dragged him into the office, and fifteen minutes later Kerry was in a company car, speeding to Griffith Park and wondering what all that writing in a contract meant.

(*Continued on page* 70)

Mabel Normand

in "Pinto"

A rag and a bone and a pair of leather "chaps" seem to have all those old chaps hypnotized. Mabel is surely an old man's darling; but then, we don't notice that any *young* men are indifferent to her charms, either.

Goldwyn Picture

PHOTO BY HARTSOOK

There is Beauty in Every Jar
MILKWEED
Ingram's Cream
FREDERICK F. INGRAM
DETROIT

New York City, N. Y.
Oct. 31, 1917
F. F. INGRAM CO.
Detroit, Mich.

I do not hesitate to recommend Ingram's Milkweed Cream and Velveola Souveraine to all my friends. They should have a permanent place on every woman's dressing table.

Mabel Normand

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

Youth, the springtime of a woman's life, should be made beautiful, and its beauty carried forward into middle age. Every woman owes this to herself, and to her family; and every woman knows that beauty does not walk hand in hand with a rough or blotchy skin.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream is the only therapeutic face cream. It works easily into the tiny skin cells, healing, cleansing and softening the tissues. Used regularly, night and morning, it develops a healthy, attractive skin.

Start using it at once—today.

In 50c or $1.00 Size

Ingram's Velveola Souveraine

FACE POWDER

A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that *it stays on.* Furthermore a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh and Brunette—50c.

Ingram's Rouge

"Just to show a proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately heightening the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Delicately perfumed. Solid cake. Three shades—Light, Medium and Dark—50c.

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Coupon (227)

(Look for proper address at left)

I enclose 6 two cent stamps in return for which send me your Guest Room Package containing Ingram's Milkweed Cream, Rouge, Face Powder, Zodenta Tooth Powder and Ingram's Perfume in Guest Room sizes.

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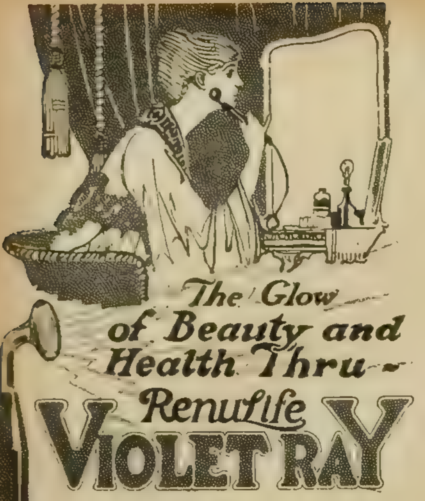
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Science has demonstrated a strange relation between electricity and life cells. This instrument harnesses a tremendous current and applies it in the form of Violet Rays so that the body welcomes and responds to it in a remarkable manner—no pain—shock or the slightest harmful effects. A few seconds of Renulife Violet Ray gives more benefit than hours of the old time battery methods—because a thousand times as much voltage is made use of.

The irresistible, revitalizing powers of Renulife Violet Ray reach every nerve cell, fibre and part of body Blood is enriched and purified by a flood of oxygen giving added vitality and strength. Assimilation and digestion improved—functions restored to normal—extra supply of fresh blood quickly brought to area treated, removing congestion and supplying nourishment. While relieving pains and aches, the manifest results of disorders, it removes the deep seated cause; combines the benefits of electricity, vibration, exercise, stimulation and oxidation.

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Get the whole story of the Violet Ray—this method that works with nature to restore and build up. Learn how you, at home, can now use the great curative forces of Violet Ray—heretofore only available at big expense from physicians or beauty doctors Send postal card now and receive free book describing uses, quoting low prices (within the reach of all) and explaining liberal **Trial Plan.**

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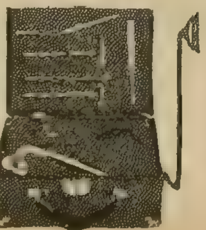


Scotch and Seltzer

(Continued from page 68)

Shortly afterward he joined the British forces, but was rejected because of an injury received in training. Returning to this country, he recuperated and, incidentally, made a few more pictures. He then signed up for service with Uncle Sam, and was on his way to Buffalo, N. Y., to report, when he met Constance Talmadge on the train. The tank corps, however, was more important than the camera. He proceeded to his training camp and later was commissioned. And then the war finished itself!

But, nevertheless, he was destined to play opposite Connie Talmadge and, when his contract expired, to be signed by Alan Dwan as the star of Mayflower Corporation to play the handsome, manly young engineer-hero of Richard Harding Davis' "Soldiers of Fortune."

And, as an actor, Kerry is sadly lacking in one attribute—conceit. Everybody calls him Norm, and he refuses to take himself seriously. For if you do, he says, everybody else will take you seriously; if you dont, your mistakes are going to be overlooked and you're going to get by. All of which makes the movies for him more a pleasure than a business.

"And you're quite sure that you wont get married as soon as I get out of the house?" I queried, in parting, for I know so many married actors and I've personally viewed three contracts signed by the weaker half of the family.

"Nope," he echoed. "Have another drink? Good Scotch, this, eh?"

Absolutely! And, as I have said before, the better the Scotch, the more apt it is to find itself in seltzer.

BLEEDING HEARTS

By Faith Service

He sent no gift of roses . . . lover's greetings,
No lacy-patterned, verse-encircled token;
Just this . . . a tiny sheaf o' bleeding hearts
Because our hearts were broken.

He sent no flowering thing, nor joyous song,
He swore not that his love was true and blue;
Just bleeding hearts because his heart had bled,
Ah me, mine bleeds anew!

He sent no sweet confections, gaily ribboned,
No tender missive, things all lovers say;
But this . . . a faded sheaf o' bleeding hearts
On All-Hearts Day.

THE MOVIE VILLAIN

By Ted Olson

Not of the chap with the rakish air
And the manner coaxing and debonair;
Nor yet of the ruffian of darkest dye
With the unshaved jaw and the lowering eye;
Nor still of him whose receding chin
Bears subtle witness to secret sin;
Tho each is steeped to his eyes in crime,
For none of them do I weave this rime.

The villain of whom I tell is seen
Not in the light of the silver screen;
He's the one who stumbles in front of you,
Stamps on your feet and ruins your view,
Pours himself in the nearest chair,
Poisons with garlic the suffering air,
And favors you and the rest of the crowd
By reading the titles half aloud.

ROMANCE

By Charlotte Becker

"'Twas once upon a time" and "Far away"—
What charm the worn, familiar phrases hold
Of mystery and magic, and of old,
Enchanting places; courtiers brave and gay,
And lovely ladies, sweet as budded May,
Whose beauty and quaint graces manifold
May lift us one brief moment from the gold
And clamor of the world's drab workaday.

Again we tread romance's fair domains,
Thru pathways sweet with rose and lavender,
Led by the fragrance faded memories stir,
Back to the glamour of the leafy lanes
And gardens hedged with patterned box and lime
Of "Far away," and "Once upon a time."

WHENE'ER YOU SING

By Walter Pulitzer

A thousand fancies come and go,
Rare orchids 'mid the daisies grow,
Sweet voices ring across the snow,
Or seas sob in their ebb and flow—
Whene'er you sing!

Blue mountains rear their crests on high,
Kings sit alone 'midst revelry,
Palms pierce the forest to the sky,
Processions, torch-lit, pass me by—
Whene'er you sing!

Life's sordid cares of ev'ry day
Are overpowered and shut away.
All unrestrained the fancies play
From glad to sad, from sad to gay—
Whene'er you sing!

But I must add, O maiden, fair!—
My views your father does not share.
The room he'll leave, the door he'll slam
And right out loud he'll swear, "Oh, d——n,"
Whene'er you sing!

DIRGE

By Faith Service

Out of my broken heart I'll make a song,
Aureate with psalmistry—blood-stained with wrong—
Binding love's shattered limbs—cradling love's head—
Closing love's muted mouth, stricken and red.

There where a sickly moon rides o'er her dead,
There must I lay it low—love's crimsoned head—
But on the Silversheet, memoried and dear—
Rises love flowering, homing, and near . . .

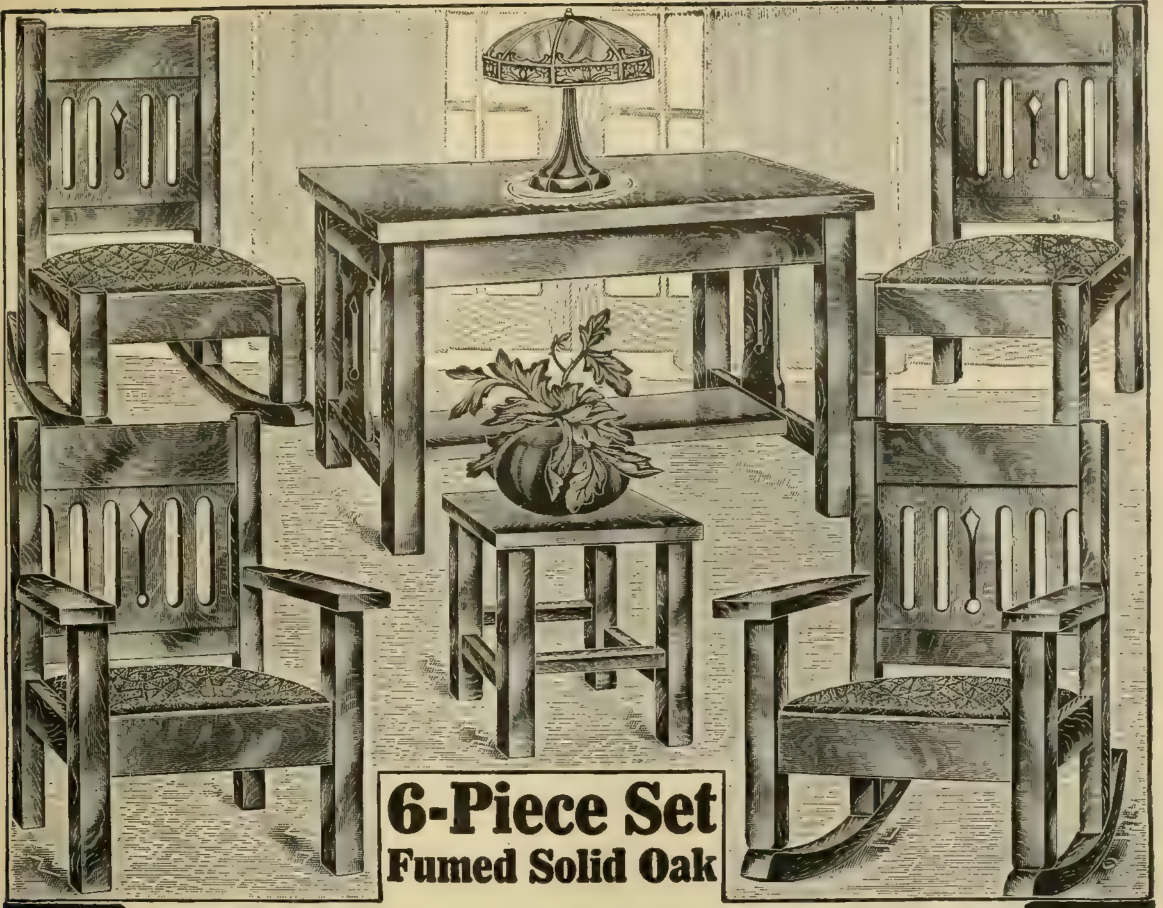
A REEL ROMANCE

By Minna Irving

I cannot sit at eventide
Beside the girl I love,
Or spoon with her while softly shines
The silver moon above.
I cannot take her for a spin,
Altho I own a car,
Or out to supper, or to hear
The latest opera star.

I see her almost every night,
Yet cannot press her lips,
Or tell her that her sparkling eyes
The brightest arcs eclipse.
I cannot ask her to be mine,
For lo! the little queen
Is a celebrated heroine
Upon the movie screen.

But I'm in luck and would not change
My sweetheart of romance
For all the girls that ever led
A hapless chap a dance.
She's never not at home to me,
Tho every night I go,
And all I have to spend on her
Is a ticket to the show.



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This superb six-piece library set is made of selected solid oak throughout, finished in rich dull waxed, brown fumed oak. Large arm rocker and arm chair are 36 inches high, seats 19 x 19 inches. Sewing rocker and reception chair are 36 inches high, seats 17 x 17 inches. All four pieces are padded, seats upholstered in brown imitation Spanish leather. Library table has 24 x 34 inch top, with roomy magazine shelf below, and beautifully designed ends. Jardiniere stand measures 17 inches high, with 12 inch top. Clip the coupon below, and send it to us with $2.00, and we will ship the entire six pieces, subject to your approval. **No C. O. D.** Shipped knocked down so as to save you as much as one-half of the freight charges. Easy to set up. Shipping weight about 175 pounds. **Order by No. B5971A. Send $2.00 cash with order; $2.90 monthly. Price $32.90. No discount for cash.**

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Consider that—the steak for an average family meal would serve 100 dishes of the food of foods.

Quaker Oats costs one cent per large dish. One egg would buy five dishes. One chop would buy twelve dishes, based on prices at this writing.

You can serve ten breakfasts of Quaker Oats for about the cost of serving one with meat or eggs or fish.

Saves 90% on Your Breakfast

But the true way to measure foods is by nutrition. The calory—the energy unit—is used for this comparison.

Quaker Oats yield 1810 calories per pound, while round steak yields 890 and eggs 635.

This is the cost per 1000 calories in some necessary foods at this writing:

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Quaker Oats	5½c
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So Quaker Oats, compared with average meat foods, saves some 90 per cent on a breakfast.

And the oat is the supreme food. It is almost the ideal food in balance and completeness.

It is rich in elements which growing children need. As a vim-food it has age-old fame.

Make Quaker Oats your basic breakfast. Start the day well-fed. Use this saving to bring your average food cost down.

Quaker Oats

Flaked from Queen Grains Only

Serve Quaker Oats for its delightful flavor. It is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. Yet it costs no extra price.

15c and 35c per Package

Except in the Far West and South

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

3271

The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come

(*Continued from page* 32)

with wild schemes. If it meant the overturning of the world, the reaching up to pluck stars down from the sky, she would gladly do her best for the sake of bringing the light back to his eyes.

Of course, Major Buford discovered the runaway after a search, tho the seeking took several weeks, and, of course, he insisted that he should come back to Lexington with him. "Hold up your head, my boy! Show 'em you dont care a damn what anybody thinks!" he roared. "By gad, I thought you had more spirit!" But secretly he rejoiced in his proud old heart at the boy's stubborn pride.

It took argument to overcome it. It took Caleb's reinforcements, Melissa's pleading. But perhaps more potent than any of these things was the unseen urging of a sunny-haired vision in a black velvet riding-habit, who seemed to whisper earnestly, "Chad, come back! We'll go riding again together. Wait and see!"

So Chad once again turned his face from the mountains to the Valley of Disillusion, but before he went he kist Melissa good-by—kist her as he might have kist his mother, with frank, boyish lips, careless and passionless. "You've been moughty good to me, M'liss. I reckon I wont forget it, ever," he said. She held his head a moment between her small, hard hands and looked in his eyes. Hope had rekindled the fires of his youth, and they flared high and splendid —torches of a conqueror.

"Good-by, Chad," said Melissa, and smiled so that he would not know her agony. "Good-by, boy."

Again she thought, watching him go into the morning distance, "I shall never see him again."

Yet you were wrong, M'liss—once more—once more——

In the valley time passed on winged feet, the time it takes to make a boy into a man, to make a gold-haired girl into a woman. The major adopted Chad legally. He was as proud of him as he was of his own name, and that is saying much. For, to the major, birth was the only necessary virtue, not to be a gentleman the only unforgivable sin. Sometimes he would stand long beside Chad's bed and look down into the lean, cleanly cut face, with its hollowed temples and proud lips, with faded, questing old eyes.

"The Buford chin," he would mutter irritably, "and the Davidson nose. There's blood in you, boy—blood, and I'm damned if I dont believe it's Buford blood, too! Chadwick Buford was a rover and a waster, but he was a gentleman, and you're a gentleman's son."

But he never spoke of this to Chad. Indeed, he did everything possible to make the boy proud of his ancestorless state. "Every line has a beginning," he told him, tartly. "You shall found a line, my boy—a line of Bufords and gentlemen."

The kindly forgetfulness of time had dimmed Chad's offense of birth in the eyes of the Deans. When he returned home from college, tall, slimly built and handsome in a dark, grave, eager fashion, Mr. Dean himself unbent far enough to call upon him and publicly invite him to his home. The Dean boys, noisy young blades of his years, greeted him with the careless democracy of youth, and Margaret, grown straight and slim as a candle with a flame of gold above her vivid, flashing face, danced and rode with him as she danced and rode with the young Olivers and Carters and Blackburns, and the dandified youths from Richmond who came to visit at her father's house.

"She's good to me because she just cant help being good to everybody," Chad said, quietly, to the major. "I hope I'm not quite such a cad as to take any hopes from that, sir."

"Pooh!" snorted the major, grandly, bristling, as he always did, like an old turkey cock when anything concerning Chad's desirability came in question. "Pooh! Dont be so damn humble! I hate humble men. Believe in yourself! If you do that you're fit to marry a princess of the blood! Pooh! The girl's no fool! Dont treat her like one."

But Chad shook his dark head gravely and turned the subject. He was put to it these days to keep Margaret Dean's dazzling face, the light, crisp rustle of her garments, the scent of her, diffused by every movement, the need of her out of his thoughts, as a man of honor should, who had nothing to offer her but a borrowed name. Youth was hot in him, aching, tormenting, giving him no peace. He grew a bit thin, more than a bit white and worn with the struggle those days, and the old major was anxious.

"By gad! There's spirit for you! Eating his damfool heart out for that girl and she'd fall into his arms if he asked her! But he wont ask, confound his devilish pride—he'll die before he asks her! Still something must be done—cant have the boy wasting to a shadder before my face and eyes."

So the major, muttering, puffing with the pride that was in him. What it was that must be done he did not say, and, in fact, could not guess. Certainly nothing was further from his thoughts than what did happen. One day in early autumn, Chad Buford strode into the house, with thunderous face, and flung his riding-crop upon the table. His voice when he spoke to his guardian was high and shaking like that of a man at the breaking point of nerves.

"I'm going away, sir—to China—Egypt—Bombay—anywhere so long as it's far enough!" he cried, and rested his forehead on his arms, folded upon the mantel. "I've got to go—if it isn't already too late——"

"And by that, Chad?" asked the major, very softly. "By that you mean——"

"I mean," said Chad, in a stifled voice, "if I haven't already made her love me—*me*—a beggar from Nowhere! But it all happened so quickly." He groaned and shook from head to foot. "Her horse

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All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

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That slimy film which you feel on your teeth is the cause of most tooth troubles.

It clings to the teeth, enters crevices and stays. The tooth brush does not end it. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. So it continues to mar the beauty and to wreck the teeth.

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

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Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

This method long seemed impossible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has discovered a harmless activating method. And now active pepsin can be daily used to combat this viscous film.

Able authorities have made convincing clinical and laboratory tests. Now everyone is asked to make a home test and see what Pepsodent does.

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Send this coupon for the 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears. These effects are most important—prove them.

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Whitening Cream—one of the "Seven Marinello Creams"—penetrates to the deeper layers of the skin, where the coloring matter is located, and effectively removes sallowness, restoring the rosy glow of youth to the complexion.

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After carefully cleansing your face and neck each night with Lettuce Cream, rub in Whitening Cream until every bit has been absorbed. You will soon notice a marked improvement—the skin will be several shades lighter, fresher, fairer, lovelier. Send 2c stamp for sample.

Marinello Company, Dept. 618, Mallers Bldg., Chicago, or 366 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Chart of Marinello Seven Creams

Lettuce Cream for cleansing the skin.

Tissue Cream for a rough, dry skin.

Astringent Cream for an oily skin.

Whitening Cream for a sallow skin.

Acne Cream for blemishes and blackheads.

Motor Cream for skin protection.

Foundation Cream before using Powder.

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Made in a full range of colors in popular weights and styles—silk, cashmere, lisle, silk plaited, silk lisle, silk and wool.

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Best Knit Hosiery

shied and bolted. I followed and stopped him. It had been a close shave, and I suppose I was a bit off my head—before I knew what was happening I—I had her in my arms, sir! Oh, cad—cad——"

"And then," said the major, with deep satisfaction, "I hope you asked her to marry you."

Chad laughed uglily. "I? Ask that paragon among women to marry *me?* A shepherd of the hills born under the bar sinister? No, sir, I begged her pardon on my knees. I told her that I loved her, but could not ask her to marry me and throw her life away—I told her—a good many things——"

Silence while the fire snapped rosily. Then spoke the major, dully, "So you'd go away and leave the old man alone? Chad boy, there's a better way. Wait a bit—the papers are uneasy. There may be a war, and then the South will need you. Wait, Chad. Things have a way of working out. Give them a chance."

"It would take more than a chance to work my life out as I would have it," said the lover, wearily; "it would take a miracle. But—I will wait a little."

It was the miracle that happened. As they spoke the bell rang, and presently the negro butler ushered in a vision, all blue velvet hood and swansdown cloak and golden, fluttering curls, a vision that stood trembling and blushing on the threshold, looking from one amazed man to the other, a vision that presently rustled forward and into a seat by the fire, which immediately became a throne.

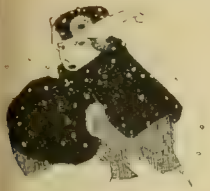
"You are not—very cordial to visitors!" murmured the newcomer, plaintively, with an upward glance that made Chad clutch at the mantel. "But perhaps when you hear what I have to say you will ask me to take off my things and pour the tea. Chad, a very strange thing has happened, so strange that it seems almost a dream. Today, just after I got home, a girl—or perhaps she was a woman, at least she was dreadfully thin and sick-looking, and so strangely dressed—came to the house and asked for me. 'Air you-all Margaret?' she asked me, looking at me with such big, mournful eyes, 'Chad Buford's Margaret?' And then she began to laugh and cry at the same time, and all the time looking at me with those great eyes. 'Yes, I'd know you anywhar,' she said, 'even if I hadn't seen you riding with him.' And then she told me why she had come, Chad—it was to bring me these."

The boy, for he was hardly more, took the worn, soiled papers she handed him, dazedly, held them to the firelight, and the room rang to his cry. "A marriage certificate—my mother's and my father's!" He seemed to grow taller there before them all. "Mary Miles and Chadwick Buford, Gentleman! That is my name, then—I have a right to that name!"

The vision pouted, sighed. "And what about me?" it asked, in a small, meek tone. "Haven't I got a right to it, too, Chad? Oh, before I'd be so *stingy* with my old name!"

(*Continued on page* 80)

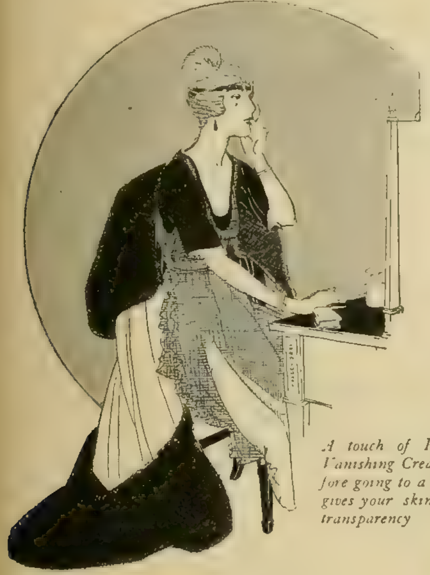
BEWARE OF THE LITTLE FLAWS THAT MAKE ONE HOMELY



It is so easy to let your skin acquire bad traits

A LITTLE roughness, a little shine, a little cloudiness of skin, and one's looks are gone! It is so easy, too, to let your skin acquire these bad little traits unless you know just how to avoid them.

Wind and cold whip the moisture out of your skin—leave it dry and tense. Then follow roughening and chapping. Skin specialists say that one can protect the skin by applying a softening and soothing cream always before venturing out. Never omit this.



A touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream before going to a dance gives your skin new transparency

Of course, you can't apply a *cold* cream before going out. It makes your face too oily. Lightly touch your face and hands with Pond's *Vanishing* Cream, which is made precisely for this daytime and evening use. This leaves your face smooth and protects it from the weather. Do this every time you go out.

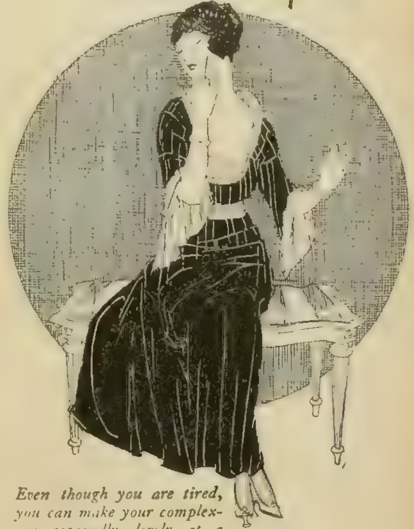
DOES the powder keep coming off your face, leaving you all shiny and embarrassed?

Before you powder, take a bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream and rub it lightly into the skin. At once it disappears, leaving your skin softened. Now powder as usual and don't think of it again. The powder will stay on two or three times as long as ever before. There is not a bit of oil in Pond's Vanishing Cream, so it cannot reappear in a miserable glisten.

WHEN your face is tense from a long, hard day, yet you want to "look beautiful," remember that the cool, fragrant touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream smoothed over the face and neck, will instantly bring it new freshness. Do this before you go to a dance.

BEWARE of allowing your skin to cloud up and lose its clearness. When this happens, it is because minute particles of dust have worked their way too deep into the pores to be removed by ordinary bathing. It takes a cold cream with a good oil base to remove this deeply lodged dust.

Before you go to bed and whenever you have been especially exposed to dust, rub Pond's Cold Cream into the pores of the skin. Then wipe it off with a soft cloth. You will say: "How *could* so much dust have gotten into my pores!" Do this regularly and you will be rewarded by a clear, fresh skin.



Even though you are tired, you can make your complexion especially lovely at a moment's notice

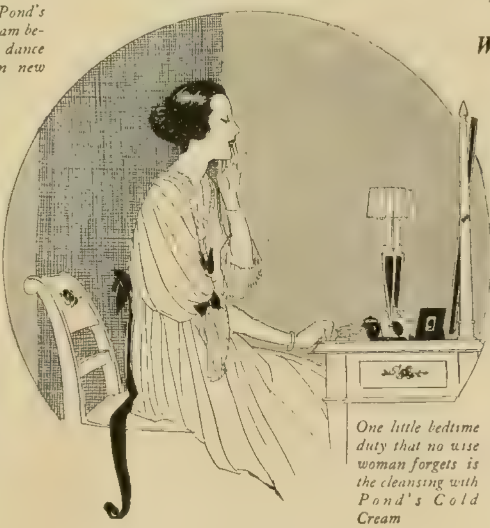
Why your skin needs two kinds of cream

Every skin needs two creams. Do not forget that the cream which you use for daytime and evening is especially made *without oil* so that it cannot reappear in a shine. This is Pond's *Vanishing* Cream. It cannot make your face shiny even for a moment. It is based on an ingredient prescribed by physicians for its softening effect. Use it for protection from cold, for a powder foundation, for freshening the skin at a moment's notice.

But for cleansing the skin and for massage it is the cream with an *oil* base which you need—Pond's *Cold* Cream. Use it nightly before retiring, and whenever you have been exposed to dust and dirt.

Neither cream will encourage the growth of hair on the face.

Stop at the drug store or at any department store and buy a jar or a tube of each cream. See how much it improves your skin.



One little bedtime duty that no wise woman forgets is the cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream

POND'S
Cold Cream &
Vanishing Cream

One with an oil base and one without any oil

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

POND'S EXTRACT CO., 137-M Hudson St., New York
Please send me, free, the items checked:
☐ A free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
☐ A free sample of Pond's Cold Cream
Instead of the free samples, I desire the larger samples checked below, for which I enclose the required amount:
☐ A 5c sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
☐ A 5c sample of Pond's Cold Cream
Name...
Street...
City.............................. State..........................

THE INSTRUMENT OF QUALITY

Sonora

CLEAR AS A BELL

Supreme in Tone!

EXAMINE the Sonora critically. Study the long-running motor, the tone control at the sound source, the convenient envelope filing system, the universal tube for playing all makes of disc records *perfectly* without extra attachments, the improved sound box, the matchless curved design lines of the cabinet, etc., and you'll see why Sonora is unequalled.

Above all, Sonora's tone quality is what has made it famous, and for this it received the highest score at the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

A superb line of standard upright models and period styles is available.

$60 to $1000

Sonora Phonograph Sales Company, Inc.
GEORGE E. BRIGHTSON, Pres.

NEW YORK
Demonstration Salons
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CANADIAN DISTRIBUTORS:
I. MONTAGUES & CO.
Toronto

DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Sonora is licensed and operates under BASIC PATENTS of the phonograph industry.

The Highest Class Talking Machine in the World—

LOVE AND LUCRE

By La Touche Hancock

(An advertisement has appeared in a daily paper, in which a poet says he will write love verses for One Dollar.)

The maiden gazed with pensive eyes
  To where the stars were blinking;
She did not notice that the moon
  Was positively winking!
For she was lost in Lethe's stream—
  In plain prose, she was thinking
Of all th' intoxicating draughts
  Of love her soul was drinking!
The paper clasped within her hand
  Had verses written on it,
Full of her raptured lover's vows,
  And, as the moonbeams shone, it
Seemed just as if the rays were sent
  To let the maiden con it;
And so again, and yet again
  She read his precious sonnet!
"Ah! how my sweetheart's passion burns!"
  She cried. "Yes, now I know it,
Here every sentence speaks his love,
  Just as his actions show it!"
But Venus sighed, and Cupid grinned,
  And Eros cried, "Oh, blow it!
'Twas written for a dollar by
  That advertising poet."

BALLADE OF PROFITEERS

By Charlotte Becker

Mike gets two dollars every hour
  For helping with the cows and hay;
And, grinning as worn housewives cower,
  Amanda's asking five a day.
Pat's coining untold wealth, they say,
  At jobbing with a wrench and screw;
The garbage men for taxis pay—
  But what is left for me and you?

The peas and beans and eggs and flour
  Whose prices cause our souls dismay,
Bestow upon the grocer dower
  For limousines and gems' array.
And, if objections we betray
  Anent the butcher's bill for stew,
Then his "Not givin' it away"—
  But what is left for me and you?

Warm frocks of wool or velvet tower
  Above our possible survey,
And furs! 'Twould make old Crœsus sour
  Had he such mandates to obey.
Bricklayers' wives may still be gay
  And in their garb of latest hue
Adorn the restaurant or play—
  But what is left for me and you?

To drive a moving-van or dray,
  And earn a goodly revenue
So we our daily needs allay—
  Is all that's left for me and you!

HUMORS OF AMERICAN TRAVEL

By Walter Pulitzer

The agent of a well-known insurance company in New York was on his way to Chicago, and the train stopping at one of the wayside stations, he got out for refreshments. Walking up to a porter he asked:

"Will my bag be safe here?"

"Sure, if you'll put a card on it," replied the darkey.

The traveller hunted thru his pockets for a card with his name on it, but without success. But he found an old pack of playing cards, and scribbling his name across one of them, he laid it on the bag. . . . Coming back from the refreshment room he found his bag missing.

"Porter, some one has taken my bag!" he cried.

The porter chuckled. "Say, mister, that was cert'nly a foolish thing you did."

"Why, what did I do?"

"You laid a King of Hearts on that bag and a chap just come up here and put an ace on it and took it away!"

Moral: Always carry a card-case with you.

DeMiracle
Every Womans Depilatory

Removes Hair
Immediately—safely

ONLY a chemist should mix a depilatory, then it is sure to be safe. Unlike pastes and powders which must be mixed by the user, DeMiracle is a liquid just the right strength for instant use. It never deteriorates. DeMiracle is more economical because there is no waste. It is the quickest, most cleanly and simple to apply.

To devitalize hair you must use DeMiracle. Being a liquid it permits absorption. Therefore it is totally different. It attacks hair under the skin as well as on the skin which is the only common-sense way to remove it from face, neck, arms, underarms or limbs.

Only the original sanitary liquid DeMiracle has a money-back guarantee in each package.

Three sizes: 60c, $1.00, $2.00

At all toilet counters, or direct from us in plain wrapper, on receipt of 63c, $1.04 or $2.08, which includes war tax.

DeMiracle

Dept. C-28, Park Ave. and 129th St., N. Y. C.

REDUCE YOUR FLESH

Exactly where desired by wearing

DR. WALTER'S

Famous Medicated Reducing

Rubber Garments

For Men and Women

Cover the entire body or any part. Endorsed by leading physicians. Send for illustrated Booklet.

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353 Fifth Avenue New York
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Ent. on 34th St., 3d Door East

Pacific Coast Representative. Adele Millar Co., 345 Stockton St., San Francisco, Cal.

Bust Reducer, Price $6.00
Chin Reducer, Price $2.50

STRAIGHTEN YOUR TOES BANISH THAT BUNION

ACFIELD'S
Perfection Toe Spring
Worn at night, with auxiliary appliance for day use

Removes the Actual Cause
of the enlarged joint and bunion. Sent on approval. Money back if not as represented. Send outline of foot. Use my Improved Instep Support for weak arches.
Full particulars and advice free in plain envelope.

C. R. ACFIELD, Foot Specialties, (Est. 1901)
MARBRIDGE BUILDING
Dept. 520, 1328 Broadway (at 35th Street) New York

for you—a Voice that Wins Admiration and Success—Easily Obtained

Every voice CAN be beautiful—every voice WILL be beautiful if properly developed and trained. The Feuchtinger Method means perfect voice for ALL

THIS method is an absolute science of voice culture. It develops Nature's own sound organ by *proved* principles. It is the science of tone-production, tone strength, clearness and harmony. ALL voices can be trained by it to great power and beauty.

Improves Your Voice Almost At Once

This method will improve YOUR voice as it has for countless students all over the world. Mr. Feuchtinger has received letters from men and women in all walks of life, telling what the Power of the Voice has been to them after studying this *unfailing* method. Those friendless before taking this course now find themselves popular wherever they go. All our students testify that a fine singing and speaking voice is responsible for unexpected social and business opportunities.

Just Few Minutes Daily

Simple—silent exercises—just a few minutes every day—and you will be amazed at the immediate improvement in your voice. You study this method in *your own home.* A knowledge of music is not required. You practice *silently.* No one need be aware of what you are doing. New and beautiful tones will develop, with perfect muscular control. You will gain that self-confidence necessary to develop a strong personality.

Correct Breathing Means Health — Beauty

This course teaches the exact scientific manner which alone can explain and direct the correct way of inhaling and exhaling breath. Correct breathing is the root of health and perfect physical development.

Don't Stutter — Don't Stammer

There is no greater handicap in business or society than stammering or stuttering. The Feuchtinger Method does away with speech impediment. It gives command of muscles and cords which produce vocal sounds. Harshness, hoarseness, huskiness will be banished.

Easy Payments— Phenomenal Results

WRITE! Send the coupon and get our NEW FREE BOOK ON VOICE (*Illustrated*). It tells just what this wonderful method is, how it is used—what it will do. No obligation. Just mail coupon. Scientific vocal training that in the past cost hundreds—often thousands of dollars—is yours for small investment—easy payments. Phenomenal results—no matter what your voice. Get all the facts—FREE.

Perfect Voice Institute
1772 Wilson Avenue Studio 1553
Chicago, Illinois

Perfect Voice Institute
Studio 1553 -1772 Wilson Avenue, Chicago

Send new free book (illustrated) and facts about the Feuchtinger Method. I have put (x) opposite subject that interests me. I assume absolutely no obligations whatever.

SINGING ☐ STAMMERING ☐
SPEAKING ☐ LISPING ☐

Age______

Name____________________________________

Address__________________________________

Feuchtinger method
of voice culture

$1.00 With Order

Delivery Prepaid

$6.48

All-Wool Sweater
Slip-On Ripple Style

There never was a more charming garment for women, young and old. This wonderfully fashionable ripple style sweater has taken women everywhere by storm. From no other garment can a woman get such worlds of wear, such complete satisfaction and such freedom and comfort combined with stylish smart appearance. These sweaters will be the craze of the new season.

Genuine All-Wool

Only long fibre specially selected yarns are used. Knitted in a close even plain stitch above the waistline and a fancy rack stitch below—just like grandmother would do it. The weight is exactly right for all the year round wear. Slips on over the head.

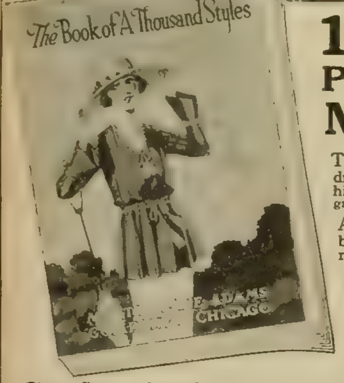
New Ripple Style

The fitted waistline is offset with a contrasting color, run through with a knitted cord ending in pretty tassels. Strikingly handsome flare to skirt and youthful blousy waist. Below the waist it drapes in soft folds all around. Being knitted form fitting, the shoulders and sleeves set snug and smart, not bulky. The stunning bell shaped cuffs are perfectly delightful and are caught at wrists with a tighter knitted contrasting band, run through with knitted tasseled cords. The lovely rounded neck is also set off with a contrasting color shell edge and knitted cord and tassels in front.

Order on Approval and Send Only $1.00—
Pay Only $1.00 Monthly If Satisfied

Colors: Turquoise or Liberty Blue, with salmon pink trim; Salmon pink or Coral, with torquoise blue trim; or American Beauty with black trimming. Sizes to fit misses 14 to 20 years, and women, 32 to 44 Bust Measure—no larger.

No. P4S6401. Price, prepaid, $6.48.


The Book of A Thousand Styles
ADAMS
CHICAGO

1001 Other Styles
Prices Like Memories in My Newest Free Book

This sweater is just a sample of my other values in coats, dresses, waists, shoes, suits, millinery, etc. Don't worry and fret about high prices and overlook the chance I bring to you without promise or obligation on your part. Look around to your heart's content and see what others offer.

All I ask is not to forget my new book. It shows all the most beautiful and practical styles at sensible prices. My own designs are recognized as the most copied of all fashions shown anywhere.

Everything a Woman Wears Sent Prepaid On Approval

My new book will tell you in advance of the season what styles will be most popular. It will help you compare values. Even if you intend to buy elsewhere I want you to have it anyway. It costs you nothing.

Style—Price and Credit—Take Many Months to Pay

I allow you to pay just about as you please. You don't even need to ask for credit. I take care of all that in *advance*. You can have the loveliest things without waiting, look your prettiest at all times and take months to pay.

But my Credit Plan *alone* would not make many women want to have my Style Book. Style, quality and value must come first. The credit can be considered simply as something *extra*. Write for my Style Book because of its beautiful fashions. Get it because of its splendid bargains. Expect prices that will seem like memories. Your copy is waiting your request.

Be Posted on the New Styles

My new Style Book will tell the new width and length of skirts; the right height and design of shoes; the newest clothes; the latest weaves; the smartest trimmings.

You will learn from it the most popular modes in dresses; the fashionable colors; the correct ideas in millinery, lingerie or children's wear. Having it in your home is like chumming with a famous style authority. Why not write for it today?

The Secret of My Bargains

I do away with all extravagances. I never have left-over stocks or sacrifice sales. I have no high-priced salespeople. I deal direct with mills and makers. So I cut out all the profits of the retailer, the wholesaler and the jobber. I never charge anything extra because a style turns out unusually popular.

Ask for It Early—A Penny Postcard Will Do

My new book will bring you many moments of real pleasure. You will love to rove through its myriad styles. Many things are shown in actual colors. Nothing has been overlooked. I will send any selection prepaid on approval. If you return it, I pay the cost back to me and immediately refund your payment.

I Show Below a Small List of Departments

Aprons
Baby Needs
Children's Clothes
Bath Robes
Bloomers
Brassieres
Capes
Caps
Chemises
Coatees
Ladies' Coats
Combinations
Corset Covers
Corsets
Corset Waists
Underwear
Dresses
Gloves
Hats
Hosiery
Kimonos
Millinery
Lingerie
Shoes
Slippers
Stockings
Suits
Sweaters
Veils
Vestees
Waists

WRITE ME TODAY—A PENNY POSTAL CARD WILL DO.

MARTHA LANE ADAMS, 3845 Mosprat Street, CHICAGO

Your Bunion Can Be Cured
Instant ReliefF
Prove It At My Expense

Don't send me one cent—just let me prove it to you as I have done for over 72,500 others in the last six months I claim to have the only successful remedy for bunions ever made and I want you to let me send you my **"Fairyfoot"** treatment **FREE**, entirely at my expense. I don't care how many so-called cures, or shields or pads you ever tried without success—I don't care how disgusted you feel with them all—you have not tried my remedy and I have such absolute confidence in it that **I am going to send you this treatment absolutely FREE.** It is a wonderful yet simple home treatment which relieves you almost **instantly of all pain;** it removes the cause of the bunion and thus the ugly deformity disappears—all this while you are wearing tighter shoes than ever. I know it will do all this and I want you **to send for "Fairyfoot" FREE,** at my expense, because I know you will then tell all your friends about it just as those 72,500 others are doing now. Write now, as this announcement may not appear in this magazine again. Just send your name and address and **"Fairyfoot"** will be sent you promptly in plain sealed envelope. Write today

FOOT REMEDY CO.
Dept. 22 3661 Ogden Ave.
Chicago

$5,000.00 in Cash Prizes

for Original Action Stories of Present-Day Life for Publication in the Enlarged

Black Cat Magazine

For twenty-five years the "open door" to new writers

The current issue contains full particulars and conditions of the BLACK CAT $5,000.00 Prize Story Contest, now open.

The new publishers of the enlarged BLACK CAT MAGAZINE wish particularly to call attention to Article 6 of the Conditions, which provides for immediate payment at regular rates for all stories submitted in the contest that are found to be acceptable for publication in the BLACK CAT.

Writers should read the contest conditions carefully before submitting stories. If your news dealer cannot supply you with a copy of the current issue, the publishers will be glad to send a copy on receipt of 20 cents; but as the conditions are fully set forth in the BLACK CAT, the publishers cannot enter into correspondence regarding the Contest.

THE BLACK CAT MAGAZINE
229 West Twenty-eighth Street New York, N.Y.

Pell of Pell Manor

(*Continued from page* 37)

bloom, Oriental pergolas, quaint pagoda-shaped bird-houses, stone storks and fantastically cut shrubbery. At one end of the garden a hill rose steeply, and this, Mr. Trenton pointed out, was built by the studio carpenters, in tiers like the seats of a circus, and covered with green shavings to simulate grass. To the camera's eye the illusion was perfect. There was not an inch of the magic garden that did not look as if it had been born and educated in Japan.

We sat down in the bamboo pergola, and Mr. Trenton talked about his work on stage and screen.

"I really started in to be a lawyer," he said, "but just as I was ready to take my examinations I took a notion that I would rather be an actor. Perhaps if I had had a great deal of trouble getting started my ardor would have been dampened, but as it was, I got a bit with Julia Marlowe the first thing in 'The Goddess of Reason.' I stayed with her company until she married Mr. Sothern, and after that—well, I've had a checkered career. I've played everything from the stern father who shoves his erring daughter out into the paper snowstorm to the jealous husband in 'Parlor, Bedroom and Bath,' which was, by the way, my last stage appearance in New York. From 1910 to 1918 I played one hundred and fifty leads in stock companies in Salt Lake City, Bridgeport, New Haven and New York, and I was a juvenile in Herbert Blache's company—he is with Metro now, you know, and directed 'The Uplifters,' in which I played opposite Miss Allison."

Somehow we got around to talking about the war.

"Oh, yes, I enlisted," he said, "but I didn't get across—worse luck! I was in the officers' training camp at Palo Alto when the war flivvered. I think I would have made a good soldier, too," he continued, a trifle wistfully. "It's in the blood. All the Pells and Trentons have been military men, and I am what mother calls a 'double son' of the Revolution, because two of my ancestors fought in that war, one as a Tory and one as a Colonial."

After being mustered out, Mr. Trenton took up picture work once more, having before his enlistment played with Mrs. Vernon Castle in "Stranded in Arcady" and with Clara Kimball Young in "The House of Glass." Since the war he has been with Metro, and has played opposite May Allison in "The Uplifters," "Fair and Warmer" and is now Viola Dana's leading man for "The Willow Tree."

Somewhere from the interior set an authoritative voice was calling for "Pell," and Pell responded in a tone that was a little regretful—at least I imagined that it was, and I hope I was right.

"I wont detain you a minute longer," I said, as we walked down the gravel path

(*Continued on page* 102)

It Pays to Read Advertisements

Advertisements are news. Good news—timely news—helpful news.

News of the great world of business. Heralds of the world's improvements—builders of factories—makers of homes.

News of the latest styles.

News of comforts unknown when father was a boy.

News that is handy to your eye.

News that you cant afford to hurry by.

News that will save you money.

Dont miss the advertisements.

PAINTING & SKETCHING

THE Long Island School of Art offers excellent training to amateurs and art students Our system of individual instruction eliminates the time-worn academic training so unnecessary in landscape painting. Pupils are instructed in a technique most suited to their temperament and ability, a system which will assure success, an all year season allows the students to begin their course at any time Our city studios are always open to our pupils for criticism, and students wishing to stay at our L. I studios for the summer, will find excellent boarding near-by Frequent social affairs will bring them in personal contact with many of our most famous artists. Address

LONG ISLAND SCHOOL OF ART
173-175-177 Duffield St. Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dress In Comfort! Remove Unsightly Hair With

X-Bazin **Famous French Depilatory Powder**

MADE THE SLEEVELESS GOWN POSSIBLE

Its dainty simplicity, certainty and quickness (takes but 5 minutes) have made it a favorite with women of refinement for over 80 years. Leaves the skin white and smooth—for arms, armpits, face and limbs Does not stimulate or coarsen later growth 50c including handy mixing cup and neat horn spatula. At all toilet counters or mailed direct in plain wrapper Price outside of U S 75c

Special booklet and generous sample sent for 3c. HALL & RUCKEL, Inc., 377 Washington St., New York

The Six Brown Brothers of Chin-Chin and Jack-o-Lantern fame. The highest paid musical act of today.

Nearly every member of the Six Brown Brothers, Tommie Brown's Clown Band, Tommie Brown's Musical Review and Tommie Brown's Highlanders USE BUESCHER INSTRUMENTS. ASK THEM.

Buescher True-Tone Saxophones Easy to Play Easy-to Pay

A Buescher True-Tone Saxophone opens the way for you to **double your income,** double your opportunities and double your popularity and pleasure. It is easy for the beginner—you can learn to play the scale in one hour's practice and take your place in the band within 90 days. Practice is a pleasure rather than an effort. A clarinet player can make the change almost at once.

Buescher is the oldest maker of Saxophones and makes more of these instruments than the combined products of all the other manufacturers.

RUDY WIEDOEFT
"The Saxophone Wizard"
Wiedoeft's True-Tone Saxophone started him on the road to success. He can now name his own prices for engagements he accepts.

Get This Free Saxophone Book

It tells you what each Saxophone is best adapted for, when to use singly, in quartettes, sextettes, octettes, or in regular band or full Saxophone Band. Tells how to transpose for cello parts in orchestra, and familiarizes you with many facts you would like to know, whether you are a beginner, amateur or professional. It illustrates and describes the virtues of each model of the Saxophone Family from Bb and Eb Soprano Saxophone to Contra Bass. Ask for your copy.

Buescher-Grand Cornets and Trombones

With all its wonderful volume, the Buescher-Grand Cornet is exceptionally easy to blow, requiring so little exertion to start the tones, or to keep them sounding, that jumps of thirds, fifths or octaves can be taken without the slightest stopping or breaking or spacing between the tones. Its "Split-No-Tone" Bell is an exclusive and patented feature.

The Buescher-Grand Trombone enables you to do bigger things musically. Possesses an unrivalled smoothness and velvety ease in the slides and perfect balance.

The Famous Buescher-Grand Cornet
The biggest and most perfect tone of any Cornet

Free Trial — Easy Payments

You can order any Buescher instrument without paying one cent in advance, and try it six days in your own home, without obligation. If perfectly satisfied, pay for it on easy payments. Ask us to send you names of users in your locality. **Illustrated Catalog of True-Tone Band and Orchestra Instruments free.**

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
273 Jackson Street Elkhart, Indiana

You Write the Words for a Song and I'll write the Music!

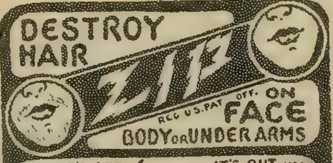
YOU, yes, you, write the words for a song and submit to me. If I find the subject or idea suitable for use in a song, will agree to give your poem a musical setting and have the complete song printed according to the plan of the

Metropolitan Studios

You Can Succeed —make no mistake about that! You may be interested in knowing that I received my musical education at the Moscow Royal Conservatory of Music, Moscow, Russia, and later became the royal court pianist. I have appeared in concerts in all the leading cities of Europe and this country. Among my greatest song successes are:—"If I were a Rose," of which a million copies have been sold, and the national hymn, "America, My Country."

Do not let another day go by without submitting a poem to me. Who knows—you may be the song writer of tomorrow.

Address me as follows:
Edouard Hesselberg
METROPOLITAN STUDIOS
914 S. Michigan Ave., Suite 138 Chicago, Ill.



TRADE IT'S OFF *because* IT'S OUT MARK

EASILY AND QUICKLY AT HOME

The scientifically correct method for permanently destroying undesirable growths by removing the hair with the root. No electricity, caustics, nor solvents. No disagreeable odors. Absolutely harmless. Correspondence confidential. Write for **FREE BOOKLET,** "A Talk on Superfluous Hair", sent in plain sealed envelope, or call at office to have free demonstration.

MADAME BERTHÉ, Specialist, Dept L
12 W 40th St. New York City, N Y.

Cuticura Soap Ideal for the Complexion

All druggists; Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. B, Boston"

The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come

(*Continued from page* 74)

It was long after when they remembered Melissa. "She hunted for those papers—all this time," Chad said, wonderingly. "Poor M'liss! Dear M'liss! Oh, we must find her."

But when they did find Melissa she needed no thanks of theirs. Very still and white and peaceful she lay on the narrow bed in the hospital where she had gone from Margaret's door, and once again with the little shadowy, mysterious smile on the lips, no longer hungry, Melissa was beautiful. They gave her a simple burial in the valley, for somehow Margaret knew, being a woman, that Melissa would have liked to be near Chad.

It would have been followed by a wedding, but on the very eve the smouldering fires of the quarrel between North and South burst out in all their devastating brightness, and Chadwick Buford told his sweetheart, with white lips, that he could not fight for the South and keep his honor clean. "And now," he said, wistfully, when she was done with futile weeping and pleading, "now I suppose you hate me, Margaret, and never wish to see me again?"

"Never!" she flamed, small foot set violently down; "never!" And then, as, bowing, he turned to go, she whispered, in a small voice, after him, "Oh, Chad! Be careful—dont let them shoot you!"

The major took the news as a man takes a sentence of death. He seemed to shrivel up before the young eyes that pitied and yearned over him, to grow, of a sudden, very old and frail and tired. "Go, then," the major said, in a panting whisper. "Go, damn you! I've raised a traitor to my country! I hope I never may see your face again."

He never did see it again. The war was hardly a year old when the major died. Just before, he sent for Margaret. "Dont be—too hard on the lad," he whispered, difficultly. "Always—did what he thought right—damn fool, of course" —his voice grew weaker—"but—I'd never have forgiven him—if he hadn't fought as he thought. A thorobred—by gad, my dear—a gentleman——"

And so when at last the great wound had begun to heal and men were brothers again instead of enemies, Chadwick Buford came home to the great empty house which the major had willed to him, in stiff, unforgiving phrases, and after a week of self-flagellation he crossed the yard, with its roses and laurel, and set the brass knocker on the Deans' door thundering.

In the drawing-room, a trifle shabby now, as all the South was and would be hereafter, he faced Margaret Dean, her brightness hardly a little touched by the four years of pain, tho her dress was of an older style and mended cleverly.

"I have come back, Margaret," he said slowly, searching the face that baffled him, "I have come back. Can you for-

(*Continued on page* 102)

Meet "The Frog"

(*Continued from page* 38)

the State Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, in Colorado Springs. His mother had always been interested in dramatics, and even after her marriage she continued to direct and be stage manager of all the entertainments given at the institution, and Lon was barely three when he began appearing in charades and pantomime sketches.

At the age of twelve, he was property boy at a local theater for twenty-five cents a night. At eighteen he started into the theatrical business in earnest and with his brother, who was twenty-three, he opened a stock musical comedy company, producing all the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. Lon played the comedy rôles and arranged the dancing acts, for he had become a skillful dancer, tho never having had a lesson.

They played the entire season at the Grand Opera House, then toured the State, after which they sold the company to the leading tenor, and Mr. Chaney continued with them as master of transportation, wardrobe *mistress* and comedian, all for the enormous sum of twelve dollars per week.

"Lots of high-sounding titles, but little money," he laughed. "But will you believe me when I tell you that I saved four dollars every week?

"Tho I played in musical comedy for years, I knew nothing of music and couldn't sing a note, but a comedian has much liberty in this line and can always get by with reciting his songs and adding a little dancing to the number. The only dramatic rôle I ever played was Gaspard in 'Chimes of Normandy.'"

About 1909, Mr. Chaney came to Los Angeles and appeared in tabloid musical comedy, later joining Ferris Hartman's stock company, playing in a number of such operas as "A Knight for a Day" and "The Time, the Place and the Girl" at the Lyceum Theater in Los Angeles.

Lon Chaney's next step was to become the producer of Kolb and Dill, those popular funmakers of the stage. He also acted and danced in the plays. It was while on tour that he met Lee Moran, who, having identified himself with the motion pictures a year or so before, was enthusiastic over their possibilities, and on his return to Los Angeles he called on Mr. Moran at the studio.

"You can guess the remainder of the story," Mr. Chaney went on. "I soon succumbed, and my first work was with Allen Curtis, at Universal, in a regular slapstick comedy. Then I played a strong character rôle, a hunchback fisherman, one of those rough exteriors but with a heart of gold, in a story written by Jeanie MacPherson. Tho only a two-reeler, it went big, while I made the discovery that the screen was more interesting than the stage. I wouldn't go back for worlds. This work affords a broader scope, a chance for splendid character acting, and I like the idea of a different rôle with every picture.

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Mr. Chaney is a quiet, home-loving man, choosing to spend his leisure in his beautiful little bungalow in Hollywood with his wife, a charming, vivacious Italian woman, and his twelve-year-old son. His father and mother, and also a brother, lately returned from overseas, live nearby, and family reunions are frequent.

Recalling that he had directed Jack Kerrigan at one time, I asked Mr. Chaney if he would like to give up acting and take up the megaphone.

"Oh, no," was his quick response; "I like acting too well for that. An arrangement that would suit me perfectly would be co-directing and acting. My ambition is to become the greatest character man and heavy on the screen.

"Every moment of human life is drama, usually melodrama, gripping and stirring. It is the story of struggle—the fall and the regeneration, the quarrel and the making up, light and shade, sometimes a deeper shadow and a little brighter light, but always interesting, always vital.

"One must study to distinguish just the shadings between the rogue, or villain, and the hero, for after all, it is the mental viewpoint that counts, and its subtle influence permeates the entire action."

As I listened to his words I realized that simplicity and sincerity, intensity and force were the qualities that have made his characters true human beings, and again I recalled his expressive face, bravely smiling thru the tears, as he said "Keep the big smile working overtime," in the climax of "The Miracle Man."

SONG OF THE TOILER

By Ethel Hope

Day after day I sit up in my dreary tenement,
And hour by hour my nimble needle ply,
To earn the money only that it may again be spent—
There's rent to pay and food and clothes to buy.

'Tis oft that I grow weary of the dingy streets and walls
And long for wind-swept fields and skies of blue;
While all my starved and yearning soul for joy and beauty calls—
For once far fairer scenes than this I knew.

But yester-night I chanced to go to watch the pictures play
In fleeting, fairy fashion on the screen.
I saw—I scarce believe it yet—the ocean foam and spray
And stately ships that plowed their way between.

I saw old-fashioned gardens quaint, where lilies tall and fair,
And gorgeous poppies nodded in the sun;
I saw the guelder-roses bending in the summer air
Which blew away their petals, one by one.

* * * * * * * * * *

The huge machines whir noisily; the room is filled with din;
Without, there is the ceaseless noise and strife;
But thru my happy memory a host of pictures spin,
Where sea and ships and summer-time are rife.

STAGE EFFECTS

By Walter E. Mair

The little things that Mary says to me,
When we are sitting looking at the screen,
Somehow just make me wish that I might be
In charge of all the lights—and the machine.

I'd flash "Good Night," and let the fans depart,
And then a single lamp of rosy glow
I'd burn before a close-up of my heart
To show her, so she couldn't fail to know,

How, as the shadow-people went their way,
One vision only lingered to the end,
All bound 'round with my thoughts from day to day,
A vision much too dear to just pretend!

And then I'd put—ah, yes, a question-mark
In softest tints I'd screen, while, tenderly,
As lights died down till all was still and dark,
I'd have the organ breathe "Oh, Promise Me!"

ANTICIPATION

By Barbara Hollis

In life's wide fields and wooded hills,
In deep ravine or plain,
They who have passed each other once
May some time meet again.

Thru life's long paths of mystery,
Of happiness and pain,
This is my prayer: Our lips have met—
God grant they meet again!

JOURNEY'S END

By Morrie Ryskind

"Love," said I, "I'm thru with you forever:
You have mocked me with your promises long enough!
I have followed strange roads when you commanded,
Strange roads . . .
Roads that beckoned, ever beckoned . . .
And at the trail's end, there rose the Mirage of Happiness—
But it was only a mirage,
For the trail led to Nowhere."

And Love spake:
"It is true you have not found what you sought,
But was the seeking the less joyous therefore?
Ah! the clean, sweet dreams
That I alone can give . . .
Only dreams, it is true, but has Life
Anything better to offer?"

But I steeled my heart to his pleading,
And I said:
"Love is only a dream, and I would awaken to Life!" . . .
And so I started on the Great Adventure,
Alone.
And Life was worth the finding:
And I slew many dragons on the way,
And fought my battles with a stalwart heart . . .
Sometimes I missed the phantasies of Love.
But mainly I was thrilled with the realities of Life . . .
Often the Road I had chosen
Appeared to lose itself in many windings,
But ever it unwound itself,
Leading to Somewhere . . .
And I laughed, and was merry,
For the other roads
Had led to Nowhere . . .

So came I to the Ending of the Road,
And there—behold!—
Far more alluring than before
Was Love!

"So this," I laughed, "is the end of all!"
But Love smiled whimsically . . .
And so I knew
That it was only the beginning.

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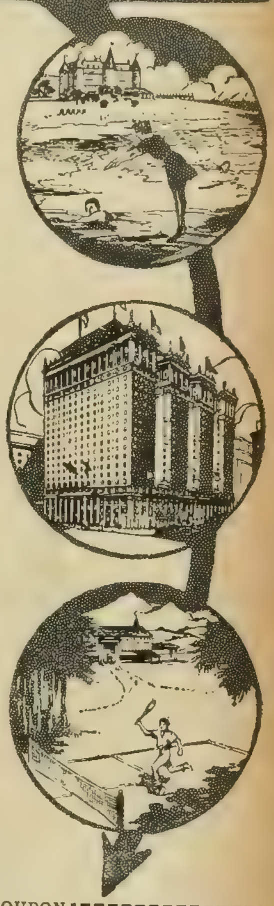

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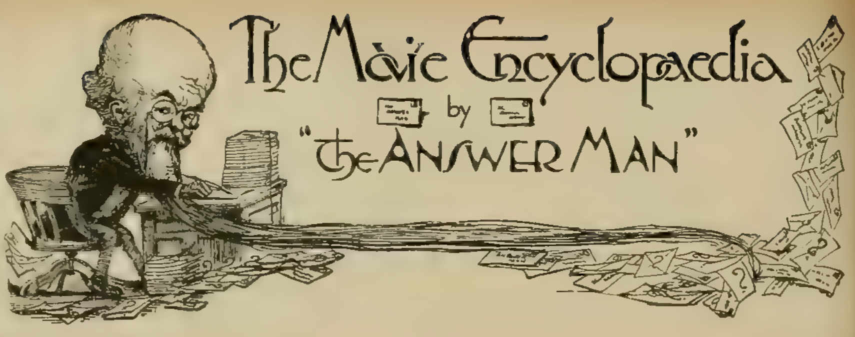


The Movie Encyclopaedia

by "The Answer Man"

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

Ethel Clayton Forever.—Greetings, friends, and I hope we can get back on schedule time from now on. I hope you will be patient with me, and I'll do my best to make up for lost time. There is no Triangle Film Co.—at least they are not producing. Mildred Harris Chaplin can be reached at Los Angeles, Cal. No.

Ethel M. P.—Your first letter, is it? Well, come often. Ralph Graves married? Nay, nay! Yes, Dorothy Dalton is playing at the Century Theater, New York City. Of course Emily Stevens is still in the ring—she is playing in "The Sacred Flame." Somehow or other that girl likes fire.

Little Miss Zealandia.—Yes, and some of the American people waste their lives as tho they were going to have plenty of others to utilize. Why, Tom Forman has signed a contract with Lasky for four years. He's doing some directing, too. No, child, I dont conceal my age because I might receive mash notes from admirers. I'm honest to goodness 79. Do write me again, enjoyed yours immensely.

Warwick Admirer.—Right you are. Alice Joyce is playing in "Slaves of Pride." Jack Dempsey, the pugilist, is playing in the Pathé serial, "Dead or Alive," produced in Los Angeles. Of course, I live alone. You think I ought to have a butler? They're not being made any more. Butlers are like poets, they have to be born that way, but when a child is born nowadays, he is expected to become president—never a butler.

Alma Mata.—I'll do anything to help you. Why dont you send a stamped addressed envelope for a list of the correspondence clubs? Yes, Roscoe Arbuckle is with Lasky playing in "The Round-Up." Edward Earle will play leading part in "The Law of the Yukon," released thru Mayflower. Oh, I dont mind when they complain. More people make complaints than ever make a living. Sure, run in again.

Jennie.—You ask me why I raised a beard. Well, it was this way, Jennie. The women insisted upon sending me so many ties, in self-defense I raised a beard. Now you have my secret. No, you need cry no more, Eugene O'Brien is not married. Dorothy Davenport, Mrs. Wallace Reid, is playing in "The Fighting Chance" with Conrad Nagel and Anna Nilsson. Los Angeles, of course.

Alma S.—So you have a new ermine scarf. Fit for the queen, I'll say. Did you know that ermine was nothing but the winter skin of the common stoat. The animal turns white in snow time, all but the very tip of its tail, which remains black. Mabel Julienne Scott, Tom Forman, Irving Cummings and Roscoe Arbuckle all playing in "The Round-Up," directed by George Melford. I should say that was some round-up—all-star cast, too. So long, Alma.

Domaco.—No, I never get angry. When I feel it coming on, I count ten. That's a wonderful joke of yours—you say a blotter is not the real thing, it's just a take off. True, a blotter does not blot—simply absorbs the superfluous ink. Why, Jack Dempsey is living in Fannie Ward's former home in Los Angeles. Jack Sherrill will return to the stage soon.

L. G.—Well, Mary Pickford is 26, and Elsie Ferguson—well, she sang in the chorus of "Belle of New York" twenty years back, so which is older? Yes, Lionel Barrymore is playing in "The Copperhead," a famous stage play, for Paramount. Blanche Sweet in Bret Harte's "Fighting Cressy."

Kewpie D.—You bet I like kewpies. I like the "splash me kewpies." Sorry I haven't her name. You probably read it in one of the newspapers, there's only about 60,000 newspapers in the world. Dolores Cassinelli is playing in "The Web of Deceit." Leah Baird in "The Capitol."

Frederick W. K.—You win, you win, my error. You say I was all wrong when I said "Neither Constance Talmadge nor Harrison Ford are married." The verb should be singular. Thanks for the correction.

Eitance.—If you refer to the King and Queen, they have returned to Belgium.

Norma Talmadge Lover.—Thank you for your invitation to spend my vacation with you at Sparta, but since it is on the Erie R. R. I cannot accept. The last time I rode on that road I asked the man back of me a question. He could not answer, but he said he had been riding on that road all his life. I then suggested he must have got on just before I did. I dont see why they put cow-catchers on the Erie engines. They ought to put them on the rear car. There is not the slightest danger of an Erie train ever overtaking a cow, but what is to prevent a cow from walking in the rear car and chewing somebody up? No, thanks, anywhere but on the Erie for mine. You want more about Norma Talmadge in our magazines.

Pollyanna.—The explanation of the phrase "mother tongue" is that, at home, father has nothing to say. 318 W. 48th St. is Norma Talmadge's address. No, I have no jokes about the telephone service. It's no joke, believe me. Telephone service was furnished to residences in the fall of 1879 and during that year there were sixteen telephones in New York City residences and five in Brooklyn residences. No, I didn't live in Brooklyn then, I lived in hopes, and I had plenty of neighbors.

Harry A. J.—No, Kathlyn Williams is playing just the same. Bebe Daniels is in Los Angeles, Cal.

Wallace L.—It isn't the way you look at other girls that spoils you with your sweetheart, but the way they *dont* look at *her*. Elsie Ferguson born in New York, 1883. So you have been floating around the Fort Lee studios for eighteen months and cant get in.

Henry H. D.—It's on now. No, Gen. Leonard Wood did not get across, but his friends are now trying to put him over.

Helen P. G.—You refer to "The Canterbury Tales," written by the first great English poet, Geoffrey Chaucer. You say the Stadium High School is in Tacoma and not in Seattle, and that Mildred Davis is from Tacoma. *Nous verrons.*

(*Continued on page* 95)

Shadows Cast Before

Some seer with a far vision has said that coming events cast their shadows before. A Modern, especially an editorial Modern, might well say that such is the case with coming Magazines—they cast their shadows before. SHADOWLAND is just this—a COMING Magazine. SHADOWLAND *does* just this. It lives in the Today and it promises richly, artistically, colorfully, literarily for Tomorrow. This is the Age of Progress and SHADOWLAND is the many-toned note striking, striving to strike, the harmony of the Age, the ultra-perfect Chord.

SHADOWLAND wishes to be in many lives just that—a perfect chord. A perfect chord means a perfect blending of many things and that, again, is what SHADOWLAND aspires to. To something, may we say, just a little bit finer, a little bit higher, a little bit more fraught with dreams and dreaming than we, the great Most of Us, get in our Little Everyday. Like a Shadow it wills to move in the trend of our daily lives yet leaving a Substance behind.

There is no one of us who, consciously, subconsciously or unconsciously, does not love and reach out for the color of things, the pulse of things, the rhythm of things. There is no one of us who would not, if we could, 'broider the drab cloth of the mundane with a shimmering Thread of Gold. Perhaps, being blest, with more than one shimmering thread. SHADOWLAND would like to be at least one of those shimmering threads.

It would like to be a simile to the rainbow seen at the end of a grey day.

It would like to be as a song heard faintly, clearly, by a weary heart.

It would like to induce a smile where a tear had been before.

It would like to give an hour of forgetfulness with the turning of its pages where such forgetfulness might be grateful balm.

It would like to be a friend, felt as a friendly hand.

It would like to be a light, a guide, under no obscuring bushel of adversity.

It would like to be and it aims to be a bit of real beauty, intrinsic, like a small glimpse of depthless blue seen thru rifted clouds.

To this end it has striven and still more mightily will strive.

It will strive for Color and for Counsel.

It will strive for Wisdom and for Wit.

And it has been writ in many a book of the Ancients that to those among us who mightily strive will be awarded the green sprays of the young Laurel.

We of SHADOWLAND ask for the laurels of many friendships and the beliefs thereof!

Your Hair Needs Danderine

Save your hair and double its beauty. You can have lots of long, thick, strong, lustrous hair. Don't let it stay lifeless, thin, scraggly or fading. Bring back its color, vigor and vitality. Get a 35-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter to freshen your scalp; check dandruff and falling hair. Your hair needs stimulating, beautifying "Danderine" to restore its life, color, brightness, abundance. Hurry, Girls!

Portraits of Your Favorites

TWENTY-FOUR LEADING PLAYERS

What is home without pictures, especially of those one likes or admires? How they brighten up bare walls and lend a touch of human sympathy, alike to the homes of the rich and poor!

And what could better serve the purpose of decoration for the homes of motion picture enthusiasts than portraits of the great film stars, who have become world-wide famous?

The publishers of the two leading motion picture monthlies, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, have accordingly prepared at great expense, especially for their subscribers, an unusually fine set of portraits of twenty-four of the leading players.

These portraits are 5½" x 8" in size, just right for framing, printed in rich brown tones by rotogravure, a process especially adapted to portrait reproduction, and are artistic, attractive and high-grade in every way.

You will like these portraits, and you will enjoy picking out your favorites. You will delight in framing them to be hung where you and your friends may see them often.

These portraits are **not for sale**. They can be secured only by subscribing to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE or MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC for one year, and then they will be sent **free**.

LIST OF SUBJECTS

Mary Pickford
Marguerite Clark
Douglas Fairbanks
Charlie Chaplin
William S. Hart
Wallace Reid
Pearl White
Anita Stewart
Theda Bara
Francis X. Bushman
Earle Williams
William Farnum
Charles Ray
Norma Talmadge
Constance Talmadge
Mary Miles Minter
Clara Kimball Young
Alice Joyce
Vivian Martin
Pauline Frederick
Billie Burke
Madge Kennedy
Elsie Ferguson
Tom Moore

You will want either the MAGAZINE or CLASSIC, or both, during the coming year. Subscribe **now** and get a set of these portraits. It will cost you less for the magazine than to buy them by the month at your dealer's. Send in your order today and we will mail the portraits at **once**.

M. P. PUBLISHING CO. **175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.**

Pretty May Allison, Metro star, is one of the most popular screen actresses to-day. Miss Allison is a great Star Electric Massage Vibrator enthusiast and recommends it to all her friends and followers.

"The Ideal $5⁰⁰ Xmas Gift!"

says May Allison

Improve your complexion. Have your own beauty parlor.

For headache, nervousness, fatigue, insomnia, indigestion.

YOU will find the Star Electric Massage Vibrator on sale in most drug, department and electrical-goods stores. In case you are unable to get the "Star" in your city, send Five Dollars, your local dealer's name and address to us and we will send one complete outfit direct to you, postpaid. Fitzgerald Mfg. Co., Dept. 216, Torrington, Conn.

The woman of fastidious tastes, young or old, realizes that beauty is but a natural reflection of health. Wrinkles, "crow's feet," eyes that have lost their youthful sparkle, obesity and other unwelcome facial blemishes are, to a great extent at least, brought on by what we term "the strenuous life." Muscles are sure to become weary and congested unless they get relaxation. And complexions are certain to suffer unless properly taken care of. Home electric massage is recognized as the building-up process nearest to Nature's.

Electric massage is the active man's best friend. It takes the kinks out of sore muscles, stiff joints, sprains; it relieves headache, nervousness, fatigue; it is ideal for after-shaving facial massage and a boon to men whose hair is falling out. So the "Star" really is the ideal $5.00 Christmas gift. Especially so when you stop to realize that other vibrators cost from eighteen dollars up to fifty.

Get a "Star." Put it first on your shopping list for Christmas purchases. Complete outfit only $5.00. Includes three applicators, six feet of cord and illustrated booklet explaining all uses. The Star "Universal," a more powerful vibrator, costs $6.00. Fits any electric light socket. Preferred by many. Make your choice to-day. Fitzgerald Mfg. Co., Dept. 216, Torrington, Conn.

Men! Try this: After you've finished shaving, take a little cold cream, rub it over your face—then massage yourself with the "Star" for two or three minutes. It's great!

Treat your hair and scalp at home. Save that beauty-parlor money. A "Star" costs only $5.00, but lasts for years. Get one to-day and let your husband use it.

The STAR Electric Massage VIBRATOR

For Use in Your Own Home

The Ambitious Miss Eddy

(*Continued from page* 55)

fulfilling her destiny, and not her destiny alone, but the destiny of another Helen Eddy, whose career in this incarnation ended when hers began.

This Helen Eddy, at one time a famous teacher of elocution, was her grandmother and constant companion during the impressionable years of her childhood. Helen's mother, (every one calls Miss Eddy Helen), was very ill, when the grandmother took the little girl and brought her to California, so her grandmother's influence was the first and the strongest Helen ever knew. It is with her today to an even greater extent than when her grandmother lived.

So, while it impressed me as being unusual, it was quite natural that she should have asked me to write this story about her grandmother.

The grandmother's favorite color was lavender, and the color alone is enough to bring back to Helen Eddy vivid memories of days spent at Mission Inn, at Riverside, California, when she was a little girl. "This was," she said, "before they raised the rent there." Of course, it was a fashionable place, but not the palatial resort that it is today. The first reprimand she ever got was from her grandmother, for whistling in the dining-room of the Mission Inn.

"She was so very beautiful," said Helen Eddy. "Her hair was white, soft and wavy, and her face was very sweet and gentle. She had lost her voice. I never knew her when she could talk above a whisper, but that whisper was beautiful in tone. She read and recited to me constantly. I knew 'The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner' before I was seven years old. Among her pupils was Margaret Illington—and Margaret Illington was the first actress that I ever met in person."

This was not until some years after her grandmother died. Helen Eddy had been going to a dramatic school in Los Angeles for some years and appearing in Los Angeles theaters occasionally, when such appearances did not interfere with her grammar school work. The first of these appearances was at the Burbank when she was about fourteen and was in support of Margaret Illington.

"Grandmother knew Clara Morris very well, and she used to give me readings showing Miss Morris' conception of many a famous rôle. She used to talk to me of the history of the stage, too, long before I was old enough to understand."

So you see all of Helen Eddy's training was for the speaking stage and, tho her work for the screen is always sincere and conscientious, she is still looking forward to the career originally planned. She went on the screen by accident, anyhow, or at least it seemed that way. It all happened when she was a high school student at Manual Arts, a school that saw the early training of many another moving picture player.

High school days gave Helen the desire to write plays as well as act in them. She became the official stage director of many a production. From writing plays she began writing scenarios and from writing scenarios she began trying to sell them. It was in this way she met Captain Melville, head of the Lubin studios. Captain Melville did not buy a scenario, but her long training, first under her grandmother and then at a dramatic school, had given her a bearing that he recognized. She was a remarkable type, he saw, a type that would either be a great success or a flat failure. He offered her a place with his company, not as a scenario writer, but as an actress, and she accepted. Her first picture was "As the Twig Is Bent." This was in San Diego. She remained there for six months, playing a little bit of everything. In Los Angeles again, she applied for work with the Morosco Company. She became George Beban's leading woman, and in order to look more thoroly the Italian, she bobbed her hair, to the very great distress of her family. Her first Beban picture was "Pasquale," followed by "His Sweetheart," "The Marcellini Millions," "The Cook of Canyon Camp" and "One More American." Now she is a free-lance, and so great is the call for her services that she is frequently compelled to make two pictures at once, as when she did a heavy, tragic rôle with Hayakawa mornings and broad farce with Bryant Washburn afternoons. She appeared in "The Man Beneath" and "The Illustrious Prince" with Hayakawa. Her latest rôle is with Mary Pickford in "Pollyanna."

The Farce University

(*Continued from page* 33)

Also why Miss Lake was only recently playing opposite the rotund "Fatty" Arbuckle.

Why Betty Compson was also aiding the avoirdupois Arbuckle a few short months ago.

Why Bebe Daniels stepped from Harold Lloyd to Cecil De Mille's studio.

And why Mary Thurman deserted the Sennett bathing squad for Art.

The Metro powers-that-be consider Miss Lake the discovery of the screen season. But before Miss Lake became a foil for the heavy Mr. Arbuckle, she had serious screen leanings. A Brooklyn girl, she started at old Vitagraph. After that she was at Universal. Then came her excursion into farce with Sennett, Christie and Arbuckle, all of which apparently brought her ability to a head.

Mary Thurman was just an unknown bathing beauty on the Sennett beach when a shrewd press agent "discovered" that she was an all-round athlete. Then Mary leaped into fame overnight. All the time, however, she was obtaining valuable training. Like every other member of the Sennett seagoing squad, she had dramatic leanings, and her farce experience seems to have started her well on the road to success.

David Griffith took Clarine Seymour from Christie and Toto, (Pathé), come-

(*Continued on page* 102)

Bubble Grains At Bedtime

Foods Easy to Digest

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are not for breakfasts only. Serve them for luncheons and suppers. Float in every bowl of milk.

These are bubble grains, airy, crisp and toasted, puffed to eight times normal size. No other dainty in existence makes the milk dish so enticing.

Every Food Cell Blasted

Consider Puffed Wheat. Here is whole wheat made delightful, both in texture and in taste.

Under Prof. Anderson's process, every food cell is exploded. Digestion is made easy and complete.

It supplies whole-wheat nutrition. It does not tax the stomach. It makes milk inviting, and every child should drink a pint a day.

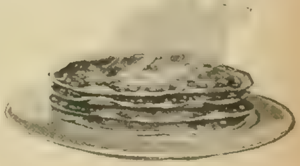
Serve as a breakfast dainty. Mix with your fruits. But don't forget that Puffed Grains also form the ideal bedtime dish.

Puffed Grains are the greatest of grain foods and the most enticing. Serve all three kinds. Let children revel in them.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice** **Corn Puffs**
Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

A New Pancake Delight

Now we make a pancake flour mixed with ground Puffed Rice. It makes fluffy pancakes with a nut-like taste—the finest pancakes ever served. The flour is self-raising. Simply add milk or water. Ask your grocer for Puffed Rice Pancake Flour and you'll have a new delight.



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We tell you just how to start the work, to find new customers. With our help you will very quickly have a profitable business. You can be our only representative in your territory and get all the benefit of our extensive advertising now appearing in all the leading women's magazines.

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UNIVERSITY EXTENSION CONSERVATORY
6196 Siegel-Myers Bldg. Chicago, Illinois

Reel Realities

What is being done towards preserving the motion picture records of our country's participation in the great war?

These priceless films should be placed in some kind of national film repository, probably in the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, and measures made for the preservation and renewal of these films as long as may be possible. Steps have already been taken along this line in France and the idea has been taken up in England. Indeed, the movement has been given wide comment thruout British film circles.

Preserving War Films

In each allied country much money has been spent on commissioning painters to record now historical battle scenes, but little real effort seems to have been made towards preserving the actual film records of these events. Says the London *Kinematograph* anent the subject:

"Surely we do not want the American film version of what occurred to be the only record for posterity to see! Even if it were necessary to take fresh copies of the films every few years, the expense would be quite justified and more than compensated by the money-earning value of the films. There are many other films which might be added to the National Repository, notably the films of famous people, living or dead, and the big historical subjects, but for the moment we are confining this inquiry to official war films, the preservation of which it is necessary to take prompt steps to insure. On the general question, our view is that the directors of the National Repository would invite all producing companies to present copies of worthy subjects for preservation, and we are certain that all producers would regard such an invitation in the light of an honor. How much time must elapse before we see the National Film Repository founded?"

Public Questions on the Screen

Until the government recently asked the film world to coöperate during the war and again only recently in combating Bolshevik influences, the idea seemed pretty thoroly rooted that the film should not enter the field of public discussion. The motion picture was an entertainment, it was reasoned, and not a means of public debate. Why?

As well rate the newspaper and magazine as light reading and cast aside their vast power to present and discuss current questions.

The possibilities of the silversheet are beyond our present horizon. But surely the canvas will embrace things of vital import to us today. The motion picture can do more to explain, teach and develop humanity than any other agent. Consequently we disagree with the famous T. P. O'Connor when he says, at a meeting of the British Kinema Commission of Inquiry:

"We would not allow films showing a dispute between capital and labor or serious things like that. You see, a department like ours, if we took these things on, would have a very large and a very delicate issue to decide, and we are not anxious to add to our responsibilities. We exist mainly, almost exclusively, for the kinema theater alone, for the amusement of the public, and for the profit of the proprietor or the owner of the film." In other words, the kinema is a business, not a debating circle.

Kinema Theaters in China

Albert Nachbaur states in the Chinese-French *Journal de Pekin* that there are only fifty-seven kinemas for the four hundred million inhabitants of China. And, he adds, it is not the patrons who are lacking.

"The Chinaman, curious, artistic, and a loiterer, adores the kinema; but in order to make it popular there must be touring undertakings, a special wagon on each of the principal railways." Weekly shows could be held in the theaters and halls. With regard to films, at present, he states, Pathé and Gaumont are represented in China. "All the rest are American."

Consider the vast possibilities in China for Louis Selznick and his electric signs.

Foreign Film Activities

Pavlowa is now doing a film play in Rome with Rimich, the Italian king of the screen. Her entire ballet appears with her. Reports from Spain, by the way, indicate that Italian productions are returning to favor there, supplanting American photoplays. This is largely because the Italian pictures are much cheaper than our own.

Paris is about to see Griffith's "Broken Blossoms" under the title of "Les Lys Brisés."

Restricting British Theater Building

The building of theaters in England is about to be seriously restricted, at least. The British Ministry of Health will soon take steps to impose drastic restrictions upon the building of kinema theaters until the government housing scheme has yielded more tangible results, it is said. At the moment the cabinet is considering whether it would not be advisable to prohibit the erection of kinema buildings altogether, for a definite period, but the present indications are that the less drastic course of imposing restrictions may be decided upon. It is impossible to say more at the moment beyond the fact that, if restrictions are decided upon, these would operate under a system of licenses. Such licenses would be granted only in such districts where no housing schemes are in progress.

Double Exposures

(Continued from page 58)

Big Dramatic Moments of Month

Gloria Swanson's boudoir knee in "Male and Female."

Bebe Daniels as Vice in "Everywoman."

Mae Murray in "On with the Dance."

Louis Burston, prex of Burston Films, Inc., announces that the motion picture ranks next to the printing press in moulding public opinion. Boy, page Christopher Columbus!

Wanted

A successor to the term, "super-feature." Wire any publicity department, collect.

Our selection for screenland's beauty brigade:

Bull Montana
Lon Chaney

One Pair Puttees, Prepaid

"What prize will you give to the first director who omits a bathroom scene?" asks a Classic reader.

While we are on the subject of popular trends in the celluloid plays, what about the present striving for boudoir daring after the fashion of the footlight dramas? Listen to this announcement of a Connie Talmadge production: "Just naughty enough to be nice." In it Connie wears, so the press agent declares, a "filmy costume made of moonbeams and midnight witcheries."

Just now the celluloid drama is undergoing an epidemic of desert island plays. Note the recent Norma Talmadge effort, "Victory," "Male and Female," *et al.* And the great Griffith is coming along with another. Which raises the question, who would you rather be desert-islanded with? And Griffith seems to have satisfactorily answered the question in his production with Cutie Beautiful.

And while we're on the subject of Griffith, the publicity prize of 1919 goes to the director's recent "lost at sea" episode. We understand that one California director is so peeved at Griffith "making" the front pages with a dinky little trading steamer that he contemplates wrecking an ocean liner.

The critic who remarked that Dorothy Dalton is a revelation in "Aphrodite," said something.

News Notes to Be Published in 1920

Mary Pickford is again sued by Mrs. Cora Wilkening.

Producers announce a revolutionary method of releasing pictures.

I. C. Badly, the big screen magnate, says that the surface of the industry has barely been scratched.

William Hart announces his early retirement.

Big amalgamation of directors startles screen world.

I Teach Piano A Funny Way

So people said when I first started in 1891. But now, after over twenty-five years of steady growth, I have far more students than were ever before taught by one man. I make them skilled players of the piano or organ in quarter the usual time at quarter the usual cost.

To persons who have not previously heard of my method, this may seem a pretty bold statement. But I will gladly convince you of its accuracy by referring you to any number of my graduates in any part of the world. There isn't a state in the Union that doesn't contain a score or more skilled players of the piano or organ who obtained their *entire* training from me *by mail.*

Investigate by writing for my 64-page free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ."

My way of teaching piano or organ is *entirely different* from all others. Out of every four hours of study, one hour is spent *entirely away from the keyboard*—learning something about Harmony and The Laws of Music. This is an awful shock to most teachers of the "old school," who still think that learning piano is solely a problem of finger gymnastics. When you *do* go to the keyboard, you accomplish *twice as much,* because you *understand what you are doing.* Within four lessons I enable you to play an interesting piece not only in the original key, but in all other keys as well.

I make use of every possible scientific help—many of which are *entirely unknown* to the average teacher. My patented invention, the COLOROTONE, sweeps away playing difficulties that have troubled students for generations. By its use, Transposition—usually a "night-mare" to students—becomes easy and fascinating. With my fifth lesson I introduce another important and exclusive invention, QUINN-DEX. Quinn-Dex is a simple hand-operated moving picture device, which enables you to see, right before your eyes, every movement of my hands at the keyboard. *You actually see the fingers move.* Instead of having to reproduce your teacher's finger movements from MEMORY—which cannot be always accurate—you have the correct models before you during every minute of practice. The COLOROTONE and QUINN-DEX save you months and years of wasted effort. They can be obtained *only from me* and there is nothing else anywhere even remotely like them.

Men and women who have failed by all other methods have quickly and easily attained success when studying with me. In all *essential* ways you are in closer touch with me than if you were studying by the oral method—yet my lessons cost you only 43 cents each—and they include all the many recent developments in scientific teaching. For the student of moderate means, this method of studying is *far superior* to all others, and even for the wealthiest student, there is nothing *better* at *any* price. You may be certain that your progress is at all times in accord with the best musical thought of the present day, and this makes all the difference in the world.

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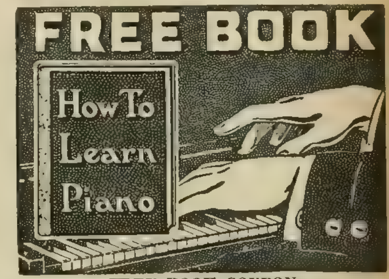

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Announcements will be made soon of a local Fame and Fortune Contest under the patronage of this magazine to be held by your motion picture theater, the winner of which will stand a good chance of winning a place on the screen. If your theater man has not, as yet, made arrangement for this contest, have him communicate at once with this magazine or write direct to Murray W. Garsson, Foundation Film, Inc., 1600 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

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CLARE BRIGGS, the man who draws "When a Fellow Needs a Friend," receives more than $100 a day. There are many other cartoonists whose income would look good to a bank president.

If you have ideas and like to draw, you may have in you the making of a great cartoonist. Developing natural ability is the surest road to success.

Through the Federal School of Applied Cartooning, the 30 most famous cartoonists of America teach you. What this school will do for you by mail in your spare time is told in the 32 page book, "A Road to Bigger Things." It contains studio pictures of Briggs, McCutcheon, Sid Smith, Fontaine Fox and the other stars on the Federal Staff. Write for your FREE COPY today. Just tear out this advertisement, put your name and address in the margin and mail it now.

Write for this Book Today

FEDERAL SCHOOL OF APPLIED CARTOONING
0327 Warner Building, Minneapolis, Minnesota

Clare Briggs, drawing one of his "When a Fellow Needs a Friend" cartoons.

Gladys From Paducah

Gladys Coburn, the leading woman of William Fox productions, hails from Paducah, Ky., also the birthplace of Irvin Cobb. None of her people had ever been on the stage. But Gladys decided to be an actress and secured a small part in "Too Many Cooks," the stage comedy

Photographs by Ira L. Hill

After "Too Many Cooks," came an engagement with Julian Eltinge in "The Crinoline Girl." Right thereafter Miss Coburn startled Paducah by joining the Ziegfeld Follies. She made her celluloid debut in "The Primitive Call," and has been attracting attention recently with William Farnum

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LASHNEEN COMPANY, Dept. 19, Phila., Pa.

Fame and Fortune Contest

Having successfully produced the two-reel feature, "A Dream of Fair Women," which is now being shown thruout the country, presenting the honor roll beauties and winners of the 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest, we now take pleasure in announcing our plans for the 1920 contest. We shall produce a **Five-Reel feature** drama for the honor roll contestants, and we shall start on this immediately. The story has already been selected, and it is a strong, unique, original and picturesque one, affording fine opportunities for many players of different types.

Those contestants whose pictures appear to us to be very promising will be communicated with at once, and they may be offered parts in this great play immediately. While we are now starting production, the play will not be completed until late in the fall, and it will include the test scenes of the honor roll beauties, which will be taken at Roslyn. In this picture we can use a few persons other than young and pretty girls, for we shall need several character types, both male and female. All contestants who wish to apply for one of these parts will kindly so state on their entrance coupon, or in a letter accompanying photo.

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is a booklet with general information about Who Can and Who Cannot Get Into the Pictures and Why?

This is just what you have been wishing for. Others are getting in—and if you have the talent why stand on the outside any longer? Send 5c in stamps with the coupon below and we will mail a booklet to you.

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THE NATIONAL MOTION PICTURE INSTITUTE
173-175-177 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Can and Who Cannot Get Into the Pictures and Why?" Enclosed is 5 cents in stamps for mailing

Name . . . .

Address. . . . .

. . . .

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Carmen Complexion Powder

It imparts to the most lovely natural complexion an added subtle charm and gives even rough skins a velvety smoothness that challenges close inspection.

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Trial Offer The new shade Carmen Brunette has proved so popular we know you would like to try it. So send 12c to cover postage and packing and we will send you the vanity size box with two or three weeks' supply. Or we will send any other shade preferred.

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Just the thing for Particular People

Always clean

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They Erase
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Metal Holder keeps Rubber Clean, Firm and Keen-edged.
Works Better - Lasts Longer

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Priscilla And Her Pets

Priscilla Dean, the popular Universal star, is apparently a lover of pets, judging from all photographic indications. Priscilla, by the way, is growing in popularity with that critical bird, the photoplay fan

H—H—H!
Human Hobart Henley

(*Continued from page* 28)

"The business end of it is the trouble," he said, "the retarding factor. Not mentioning any names, I know, from personal experience, that a director may be working on a picture and conditions on a certain day may not be entirely desirable. There may be friction, which is unavoidable occasionally. As a consequence, very few scenes will be shot. Perhaps, late in the day, the power-that-be will come in and inquire how many scenes have been taken. You tell him and he is aghast. He tells you, in no very measured terms, how much he knows should be produced per diem, per hour. Just as tho taking films were so much grinding out of sausage meat, so many pounds to the hour, on an efficiency schedule. This has been the condition a great many of us have been up against. It has been a money-making proposition and art has had to stand by. These things considered, and their quite probable elimination *also* considered, I should say that the screen is a great art. It has every possible reason to be."

I mentioned, with an ear to argument, the loss of the speaking voice, so rich an asset on the stage.

Mr. Henley waived it as of no import, even to be considered as an advantage. He suggested that I, or anybody, sit thru, in one evening, two or three stage plays. Contrariwise, he suggested sitting thru two, three, even four photoplays. The former would be, he said, exhausting, even abnormal. The latter would be quite in order, is even done, and without any vast amount of fatigue. One sense in pictures, the aural sense, is completely at rest. Witnessing a stage play all the senses are called into play.

I asked him whether he had any particular mission in directing pictures, any specific message he wished to give. He disclaimed this with a smile and a shrug. Just something human, he said, something that people, all the people everywhere might see and go away, feeling kindlier, feeling happier and more tolerant, the one of the other, than they had felt before. To present *life*, not as we would like to have it, but as it *is*. Illusions are all right as a pique now and again, but dangerous as steady diet.

One of his ideas, which seems to me interesting, is his selection of themes. He takes only what appeals to him as human, whether it rises or falls to the general rule of a screen play. He takes only what appeals to him as that fine thing akin to tears and likewise akin to laughter, which makes the whole world kin. He believes, with Kipling, that Julia O'Grady and the Colonel's lady are sisters under the skin and that, fundamentally, the deepest source of tears and the most hidden founts of laughter are one and the same.

Another idea is that of using, in his pictures, non-professionals almost entirely. If he believes that a person *fits* the part, he engages him to play the

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part. It makes no difference whether he has or has not ever played before. It makes no difference where he comes from nor what he does. He might see a man walking along the street and think to himself, "That is my John Smith." He would approach that man and put it up to him. Almost always, he says, they are splendid. Of course, he uses discrimination. If a person looks so utterly the type as the persons Mr. Henley selects look, they are certain to have at least some inside qualities to tally with their outer seeming. Upon that he relies and, almost always, rightly.

When I talked with him he was near to the end of directing "Skin Deep," the main if not the only characters being two old maids, sisters, to whom, after lean years and many dreams foregone, a legacy is left . . . their reactions . . . And to watch him handle the two characters was a joy and a bit of artistry . . . Just as tender . . . just as beguiling . . . just as coaxy-and-come-ony-now as tho he were, in reality, inducing emotions in two old, quaint ladies dear to his heart. He has that manner, anyway.

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LOCHINVAR UP-TO-DATE

By Sophie E. Redford

Young Lochy, ballooning, came out of the fog
In his Q-23—he was flying *incog;*
He had smiled all the way thru a forty-mile gale,
As he thought out his plan and hereby hangs the tale.
For a chap with a little 8-cylinder car
Was to wed the fair Helen of Young Lochinvar!
His blimp was maneuvering 90 an hour,
For his gondolas carried 800 horse-power,
But he slacked his propellers when coming in view
Of the home of fair Helen on Fifth Avenue.
He circled the heavens above her and poof!
Landed softly on top of her old daddy's roof.
He slipped down the fire escape, not to alarm
The guests at the wedding—he meant them no harm—
But had he been found there without an excuse
They might have mistaken the Ace for the deuce!
He looked at the crowd as he sat on his perch,
And just as they started to go to the church.
He jumped thru the window and picked up the bride
And carried her out with a strong manly stride.
The bridegroom right after him hollering "Stop"!
As onward they scrambled till over the top,
When Lochinvar handed the bridegroom, alas!
A few cubic inches of hydrogen gas!
Then buckling a belt on his lady's slim waist,
He gave her a coat and some goggles in haste,
For her relatives hitherto standing aloof
Were now on their way *en famille* to the roof
And the language was not a polite *parlez vous*
That was heard at that moment on Fifth Avenue.

April-May Magazine

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Motion Picture Magazine
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Movie Encyclopedia

(*Continued from page 84*)

ADMIRER.—*Bon jour.* Why dont you go up to Fort Lee, N. J., to get the pictures? That's just a myth. Progress consists in discarding one's delusions, just as a bird molts its worn-out feathers to make room for fresh ones. Betty Blythe and Mahlon Hamilton are in "The Third Generation."

M. R. P. D.—All of the people you mention will be interviewed sooner or later. Be patient.

HELEN A. C.—You failed to send the wherewithal. And, oh, boy, that's necessary.

JOSEPH W.—No, I didn't mind the cold weather this winter. Had all my furs out, and I was comfortable in my hall room. Surely I drink buttermilk. Vola Vale is with Metro in Bert Lytell's company. Good company, too. I haven't the name of "The Kid" in "The Girl from Outside."

LUCIEN F.—Well, if a man continually makes a fool of himself it does not follow that every clown is a self-made man. Yes, Babe Ruth's pictures are being shown. Yes, about Pauline Frederick. First two on the coast, the others in New York. Run in again, Lucien.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS ADMIRER.—Thanks, the manner of the giving makes the real value of the gift. Well, you dont want much of any. You know Socrates said "He who has the fewest wants is nearest to the gods." Bryant Washburn is playing in "Too Much Johnson." Warren Kerrigan in "Live Sparks."

MARGUERITE McG.—Alice Brady is playing in "Forever After" and also on the screen.

DORIS W.—Sessue Hayakawa is about 31 years old. Douglas Fairbanks has been in pictures for about five years. Your critic reminds me of the eagle who "has a contempt for all other birds." The owl, however, is more contemptuous still, for he hoots at everything. Bessie Barriscale is playing in "Beckoning Roads."

DOROTHY M., BROOKLYN.—No, we never published "The Spite Bride."

VIRGINIA C.—You want interviews with the players and their wives. I'm afraid a good many of them would prefer not to have their wives present. Your illustration reminds me of Lord Bacon, who, when he went driving in the rain, would remove his hat to let the shower come upon his head, and say that he seemed to feel the spirit of the universe upon him. Dorothy Gish and Owen Moore in "Betty of Greystone."

EDITH H.—Have no list of addresses of players.

DORIS K.—Why didn't you sign your name and address?

HENRY H. D.—No, I dont know whether Gloria Swanson can speak Polish. I have never spoken to her in that language. Olive Tell is with Jans Pictures, Inc., 729 7th Ave., N. Y. C.

JUNE C.—Yes, Viola Dana has bobbed hair. Yes, we have to have them. Fools and obstinate people make lawyers rich. And knowledge directs practice, yet practice increases knowledge, so there you are. Run in and we will debate it some day.

LEONA T.—My, all in one breath. You want Nazimova on the cover, more about Zazu Pitts, and an interview with Lila Lee. You think Dorothy Gish is great in comedy, and Marie Provost very cute. And you dont like Betty Blythe. You say I remind you of a mirror, because I reflect. Most gracious lady, I thank you.

TEXAS BLUE B.—Well, I'll try to be kind to you. Jack Pickford is playing with Goldwyn. He might send you his picture if you write him. Yes, I thank you for the fee.

W. J. WRIGHT.—Yes, Louise Lovely is still playing opposite William Farnum, Fox Company, Los Angeles, Cal. I didn't care for "Wings of the Morning." Cant say that I liked her in it.

LOIS C.—Do you really mean that? No, I have never tried a fireless cooker, but I have had lots of experience with a cookless fire. I prepare a good many of my meals. You want to see Grace Cunard back again. Grace, the silversheet is paging you.

(*Continued on page 96*)

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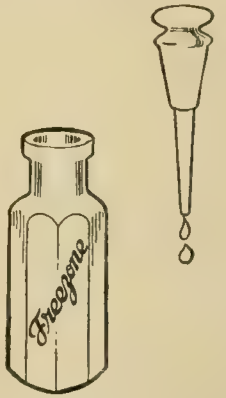

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CHESTER MUSIC CO. 920 S. Michigan Ave., Dept. 330 **Chicago, Ill.**

Doris B.—Surely I like to know what you think of these magazines. We'll do all we can to give you what you want. Yes, it would be a much different world if we were as discouraged with ourselves as we are with other people. Oh, of course, Harry T. Morey is with Vitagraph. Very much so. His next picture is "The Darkest Hour," but most of Harry's hours are bright. You know he's a star.

Wallace Reid Fan.—You say in part, "If you are really 79 years old, be quick about answering." Yes, child, it's vice versa now, the old must dance to the tune of the young. Henry Walthall played in "Confession." Louise Glaum played in "The Lone Wolf's Daughter."

Emil G.—You want information about Ellen Cassidy. Well, she's Irish, and she has a Catholic name, and she probably likes the color of green—particularly on payday.

Oo La La.—Wee, wee. Why, Famous Players have bought "Aphrodite," now playing in New York, and in which Dorothy Dalton is making a hit. It will be produced in pictures soon. Louise Lovely is with Fox. No, I dont use a cane—only the infirm and aged do that, not to mention dudes.

Minnehaha.—Why, John Burroughs says that animals experience grief over the loss of their young, but not over the death of a member of their flock or tribe. Death itself seems to have no meaning to them. Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne played in "The Master Thief" in Los Angeles. They do say that Washington seldom smiled, but the same cannot be said of Laugh-eyette.

Millicent.—Hobart Bosworth is the star in "Behind the Door," directed by Thomas Ince. Louise Glaum fell and sprained her ankle when making the final scene of "Sex."

Aphrodite.—Of course I compose on the typewriter and, like Kipling, use an Underwood. My greatest pleasure in life is to rise early and oil it. I can do better on this machine without the trouble of thought. I just start something at the first line, pull open the throttle valve and go for a walk around the park. When I come back I find an answer of any desired length completed and the machine flushed and happy waiting modestly for my applause. Believe that, and I'll tell you another. Douglas Fairbanks in "When the Clouds Roll By." Elaine Hammerstein in "Greater Than Fame."

Mrs. James de B.—Glad to hear from the mothers as well as the children. Shirley Mason was born in Brooklyn, 1901, but she has lived it down. She has brown hair, grey eyes, and plays the piano beautifully. No, I never boast of my ancestors. I have a tree around here some place. But it's a rather sad fact that the ancestors of a great many men who boast of their coats-of-arms, had no coats to either their arms or their backs. You mean Mitchell Lewis in "The First of His People." Come in some time, and I will be glad to chat with you.

Thursa.—Dont cry, little girl, dont cry. Washing your eyes with tears may be discomforting for the moment, but it clears the vision afterwards. Delaware, Alaska, Nevada and Wyoming have the least picture theaters of all States in the U. S. A.

C. K. Y. Fan.—Yours was more of a letter to the editor, but I like to hear what you have to say about the magazines. Yes, I have heard that armistice, like divorce, is the little period *à la mode*, between two marriages. Get thee behind me, Satan.

Miriam H.—Your wish will be satisfied soon. Richard Barthelmess has been interviewed. McAlpin is Scotch. But if you dont change your opinions you never will enlarge your knowledge.

Jackie.—Betty Blythe was born in Los Angeles, 1893. She has dark hair and complexion, weighs 145, 5 ft. 8½ ins. No, I have never met her. Glad to hear from you; write some more.

Two, to, too Enthusiastic.—Address Elsie Ferguson, in care of Paramount, New York City. "Unpardonable Sin" has been released for some time now. The maiden name of Mrs. George Washington was Martha Dandridge.

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William Duncan Admirer.—Write the players you mention in care of their company, Los Angeles, Cal. Yes, there must be something fascinating in the scheme of getting others to do our intellectual labor for us, to attempt to fill up our minds as if they were jars. Wouldn't that jar you? Clara Young in "The Forbidden Woman."

Monte Blue writes that on account of change of address he wants his friends to know that several hundred requests for photos were neglected. Address him Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal. Let's hear from you again, Monte.

Dizzie Dot.—Yes, and a drop of ink will make millions think, if wisely directed. Dorothy Dalton and William Desmond in "A Gamble in Souls." Speaking of suffrage, did you know that more than 14,000,000 women in suffrage states will be privileged to vote for President next year, even if the Federal suffrage amendment is not carried? I'm out of politics. No, I dont think I will accept the nomination for President. But, of course, if they cant find anybody else, and the nomination were forced upon me, I might ask the editor to give me a four years' vacation and try it.

C. E. C.—May MacAvoy in "The Woman Under Oath." You write a clever letter. As somebody has said, some men are always making spiteful remarks about any man who succeeds. They seem to think the door of success will open to them if they do enough knocking. Madame Petrova is not playing in pictures, but she is the most popular vaudeville artist in the world.

Robin G.—Yes, Richard Barthelmess, Griffith Studios, Mamaroneck, N. Y. You say he was good in "Broken Blossoms," but whoever saw a Chinaman with a dimple in his chin? Shucks! A Chinaman with a dimple is a better Chinaman.

Jere G.—Florence Turner has been making comedies at Universal and Maurice Costello makes occasional appearances at Vitagraph.

Henry K. S.—I doubt whether the actresses you mention will carry on a correspondence with you. You know they work all day the same as the rest of us.

Canada.—There is nothing being said about Mary Pickford retiring from the screen. Come, you must not think that of Eugene O'Brien.

Mitzi V.—That's one thing, dont believe in rumors. Theda Bara is very much alive. So you noticed a careless mistake in "Her Kingdom of Dreams." You say the envelope when handed to Miss Warren had no stamp on it, and when she opened it, it was all stamped, addressed and everything. And you wish Nazimova would give up smoking. When she sees this and learns your desires she will no doubt promptly desist.

Poppy.—No, Dorothy Gish does not wear a wig when not playing. What do you think I am, a human geography? Texas was much larger before it was annexed to the U. S. in 1845. Please look up your own geography. You advise me not to throw my old gaiters in the back alley because then they would become alli-gators. I deny the allegation and defy the alligator.

Inquisitive.—Norma Talmadge was born in 1897 at Niagara Falls. She has brown eyes, is 5 feet 2, and weighs 110. Mrs. Charlie Chaplin in "The Inferior Sex." Ben Wilson, and Neva Gerber was the girl in "Mystery Ship." Why, I should say the reason for the lack of development in the Alaskan forests is because of the dampness. Sit down and write me again, Inquis, and I'll do my best.

A. B. C.—Touching on a subject of which I know little, but the name "whiskey" was probably derived from the Celtic "uisgebeatha" (water of life), which was contracted to "usquebaugh" and still later to whiskey. It's selling for $8.00 a fifth, and try and get it, even for that! Zena Keefe in "The Woman God Sent," a Selznick.

Tommy, St. Paul.—You say some of the players have shaky reputations. Who said so? In order to preserve an unspotted reputation, you have got to look out that nobody spots you. Everybody is free to give his opinion except lawyers—they sell theirs.

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Gossip of the Pacific Coast

By FRITZI REMONT

Los Angeles, (*Special*).—It's a well-established fact that when any one wants to raise funds for charitable purposes, the motion picture field is combed for cuties first of all. At Clune's Auditorium, just before the holidays, the Los Angeles *Examiner* arranged a monster benefit, at which nearly everybody tried to insert a bit, with the effect of keeping us out of bed until 2 A. M. one Sunday morning.

Ben Alexander aroused a lot of amusement by playing director behind a big camera, with Charlie Murray as chief actor. His instructions, coupled with much delightful semaphoring and facial maneuvering, made one of the hits of the evening. The genial Mr. Murray had been billed to tell funny stories, but introduced himself by saying that he knew more "stag" stories than any other sort and that, if the ladies would retire from the audience, he would be pleased to entertain the men folk.

One of Cecil De Mille's playlets was produced with telling effect, Bebe Daniels sang lovely ballads, Mary Miles Minter told anecdotes and—oh, well, what's the use? Everybody was there and saw and conquered.

Gloria Swanson, the adored of many swains, has gone and done it. She is off on her honeymoon with Herbert K. Somborn, who is with Equity Films Corporation. This is Miss Swanson's second venture, altho she is only starting to tick off her twenties. She will continue her screen career, having several years' contract with Famous Players-Lasky Company to fulfil.

Conrad Nagel is starting as a star on the same lot, doing "The Fighting Chance," Robert W. Chambers' exciting novel, under Charles Maigne, who has but lately arrived also.

The lot at Vine and Selma streets, Hollywood, looks rather lively, with eleven companies working hard. Uncle George Melford is now a feature director, and several new directors have been added to the list, among those being Thomas Heffron, who is megaphoning Major Warwick and Lois Wilson, who is making her first appearance opposite the soldier-star. Miss Wilson looks about sixteen now; she keeps getting younger and prettier and is one of the best-loved girls at the studio. It was just about two days before Christmas, a frightfully warm spell that we had, and Lois was sauntering about, package-laden, awfully excited over the exchange of gifts. She wore a sheer little frock of some lace-trimmed buff material, and was made up for the afternoon scenes with the Major.

I saw Wanda Hawley in a blue suit and ditto turban, looking exactly like one of those blonde "Baby Vamps" the stores are selling nowadays. She is playing opposite Bryant Washburn this time, in "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," which James Cruze is directing.

Stop!

We cant. We haven't a minute to spare. We are trying to catch up. We have to make up for that time we lost in taking off that tire, punctured by the printers' strike. The race is a hot one—it looks as tho we might be beaten, but——

Look!

We are not the only ones upset by punctures, and blow-outs, and strikes, and things—and the race is even again—and

Listen!

We have an idea! We are going to win yet. We will leave the punctured April issue of The Motion Picture Classic by the roadside, and will catch up by putting out an April-May issue!

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Ethel Clayton was buying Oregon holly wreaths, having carefully sorted thru a lot of spruce and pine circlets, which did not appeal to her fastidious taste. She's done "Young Mrs. Winthrop," under Walter Edmunds, formerly with Connie Talmadge, and will start on "A Lady in Love"—and Ethel *is*—but only with her work.

Mary Anderson planned to remember everybody at the Selig studio with gifts—at least those who work with her—and looked engulfed behind piles of small boxes and strands of ribbons looped for safe-keeping about her neck. Mary said that she wished we had a theater like the one Seattle boasts, which has a second-floor ballroom where one may *dance* to *rest* one's self while waiting for seats in the motion picture auditorium. She hates to stand in line, and with Los Angeles crowded to the bursting point with tourists, one cannot get a seat anywhere without holding down a bit of paving on Broadway for an hour or so first.

Mitchell Leison, the wonderful designer for the Famous Players-Lasky studio, whose entrancing gowns for Gloria Swanson have been shown on living models at our local theaters many times, is back from New York, where he had *carte blanche* for the buying of rare laces and materials. Howard Higgin, who designs the luxurious sets used by the De Milles, has also returned recently. He's an architect as well as connoisseur of furniture and draperies, china and bric-à-brac, so it's no wonder his sets are "chemically pure" in every respect.

I met Irving Cummings sauntering up Vine Street with Junior, who is surely the image of his *Par*—with the same big brown eyes and "sortacurly lox," only Junior is hatless and his fond parent wears a giant Stetson. They do say that Mrs. Cummings is the most delightful woman! That this is one of the truly happy marriages in Filmland. It's no wonder Mr. Cummings had the top button of his sports shirt thrown wide to the December zephyrs, for any man should be chesty over a handsome infant like Junior.

Over on Wilshire Boulevard, I bumped into "Mother" Sylvia Ashton, who was dropping in on the Donald MacDonalds for afternoon tea. The latter have just bought the lot next to their handsome home, and Mrs. MacDonald, artist that she is, has designed marvelous improvements, for the garden will now be double size, and one part will be devoted to a sunken garden, adjoining the cute Japanese tea-garden, where so many lovely hours have been spent in entertaining friends with the only amber beverage now available in Hollywood.

William Stowell, whose tragic death cast a lot of gloom over the photoplayers, left seventeen thousand dollars, his only surviving relative being an elderly aunt. Lillian Leighton, who is always mothering some one on the screen, is still taking care of Mr. Stowell's birds, books and other pets, not to mention the treasures he collected in the last few years. She

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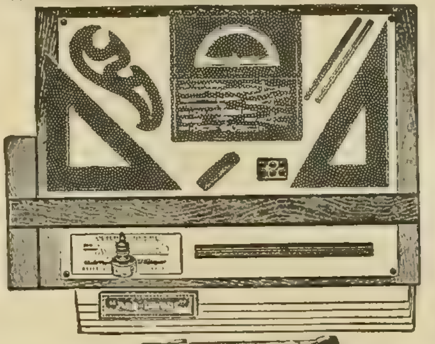

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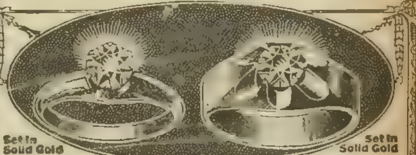

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had received so many interesting letters from Mr. Stowell, who was a "great big kid," they all tell me, very good-hearted, frank and unspoiled—and it's been almost impossible for Miss Leighton to believe that he really wont return to claim his trinkets and pets.

Colleen Moore has been suddenly elevated to special honors, and is doing an eight-reel feature, the biggest thing ever handed out to that bright little gossoon. I met her shopping for a chic wardrobe, and judging by the wrinkle on her pretty face, she's very much puzzled about her "trousseau."

Miss Moore was out on location at the celebrated San Juan Capistrano Mission, half-way between Los Angeles and San Diego, and sent lots of snapshots to her studio friends from that interesting resort. San Juan was pretty well destroyed by an earthquake in 1812, and only part of the mission has been restored, altho the beautiful and quaint old cloister garden still offers splendid "shots" for the camera.

At San Francisco, I saw a preview of the first Australian film offered in our markets, and many were the Los Angeles brokers and producers who had run up to see it.

The story is a dialect poem by C. J. Dennis, considered the greatest writer of dialect poems in any language today. The theme of "The Sentimental Bloke" is simple, but it is sympathetic, allows of much legitimate comedy and gives charming glimpses of Australian scenery. A flash-back of scenes from "Romeo and Juliet," with subtitles in verse supposedly recited by "The Bloke," is one of the funniest things in this comedy.

I overheard a conversation between two men later. The one with a wealthy voice and a rotund personality was saying, "I am afraid of it; we're not strong for dialect stuff in the U. S. A., because we're not apt to understand it."

The other replied, "I dont see that at all, for in each case the action follows the subtitle in dialect so closely that a man must be an ignoramus not to catch the drift of the verse."

The first answered, "You're talking from the standpoint of critic and newspaper man—I'm talking for Lizzie and Sallie, *et al.*, who cant even read ordinary English."

Then both laughed as the newspaper man recited dramatically, " 'Ow I ongkored for 'at coot, 'at barmy goat named Romeo!' "

Wilfred Lucas directed the photoplay, so it's with a good deal of interest that we viewed it, at all events.

A party of Indian princesses and princes visited the Lasky studio, and while it's not unusual to have foreign visitors, these excited attention because the ladies were of such high caste that they were distinguished by having diamonds *inset* in their noses, one on either side. Evidently they dont have gumshoe men in India to disturb the peace of mind of the young ladies.

A queer sight presents itself at Sixth and Hill streets, former home of the First Methodist Church, and a good

Shadowland

"The Magazine of Magazines"

You have just come in from your day's work. You are mentally exhausted. Life is deadly in its monotony, and you flop down in a chair and gaze stupidly at the blank wall of your existence before you.

Your hand gropes idly for the cigarets or pipe (or knitting). It touches a magazine. Half-despairingly, you pick it up with the faint hope that your mind will be distracted for a moment. In the arch of light coming from your reading lamp, you stare at the name—SHADOWLAND. You repeat it slowly, again and again, in a sort of half-whisper. Slowly vague thoughts begin to form in your mind. Half-developed visions, pictures from the inside world of the mind's eye, creep into your memory. You set sail for the Land of Romance, that misty Land of Long Ago.

SHADOWLAND—Again you say it and shadow pictures appear before you. You remember the long evenings before the firelight when you were a child. You sat on grandfather's knee and gazed fearfully over his shoulder to where the long, grotesque shadows towered from floor to ceiling.

You remember when a boy, coming home late at night from some fellow-playmate's house, across the empty lots which looked so threatening and full of mysterious shadows. How frightened you were, your only companion being your shadow running alongside of you and causing strange thoughts and terror to trouble your mind.

You remember the great discovery that two shadows could be one. That moonlight night when, holding her in your arms, you saw the single shadow on the grass. You sigh with regret—for *Shadowland is Memory.*

* * *

You turn the pages of the magazine and, like the immortal Alice, you begin at the beginning, go on to the end, and then stop. Regret leaves you. Your mind becomes stimulated, for Romance is with you still, but in another form. Your pulse quickens at the sight of so much Beauty—your sense of humor is touched by the wit of the writers, and your mind appreciates the cleverness of the articles. You become more and more absorbed. Fatigue vanishes; the world and its troubles are again worth while, and you are content—for *Shadowland is Life!*

February SHADOWLAND will be a magazine de luxe. It will treat vividly of the best in art, the stage, screen, music, literature and kindred arts. It will have the best stories, articles and interviews that can be obtained. Its beauty and its charm will gladden the heart of every member of the family.

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many of the former church members are expressing shocked surprise.

The building was bought by Syd Graumann for a new theater, and the enterprising advertiser has boarded up the stained glass windows partially, ditto the big carved portals, and placed his advertising sign across the edifice announcing the forthcoming production of motion pictures de luxe on the sacred site. But that's not the worst of it, for fruit venders have leased the "concession" from Graumann, enabling them to display fruits and vegetables on the steps formerly trod by pious visitors, and so for the first time we're seeing a twentieth century version of "My house shall be called a House of Prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves and money-changers." Yet it's quite in line with P. T. Barnum's advice, isn't it?

A Doll's Apartment

(*Continued from page 62*)

her boudoir is to be an antique desk, lined—she is having it *re*lined—with purple leather, and before which she will sit to write, Turk-wise, upon a mammoth cushion.

All about there were pictures, framed in heavy silver, which "Jack gave me," of Jack himself, of Olive and of the kiddie, besides various other screen luminaries.

I came away with the impression of a child playing, very successfully, at being grown up, and having a thoroly good time in the playing . . .

Marjorie Daw: A Real Girl

(*Continued from page 65*)

decided that he shall finish high school and go thru college before choosing a career.

"We think of a new one every few days, so there is no telling what he will really be when the time comes. My brother is *everything* to me," and Marjorie waxed eloquent in his praise. "His fatherly advice guides every move I make, for we talk over all my personal and business affairs, and his judgment is wise and dependable. He is growing an inch a week and is getting so dignified. He is struggling to learn to dance now, and we have the greatest fun every night, dancing all over the bungalow."

So, with memories of a happy childhood and the present filled with glorious dreams of future triumphs, Marjorie Daw is fast growing up.

After being with her an afternoon one realizes that what we most love in her is her wholesome joyousness, which suggests rose-gardens, sunbeams and fairy fancies.

FASCINATING PHYLLIS

By Barbara Hollis

Phyllis is false—she is fickle and frivolous;
Phyllis is flighty—flirtatious, forsooth;
Phyllis is frank — ah, yes, frightfully, fearlessly;
Fair yet so faulty—I'm speaking the truth.

Phyllis is fathomless—fetchingly fathomless;
Phyllis is flippant and faithless I know;
Phyllis is foolishly fond of philandering;
Isn't it funny I love Phyllis so!

She Played to Lose!

This woman—so soft—so lovely—so exquisite in every detail—so out of place in that wild gambling hell—this woman played to lose. Across the gleaming tables her long white hands pushed the crackling bills. One after another the yellow backed hundred dollar bills passed from her golden bag to the dealer. And yet she smiled serene.

How she got there—why she was there—how she got away—it all makes a thrilling story—a tale with not one mystery, but three—and it has been told by to-day's master of detective mystery—

CRAIG KENNEDY
The American Sherlock Holmes
ARTHUR B. REEVE
The American Conan Doyle

He is the detective genius of our age. He has taken science science that stands for this age—and allied it to the mystery and romance of detective fiction Even to the smallest detail, every bit of the plot is worked out scientifically. For nearly ten years, America has been watching his Craig Kennedy—marveling at the strange, new, startling things that detective hero would unfold. Such plots—such suspense—with real vivid people moving through the maelstrom of life! Frenchmen have mastered the art of terror stories. English writers have thrilled whole nations by their artful heroes. Russian ingenuity has fashioned wild tales of mystery. But all these seem old-fashioned out of date beside the infinite variety—the weird excitement of Arthur B. Reeve's tales.

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Contains many beauty hints, and describes a number of elegant preparations indispensable to the toilet. *Sold by all druggists*

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Dept. 3 Aurora, Ill.

Pell of Pell Manor

(Continued from page 78)

from the pergola, "but I would like to know about your hobbies—what you do outside of pictures."

For some reason he seemed much embarrassed.

"I—er—oh, I ride horseback, and—do you really want to know?"

Of course, I did. He was so mysterious about it I thought it must be duelling or moonshining.

"I play poker!" he confided, in a stage whisper.

"So do I!" I responded, in the same tone, and we shook on it.

"I've always thought," he added, in hurried confidence, "that my fondness for that indoor sport was responsible for my part as the Mystic Shrine husband in 'Fair and Warmer.' You remember, *he* was a poker devotee."

The casting director tells me *positively* that such was not the case. But far be it from me to contradict Pell of Pell Manor.

The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come

(Continued from page 80)

get the last four years, and remember the four days before them—or are we still enemies, my dear—oh, my dear?"

She sank down upon the couch, and one slim hand patted invitation on the damask beside her. He came, hesitant, not daring to hope, sat down, white with her dear nearness, and then he saw that she was smiling with wet eyes.

"What does it say in the Scriptures," Margaret murmured, "what does it say—about loving—your enemies?"

The Farce University

(Continued from page 87)

dies for his company. Like Miss Lake, she is a Brooklyn girl.

Gloria Swanson started in filmized George Ade fables with Essanay in Chicago, drifted to the Keystone and Sennett forces—and Cecil De Mille found her.

Bebe Daniels was a stage kiddie and literally grew up behind the footlights. She started her film work with the Harold Lloyd farces and—presto!—De Mille seized her.

Betty Compson played in vaudeville and stock companies before she tried the films with the Al Christie forces. Then came the Arbuckle comedies and her discovery by George Loane Tucker for "The Miracle Man."

Yes, it's a big year for comédiennes.

Movie Encyclopædia

S.—Thanks for the lock and key. You say it is the key to your heart. Entirely unnecessary—love laughs at a locksmith.

Eugenie S.—Yes, some of the players write to their admirers, but it is asking a lot of them to correspond regularly.

Olga 17.—Greetings, dear child! You say it makes you beautifully sad and fills you with longing to think back on the olden days when you wrote to me so regularly. Do come and see me soon.

The Ides of March

Beware the Ides of March, for it is generally considered unlucky. Beware them any other year, but this year beware lest you forget the Ides of March, for at that time you will be able to purchase at the newsstands—in the book-stores—on the train—and in the thousand and one usual places, the *March-April* number of Shadowland, "The Magazine of Magazines."

You see the reason for the hyphen is, we will be unable to issue a March Number of Shadowland, because we are tired of being behind with our schedule, which is a result of the recent printers' strike.

However, Know All Men by These Presents: That on or about the twenty-third day of March, in the year nineteen hundred and twenty, there will be placed for sale at all customary places, a *March-April* issue of Shadowland Magazine—more beautiful, more artistic, more interesting than any previous number, by which sale we expect to repay the readers of this magazine for the annoyance caused by the necessary omission of the March issue.

We thank you for your kindness in the matter.

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Draw to your home and yourself charmed circles of friends and admirers know the delights of popularity. Sing and dance to the tender strains of Hawaiian music.

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Miss Wise Woman says **MAGDA CREAM** used first makes powder cling much better. When motoring it protects the skin. After a day's shopping or dusty ride it is nicer than soap for cleansing the skin. A **MAGDA** massage before retiring keeps the skin youthful looking, rests and refreshes tired nerves.

MAGDA CREAM

25c, 50c, 75c and $1.00
at Drug Depts. or direct from
F. C. KEELING & CO.
Rockford, Illinois

The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page 50*)

knot is tied. The way a healthy young chap falls beneath the spell of the madman forms an unpleasant vein running thru an otherwise high-spirited comic romance. You will at least sense this vaguely when you see the comedy.

"Should a Woman Tell?," (Metro), is claptrap melodrama of the most obvious sort, dealing with one of those super-innocent cuties who is wronged by a rich and unscrupulous youth and who goes thru reels and reels of hectic emotions. "Should a woman tell?" is supposed to be the problem facing the cutie when she weds a very upright young chap. "Should a Woman Tell?" is exceedingly mediocre. The direction is uninspired, save for a rather well done shipwreck. The one redeeming feature is the rather promising work of the new Metro star, Alice Lake, who seems a sort of mingling of Alice Brady, Norma Talmadge and half a dozen other celluloidic luminaries.

TO MARY PICKFORD:

It would not be quite fair to write a cold, calm criticism of "Pollyanna." Because it would not tell half that is in our heart.

'Way back in the minds of all of us are dreams—the dreams we started with, the dreams that came to grief when we encountered life as it is. You have the ability—indeed, we should say genius—to stir those latent memories, to sweep back the years, to give us faith again.

How well you have succeeded in "Pollyanna"! The calm, critical side of our brain tells us that it is a sugar-coated view of life as it isn't and never was, but the dream side of us stirs—and awakens. What, then, of criticism? You have given us a golden flash into something intangible, never to be attained perhaps, but sacred, far inside our hearts. You have made us forget the realities of today.

If we ever reach the point where you fail to touch us, Mary Pickford, we will know that our ideals have gone, that our heart is empty, that ashes have taken the place of our memories. May that never be!

We know—our critical self keeps repeating it—that you never did a finer, better sustained or an infinitely more subtle bit of playing of childhood than your Pollyanna. That the tear was never so close to the smile. But it is the soul beneath this histrionic dexterity that we feel. *You are eternal youth, with its dream cities of high hopes.*

We need you, Mary Pickford—and more "Pollyannas."

THE CELLULOID CRITIC.

You Can Have these real Pearls of Ayesha

Here's an opportunity to purchase pearls of exquisite lustre and beauty—so delicately colored and glowing with milky lights that you will wonder how so much beauty could be contained in globes so small. Ayesha pearls so closely imitate the costly Oriental gems that even experts find it difficult to distinguish between them.

They are manufactured in exact simulation of the real pearls formed in the depths of the seas. Nature's own process has been closely and carefully followed. The result is startling. Compare Ayesha Pearls with any $20,000 string you have seen and realize the exceptional offer we make you.

You can now buy this 20 in. string of gleaming gems, graduated from the exquisite Annette to the radiant Metropolitan Opera size, fastened with a solid gold clasp.

Send Only $1.89

After you have examined them closely and they meet with your entire satisfaction send us the balance of only $8.00.

When you receive the pearls—observe their beauty. Wear them with even your plainest frock, notice how they enhance the charm of your appearance. Watch your friends turn to you in admiration. Note how they blend with the whiteness of your throat.

You cannot consider your personal possessions complete until you own a string of these lustrous beauties. Do not permit the other women of your acquaintance to out-dress and out-class you.

Our supply of these gems is limited. Act now, write immediately before our stock is exhausted and you miss this splendid offer.

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SUBMIT YOUR SONG POEMS ON ANY SUBJECT FOR MY PERSONAL CRITICISM AND ADVICE. ACCEPTABLE WORDS WILL BE REVISED, FURNISHED WITH APPROPRIATE MUSIC, COPYRIGHTED AND EXPLOITED UNDER MY ORIGINAL METHODS FOR FACILITATING THE PUBLICATION OR OUTRIGHT SALE OF SONGS. VALUABLE BOOKLET ON SONG WRITING SENT FREE ON REQUEST WRITE TO ME TO-DAY

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Just as easy as sitting on the magic carpet and wishing yourself a place on the screen. This is open to everybody—ladies and gentlemen. It doesn't matter who you are, what your nationality is, how old or how young you are, married or single, fat or thin, or where you live. All you must possess is charm of manner, grace of movement or some personal charm or beauty.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND

will give two years' publicity to the winner. This means your portrait in colors on our magazine covers that claim a circulation of nearly a million copies monthly; interviews, special articles, pictures,—in other words, publicity that cannot be bought at any price. The magazine claims that in two years the winner will be standing on the ladder of success in the motion picture world. Can you afford to pass this up?

RULES FOR THE CONTESTANTS

Contestants shall submit one or more portraits. On the back of each photo an entrance coupon must be pasted. The coupon must be from either THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC or SHADOWLAND, or a similar coupon of your own making.

Postal-card pictures and snap-shots not accepted. Tinted photos cannot be reproduced in magazine.

Photos will not be returned to the owner.

Contestants should not write a letter accompanying photo requiring a reply. Thousands of photos will be received and it will be impossible to answer each one. All rules will be printed in all three magazines.

Photos should be mailed to CONTEST MANAGER, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Send as many as you like.

The contest is open to everybody, no age limit, except those who have already played prominent screen or stage rôles.

Contest closes Aug. 1, 1920.

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Address..(street)

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Hair (color)..............................Complexion..

"Red Hot Dollars," (Paramount), isn't much as a story, but it is vivified and humanized by Charlie Ray, as a young machinist who saves the life of his employer and is rewarded by being adopted into the family. Then, of course, he settles a feud between his foster father and the grandfather of his sweetheart. Charles Mailes makes this dour old Scotchman stand out and Gladys George is effective as his daughter. Ray was never better than in "Red Hot Dollars." What a vitally real person he is!

"The Beauty Market," starring the breathlessly beautiful Katherine MacDonald, is another story wherein the society girl of fine sensibilities is just about to sell herself in matrimony when the rugged chap happens along and teaches her that the real thing is "to cook and scrub and love." Every time this kind of story ends we experience a period of worry for the hero, knowing that the fair butterfly heroine is going to become an awful flivver as a cook. But one should really look no further than the final fadeout. Miss MacDonald is the heroine, Roy Stewart is the strenuous hero, (and we liked and disliked him in alternating moments), while Kathleen Kirkham gives an able—and finely subtle—performance of a weak society hanger-on.

An unpleasant tinge overhangs "The Woman in the Suitcase," (Paramount), Enid Bennett's latest vehicle. This is due to the story itself, revolving around the efforts of a girl of refined home life who tries to overcome her father's secret weakness for a very blonde young woman by meeting the v. b. y. w. in her own sordid world. At the same time, the story holds the interest.

Albert Ray and Elinor Fair have certain possibilities, but they are not strongly manifest in "Tin Pan Alley," (Fox). Briefly, it is a story of a young chap who writes a song hit and then loses his head. The photoplay has the usual Fox subtitles; *i.e.,* labored attempts at humor. Still worse is Peggy Hyland's "The Web of Chance," (Fox). This even has the unforgivable fault of bad photography.

"Haunting Shadows," (Robertson-Cole), is a passable visualization of Meredith Nicholson's novel, "The House of a Thousand Candles," of a lonely, deserted house, hidden treasure, ghosts and kindred ingredients of callow romance.

Let us turn for the moment to comedies. Fatty Arbuckle, (Paramount), shows a decided improvement. His "The Garage" is the funniest farce of the month. Not a little of this merit is due to "Buster" Keaton.

Harold Lloyd has been slumping a bit. His "From Hand to Mouth" and "Captain Kidd's Kids" were rather weak. The former has Bebe Daniels' successor, Mildred Davis, who appears pleasantly youthful and promising. Mack Sennett has not turned out a brilliant burlesque in quite some time. The Sunshine and Universal comedies continue as fearful as of yore.

Pathé Comedies

They Teach the Hard-to-Make-Laugh—How to Laugh

HUMOR is raised to the *n*th degree in Pathé Comedies. Joyous, care-free laughter bubbles out of audiences at the mere thought of Pathé Comedy stars. No propaganda, no social problem, but just clean fun and the high spirits of youth!

HAROLD LLOYD, who for four years has been teaching the hard-to-make-laugh how to laugh, is presented in a hilarious two real comedy every month, produced by that master hand, Hal Roach.

MRS. SIDNEY DREW, who is known wherever live people who have not forgotten to smile, is presenting John Cumberland, famous star of the stage, in two reel comedies, one each month.

"BRINGING UP FATHER," the famous George McManus creation, has now been brought to the screen in two reel comedies, one every month, produced by the Christie Film Company.

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Is it CHARLIE CHAPLIN or ELSIE FERGUSON?
Is it RICHARD BARTHELMESS or WILLIAM S. HART?

Concerning this matter there is great difference of opinion. Every fan, in fact, has his own idol. The Wall street broker swears by MARY PICKFORD; his wife thinks TOM MIX is the best actor the cinema has produced; the office boy has a "crush" on THEDA BARA and the stenographer collects photographs of DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.

What do **you** think? If you had a vote would you give it to NAZIMOVA or to LILLIAN GISH? Would you vote for a man or a woman or for little BEN ALEXANDER?

Shadowland, Motion Picture Magazine, and **Motion Picture Classic**—the three great magazines of the Motion Picture world—have decided to refer this question to their readers by taking a popular, world-wide vote. In regard to matters concerning the stage and theater their audience is the most intelligent and discerning; the most wide-awake and well-informed in the world today. If any picture patrons can pick out the leading star, it will be those who read **Shadowland,** the **Magazine** and **Classic.**

The coupons will show you how to enter your own name and the name of your favorite player. But you may vote on an ordinary sheet of paper in Class Number 2 provided you make the ballot the same size and follow the wording of this coupon. We prefer the printed coupons for uniformity and convenience in counting.

There will be prizes for voters and prizes for stars.

Votes registered in Class Number 1 will probably be cast by favor. Votes registered in Class Number 2 will call for a wide knowledge of the Motion Picture business, keen powers of perception and skill at detecting the trend of popular favor. You cannot guess the winner offhand.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. The contest began on December 1, 1919, and will close on June 30, 1920.
2. There will be seven ballots as follows:

December 1919 ballot
January 1920 ballot
February 1920 ballot
March 1920 ballot
April 1920 ballot
May 1920 ballot
June 1920 ballot

3. The result of each month's ballot will be published in each one of our magazines the second month following such ballot.
4. No votes will be received prior to the opening date or after the date of closing.
5. Each person entering the contest and observing the rules thereof shall have the privilege of voting once in each class, each month, for each one of our magazines. You may send us one vote in each class for **Shadowland** every month, and the same for **Motion Picture Magazine** and yet again the same for **Classic.** Thus, you will have three votes in Class No. 1 each month, and three votes in Class No. 2 each month.

Class Number 1

Shadowland, Magazine and **Classic:**
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I consider ....
the most popular player in the entire field of Motion Pictures.

Name..
Street..
City..
State...
Country...
(Dated)....................

Class Number 2

Shadowland, Magazine and **Classic:**
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I believe that ....
will win the Big Three Popularity Contest with .... votes.

Name..
Street..
City..
State...
Country...
(Dated)....................

Remember! This is the greatest player contest in history.

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She knew that Palm and Olive Oils were mild, beneficial, natural cleansers, as soothing in their action as a lotion. A crude combination was all she could command—today she would use *Palmolive.*

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Palmolive beautifies while it cleanses because it contains the same rare oils used as both cleanser and lotion in ancient Egypt.

Palmolive may be had wherever soap is sold and supplied by popular hotels in guestroom size.

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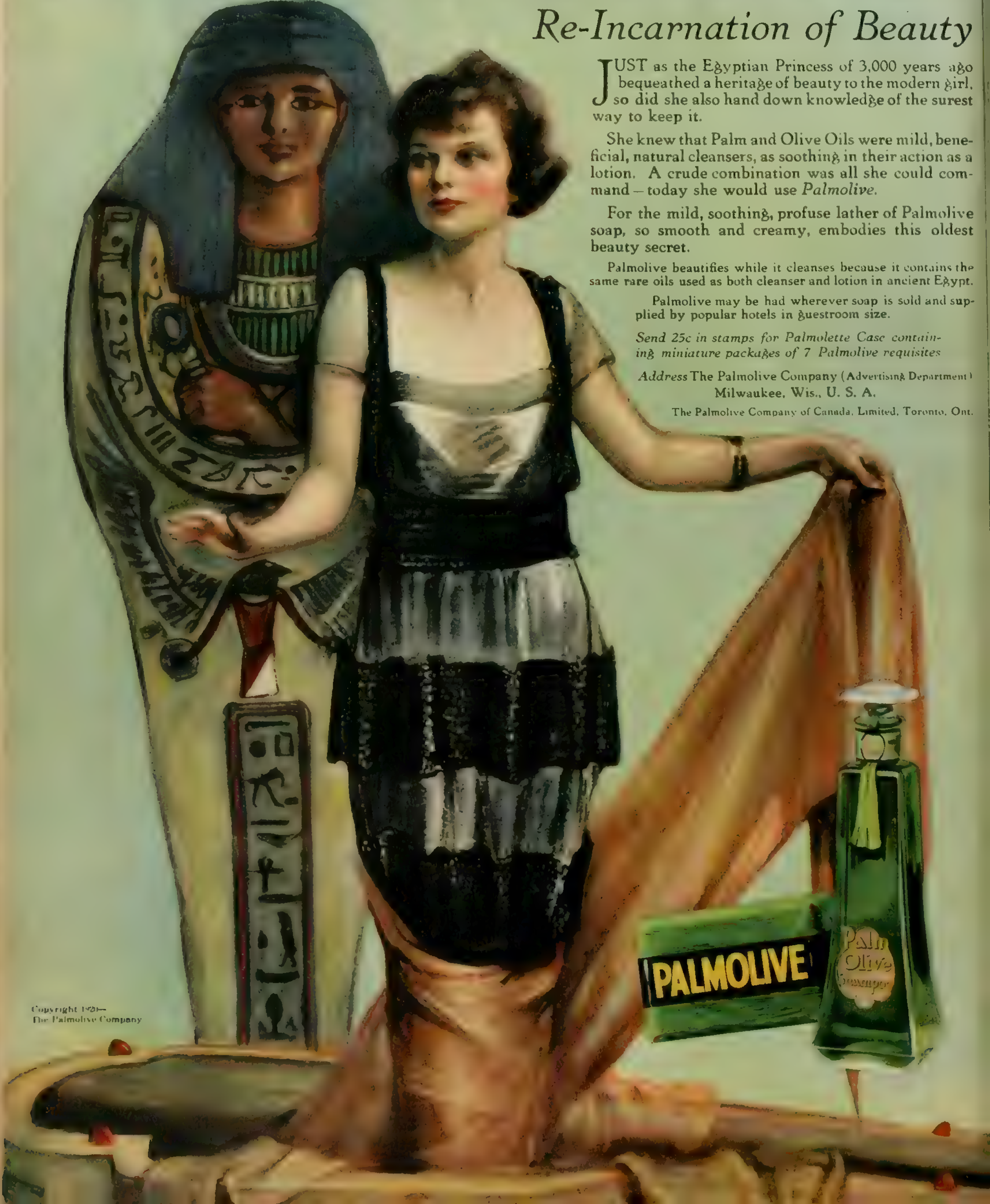

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MOTION PICTURE

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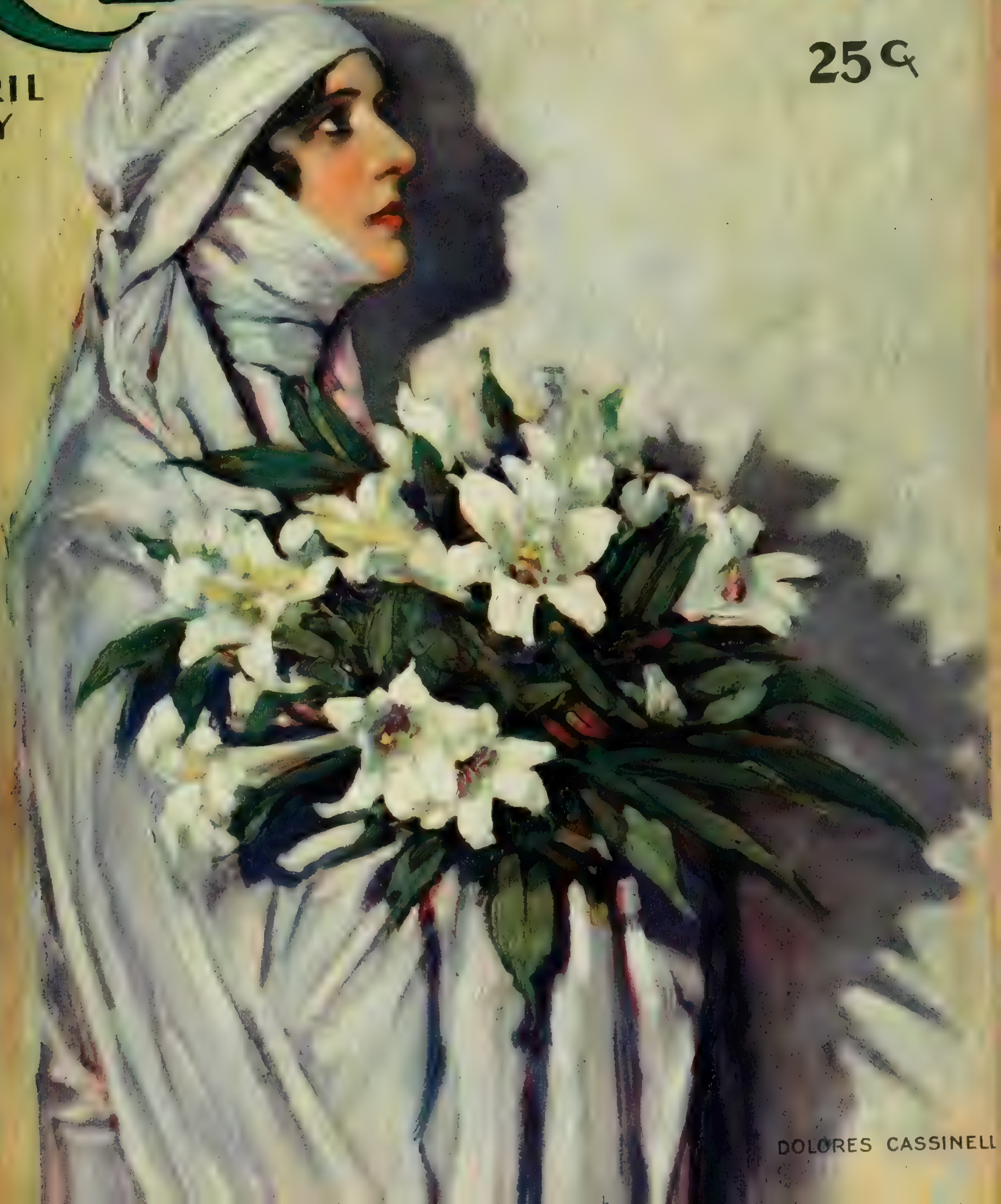

DOLORES CASSINELL

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PERLES

The Final Expression of Pearl Loveliness

Offered by Jewelers up to $300 the Necklace

L. Heller & Son Inc.

PARIS — NEW YORK

Established over a quarter of a century

ETHEL CLAYTON

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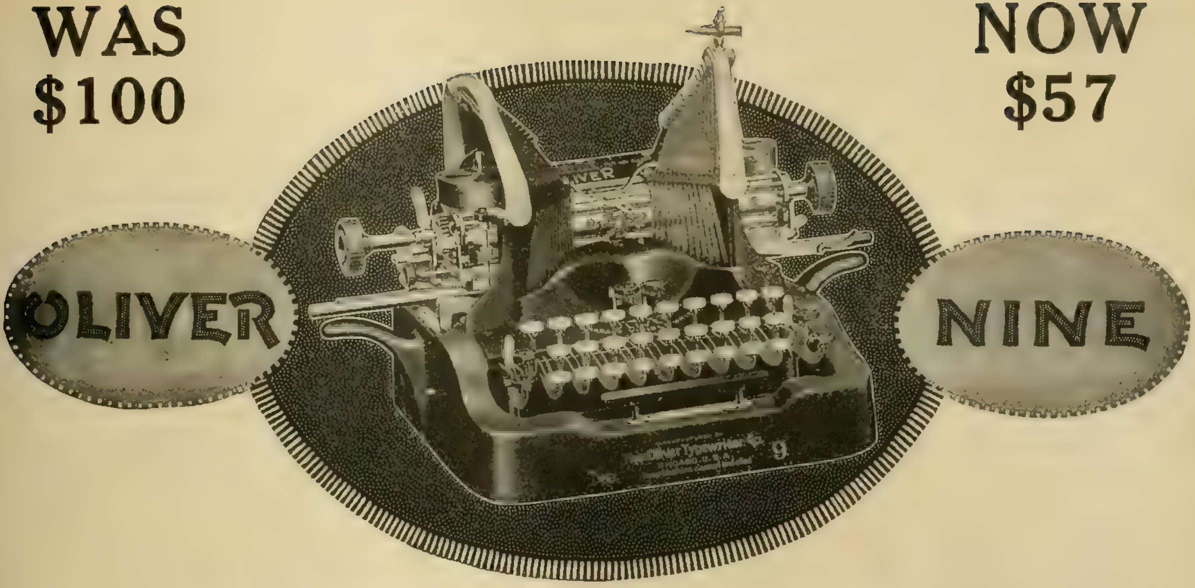
$57



A Stenographer's Advice On Typewriter Buying

How to Save $43

THE young lady who suggested this advertisement convinced the writer that too few people realize that the Oliver Typewriter has the usual keyboard. A definite propaganda, she insisted, had been spread to lead people to believe that the arrangement of letters on the Oliver keyboard was different, and therefore difficult.

This advertisement is to set people aright. It should be understood once and for all that the Oliver has the same universal arrangement of letters as on all standard typewriters. And it has improvements and simplifications not found elsewhere. Several hundred thousand stenographers use the Oliver daily.

The young lady brought up another point. She said many people might think that the new $57 Oliver is a second-hand or rebuilt machine of an earlier model.

But note that this advertisement is signed by The Oliver Typewriter Company itself. This is a guarantee that the $57 Oliver is the exact model formerly priced at $100. Not a change has been made. It is a new machine. The latest product of our factory.

How We Both Save

The entire saving of $43 comes from our new sales methods.

During the war we learned that it was unnecessary to have great numbers of traveling salesmen and numerous, expensive branch houses throughout the country. We were also able to discontinue many other superfluous, costly sales methods. You benefit by these savings.

Among the Large Users Are

United States Steel Corporation
Montgomery Ward & Company
Pennsylvania Railroad
Lord & Thomas
Columbia Graphophone Co.
Bethlehem Steel Company
National Cloak & Suit Co.
New York Edison Company
National City Bank of New York
Cluett, Peabody & Co.
Hart, Schaffner & Marx
Encyclopedia Britannica
American Bridge Company
Otis Elevator Company
Diamond Match Company
Fore River Ship Building Corporation
Boy Scouts of America
Corn Products Refining Co.
Boston Elevated Railway

Mail Today—Don't Delay

Over 800,000 Olivers have been sold. It is used by the big concerns, as listed below.

This Oliver Nine is a 20-year development. If any typewriter is worth $100, it is this, our latest and best model.

Free Trial

We ship an Oliver Nine to you for five days free trial. If you decide to keep it, pay us at the rate of $3 per month. If you return it, we even refund the transportation charges. What could be fairer, simpler? You may order an Oliver Nine for free trial direct from this advertisement. It does not place you under the slightest obligation to keep it.

Used machines accepted in exchange at fair valuation.

Or, you may ask for our free book entitled, "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy." This amazing book exposes the old way of selling and tells where the $43 used to go.

Read the two-way coupon—then mail it today. Note how simple the whole plan is—how you deal direct with the manufacturer.

Canadian Price, $72

The OLIVER Typewriter Company
1454 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago (92.02)

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY
1454 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

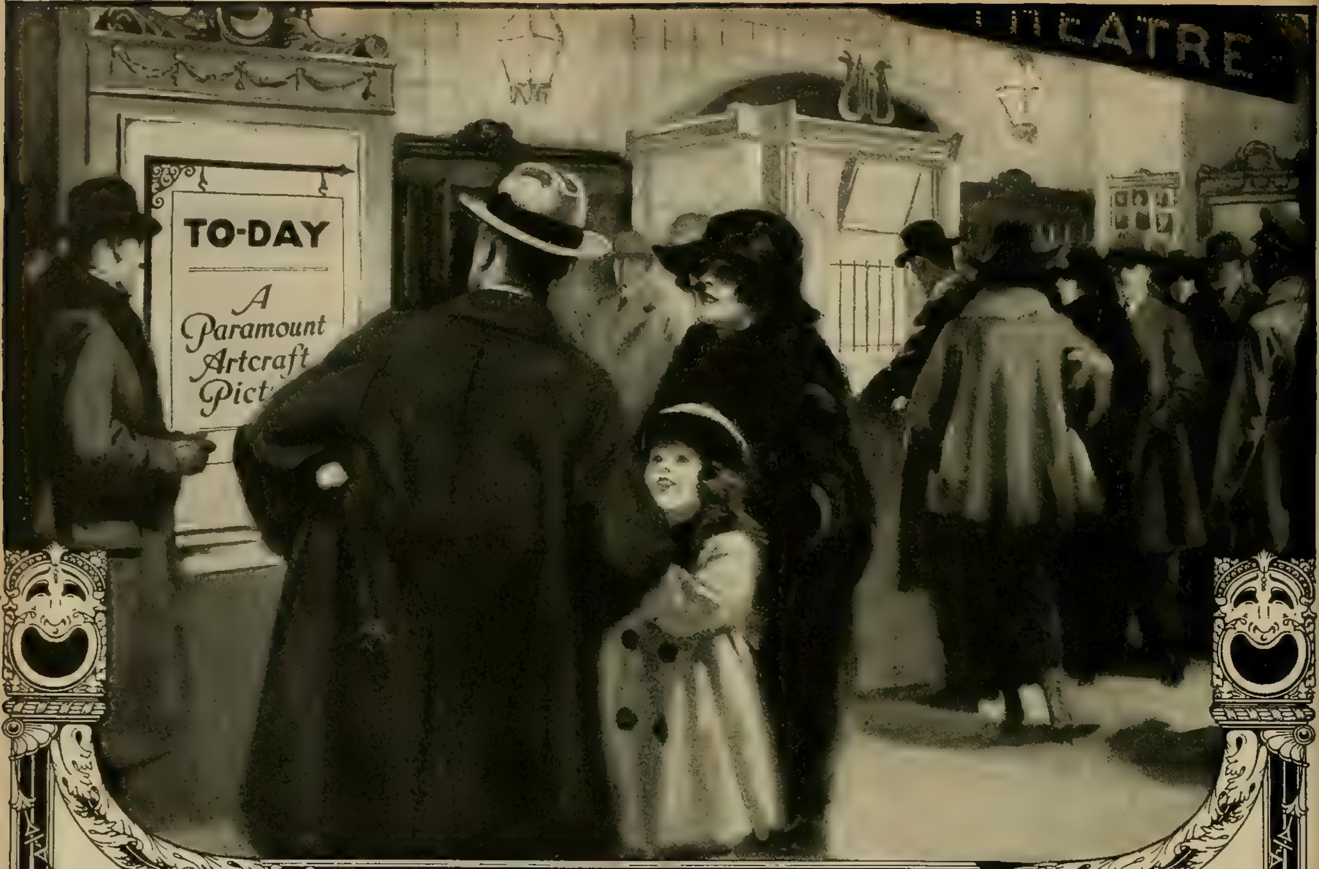
☐ Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay $57 at the rate of $3 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

My shipping point is..

This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

☐ Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book —"The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," your de luxe catalog and further information.

Name ....
Street Address ....
City.............................. **State**....................
Occupation or Business..



Know before you Pay

NOT all motion pictures are good. Neither are all books, all music, all paintings.

You have to use judgment in selecting your motion picture entertainment.

Sounds difficult. But it's not.

Just make sure before you buy your ticket that it's a Paramount Picture.

If it is—go in! It's good.

That's the secret of buying your motion picture entertainment right. A motion picture can't be paramount unless it's—*Paramount.*

The name Paramount is the binding guarantee personally to you from Famous Players-Lasky Corporation that the picture is *right.*

No need to take chances when you can know *before* you pay!

Paramount Pictures

Latest Paramount Artcraft Features—Released to May 1st

*Enid Bennett *in*	"The False Road"
Billie Burke *in*	"Wanted—a Husband"
Irene Castle *in*	"The Amateur Wife"
Marguerite Clark *in*	"Easy to Get"
Ethel Clayton *in*	"Young Mrs Winthrop"
"The Copperhead"	With Lionel Barrymore
Cosmopolitan Production	"The Cinema Murder"
Cosmopolitan Production	"April Folly"
*Dorothy Dalton *in*	"Black is White"
Cecil B. deMille's Production	"Male and Female"
"Everywoman"	With All Star Cast
Elsie Ferguson *in*	"His House in Order"
George Fitzmaurice's Production	"On With the Dance"
Dorothy Gish *in*	"Mary Ellen Comes to Town"
D. W. Griffith's Production	"Scarlet Days"
Wm. S. Hart *in*	"The Toll Gate" *A William S. Hart Production*
Houdini *in*	"The Grim Game"
"Huckleberry Finn"	With All Star Cast
*Ince Supervised Special	"Behind the Door"
*Ince Supervised Special	"Dangerous Hours"
*Douglas MacLean and Doris May *in*	"Mary's Ankle"
Vivian Martin *in*	"His Official Fiancee"
*Charles Ray *in*	"Alarm Clock Andy"
Wallace Reid *in*	"Excuse My Dust"
"The Cost"	With Violet Heming
"The Teeth of the Tiger"	With David Powell
Maurice Tourneur's Production	"Treasure Island"
George Loane Tucker's Production	"The Miracle Man"
Robert Warwick *in*	"Thou Art the Man"
Bryant Washburn *in*	"The Six Best Cellars"

---

*Supervised by Thomas H. Ince

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedies
Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies
Paramount-De Haven Comedies

Paramount Short Subjects

Paramount Magazine *Issued Weekly*
Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel Pictures *Issued Weekly*

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres.* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice Pres.* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Director General*
NEW YORK

ARTCRAFT PICTURES

Vol. X APRIL-MAY, 1920 No. 2-3

Are you tired?

Has life begun to pall?

Have you gotten everything you set out to get?

Does the achievement weary?

Is the daily burden growing heavier?

Read Shadowland

Take a trip into the Land of Romance

Where you will find that tired feeling leaving you.

Life will take on new interest.

The daily burden grows lighter, for you have come to a new country; an old country which is ever new.

The country of Romance,

Of Art,

Of Beauty!

Read Shadowland

If you are tired of reading ten-foot headlines that Congress is going to cut down expenses—

If you have been kept awake o' nights puzzling over the Whys and Wherefores of Socialism,

If you have been over-fed with the dullness of life,

Try

Shadowland

Now that we have been rapped across the knuckles by

The Ruler of Prohibition,

It is the only stimulant left which is worth while!

In this issue will be the first of some unusual cartoons by MASSAGUER, the famous artist and editor of *Social*, the Cuban magazine.

JOHN DRINKWATER, author of the great American play, "Abraham Lincoln," speaks to the readers of SHADOWLAND — MAURICE TOURNEUR tells us some of the faults of the photoplay.

There will be beautifully colored pages, splendid articles on art, the stage, the silent drama, strikingly illustrated.

There will be the latest and best things from Paris and New York interpreting the season's latest achievements.

These are only a few of the reasons why you will like SHADOWLAND, where youth, beauty, adventure, wit and mental recreation are enshrined.

SHADOWLAND

175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

CONTENTS OF MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

(Painted by Leo Sielke, Jr., from a copyright photograph by Lumière.)

An appropriate Easter cover girl is Dolores Cassinelli, who comes from Italy, the land of sunshine and flowers. Altho she was born in Italy, Miss Cassinelli was brought to this country at an early age and she is really a typical American girl.

A singer of no mean ability and an accomplished musician, Miss Cassinelli is a screen star of unusual attainments. She has been popular in the films since the days of Essanay.

PAGE

Rotogravure Gallery of Players. Full page studies of Florence Vidor, Dorothy Dalton, Bebe Daniels, Coleen Moore and Leatrice Joy 11-15

The Pulse of the Photoplay. Jesse L. Lasky discusses the trend of public taste in motion pictures .... *Frederick James Smith* 16

A Joyful Miss Joy. Leatrice of the happy cognomen is a pretty daughter of old Dixie .... *Maude S. Cheatham* 18

When "Micky" Walked. How Neilan worked his way up from a Buffalo factory's night shift .... *Elizabeth Peltret* 20

Miss Mason Manages. Shirley successfully reconciles stardom with being a little housewife .... *Truman B. Handy* 22

Milady of the Fan. The interesting story of pretty Francelia Billington, who has just reached stardom .. *Emma-Lindsay Squier* 24

Jack Jekyll and Barrymore Hyde. Glimpses of the new screen adaptation of the famous Stevenson story 26

Gentle Jane. How Jane Novak divides her time between the studios, her husband and her daughter .... *Maude S. Cheatham* 27

The Sporting Duchess. The new Alice Joyce photoplay told in interesting story form .... *Faith Service* 29

Pretty Polly. Pauline Starke graduated from pigtails to screen featuring in three years .... *Fritzi Remont* 34

Merry May. Miss Allison at home 36

Bonnie Mary. How beautiful Mary MacLaren made her way from the Winter Garden chorus to stardom .... *Elizabeth Peltret* 38

Two Cinema Players from Foreign Shores. The picturesque careers of a Russian and a Danish star .... *Lillian Montanye* 40

A New Cinema Find. Nancy Deaver is a piquant discovery 42

Judy of Rogue's Harbor. Short story based upon Mary Miles Minter's newest screen vehicle .... *Olga Shaw* 43

That Irishman From Paris. Otherwise George Fitzmaurice, director de luxe .... *Frederick James Smith* 47

Aladdin in the Studio. Demonstrating how difficult settings are created indoors on short notice 48

The Celluloid Critic. The newest photoplays in review .. *Frederick James Smith* 50

A Bigger Fame and Fortune Contest. The latest honor roll in the international contest 52

The Dancin' Fool. A colorful short story built upon Wallie Reid's newest screen romance .... *Esther Steel* 54

Double Exposures .... *Conducted by F. J. S.* 58

The Movie Encyclopedia .... *The Answer Man* 96

Look for the last minute features among the advertising pages

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Subscription, $2.50 a year, in advance, including postage in the U. S., Cuba, Mexico, and Philippines; in Canada, $3.00 a year; in foreign countries, $3.50. Single copies, 25 cents, postage prepaid. One- and two-cent stamps accepted. Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both old and new address.

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This magazine, published monthly, comes out on the 15th. Its elder sister, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, comes out on the first of every month. SHADOWLAND appears on the 23rd of each month.

Don't Send a Penny

Send just your name and address. Let us send for your approval this truly gorgeous fancy flowered Voile frock—a delight to every girl's and woman's heart. Just the exquisite, modish model you've set your heart on having. An exact duplicate of the expensive dresses shown in America's most exclusive fashion shops. And the price we are able to set on it is amazingly low—a bargain never known in fashion's history. You cannot duplicate it at **double** our price. Send only your name and address. See yourself in this stunning, new frock. If not overjoyed with its wonderful lines and quality, return it. The try-on will cost you nothing.

Latest Model Voile Dress Bargain

A smart frock, made of splendid quality fancy flowered voile. See the exquisite new design full flared tunic—now the smartest fashion. See the smart white organdy collar and cuffs daintily edged with handsome pattern Val lace. Vestee trimmed with fine pearl buttons. Sleeves ¾ length. Full cut skirt. Colors: Navy Blue, Rose or Lavender. Sizes, bust 34 to 46. Misses, bust 32 to 38. Order by No. B882 for Blue, B883 for Rose, B884 for Lavender. Be sure to give size.

Don't Delay—Act Now

RUSH Send for yours before they are all gone. At our price they are sure to be snapped up quickly. Few women can resist such an unusual bargain. Send no money—just your name and address—now. Then pay our low price, $4.95 for dress on arrival. Examine and try it on. If you think you can duplicate it at **double** our price—if for any reason you do not wish to keep it—return it and we refund your money.

LEONARD-MORTON & CO., Dept. 619 Chicago

Faces Made Young

The secret of a youthful face will be sent to any woman whose appearance shows that time or illness or any other cause is stealing from her the charm of girlhood beauty. It will show how without cosmetics, creams, massage, masks, plasters, straps, vibrators, "beauty" treatments or other artificial means, she can remove the traces of age from her countenance. Every woman, young or middle aged, who has a single facial defect should know about these remarkable

Beauty Exercises

which remove lines and "crows feet" and wrinkles; fill up hollows; give roundness to scrawny necks; lift up sagging corners of the mouth and clear up muddy or sallow skins. It will show how five minutes daily with Kathryn Murray's simple facial exercises will work wonders. This information is free to all who ask for it.

Results Guaranteed

Write for this **Free Book** which tells just what to do to bring back firmness to the facial muscles and tissues and smoothness and beauty to the skin. Write today.

Kathryn Murray, Inc.
Suite 536 Garland Bldg. Chicago, Ill.

Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these spoken plays appear in their vicinity.)

Astor.—Fay Bainter in "East Is West." The story of a quaint little Chinese maid who falls in love with a young American. Racial barriers seem insurmountable, but there is a happy and surprising ending. Has all the ingredients of popular drama.

Booth.—"The Purple Mask," with Leo Ditrichstein. A stirring, romantic melodrama of the days of the First Consulate in France; tense, colorful and highly interesting. One of the best evening's entertainments in New York. Mr. Ditrichstein is delightful as the royalist brigand, the Purple Mask; Brandon Tynan is admirable as the republican police agent, Brisquet; Lily Cahill is a charming heroine, and Boots Wooster makes her bit of a peasant girl stand out.

Broadhurst.—"Smilin' Through," with Jane Cowl. An odd, but effective, drama which purports to show how those who have gone before influence and watch over our lives. Miss Cowl is exceedingly good as a piquant Irish girl and also as a spirit maid whose death occurred fifty years before. "Smilin' Through" will evoke your smiles and tears.

Casino.—"The Little Whopper." Lively and amusing musical comedy with tuneful score by Rudolf Friml. Vivienne Segal pleasantly heads the cast, which also numbers Harry C. Browne, who does excellent work, Mildred Richardson and W. J. Ferguson.

Central.—"As You Were," with Irene Bordoni and Sam Bernard. A delightful musical show in which Miss Bordoni dazzles as the various sirens of history. Pleasant music and a pleasant chorus lend effective aid.

Cort.—"Abraham Lincoln." You should see this if you see nothing else on the New York stage. John Drinkwater's play is a noteworthy literary and dramatic achievement, for he makes the Great American live again. "Abraham Lincoln" cannot fail to make you a better American. Moreover, it is absorbing as a play. Frank McGlyn, a discovery, is a brilliant Lincoln.

Comedy.—"My Lady Friends." Highly amusing entertainment adapted from a Continental farce. Much of the humor is due to the able work of Clifton Crawford in the rôle of the guileless young publisher of Bibles whose efforts to spend money get him into all sorts of difficulties. June Walker scores in Mr. Crawford's support.

Century.—"Aphrodite." Highly colored and lavish presentation of a drama based upon Pierre Louys' exotic novel of ancient Alexandria. Superbly staged adaptation of the play that caused a sensation in Paris. Dorothy Dalton, the screen star, returns to the stage in the principal rôle of the Galilean courtesan, Chrysis, and scores. McKay Morris is admirable in the principal male rôle.

Eltinge.—"Breakfast in Bed," with Florence Moore. A rather amusing farce satirizing the movies with vaudeville's lady clown, Miss Moore, working very hard to put it over.

Empire.—"Déclassée," with Ethel Barrymore. One of the big things of the dramatic season is this clever play by Zoe Akins. Whether or not it has the basis of truth, it is brilliantly written and is well played by Miss Barrymore.

Forty-fourth Street.—"Look Who's Here," with Cecil Lean. A passable musical entertainment that entertains when Mr. Lean and Cleo Mayfield hold the center of the stage.

Globe.—"Apple Blossoms." The ambitious and much heralded operetta of Fritz Kreisler and Victor Jacobi plus colorful Joseph Urban settings. An offering far above the musical average. John Charles Thomas sings admirably, Wilda Bennett is an attractive heroine and Florence Shirley lends a piquant personality to the proceedings.

Harris.—"Wedding Bells." A bright and highly amusing comedy by Salisbury Field. Admirably written and charmingly played by Margaret Lawrence and Wallace Eddinger. One of the things you should see.

Hippodrome.—"Happy Days." Big and spectacular production typical of the Hippodrome. The diving girls are again a feature, disporting in the huge "Hip" tank.

Hudson.—"Clarence," Booth Tarkington's delightful comedy, built about the way a returned soldier reunited a disturbed but typically American household. Superb performances by Alfred Lunt, Glenn Hunter and Helen Hayes give the comedy a fine verve.

Knickerbocker.—"Shavings." A pleasant bucolic entertainment based upon Joseph C. Lincoln's familiar Cape Cod stories. Harry Beresford is featured in a gentle, whimsical characterization.

Maxine Elliott's.—"The Cat Bird," with John Drew. A leisurely little play by Rupert Hughes, dealing with an elderly ecologist who straightens out the romances of several people according to the principles derived from his studies among the flowers and insects. Mr. Drew returns to the New York stage after an absence of two years as the ecologist. A suave evening's amusement.

Morosco.—"Sacred and Profane Love," with Elsie Ferguson. An absorbing—if loosely conceived—drama by Arnold Bennett which marks the return of Miss Ferguson to the speaking stage. It is the story of the remarkable love of a keenly mental authoress for a musical genius who slips into the slough of drugs. Miss Ferguson has many admirable moments and Jose Ruben contributes some brilliant playing as the drug wreck.

Nora Bayes.—"My Golden Girl." A passable musical entertainment with a score by Victor Herbert. A chorus girl, Jeannette Dietrich, scores the hit of the show.

Thirty-ninth Street Theater.—"Scandal," Cosmo Hamilton's daring drama which Constance Talmadge played on the screen. Francine Larrimore and Charles Cherry have the leading rôles in the excellent footlight production.

Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show of 1919." A typical girly garden show in which the famous runway gets plenty of use. The revue presents a number of travesties upon current attractions, particularly colorful being that of "The Jest," with Charles Winninger doing a clever burlesque of Lionel Barrymore.

ON TOUR

"The Frivolities of 1920."—G. M. (Broncho Billy) Anderson's girl revue. Lively, speedy musical show with a large measure of vulgarity, but many pretty girls. The cast includes the Kouns Sisters, Henry Lewis and the beautiful Doris Lloyd.

"Always You."—A typical Hammerstein musical show with Irene Franklin, the brilliant mistress of the character song, and Ralph Herz featured.

"One Night in Rome."—With Laurette Taylor. J. Hartley Manners has furnished his wife with a colorful and picturesque character of a *de luxe* fortune teller in "One Night in Rome." The play itself is but a pallid melodramatic background for the big rôle. This, however, is so vividly written and so vividly played that it lifts "One Night in Rome" into the ultra-interesting class.

"The Royal Vagabond."—A Cohanized opera comique in every sense of the words. A tuneful operetta plus Cohan speed, pep and brash American humor. Also tinkling music.

"The Girl in the Limousine."—A decidedly daring boudoir farce by Wilson Collison and Avery Hopwood, in which a pink and white bed is invaded by every member of the cast during the progress of the evening. John Cumberland is very funny and Doris Kenyon, fresh from the screen, is both pretty and pleasant as the heroine.

"Civilian Clothes."—A delightful comedy to please everybody. Brand new idea and cleverly worked out. Thurston Hall in the title rôle shares the honors with beautiful Olive Tell. Support excellent.

(Continued on page 8)

Learn To Talk Convincingly

—and the World is at Your Feet

WHY can one man sell where another fails? Why can one man literally carry an audience off its feet, while another, speaking on the same subject, makes little or no impression? Why can one man get the sought-after job when another better qualified is turned down? Why does everyone "believe in" one man and have no confidence in another who really has just as much ability? The thing that counts is

An interesting and convincing talker is popular—the center of attraction at all social affairs.

Not Only WHAT You Say But HOW You Say It

The world is full of splendid merchandise that doesn't move—"order takers" who should be salesmen—political ideas that meet continual defeat—good men earning less, much less, than they're worth; all because so few know how to use that God-given faculty of speech which is one of man's greatest weapons.

Let Me Teach You

I can teach you how to carry conviction—how to make what you say have the effect you want it to, whether you talk to sell, to convince or to entertain. I can enable you to overcome timidity—give you confidence in yourself, develop your personality, improve your memory.

If your words carry conviction you can influence a crowd to think as you do.

I can show you the art of brevity, the value of silence. Instead of being funny at the wrong time, I can suggest when and how to use humor with telling effect. Do you know the knack of making oral reports to superiors? Do you know the right and wrong way of presenting complaints, estimates, and to issue orders?

CAN YOU DO THIS?

Can you talk as well in public as at home?

Can you get financial backing when you want it?

Can you win confidence, friendship, love through your speech?

Can you make people listen when you talk?

Can you hold your hearers spell-bound?

Can you give humorous, extemporaneous talks?

Can you address any size audience from one to thousands?

Can you get up and talk, any time, any place, without nervousness?

I can show you how to answer complaints, how to ask the bank for a loan, how to ask for an extension on your note. Another valuable lesson I teach is how—instead of antagonizing people when they disagree with you, you may swing them around to your way of thinking in a pleasant sort of way. You will learn the best way to get things done—the secrets of diplomacy.

Results in One Evening

Now one of the remarkable things about my method is that it requires little study and time.

Among strangers or at home people listen eagerly.

Nearly anyone can grasp the principles in an evening. Hundreds of letters pour in every day proving that my method brings almost immediate results.

Thousands Have Benefitted

Among the enthusiastic students of my Course are thousands of prominent men in all walks of life—they include business men, preachers, lawyers, teachers, physicians, bankers, etc., etc.

Frederick Houk Law

At a committee or board of directors' meeting you will be able to hold attention when you talk.

The Independent Corporation, publishers of "Mastery of Speech," Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking, are offering you an opportunity to learn in your own home how to improve your ability to Talk Convincingly. They are so confident that you will see its possibilities that they are willing to send it to you for free examination.

The ability to talk convincingly will win over prominent men. It is one of the secrets of closing big deals.

Send No Money

You send no money. Just mail the coupon and, all charges prepaid, you will receive the Course—you are under no obligation whatever—and if you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you get it—you will owe nothing.

But if you are pleased, as thousands of others have been who have used the Course, it will cost you only $5 in full payment. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. Act immediately before this unusual offer is withdrawn.

Personal Experiences:

"... The very day after examining 'Mastery of Speech,' I had the confidence to go up and ask my superintendent for a transfer on the planers ... And, to my surprise, he gave it to me. I had for months been wanting this change, but didn't have the confidence until your Course pointed out the easy way to talk to your 'Superior.' That is only one incident where your Course was of value."

RALPH L. LEONARD,
40 Bridge St., Beverly, Mass.

"After a careful perusal of the Course, I am convinced that correct speech is the largest contribution to a man's success, and that honest application to the study of this Course will produce the desired perfection in speech."

H. W. GROSS,
1802 W. Mansur St., Guthrie, Okla.

"I have had the Course only a few days, but have already noted considerable improvement in speech and in ability to please and entertain persons I'm associated with. I am much pleased with it."

OLAF A. BLOMGREN,
Utilities Q. M. C. Camp Lewis, Wash.

Independent Corporation
Dept. L-574, 319 Sixth Avenue, New York

INDEPENDENT CORPORATION
Publishers of the Independent Weekly
Dept. L-574, 319 Sixth Avenue, New York

You may send me the Course or Courses checked below. Within five days after receipt I will either remail them or send you $5 for each in full payment.

- ☐ Mastery of Speech
  By Frederick Houk Law
- ☐ Roth Memory Course
  By David M. Roth
- ☐ How to Read Character at Sight
  By Dr. K. M. H. Blackford
- ☐ Super-Salesmanship ($7)
  By Arthur Newcomb
- ☐ Purinton Course in Personal Efficiency
  By Edward Earle Purinton
- ☐ Ferrin Home-Account System ($3)
  By Wesley W. Ferrin

Name..

Address..

Mot. Pict. Classic 4-20

A Wife Too Many

Into the hotel lobby walked a beautiful woman and a distinguished man. Little indeed did the gay and gallant crowd know that around these heads there flew stories of terror — of murder — and treason — that on their entrance half a dozen detectives sprang up from different parts of the place.

Because of them the lights of the War Department in Washington blazed far into the night. With their fate was wound the tragedy of a broken marriage, of a fortune lost, of a nation betrayed.

It is a wonderful story with the kind of mystery that you will sit up nights trying to fathom. It is just one of the stories fashioned by that master of mystery

CRAIG KENNEDY
The American Sherlock Holmes
ARTHUR B. REEVE
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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(*Continued from page 6*)

"Nightie Night."—Described by the program as a "wide awake farce," "Nightie Night" lives up to its billing. It has plenty of verve, ginger and some daring. There are scores of laughs. Heading the very adequate cast are Francis Byrne, Suzanne Willa, Malcolm Duncan and Dorothy Mortimer.

"The Magic Melody."—A "romantic music play" with a tuneful score and a picturesque Willy Pogany setting. Charles Purcell, Julia Dean, Earl Benham and Carmel Myers, the last two well known to the screen, head the cast.

Elsie Janis and "her gang."—Lively entertainment built about the experiences of the A. E. F. on the other side. Well put together by Miss Janis, who shines with decided brightness. A pleasant entertainment.

E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe in Shakespearean repertoire.—These artists represent the best traditions of our theater and their revivals of "Twelfth Night," "Hamlet," and "The Taming of the Shrew" are distinguished in every sense of the word.

"See-Saw."—A pleasant musical entertainment. Dorothy Mackaye is pleasantly cast.

"The Better 'Ole."—The Coburn production of the musical comedy based upon Bruce Bairnsfather's now immortal cartoon creation, Old Bill. Mr. Coburn's characterization of Bill is still as remarkable as ever.

"A Lonely Romeo."—With Lew Fields. A light show running in the usual groove. Frances Cameron, who is developing remarkably, is the bright figure of "A Lonely Romeo," while Mr. Fields is his humorous self. There's a decidedly funny scene in a men's hat shop.

Chu Chin Chow."—An opulent and beautiful musical extravaganza based upon the Arabian Nights tale of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. Dazzling series of sensuous stage pictures. "Chu Chin Chow" is presented this year with an entirely new edition and new costumes. Marjorie Wood makes a colorful desert woman, Lionel Braham is very effective as the robber sheik and Eugene Cowles makes the rôle of steward stand out. George Rosely plays the young lover admirably.

"La La Lucille."—Musical comedy built around the efforts of a loving couple to arrange a divorce in order to live up to the terms of a millionaire aunt's will. A co-respondent is engaged and troubles begin.

"The Shubert Gaieties of 1919."—A lively revue with scores of statuesque girls and stunning frocks. A decidedly attractive entertainment.

"John Ferguson."—A vigorous drama that compares favorably with anything of the kind that New York has seen for years. Beautifully staged and acted. Masterpieces of this kind should be liberally patronized to encourage others.

George White's "Scandals of 1919."—All sorts and variations of dancing make up for a lack of story or humor. The real star is piquant little Ann Pennington—as seductive a little jazzer as ever shimmied on Broadway. Then there's the lively dancing of Mr. White himself.

"Friendly Enemies."—This is the record-breaking comedy drama of last season, with Louis Mann in his original rôle.

"Three Wise Fools."—Austin Strong's human little drama of three crusty old bachelors who are bequeathed a young woman and who are subsequently rejuvenated. Melodrama with a heart throb. Helen Menken gives a striking performance of the nerve-racked heroine, while Claude Gillingwater is a delightfully testy old Teddy Findley.

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Essays must be less than 500 words long and must be submitted thru your local exhibitor.

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1—Who was Salome in Biblical history and what did she do?
2—What is the strongest dramatic situation in the plot of "A Modern Salome?"
3—How would you describe Hope Hampton's type of beauty?
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5—What is the lesson taught by the story of "A Modern Salome?"

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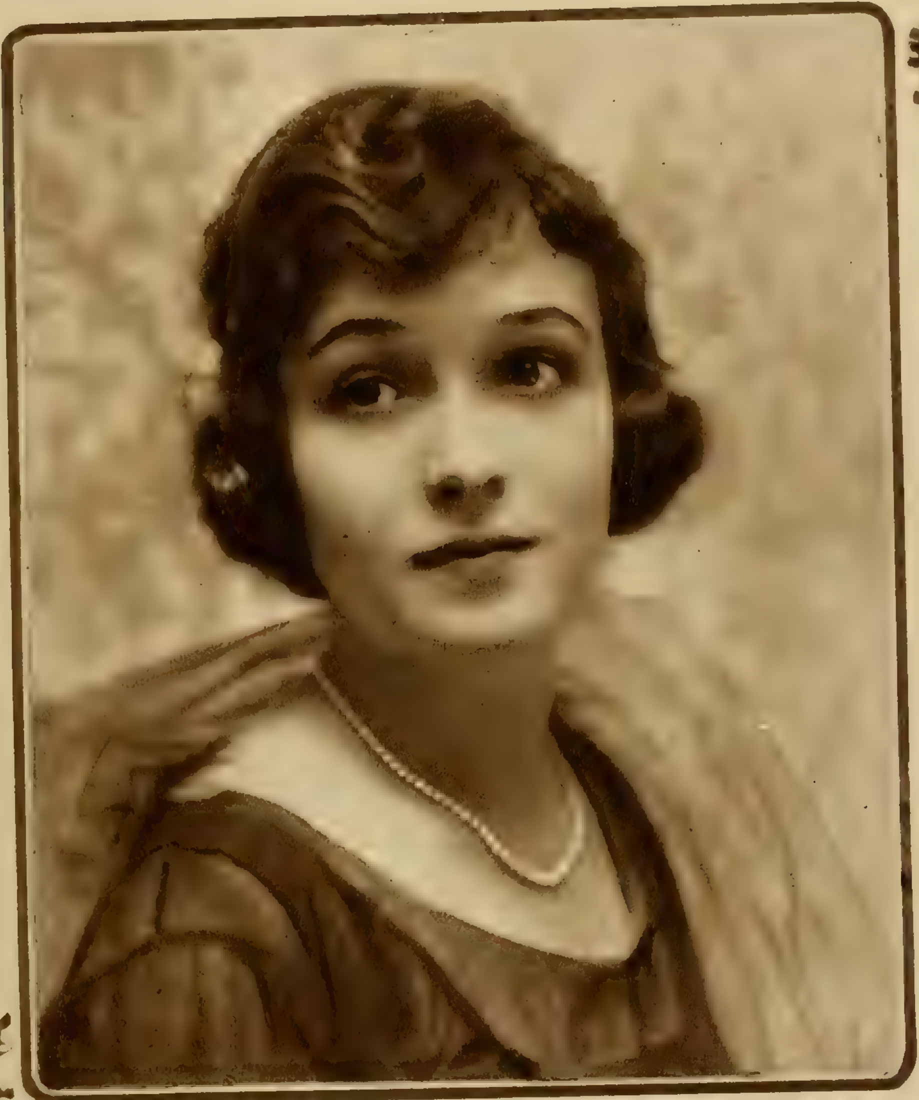


Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

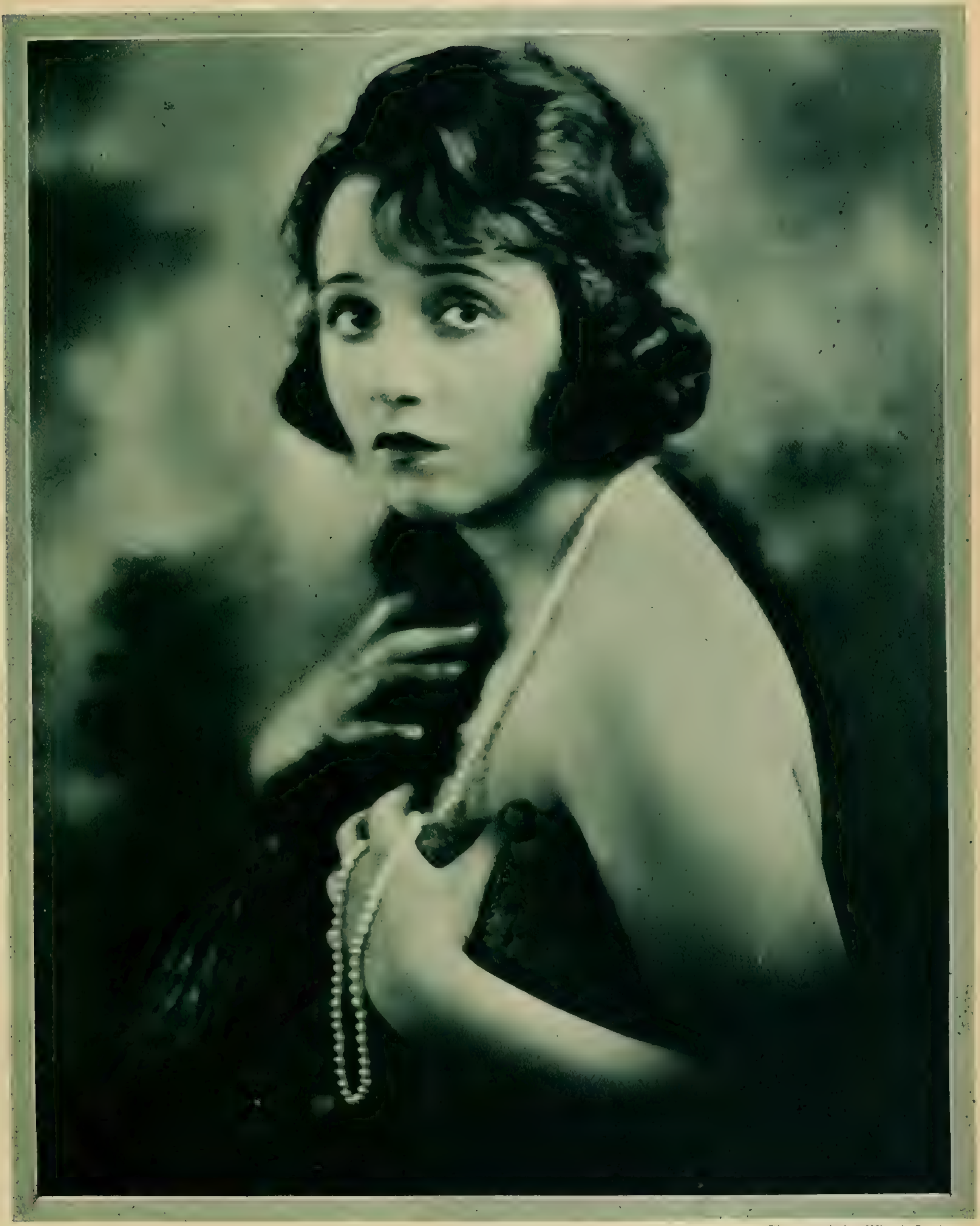
FLORENCE VIDOR

Miss Vidor bids fair to achieve new honors in the forthcoming production of her husband, King Vidor, exponent of the human, close-to-the-soil photodrama. Miss — or rather Mrs.—Vidor is an actress of singular attainments

Photograph by Apeda

DOROTHY DALTON

Altho Miss Dalton is the talk of New York in the pagan spectacle, "Aphrodite," she is still devoting at least a portion of her interests to motion pictures, dividing her time between the theater and the studio



Photograph by Witzel, L. A.

BEBE DANIELS

Miss Daniels stepped from screen farce to drama so recently that the event is still being talked about. Miss Daniels was Harold Lloyd's charming foil in dozens of Pathé film comedies

COLEEN MOORE

Born in Michigan, Miss Moore was educated in a convent in Florida. D. W. Griffith gave Miss Moore her first opportunity in a Bobbie Harron drama and she has advanced steadily ever since

Photograph by Woodbury, L. A.

LEATRICE JOY

Miss Joy lives up to her name in being an optical joy. On another page you will find an interesting little chat with this pretty New Orleans maid

The Pulse of the Photoplay Public

No one should know the pulse of the motion picture public better than Jesse Lasky, first vice-president of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, and unquestionably one of the cinema's biggest powers.

The photoplay, as developed by the Lasky organization, may well be described as art harnessed to business. The screen drama is very nearly produced according to a mathematical formula. To make picture plays in this fashion one must know the public taste—and know it accurately

The Famous Players-Lasky Corporation believes it has solved this. It secures regular reports from every exhibitor it supplies with picture plays, and these reports are supposed to embody the opinions of the audience, as well as the box-office result.

"The real—the vital—development of the photoplay," says Mr. Lasky, "is the steadily increasing success of the film drama which, minus a star, scores on its own merit. The public is showing a confidence in the producer or director unheard of two years ago. For instance, consider the present drawing power of Cecil de Mille.

In the center is a snapshot of Mr. Lasky in conference with Cecil de Mille and, below, he is talking things over with Thomas Ince and Mr. de Mille. Across the page is a glimpse of Mr. Lasky in his New York office and, in the lower corner, discussing "The Round-Up" with Roscoe Arbuckle

"There are several distinct trends to the photoplay of 1920. One is towards comedy. But, to be successful, the comedy, however light, must have a theme—an idea. This may be almost anything—the high cost of living, the extravagance of modern woman, the relation of husband and wife—but the idea must be beneath the laugh. 'Twenty-three and a Half Hours' Leave' was an interesting example. Again, the fast-developing popularity of Wallace Reid in comedies of this type. Reid was always more or less a favorite, but since he has turned to comedy, he has developed by leaps and bounds.

"Again, the public of 1920 will now accept the drama with a moral, provided it is entertaining. 'Everywoman' was a preachment, but it was pleasant, and it has been well received across country.

An Interview With Jesse L. Lasky

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

"Another trend is the extraordinary success of a film play like 'Huckleberry Finn. The public wants direct, human, close-to-the-soil stuff. There is no question of that. We are so certain that we have delegated William de Mille to center upon this style of production."

Mr. Lasky turned to answer the telephone. In a two-minute conversation he practically engaged a new star. Then he returned to our interview.

"The costume play of other days is still out of vogue and will not be popular for the next few years, if, indeed, it ever attains popularity. This can be easily explained psychologically. When we view a silent play we unconsciously cast ourselves in the rôle of the hero or the heroine. We live in a vital age—an age of the aeroplane, the automobile, the telegraph, the wireless, a period of tremendous business battles. When we see modern plays of our own time we throw ourselves into the drama and draw inspiration from it. This is unconscious, of course, but this exhilaration, this inspiration, is naturally lacking in stories of dead and passed times."

Mr. Lasky paused. And, catching our breath, we turned the subject towards the actor.

Mr. Lasky discusses the popularity of the close-to-the-earth play, the comedy and the starless production, besides the happy ending and other things—as reflected by the theater box-office

"The trend there," he answered, "is clearly towards the dramatic man or woman and away from the becurled ingénue. The old-fashioned ingénue has passed. No one can ever make another Mary Pickford. Miss Pickford was the exception. She has an ability amounting to genius, along with tremendous technical resources. She is, in fact, an emotional actress with the exterior of an ingénue. There will never be another Mary Pickford, and any one who attempts to produce another is doomed to failure."

The conversation switched back to the photoplay story. "The sex theme," went on Mr. Lasky, "is steadily receiving

(Continued on page 64)

A Joyful Miss Joy

Leatrice Joy is a Dixie girl and a daughter of picturesque New Orleans. The French blood of old Bordeaux flows in her veins. Her name, Leatrice, translated into matter-of-fact English, means Blessing and Love

LEATRICE JOY was born in New Orleans, and is the ideal type of that most fascinating bit of femininity, a daughter of the Old South.

All thru the family, on both sides, flows the French blood of old Bordeaux, which was transplanted into this country three generations ago and its warmth and glow has been tenderly fostered under the Louisiana blue skies.

Her voice is soft and very melodious and she speaks slowly, lingering over her words, and when she says "deah," there is a caress in each slurred letter, while her "Yes, sah" is deference itself.

"Dont lose it," I exclaimed, speaking aloud my thought.

"Lose what?" and the wide eyes looked interested.

"That accent!" I replied.

"Oh, deah, I cant, I have *tried*, for everyone laughs at me, but my tongue gets all tangled up when I try to talk like you Northerners," and her happy, girlish laugh caused everyone on the set to turn toward our corner with a smile.

"Yes, there is a real reason why it is Leatrice instead of Beatrice," replied Miss Joy, when I remarked on her unusual name. "Mother had selected the name Beatrice for me; it means—Blessing, you know, but it seems there were many Beatrices, so taking the alphabet she went down the lines seeking another first letter. Coming to L, which stands for Love, she decided that was the one, so I became Leatrice, to her, a combination of Blessing and Love."

"And with Joy added, what a wonderfully happy name you have," I said, watching her lovely, sensitive face with its delicate shadings of thought.

"Oh, isn't it? I love it and find it a constant inspiration," she responded, joyfully. "Anyway, I'm so happy, and here I am playing the rôle of an unhappy wife in this new film, 'Just a Wife.' Imagine being unhappy in all these lovely clothes, to say nothing of the family heirlooms in jewels!"

She was indeed an alluring picture in her dinner gown of lovely shades of apricot, the brocaded velvet and tissue clinging to the straight, girlish form. There is a poetic charm, an elusive delicacy, about this young beauty which seems to enfold her in a glamor of romance. Her hair is dark, as are her eyes, which are far apart and very wide open, and altogether, she combines the brilliant qualities of which stars are made.

"This stately business, trains, and grown-up

By MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

action is a little new," she confided, "and I have a wild desire to sit on my foot or slide across the floor. It is a great part, tho, and Roy Stewart is a wonderful husband," she added mischievously, as Mr. Stewart sauntered across the set looking very impressive in his correct evening clothes.

"I am a Southern girl in this picture," Leatrice went on, gaily, "and the other day when I was married I wore mother's real lace wedding veil and felt so proud and romantic."

"And some day, I suppose, you'll be wearing this veil at your own wedding," I said.

"I hope so, but it must be a far away day, for I am too much interested in my work to let anything interfere. I had a hard, stiff climb and would never be willing to give up until I reach the heights. Somehow, I do not believe that careers and love go hand in hand, both are too absorbing, so I say, please let love stay away from me for a while!

"Anyway, I am not thinking about such things. Mother spoils me and it would be very hard for me to find a man who would be as devoted. We are very happy together in our little bungalow in Hollywood and are great stay-at-homes.

"I have just been selected to play the lead in the next Selznick picture, 'Blind Youth'; isn't that wonderful?" and Leatrice sighed, rapturously. "So many beautiful things are happening and every one is so lovely to me. I believe the secret of it all is that happiness depends on our own thoughts. The first thing I say to myself every morning is that the day is beautiful and everything and everybody in it, and that I reflect only happiness and joy and contentment! We all have our own perfect place and nothing can take it from us. Why, the orange blossom doesn't fret and worry, fearing that the—the—the watermelon will usurp its place!" And we both laughed at the simile, even while grasping the tremendous import of her sweet thought.

When Leatrice was a little girl down in the big house in New Orleans, she used to array herself in her mother's hats and pretty dresses and play "lady," before the mirror in the reception hall, and so the first desire for dramatic work began to unfold.

One morning in 1916 she read in the paper that the Nola Film Company had been organized in New Orleans and they wished to secure a native daughter for their leading rôles. Leatrice decided to answer the advertisement. The test was a little scene in which she was to weep. That very morning she had received a letter from her father, who was in El Paso for his health, and with this in her mind, the tears came readily enough and she put a touch of appealing pathos into her acting that so impressed the manager that she was instantly engaged.

Leatrice Joy plays her first real dramatic rôle in George Loane Tucker's "Ladies Must Live," and she has been selected to play the lead in the Selznick production, "Blind Youth"

(Continued on page 72)

When "Micky" Walked

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

Marshall Neilan worked his way up from the bottom. At fifteen he worked on a night shift in a Buffalo machine shop. At twenty he was in a Los Angeles stock company. A little later he was leading man at old Biograph

THERE was a time when Marshall Neilan belonged to a sort of club which was called by the others working in a certain machine shop in Buffalo, N. Y., "the beer squad."

"We," he said, referring to "the beer squad," "used to work eleven hours a day, or rather a night, for we began at eight in the evening and worked until seven the next morning. You can imagine us as we looked, tired and grimy; in a word, all in. But just as sure as we quit work, we used to walk to our rooms, fully two miles away. And why do you think we did it? To buy beer with the nickel! I used to write a little note for myself"—he was only fifteen years old at the time—"'Please give this boy five cents worth of beer,' and sign it 'Mrs. ——.'" He looked thoroly amused at the recollection.

And now "Micky" is one of the most famous directors of moving pictures in the world. Cause and effect? Perhaps. In order to be really great one must be really human.

If a man has never known "ups and downs"; if he has kept, as we used to say in English class in school, the even tenor of his way, then his work must necessarily prove as calm and comparatively uninteresting as his life.

But frequently there is too much said about the early struggles of the successful. One is likely to forget that as soon as they are over with, these struggles are, as a rule, a source of unlimited material and endless amusement.

Of course, any one who knows Marshall Neilan will tell you that he can find something amusing about almost anything that has happened, is happening or that he can imagine as happening in the future!

He "kids" all the time, at the studio and away from it, and his people "kid" back at him and call him "Micky" and apparently all but worship him.

Think over a few of the pictures you have seen that were made under his direction. There were "Amarilly of Clothesline Alley," "Stella Maris," "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" and "Daddy Long Legs," with Mary Pickford as the star; "Mice and Men," in which he also played the lead; "Freckles"; "Hit-the-Trail Holliday"; and, more recently, "In Old Kentucky," with Anita Stewart. Weren't they all characterized by little humorous and human touches undoubtedly brain children of the

By
ELIZABETH
PELTRET

director? They were, and there you have "Micky."

No wonder that he doesn't have to walk any more! Naturally, he has a handsome car and, if he wants anything to drink, like tea or orange-juice, (you see, the times have changed), he can drive to the "Ship" at Venice and have it more expensively than any inexperienced person would think possible.

I saw him in his office at the temporary studio of the Marshall Neilan Productions, on the day after his return to Los Angeles from Portland, Oregon, where he had gone with the purpose of shooting scenes for "The River's End."

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

As a director, "Micky" Neilan has tried his hand at everything from "Ham and Bud" comedies up. He has a remarkable sense of humor and "kids" all the time. The studio folk "kid" back—and every one worships "Micky"

He had taken his company up there with the intention of staying five weeks, but had returned almost at once, without shooting a single scene.

"What was the trouble," I asked, "the weather?"

"Yes; it started to rain the day we got there. I knew from previous experience that it would probably continue indefinitely, so I decided it would be best for us to come back. The joke was on me. We received a report that the weather had cleared the day after we left!"

Luck like that would have given some producers an awful grouch. Neilan laughed and lit a cigaret.

(*Continued on page* 70)

Miss Mason Manages

"Oh, little sister mine, let me look into your eyes and read an inspiration there; let me hold your white hand and know the strength of a philosophy more beautiful than human knowledge teaches. Let me fold you in my arms and have you ever with me, that in the glory of your faith and love I may walk the paths of wisdom and peace." —Eugene Field.

SHE'S a petite creature, hair bobbed à la Irene Castle. Nineteen, a star, and the wife of a great, big, black-haired boy whom she adores and to whom she not infrequently talks baby talk, and whose judgment in all matters is quite final—as far as she is concerned.

There's everything about her that makes one think Shirley Mason is a child—a child of the Eugene Field type, whose philosophy, happiness, is, as Field has said, more beautiful than human knowledge teaches. Her clear, grey-blue eyes search you wonderingly when she is perplexed, and when she smiles her lips part like two petals of a rosebud opening in the sunlight.

It happened that when I saw her at her home in a fashionable Hollywood hostelry, into which she and her family were just moving, Shirley was heartbroken because she, perforce, had to take her dog and cat to the hospital to board. The hostelry is typically Hollywood; it allows no cats nor dogs, altho the bars have been let down and movie actors are permitted residence.

"That's just it," she said, wistfully, "when you haven't your own home. I feel so unsettled here in California, where mother and sister and I are living in furnished apartments. Nothing our own, no associations. Nothing you'll regret leaving behind you when you move. And we move so often!"

Which is the style in Hollywood. Everybody is continually moving into everybody else's house. The picture colonists, not being interested in moss, are more or less rolling stones. But Miss Mason, when you speak of such things to her, shakes her head after the manner of a fascinating sub-déb, and sighs.

"I do so love a home. One's husband, you know, must be considered, and mine is a believer in solid comfort. Berney is such a good husband. I never want another."

The horoscoper some time ago told Shirley that she is

Shirley Mason is the wife of a great, big black-haired boy whom she adores. They're the happiest couple imaginable. "Berney is such a good husband," confides Shirley. "I never want another"

And Shirley, At That, Isn't Old Enough to Vote

By TRUMAN B. HANDY

going to live to be eighty-two years old. Horrors! What's she going to do with herself after she's seventy-five?

Merely look after Berney, and anticipate the eighty-second summer. She remarks, naïvely, that she wont be useful any more, and, therefore——

"And just what would you do if a vamp walked in and tried to steal Berney?" I queried.

"Scratch her eyes out!" vociferously.

And then, perhaps, I suggested, she is wont to "vamp" him herself at times, to kind of exercise a variety of exorcism—just merely to pique his interest.

"Certainly," she remarked, nonchalantly, smiling, blushing a little—(we interviewers do get vulgarly personal at times, dont we?)—"everybody does. Every woman has some time or other wanted to do a little vamping. I vamp Berney by trying to look my prettiest, to wear the things he'll like to see, to do the things he'll enjoy, and to think the things that he thinks."

And she's quite certain that if Lew Cody came around he would find her unreceptive to his chicken-hawkerie, for, she swears, she wouldn't know how to act under such circumstances and she'd be so fussed that she'd say exactly the thing that would spoil the aforesaid Mr. Cody's train of thought.

"And," she interposed as a sort of postlude, "I'm terribly interested in Berney, and one man is quite enough."

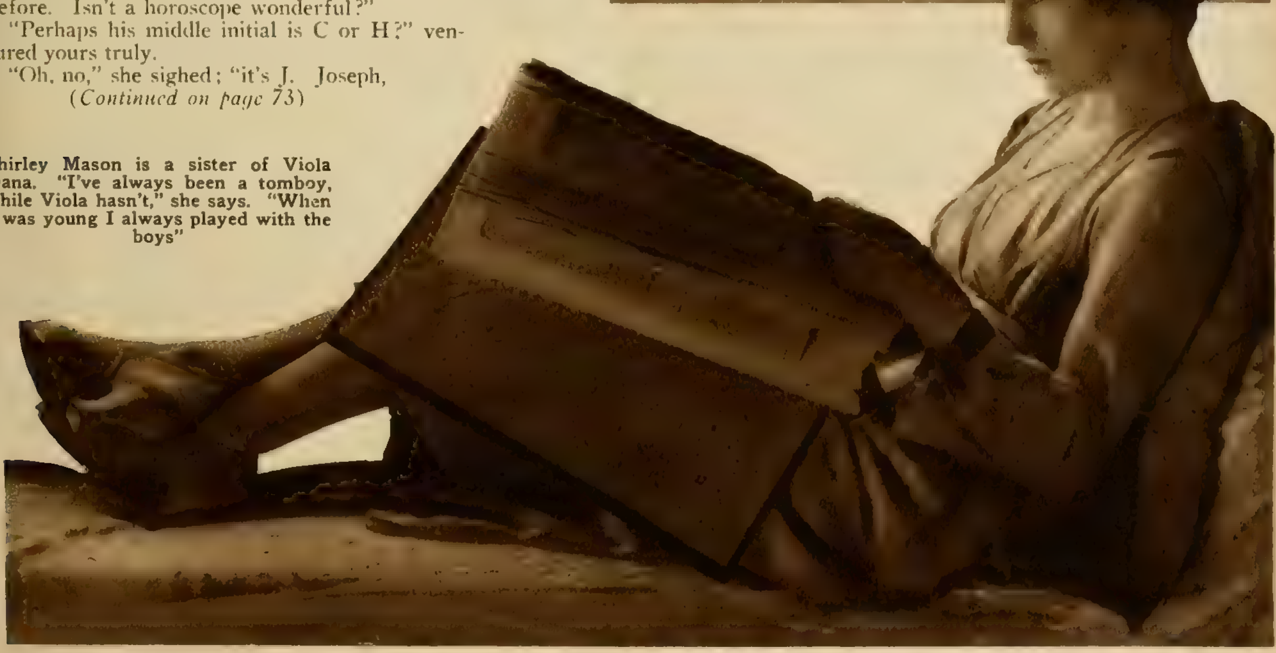
She's what the horoscoper has termed a "twain"—a dual soul—one interested in affairs of home, the other engrossed in an avocation. Only in Shirley's case the avocation has proved to be a vocation. And the horoscope has proclaimed her lucky days the third, fifth, sixth and eighth of each month, with Wednesday each week predominating. Her best letters are B, C, H and D, and as she held the chart in front of me, telling me its innumerable indescribable signs, of half of which she herself doesn't know the meaning, she clapped her hands as a sudden thought struck her.

"Lucky letters, B and D. Why, those are Berney's initials: Berney Durning! I never thought of that before. Isn't a horoscope wonderful?"

"Perhaps his middle initial is C or H?" ventured yours truly.

"Oh, no," she sighed; "it's J. Joseph,

(*Continued on page 73*)



Shirley Mason is a sister of Viola Dana. "I've always been a tomboy, while Viola hasn't," she says. "When I was young I always played with the boys"

Milady of the Fan

Photograph © by Shirley Blanc, L. A.

Francelia Billington began her film career as leading woman, largely thru her friendship with Mr. and Mrs. George Melford. So Francelia started playing opposite Carlyle Blackwell at old Kalem, following Alice Joyce

THEY told me out at Universal studio to interview Francelia Billington about her Japanese fans, so I did; that is, I asked her to let me see her collection. Instead of complying with my request, she burst out laughing.

"That's a studio joke," she apologized, sobering.

"Then you haven't any collection?" I asked, a trifle tartly, mentally hoping that a certain publicity man would choke on his demi-tasse.

"Oh, yes—yes, indeed," she hastily assured me, "but they're all in Japan—they aren't that kind of fans, you see," she hurried on, disregarding grammatical niceties. "They're people . . . you know, *picture* fans."

I forgave the Universal P. M., and we sat down to chat. Miss Billington has a home in Glendale, near Los Angeles, with a mother who looks young enough to be her sister, a sister, Wanda, who is a trifle older than she, and a white Spitz dog which answers to the name of "Mutts" and which is very much a par the family. She was wearing a creation—it really *was* that—of grey ured chiffon, with loose, fluttery sleeves and a deep collar of cream l Her hair is lighter than you would expect from her pictures, and her e are either grey or hazel—it's hard to tell which—and she smiles with unexpected quirk, showing lovely white teeth and wholesome little lau ter lines at the corners of her mouth.

I suppose you know without my telling you that she was Eric Von St heim's leading woman in his much talked about feature, "Blind Husband and has been made since that time, a Universal star heading her own con pany. But to return to the fans—Japanese variety!

"It's a funny thing," said Francelia, settling herself into the corner of a couch piled high with comfortable pillows, "but it seems that in Japan I am very popular. I'm sure I dont know why," she added, frankly. "I'm not a raving beauty . . . I think they must be partial to blondes, not having any of them in that country. But the fact remains that two-thirds of my mail comes from Japan, with the most extravagant praise for my work and flowery compliments for my 'heaven-flower beauty,' as they call it. Recently I won the popularity contest over there, and since then the whole studio force has joked me about my collection of Japanese 'fans.' "

At my request, Francelia's mother went upstairs to look for some of the letters and gifts which her talented daughter receives from the Flowery Kingdom. And, while waiting, we talked shop—pictures, directors, titles and ambitions.

"I suppose you commenced as an extra girl?" I asked, confidently, but the fair Francelia shook her head and almost blushed.

"No, I didn't," she confessed, apologetically. "I'd like to say I had, but the truth is that I began my career in pictures as a leading woman. I was fairly pushed into the movies. If I had had to stand around in the hot sun for just *one* day, waiting for a casting

FRANCELIA BILLINGTON

By EMMA-LINDSAY SQUIER

director to 'cast' his eye on me, I'd probably be selling ribbons or teaching school, but believe me, I would *not* be in pictures!"

Did you ever hear a movie star talk like that? I never did. They always tell, and truthfully, too, I suppose, of their heart-breaking struggles for "bits" in pictures and for recognition of their talents. Naturally, I asked for further details—any one would.

"It happened when I was seventeen years old—that was five years ago," she said, by which you will notice she is one of screendom's beauties who can afford to tell her real age.

"George Melford, who was then a director at the Kalem Company, in Glendale, and Mrs. Melford lived near us. Mrs. Melford was always trying to get me to go over to the studio for a test. But I considered being in movies a sort of disgrace and wouldn't go. And then one day, when I was up at her house, Mr. Melford came in with the announcement that Alice Joyce was leaving Kalem. He said to me, 'I've got to have a leading woman, Francelia, and you look a bit like Alice Joyce; come over to the studio tomorrow for a test.' Well, you might imagine that I would have been delighted, but I wasn't. I went over because mother *made* me go, and when they offered me thirty-five dollars a week to play leads opposite Carlyle Blackwell, I simply couldn't resist. Wasn't I a mercenary little wretch? Not one thought of art, mind you—just money! But those first weeks that I worked were very unpleasant ones for me. I hoped that my school friends wouldn't find out that I was a 'movie actress,' and I fairly sneaked to the studio for fear some one I knew would recognize me. Naturally, I got over that and began to like the work for its own sake.

Recently Miss Billington scored in the leading rôle of the Von Stroheim production, "Blind Husbands." Now she is a Universal star

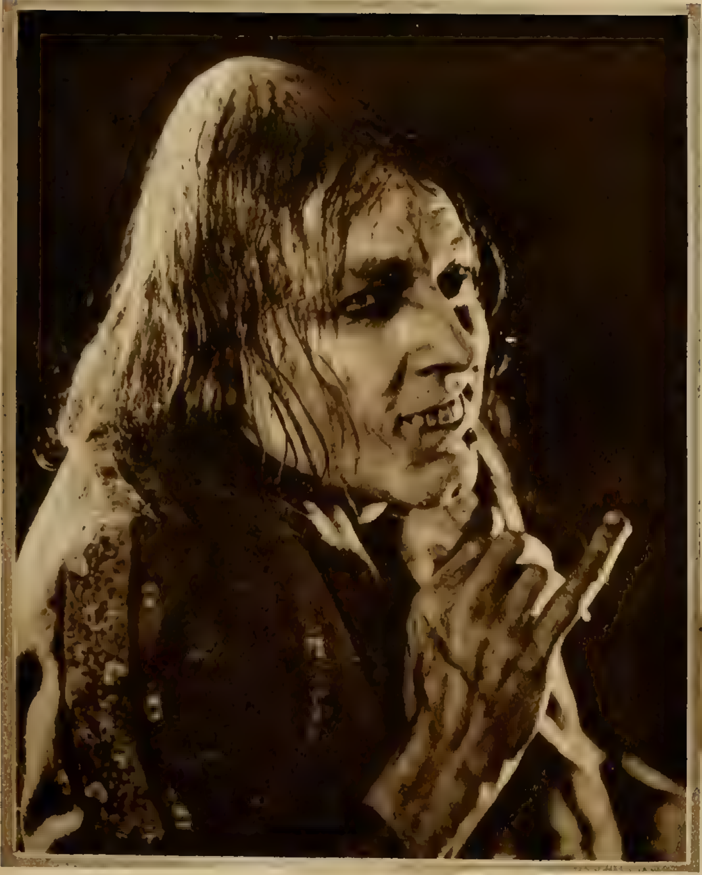
"I did leads for Universal two years ago, then was with American for a year, playing opposite William Russell, and now I'm back at Universal, being featured. My latest picture is called 'The Day She Paid'—doesn't that sound lurid?" She continued, "It's a picturization of Fanny Hurst's story, 'Oats for the Woman.'

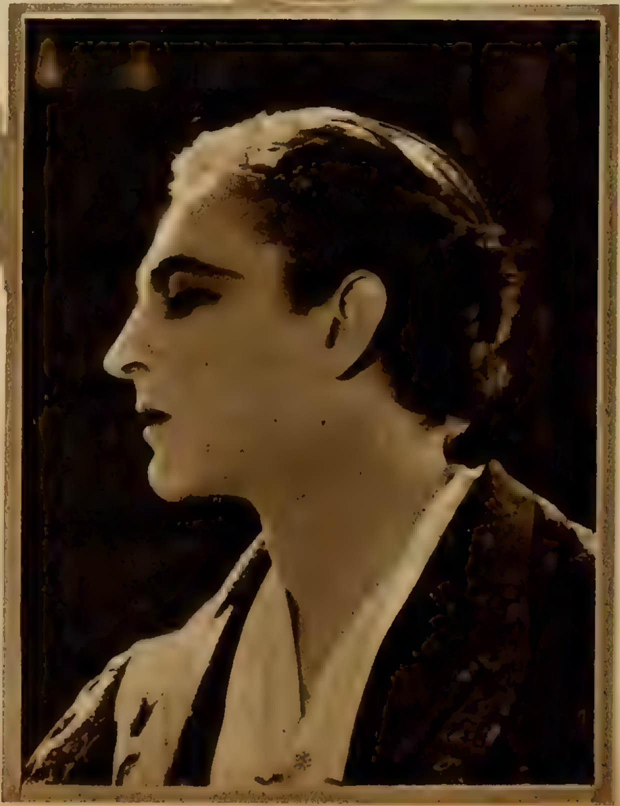
"I think it's a shame to spoil a logical situation by an artificial finale that takes the punch out of the picture. I know the exhibitors say that the public demands them—but do they? Look at 'Broken Blossoms'—could anything have been more tragic than that ending? And now that Griffith has made the plunge, I suppose we'll have a regular orgy of sob fade-outs."

And then Mother Billington returned with a big box full of letters, pieces of silk, hand-painted

(*Continued on page* 78)

Jack Jekyll and Barrymore Hyde





Jack Barrymore has just completed a screen version of Robert Louis Stevenson's classic, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," for Paramount-Artcraft. Here are contrasting studies of Barrymore in the dual character. Martha Mansfield is the Millicent

Gentle Jane

By MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

Watching pretty Jane Novak in her appealing rôles as heroine in the romantic pictures of William Hart, Hobart Bosworth, Lewis Stone, Sessue Hayakawa, Tom Mix, and a score or more of our leading film stars, she appears to be a mere slip of a girl with no more vitally serious thought in her little head than the adventures depicted on the screen.

This is *one* Jane Novak!

The other one is a happy, contented housewife, fluttering about her lovely home in Hollywood, for in real life she is Mrs. Frank Newburg, and there is an adorable two-year-old daughter, Virginia.

Domesticity and careers present no unusual combination in these days of woman's freedom, yet, somehow, I had never thought of *Jane* as sewing, cooking, or caring for a baby!

"How do you do it?" I asked, as she rescued Ginny from a tumble on her head.

Jane laughed. "The responsibility came so gradually that I learnt as I went along. It all works out beautifully except when I have to be away from home on location. I have been out of the city five of the past six months. A terrible thing happened when I came home the other day after spending seven weeks in Portland. Ginny didn't know me and it broke my heart!" and Jane's soft voice ended in a wail as she hugged the baby close in her arms.

"I spoil her when I am home and the nurse is so distressed because I do not insist on the regular hours she has been following. Oh, dear, I know I ought, but it is such fun to let her do as she pleases," and while the lenient blue eyes beamed upon the two-year-old, I quite understood how impossible it would be for the gentle Jane to become a disciplinarian.

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

Back of the screen is the real Jane Novak—a happy, contented housewife and Mrs. Frank Newburg. Moreover, this real Jane is the mother of a beautiful two-year old daughter, Virginia. Above is Mamma Newburg and below is daughter Virginia

Gentle!

This is indeed the one word which describes Jane Novak!

Tho she is very sweet, refreshingly genuine, absolutely unspoiled, alluringly feminine, with a serenity that remains ever unruffled, yet it is this *gentleness* that stands out above every other quality when one thinks of her.

Jane was born in St. Louis, her father being a newspaper man in that city. She early made her appearance in a stock company, which was something of a family affair, being composed of two uncles, two aunts, and a half a dozen cousins. This was followed by a short experience in vaudeville and musical comedy, always in St. Louis, however, for her mother would never permit her to leave the home

It was when she was seventeen that she made her first train trip, all alone, crossing the country to Los Angeles to join her aunt, Ann Schaefer, who had been playing with the Vitagraph Company for several years.

On the very morning of her arrival, Jane was introduced to Mr. Newburg, and, after a romantic courtship extending over two years, they were married in a little vine-covered church in Santa Monica, on May 25, 1915, the bride being just nineteen.

Mr. Newburg has given up his screen work and is secretary and treasurer of the Actors' Association, as well as his wife's business manager, for Jane confesses that she knows nothing of business, letting "Hubby" attend to all these worries.

"My first picture was a little comedy with Ruth Roland," said Jane, "and from the first I loved the work. I believe there is a little angel following me around for so many nice things are always happening. Of course, I hope to be a star some day, that is what I am working for, but I have been so fortunate in playing leading rôles with many splendid actors who are fine men as well. This is an education and an invaluable training.

Jane Novak was seventeen when she crossed the continent to join her aunt, Ann Schaefer, then a Vitagraph actress. At nineteen she was married in a little vine-covered church in Santa Monica. Jane's first picture was a comedy with Ruth Roland

Photographs by Hoover Art Co., L. A.

"I have been with William Hart in a number of his pictures and he is such a true artist himself that you can not help gaining much. Oh, he is a *dreadful* tease and I have an exciting time when I am working with him.

"Coming down from Sacramento the other day our company was in the diner and they were all teasing me. Finally, I took a rose I had been wearing and threw it at Mr. Hart. It landed on his plate and he declared I had started a rough house, so, to get even, he poured a whole glass of *ice*-water down my back," and Jane shivered as she laughed.

"Several years ago I made four pictures with Hobart Bosworth and I was very glad to be with

(*Continued on page* 65)

The Sporting Duchess

Fictionized from the Alice Joyce-Vitagraph Photoplay

By FAITH SERVICE

Muriel, Duchess of Desborough, was sporting in more ways than one. She was sporting in her instincts as well as her tastes. She loved her husband, her son, horses and fair play. Chiefly, fair play. Her blood ran thru her veins according to the best form, and bluely. She maintained traditions. She expected the same of others. She expected happiness, too. She was one of the serene souls who, giving serenity to the world, expect serenity to be given back again. Her years were tranquil, well ordered, charming . . . that is, until the Duke of Desborough "ran across" some old friends in London and planned to have them for a week-end at Desborough.

"I knew them in India," he explained to his Duchess; "Mostyn and Mrs. Delmaine and most of the others. I know them—rather well. One does, y'know, in India." He added, with what Muriel reconsidered apparent irrelevance later on, "the rainy season, dont you know?"

From the beginning she did not like Mostyn. He was dissipated, and he had unpleasant eyes. They shifted like oily waters. She not only did not like him, but felt a fear of him, which annoyed her. Groundless fears were hysteria, and the Duchess had a fine contempt for hysteria.

She did not like Mrs. Delmaine, either, but she felt, as one woman to another, a kind of pity for her. There were ghosts in her eyes—sad ghosts—and restless. Dead things stirred and would not let her be. It was evident that Mrs. Delmaine had been exceedingly unhappy.

The fact that her husband had known her in India meant very little to Muriel. No doubt the Duke had known a great many women in India and elsewhere. Muriel was not the type to question pasts, which certainly belonged to their owners. The present, so that it had dignity and security, was all she asked.

It was the present that Mostyn and Mrs. Delmaine, who, in the Indian days, had been more than friends to the Duke of Desborough, wished to ferment. They had

Her years were tranquil until the Duke of Desborough "ran across" some old friends in London and planned to have them for a week-end at Desborough

"I am no end sorry, Muriel. I wouldn't tarnish a single hair of your head . . . or the boy's. You know that, dont you, my dear?"

reasons . . . Mostyn had got, at cards, on the race-track and one way or another, Desborough into debt. Badly into debt. The one way out for Desborough was his horse, "Clipstone," winning the Derby. If Mostyn should foreclose before the Derby, there would be few vestiges of dignity possible, then, for the Duke and Duchess. Mostyn had another reason. He was the sort of a man who always would have another reason, and the other reason, in some form or other, would be a woman. He had looked upon Muriel, and from the introduction he had conceived for her an obsession. That she was cold, aloof, unattainable were but so many goads. Neither did it make, to him, very much difference how he attained his desire. His desire, in itself, was all that mattered.

Mrs. Delmaine was a willing conspirator. She had taken her discard hard, when it came to the matter of Desborough. It had been unforgettable, for some strange reason she had never been able to fathom. Perhaps—her mouth quirked bitterly at this thought—perhaps she had loved him. Who could tell? Love, or a lesser thing, it had hurt her past forgiveness. It had bred, first an intolerable pain, then bitterness, arid and consuming, then the desire for a personal vengeance which might measure back to him some meed of the pain she had known. Mostyn seemed a sort of answer to a great many blasphemous prayers.

Mrs. Delmaine was not as subtle as she might have been. She had got, it seemed, beyond that stage. Pain is a bad thing for shades and nuances, especially when a woman has turned the shady thirties and has known emotional thumb-screws. She was not, at any event, subtle enough for the Duchess, who was very subtle indeed and far cleverer than she might have been credited with being by a casual observer.

She fainted in Desborough's arms, just in time for Muriel to see him bending over her. She maintained the faint, coming out of it badly and murmuring something anent times like these in Indian days . . . she added a little, intimate Indian love name. Desborough, caught unaware, held her to him, whether necessarily or unnecessarily he himself would probably have found it hard to say. He found, when, unexpectedly, he met Muriel's eyes, that he could say nothing at all. Mrs. Delmaine did not give him any help. Muriel did.

"I am sorry you are ill," she said, with a gracious ease. "Shall I send for your maid? You must wish to rest?"

If Desborough had loved Muriel before, he loved her even more after the tensity of that little scene had been relaxed by her deft touch. More than all else, anyway, he had always loved the sporting blood in her. It had had the power a finely strung whip has on a blooded steed — the effect of making him rear up, hold his head high, step proudly. He felt, in that hour, that he wanted, more than anything else, to hold his head high, to step proudly. He told her so. There was a silence between them, and he knew that she could not ask him any question, but that her heart was wondering. He felt that the part of pride called for words.

"A long while ago," he said, taking her hand, which met his touch firmly, "a long time ago—in India—Mrs. Delmaine meant—meant something to me, Muriel, in the way a woman does mean something to a man—at times. It passed away, with me. Completely. It was a closed incident. It was final. It has been, until her appearance here, absent from my most subconscious thought. Of course, her coming was a breach . . . horrible . . . Mostyn did not tell me, when I met them all in town, that he was bringing her here to stay . . . just for tea . . . I am no end sorry, Muriel. I wouldn't tarnish a single hair of your head . . . or the boy's. You know that. You do, dont you, my dear?"

"Yes," said Muriel; "yes . . . of course. You know, it is instinct or tradition, or just the sense of possession, which is rather a grilling thing . . . but—well, there's a certain pain to a—a thing like this, of course. Not that I dont understand. Not that . . . I . . . I believe I do."

"I dont want you to," whispered the Duke, holding her very close; "I dont want you to, sweetheart, and yet I . . . oh, I adore you because you do."

It was upon this scene that Mostyn entered, unobtrusively, and noted that the original plan had failed. The Duchess was being sporting.

The only thing to do was to change the target of attack. Since Muriel was so awf'ly sporting, the logical quarry was Desborough himself. Men and the jealousy of men were more easily inflamed. Mrs. Delmaine said that she thought she could pierce the armored pride. Leave it to her, she told Mostyn.

It was an easy rôle for Mrs. Delmaine, that of sympathy blended, subtly, with admiration. It was throbbingly easy for her to sit by Desborough and talk with him of things near to him. It brought back, hotly, the old days in India, when he had ridden by her rickshaw—and they had talked——

"The Duchess is superb," she had said to him, "but she *is* a woman, my dear, almost intensely feminine, dont you think? Of course, forgiving you for . . . for *me* was almost unearthly, but . . . I dislike this, Tony, but dont you think there was something . . . a little something underlying?"

Desborough shifted uneasily. He was conscious that he was not being sporting—sporting as Muriel was—in so much as shifting from what should have been his utter refusal or disturbance. And yet . . . little, slithering thoughts kept creeping into the recesses of his mind . . . the utter desirability of Muriel, for one . . . the indubitable if unpleasant attraction of Mostyn . . . glances he had seen . . . Muriel's voiced dislike of the man . . . something akin to his own feeling for Mrs. Delmaine . . . dregs of dead hours . . . dregs . . . he knew the symptoms . . . he knew the way they manifested themselves . . . He grew cold, there in the sunlight, while the woman's insidious propaganda did its work . . . Muriel . . . and Mostyn . . . and the stirred ashes of hours out away . . He felt sickened.

If the events of other lives and circumstances, and, who knows, the fates had not, apparently, all conspired together just at this time, Desborough might have recovered from the distress Mrs. Delmaine had given him. He might, might very well, have grown ashamed of himself and open-eyed to the whole tawdry situation; might, even, have violated English hospitality and asked the two to leave Desborough. But lives, circumstances and the Fates did conspire, and before the Duke could get a sane perspective on the matter he was hurled into a veritable maelstrom of questionings and shame.

Probably Muriel's very sporting blood, which occasionally manifested itself in an extreme reticence, had a great deal to do with it. She had not, for instance, thought it incumbent upon her to inform the Duke that Mary Aylmer, their small son's governess, had been go into serious trouble. This was not, according to the viewpoint of the Duchess, the sort of thing to tell a man, even one's husband. So that, on the night of the big country ball, when the Duchess found that Mary Aylmer had fled Londonward, penniless and obviously desperate, Desborough had no clue as to Muriel's apparently inexplicable conduct. Mostyn had remained behind, awaiting the Duchess, he had said. When the Duchess appeared she was attired, not for the ball, but for a hurried trip to London in search of Mary. She had a horrible presentiment of the river case . . . and Mary had made the baby years of her small son safe and happy ones.

Mostyn insisted upon accompanying her. He was amazed at any disclaimer. Did, he wondered, the Duchess quite know what she was doing that she should contemplate a night trip to London *alone?* It was unthinkable, and she was apparently distraught.

In the press of this new situation Muriel lost sight of Mostyn as an individual at all. She supposed a trip alone was rather a bizarre thing to do. There could be no harm, there could be nothing at all, one way or the other, in Mostyn escorting her up on the train. No doubt it would be eminently more proper. She gave an abstracted consent.

There seemed, to Desborough, when he returned home to find Mostyn and the Duchess both missing, nothing abstracted about it. It had, to him, a deadly intent and meaning. Mrs. Delmaine's soft hand and beguiling voice were decidedly not oil upon his troubled waters. He felt, in that sudden engulfing presentiment, that the world was all wrong and that women made it so. He had enough, he thought, pressing down upon him, and Muriel knew it. Yet, in this dark hour, when all his hopes and energies should have been concentrated upon the forthcoming Derby and the rehabilitation of his fortune, she left him, left him, disgraced and alone, with a bounder like Mostyn, who . . . Good God! He shuddered when he thought of the coiled and slimy trail Mostyn had covered.

Still, there were appearances . . . He would, of course, give chase to Muriel and, having found her, would then let her go, make her go. He would take her son from her, her home, her name. He would expose her to the slings and barbs of the poisoned gossips, and, if she had one, her own

It was upon this scene that Mostyn entered, unobtrusively . . . The Duchess was being sporting

conscience. He would let her see what Mostyn could do for her. Women—bah! There was Mrs Delmaine . . . and there was Muriel. Opposite poles, he would have said, and yet here they were, meeting on common ground. Would, one day, the same sad, restless ghosts haunt Muriel's dark eyes because of things still poignant, still unforgettable?

Desborough never believed, tho, as he and Leigh, Mostyn's friend, traveled up to town that he was going to discover anything more than a well-covered trip for the purpose, perhaps, of talking and planning. He was essentially shocked and horrified when, breaking into Muriel's room at her hotel, he discovered her, white and dishevelled, with Mostyn, scarlet and, so it seemed to the blurred vision of Desborough, satirically triumphant. Muriel's cry of "Tony . . . you've come in time!" reached him as thru the roaring of many turbulent and outraged waters. He felt that Muriel was using theatrics . . . and on him. She should have known better. Here, now, for the first time in her life, she was being crude, was being cheap. The sporting blood he had been so proud of, and so sure of, had run out of her veins. She had suffered profanation. She could never be the same. Desborough needed a pedestal for the woman to whom he gave his adoration. It was the toppled pedestal that had sent Mrs. Delmaine crashing to the earth.

Young Leigh was with Desborough and back of them was Streatfield, who had come for her

The house party at Desborough broke up that night. Mrs. Delmaine returned to London and the rather vague obscurity in which she kept herself enshrouded. Mostyn, dropping all pretense of friendship for Desborough, foreclosed on Desborough's stables, thus losing "Clipstone" and his attendant hope for the Duke. Harold, their little son, ill over the loss of his mother, whom he had worshiped, was removed to a sanitarium in London and the merry wags who call themselves the Fates had full tilt and sway.

Muriel, of them all, outraged and misjudged as she had been, maintained a certain balance. In the death of her hurt, in the very heart of her pain, she felt a sympathy for the Duke, for what he must in every way be suffering. She even felt a sense of pity for Mostyn, poor man, harried by the beasts within him. She felt, for herself, that things must come straight again. She believed, still, that the world paid back in like coin. She felt that, entrenched, she could wait.

She could, but the Duke's fortunes could not. With the loss of "Clipstone," he had lost his chance of rehabilitation. With his pride torn from him as well as his wife, Muriel trembled for him. He had not much of the constructive quality, the lovable Desborough. He needed fortification of one sort or another. Muriel grew desperate. At the same time she learnt, or the suspicion was given her, that the Duke was directly responsible for the flight of Mary Aylmer. Also, that he was seeing and seeking consolation in Mrs. Delmaine. There grew in Muriel the belief that, if she could save him financially, he might still make of his life something of the thing he wanted. She loved him enough to love herself a great deal less. It was this hope that led her to consent to an engagement with Lord Streatfield upon the day her divorce decree was granted. Streatfield was a nice boy. He was clean and he had adored her. She would be giving him happiness, and he—well, he would give her his consolatory presence and he would buy "Clipstone" for her, so that she might return him to the Desborough stables and win the Derby race for the Desborough glory. Streatfield, for a young man, and one very much in love, had few illusions . . .

He had learnt that the greatest illusion of all comes when you think, once and for all, that you have done with illusions. The only illusion to cling to is the rather facing one of reality. He had come up against that one, for the first time in his life, when he knew that he loved Muriel. He had come up against it rather hard. But he did love her. In the light of his love for her he knew that he'd only wanted other women, for himself, never for them. He learnt that love is sacrifice and service, there being no limits to either one of these.

If he could give to her, even in so small a measure as to give her comfort after all the discomfort she had known, he knew that he would achieve what must be for him his pinnacle of happiness. If he could take the droop from her slender shoulders, the shadows from her dark, dear eyes, the dejection from her wistful mouth . . . just to lift these ghosts from her . . . would be enough . . . this, learnt Streatfield, was *love* . . . The first step was to buy "Clipstone" and allow her to feel that thru the horse and a won race the fortune so dear, so inevitably dear, to her heart, was restored . . .

"Clipstone" did win the Derby race. He won it in spite of foul play on the part of the opposing jockey. He won it because the judges played exceedingly fair and reversed the numbers, having disqualified the opposing "King of Trumps" for the foul. The Desborough debt was cleared.

After the race Muriel went to her little son at the sanitarium, where, once a week, she was permitted to see him.

After the race several other persons went there, too. They all seemed to be impelled.

First it was Desborough. Muriel's heart contracted at the sight of his tensed face, tensed and drawn in spite of the victory. It contracted with a pain, a pain for him, when he ordered her from their son's room. She knew because she was what she was that his suffering, reacting on her, was torturing him even more terribly. She had learnt a great many things since Mostyn and Mrs. Delmaine had been their week-end guests . . . a great many things about men and women, and passion and despair. And also, about love.

She had learnt how to temper justice with mercy and how to leaven despair with the divine ingredient of hope. She had come to believe that, of all vital things, the most vital of these is love, and that it will, because it must, win thru. Other things make no difference, springing, as they do, more or less extraneously, from the fundamental fact.

It had been so with her. She loved the Duke, not because she didn't know him; not because she harbored an illusion which the house party and the incidents thereto had torn from her, but because she did know him, and knowing all was forgiving all. She loved him as she loved their son, who, being wise, might, too, at times be foolish, yet in both guises be the same essential being. It was this love that had directed her every move, that had enabled her to stay away from him, to retreat when he seemed to wish it, knowing that if his love for her were of the same inherent quality as hers for him he must inevitably come back to her, and that if it were not, she could not do with a lesser thing.

Young Leigh was with Desborough and back of them was Streatfield, who had come for her. In the midst of Desborough's denunciation, Leigh was speaking. He was admitting that he had given false testimony at the trial of Muriel and Desborough for divorce. He had been "bought" by Mostyn and Mrs. Delmaine. He admitted, too, that he had helped Mostyn foster Desborough's suspicions and, further, that it was he who had suggested to Muriel that Desborough was responsible for Mary Aylmer. The responsibility of that, he added, belonged to Mostyn. He concluded, miserably, that it was "pretty slimy."

Desborough, more gravely than was his wont, acknowledged that it was.

"You know what the need of money is," muttered Leigh. "It is a regular grindstone on your very soul. I had one once, and then . . ." He looked over to where Muriel, very white and straight, was standing by her son, her patient hands touching his hair, her eyes compassionate and Madonna-like. "I couldn't go on," he said, indicating Muriel, "with her . . . as she . . . is . . ."

There was a silence in which, between all of them, assent breathed and a tacit acknowledgment of the sporting duchess. Then the boy went on, as tho some coiling thing was untwisting itself from his inner consciousness. "It's the other sort of person," he intoned, rather nasally, "the Mostyns and the Delmaines, little, mean sort of people, violating, pandering sort of people. Petty jealousies, old grudges, and all that. Mostyn . . . Mostyn was mucking about in the mud, reaching for a star to drag down into it, and Mrs. Delmaine—well, we know *her* type. They seem to keep recurring . . . anyway, they kept at me, the two of them kept and kept at me, suggesting, offering, bribing, threatening . . . they knew a chap's weak points, those two, and they attacked 'em . . . they made me do it . . . I can swear to that . . . it was weak in me, but they played on that weakness . . . oh, they played right enough . . ."

The Duchess intervened, kindly. She said it was quite all right. She said that so courageous an acknowledgment was a thoro vindication. She said that they all forgave him, and more, understood. It was, she added, quite all right, and turned her head that she might not see the tears standing forth in the lad's eyes . . .

It was Streatfield who saved the day. He went over to Muriel, white in the gathering gloaming, and took her soft hand in his. "Steer straight, Muriel," he said, tenderly, "and dont think of me. You love Desborough and I know now that you belong to him. He knows it, too. Be happy. Please be happy. You've made me so . . . and that will hold. Good-by."

A month later Muriel was again at Desborough. Tony sitting very close to her; their small son, roses beginning to show in his cheeks again, safe in his nursery with Mary, also safe.

"Do you remember," Desborough was saying, "that Streatfield said that you belonged to me? Do you?"

"Yes, dear."

"Do you know—it's so? You do. Deeper than all outer things, a truth like that exists. We belong, you and I. We have, we can have, no separate entities."

Muriel took his head between her hands and held it close.

THE SPORTING DUCHESS

Told in story form from the scenario of Lucien Hubbard based upon the play of Augustus Harris, Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton. Produced by Vitagraph, starring Alice Joyce. Directed by George Terwilliger. The cast:

Muriel, Duchess of Desborough	Alice Joyce
Douglas, Duke of Desborough	Percy Marmont
Major Roland Mostyn	G. V. Seyffertistz
Mrs. Delmaine	Edith Campbell Walker
Captain Cyprian Streatfield	Lionel Pope
Rupert Leigh	John Galsworthy
Harold, the Duke's son	Dan Comfort

Pretty Polly

Photograph by Clarence C. Bull

Necessity drove Pauline Starke to the movies. Her mother was wardrobe mistress at the Reliance studio and Polly's future looked none too bright. Then directors began to see in her another Mae Murray and—presto!—success was hers

I saw her first three years ago, a sad little wisp of a thing, with a pigtail, down-drooping lip-corners and a shabby frock, with shoes too large for the tiny Cinderella feet. At the time, Pauline Starke was doing school in company with Mildred Harris Chaplin, Georgie Stone, Violet Radcliffe and other very small fry.

Polly Starke and Mildred Harris were the oldest scholars, and both were in the gauche, schoolgirl age when attending the Majestic-Reliance school, where one teacher disseminated knowledge to all grades.

It was necessity that drove Pauline to the movies, for at the time her mother was wardrobe mistress at the Reliance studio and Pauline's future looked none too bright.

A few days later, in a physician's office, I met mother and daughter, and pretty Polly looked positively older than she does now. You see, at that time she *had* to put on age in order to hold the opportunity to make good on the screen. With her hair dressed high and a ridiculously long skirt, the little girl sat on a stiff-backed settee and talked very seriously to me while her mother had a treatment.

I thought her all too serious, too weighted with responsibilities, and was glad to hear that she had found an opening at the old Triangle, in Culver City, when the famous Griffith plant closed down.

The two years that followed saw Pauline Starke a featured player with her name in electric lights. One began to look for the sad little face with the uncanny big eyes, the straight hair and sob-sistery rôles. It was whispered that directors refused to let her play straight comedy because she was a second Mae Marsh.

Then the war began, and a policy of

By
FRITZI
REMONT

taking the public's attention away from horror and death by substituting comedy-drama for tearful photoplays, put Polly on her mettle. It was in "Until They Get Me" that Pauline did a daring jump, a "Fairbanks' drop" into space, landing on a horse's back and galloping away in great style.

So it was with a good deal of curiosity that I rang the upstairs bell of a two-family flat house, conscious that a pretty little face was peeping out of the second front window. It wasn't a minute before tripping steps came down the stairway and Pauline welcomed me to the home she and her mother have occupied for the past three months.

Photograph by Clarence C. Bull

The real Pauline Starke is not the sad-faced Injured Innocent one expects to find. She has a sweet face, is a bit whimsical, droll and wistful, but, most of all, she loves life with a healthy enjoyment. She has just celebrated her nineteenth birthday

I couldn't believe my eyes! It would take more than ordinary persuasion to make one swallow the fact that Polly's mother is her senior by nineteen years. And Polly herself! Bless me, the child is younger now than when she sat on the school-bench. Her hair is modishly arranged, parted on one side, with ear-warmers which are mighty becoming and make one think her hair is bobbed.

Pauline Starke doesn't photograph "true," either in private sittings or on the screen. She's not the sad-faced wight one expects to find. She's blest with the sweetest little face, a bit whimsical, droll, wistful—but optimistic, full of the enjoyment of a healthy, young life. Her nineteenth birthday was celebrated in January, 1920. She's a slim girl, and her feet haven't grown any bigger in the three years aforesaid, even tho clothed in comfortable cosy-toes, put on because she'd worked so hard all day in tight pumps that the exquisite luxury of a pink satin boudoir slipper appealed strongly.

Now that she doesn't *have* to look old, Polly is looking childishly young. Her mother looks about six years older than she; both have the fine, fair skin, soft, dark hair worn off the face, and thoughtful eyes. Mrs. Starke is keeping every

(*Continued on page* 60)

May Allison comes pretty near being the screen's most beautiful comédienne—if she actually isn't. She has the piquancy of the Billie Burke of ten years ago plus the beauty of ——— but words fail us

Photographs by Evans, L. A

Below is a boudoir glimpse of Miss Allison and at the right, is May as she appears ready for her morning gallop

Photograph below © by Hartsook, L. A

Merry May

Both photographs © by Hartsook, L. A

Above is another chic boudoir study of May Allison and, left, are May and her valuable pet wolfhound

Bonnie Mary

Mary MacLaren was stage-struck, like many girls. At fifteen she went into the Winter Garden chorus. Then she came to California with a letter of introduction to Lois Weber. That started her celluloid career

I ARRIVED at Mary MacLaren's home a few minutes ahead of the time stated for the appointment, only to be told by the maid that Miss MacLaren had gone out, left no word for me, and did not say when she would return. While I was waiting to speak with her mother, she came driving up.

My first impression of this pretty, yellow-haired, blue-eyed girl, who sat waiting for me to "start something," was one of wholesomeness. I could see no trace of paint or powder on her clear, fresh skin, and when she talked her clear and pleasant voice seemed to match the rest of her. She had no affectations, no striving for effect. It seemed impossible to realize that this young girl became a screen star in her early teens, was then the center of a bitter legal fight over her services. She is so unspoiled, so utterly unlike what I expected to find her.

It was evident that she had had difficulty in interviews.

"I suppose you come to an interview with something like the self-consciousness with which most of us sit to a photographer?" I said.

"I never know what to say," was her simple confession.

And so we proceeded, not to have an interview, but just an intimate chat about work and life and books and other things, during which I mentioned, casually, "You are Kathleen MacDonald's sister."

"Yes," she replied, "I am the youngest of three of us, but I was the first on the screen." This with just a touch of pride.

"Did you try hard for it?"

"No," she answered, "I deserve no credit. I was given a letter of introduction to Lois Weber and she put me to work immediately."

We were interrupted by her mother. "Excuse me," she said, and then, "Mary, did you bring the piece of lace insertion that I asked you to get?"

"Yes, mamma," was the reply; "I'll bring it to you." And she did so. She had reseated herself when her mother exclaimed, "Why this is only half an inch wide! Didn't you look at the note? I wrote upon it an inch and a half wide. How did you come to make such a mistake?"

"You know, mamma, I haven't been feeling very well lately," was her excuse.

"I cant possibly use this. You will have to go back and get me another piece."

Which goes to show that, altho a star, Mary is still rebuked by her mother, as any other girl of nineteen years.

Mary MacLaren paid a warm tribute to Lois Weber's great directorial ability. She explained that she had signed a new contract with Universal after the courts nullified the first one, in order to retain the right to continue the use of her screen name.

The living-room of her pretty and typical California bungalow on Manhattan Place, convenient to Hollywood, is furnished simply but in good taste. It extends the entire width of the bungalow, but is not so large that it could not be heated by a little fire in the grate on the coolest California morning. I sat on the lounge, and opposite me, on the wall, was a Maxfield Parrish print. As I entered my eyes were filled with the beauty

By ELIZABETH PELTRET

of several bunches of beautiful red roses.

The whirr of an aeroplane was heard overhead, and it brought out the fact that Mary's sister, Miriam, was to be married in a few days to H. Clyde Balsey, who was a member of the famous Lafayette Escadrille, and a description of battle in the clouds of Raoul Lufberry, the famous ace.

"I have no yearning for aviation; I prefer to stick to terra firma," said Mary, "altho I do know it isn't any safer. I have had three cars smashed up for me in as many years." (One of these accidents brought her to the border-line of life. She was unconscious for sixteen hours and in bed several weeks.) "One peculiar result of this accident," she said, "is that since my recovery I have abandoned, altogether, horseback riding and surf bathing, two of my favorite recreations, while it has not had the least effect on my automobiling, and I think it must also be responsible for my disinclination for air riding."

"What was there in your life before your screen experience?" I asked.

"Nothing extraordinary," she replied. "Like most girls in their early teens, I was stage-struck, and a glimpse behind the scenes of a New York theater made my home town seem stuffy and intolerable. I told my mother I was determined to go on the stage. I applied for an engagement, and was taken on with the chorus of the Winter Garden. I was not then fifteen years old. It was not long before I decided not to go on with it, but I cannot say that the life lost all of its glamor for me."

"Do you hope to renew your stage experience?"

"Yes, I am studying for it."

"Serious drama, of course."

"Of course, serious drama." She smiled as she repeated the words. "Mother says it is my near-morbid tastes in drama and books and is but a passing phase of the late teens and early twenties. Edgar Allan Poe is my favorite author. His grim stories fascinate me, and it interested me tremendously when I learnt that we have the same birthday, January 19th. I think, tho," she continued, "that the book that made the most impression on me was 'The Mysterious Stranger,' by Mark Twain. It fascinated me with its terrible pessimism."

She also spoke of the pessimism of Oscar Wilde and the gloom of Balzac. Her interest in these dark pictures of life is the inquisitive

(*Continued on page 62*)

Once Miss MacLaren lived with relatives in the West Virginia hills. When her present contract expires she plans to go to England and Scotland to visit the homes of her Scotch ancestors

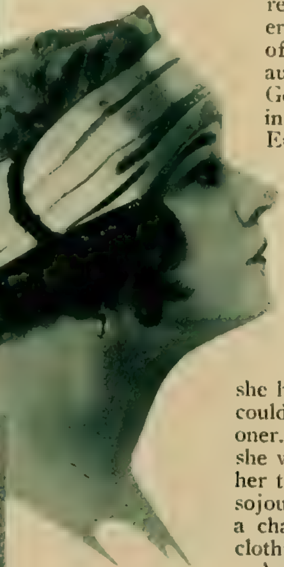
Two Cinema Player

By LILLI

"When one has lost all that counts and is still young, and must live on, there is only one thing to do—make the best of what is left. That I am trying to do."

It was eleven o'clock on a Sunday morning. A big house just off New York's famous avenue—a big room, dull green and tan, hangings of old rose—Madame Halina Bruzovna in a richly upholstered chair, her feet resting upon a Bokhara prayer rug that sank heavily into grey pile.

Would it were possible to tell her tragic story as she told it to me, slowly, hesitantly, carefully, in pretty, broken English, and to picture her mobile, sensitive face, the appeal of her dark eyes, the indescribable grace of gesture of her beautiful hands as she turned to her watchful secretary when the right word would not quite come.



Madame Bruzovna began her stage career more than eight years ago. Her repertoire consists of comedies and dramas of Russian, French, English and Polish authors, Kinternnacker, Wilde, Bernstein, Gorky, Tolstoi, etc. She is known not only in Poland, her native country, but all over Europe, in Australia, even Africa, as the stage and movie queen of Poland.

"The Dancer," a popular Broadway production a year or two ago, is one of the plays in which Madame Bruzovna scored a wonderful success. It ran six months at the State Theater in Warsaw, following which Madame formed a company of fifteen people and went on tour.

When war broke out in Europe, she happened to be in Berlin and, before she could get out of the country, was taken prisoner. Finally, thru the intervention of friends, she was allowed to go to Switzerland, leaving her trunks, her jewels in Berlin. During her sojourn in Switzerland she could not buy even a change of linen, as there was not enough clothing for the old and the children.

Anxious to reach her native town, Warsaw, she was compelled to journey all over Europe, thru France, England, Norway and Russia, before she reached Poland, where, until war closed the theaters, she continued her stage career.

Mme. Halina Bruzovna has come to American films from Russia, where she served as a soldier in the Polish army in order to be near her husband, a major

In California there had lived for twelve years young Ostoya, Polish by birth, American by environment, but loving Poland with the intense love that all Polanders have for their native land. When Europe was plunged into war, he, with many other loyal countrymen, hastened to his country's need.

In Warsaw, young Ostoya met his talented young countrywoman, Madame Bruzovna, and greatly admired her. The admiration and esteem were mutual, and soon they were married. When Major Ostoya, later one of the most famous of Polish commanders, was called to the battlefront, madame donned a soldier's uniform, shouldered a gun and went with him as a soldier in the Polish army. Twice she fought in the front-line trenches. With her husband she was stationed in Warsaw during the crisis of the Polish struggle. After she left the army she became a Red Cross nurse, serving for eight months directly behind the firing-line. One of her choicest possessions is a medal given her by the late Czar of Russia when he was at Warsaw and was shown about Red Cross headquarters by Madame Bruzovna, who speaks Russian fluently. The medal is an old one, struck by the first Romanoff Czar centuries ago. When Nicholas presented the medal to Madame he said: "This

rom Foreign Shores

NTANYE

medal, cast by the first Romanoff, is presented to you for your distinguished service by the last Romanoff." These prophetic words were uttered just a month before he lost his throne.

In connection with her stage work in Warsaw, the young Polish artiste had played many leads for the Sphinx-Warsaw Film Company, so, besides active service as soldier and nurse, madame was called upon many times to play leading rôles in films that were shown all over Europe during the war, many of them being taken at the front.

And then, the war over, Major Ostoya was killed at Danzig by the Bolsheviki.

"It was so very hard," said Madame Bruzovna. "We had gone thru the war together—never very far apart—and so happy—even tho we were facing—yes, living, strange things, terrible things, outrageous things. Always, when we had time, we planned our future—after the war. My husband wanted to bring me to America and put me on the stage. He tried to teach me English, but always I liked best to talk to him in Polish.

"And now he is gone. I have the cap he wore when last I saw him alive—his pictures, a few snapshots of both of us taken on the very few days we spent 'honeymooning' in Poland. That is all, and I am here—because he wanted me to come.

"I have been here four months. I am trying hard to learn to speak English perfectly, because Mr. Shubert, Mr. Belasco, say they will put me on the stage when I have English right. Americans—have been very kind. They told me about pictures and, because I cannot bear to be idle and because it takes much money to live in America, and many 'marks' I brought from Poland to make one American dollar—I work in pictures.

"At Selznick studio we made 'The Faded Butterfly.' It is very interesting and very different from making films in Europe. Over there we made all pictures out of doors. Here, we make them in a studio with big lights.

"I like the country—the people—the work I do. Sometimes it seems like a dream—my life. Sometimes, when I think—it seems I must be sixty—so much I have lived. But—when one has lost all that counts and is still young and must live on—there is only one thing to do—make the best of what is left. That I am trying to do."

"Do I look so much like a vamp—a home-wrecker?" queried Helen Gammeltoft, Scandinavian film star and songstress, gazing earnestly up at us. "Please tell me."

She did not, we decided, and said so emphatically. She is strikingly beautiful, with a sensitive face, masses of hair that shone like burnished copper against the old-blue of the chair in which she was seated, and an appealing personality that is bound to set the male heart beating faster—but "vampish"—no, we wouldn't say that.

Miss Gammeltoft was born in Copenhagen. She had an inherited passion for music, a consuming zeal for the study of it. As she grew older music was always to her the voice that she best loved and understood.

To sing in opera was her ambition, but the impatient urge of youth and a tempting offer decided her to accept a shorter cut to a career, and at the age of seventeen she made her stage début in musical comedy at the Gaiety Theater in London.

It was during her popularity as a music-hall favorite that her

(*Continued on page* 68)

Helen Gammeltoft came to this country from Copenhagen, where she was a favorite in Danish film plays. In the center is a glimpse of Miss Gammeltoft in a screen drama, "The Little Chauffeur," with Nicolay Johansen

A New Cinema Find

Photographs by Apeda

A new photoplay discovery, Nancy Deaver, is just bursting upon the silversheet horizon. She first appears in Mayflower's "The Law of the Yukon." Note her taking ways at the left

Judy of Rogue's Harbor

Told in Story Form from the Mary Miles Minter-Realart Photoplay

By OLGA SHAW

A SHORT time ago it came to my ears that a great many people, tourists and such like, had written, and even sold, stories about Judy of Rogue's Harbor. It made me rather indignant and accomplished the even greater feat of making me think . . . for I felt, justifiably, that not one person among them knew as much of Judy as I did, being there, as I was, during the summer when the drama of her young years came to its predestined climax. Not any one of them knew Teddy, or the Governor, or poor, tragic Ollie, or the Lady of the Roses, with her white hair and her unforgetful eyes. It made, all of it, a deep impression upon me at the time, unfolding before me, as it did, and then I went away and there came obliterating years, and not until I read a recently published story obviously with Judy as a theme did memories come back to me . . . fragmentary . . . here and there . . . vivid here and there . . . sweet and sad . . .

The first glimpse I had of Judy, for instance, was with Denny. Just at that time it would have been impossible to see her without Denny. The two were continually together . . . and it gave me a sort of pleasurable pain, compounded of estheticism and sheer love of form and beauty, to see the lovely girl, approaching womanhood on sure, steady feet, guided, as it were, by the fragile little boy whose protectress and confidante she was.

There was probably nothing particularly arresting about Judy to the casual observer, save for the flowerlike beauty and tinting of gold and sea-shell pink and forget-me-not blue, which were her eyes. She was not brilliant. She was even quaintly illiterate most of the time. But she had, if I may so express it, the all-pervasive quality of love, and it seemed to beam from her tender eyes, shine from her white brow, touch her lips with just the difference that made her unforgettable. At least, she has been unforgettable to me . . .

I have always been touched, in one sensibility or another, by contrasts, and the contrast of Judy to her surroundings, to the people about her, was what first diverted my attention from—well, myself at the time—to her. The cottage, with its unkempt exterior, its rather obvious little "fixings" done, all too plainly, by a woman's hands; the old man with the sullen eyes and the perpetual pipe, at the window; the tragic-looking girl about Judy's own age, but as different as two creatures of the same sex and the same general lineaments could well be; the cowering child, Denny, and the coarse farmer, Jim, who was, it seemed to me, hovering, and always ominously, in the immediate background.

JUDY OF ROGUE'S HARBOR

Told in story form from Clara Beranger's scenario based upon Grace Miller White's novel. Produced by Realart, starring Mary Miles Minter. Directed by William Desmond Taylor. The cast:

Judy	Mary Miles Minter
Lieutenant Teddy Kingsland	Charles Meredith
Governor Kingsland	Herbert Standing
Grandpap Ketchel	Theodore Roberts
Lady of the Roses	Clo King
Olive Ketchel	Fritzi Ridgeway
Jim Shuckles	Allan Sears
Benny	Frankie Lee
Peter Kingsland	George E. Periolat

There were, I thought, strange elements mixing and contending there. There was storm brewing . . . and of all things, I did not want to see the little girl with the love potentiality in her face in any sense victimized.

I grew to know the Lady of the Roses. I think I came to want to know her at first because of Judy. After a while I wanted to keep on knowing her because of herself. She had an exquisite gentleness that, just at first, I had mistaken for a silkiness I am not

Jim, it seemed, was hovering, always ominously, in the background . . . and, Judy shuddered to us, wanted to "get married with me"

partial to. But after a short time I came to know that the gentleness was a philosophy acquired piece by piece and bit by bit, often with fingers that bled, and, always, with a heart that ached. It was the martyred way in which she had draped the shrine of faded dreams and locked away desires.

She told me that Judy was unalloyed youth and love. "The loveliest thing," she added, "that ever God thought of, after roses. Once upon a time . . ."

I had to prompt her, but she shook her head and made a little gesture with her hands as tho she were closing the door on a room she had vowed to leave unprofaned.

"We make a great mistake," she told me, "in talking of old hurts. We think for easement, but we get revivification. I never speak of dead things . . . not hopes . . . nor hurts . . ."

And so, of course, I did not touch upon the theme again, but, often, seeing her with Judy, I pictured her as a woman who had loved very greatly and whose dearest hope had been to cradle a child in her arms, the child of the man she had so loved. I came to think of her like that, wearing the immortelles of a great renunciation.

I didn't know, until Judy brought Denny to the Lady of the Roses to keep, just how matters stood at the little hut in Rogue's Harbor. Judy was shocked, that night, out of her usual timidity, never without its accompaniment of a fastidious dignity.

Grandpap, it evolved from Judy's tremulous lips and fingers, was lovely as you can think when he was sleeping Then, it seemed, he had dreams, gentle-appearing dreams, and his half-opened eyes were kind, his mouth lost its ugly twist and became tolerant and all his ferocity fell from him even as an ill-fitting cloak might fall. He seemed, Judy thought, to be his *real* self. It was characteristic of Judy that she would believe more really in the gentle self of dreams than the coarse one of awakening. Judy was like that.

"He has been getting," Judy told us, "worse and worse of late" . . . when he was awake. He had threatened her and he had actually hit Ollie. Also, he had sided with Jim Shuckles, who, Judy shuddered to us, wanted to "get married with me." As a climax, he had about done for Denny, on whom, most frequently and most disastrously, he vented his unbridled brute rages. This night had been the end. Denny, Judy had thought, was done for. He could stay no longer in Rogue's Harbor if he were to stay on earth at all.

"I thought," she ended, with her wide eyes on the calm eyes of the Lady of the Roses, "that he could kinder stay with you a bit till I . . . till I c'n make plans. I'm going to do something for Denny. He aint going back to grandpap, not ever. If you cant . . ." She ended on rather a wistful note and waited.

The Lady of the Roses had taken Denny's bruised little body into her arms and was soothing him with whispers and with touch. The calm of her eyes was momentarily troubled. Her lips moved and I heard her say, "Not like . . . and yet . . ." Then she smiled up at Judy. "Of *course* I shall keep him," she said; "it will be charming for me. He shall have lots of bread and milk and sunshine and roses and love, and these are the things, and all the things, a child requires. I shall give them . . . oh, gladly! And he shall watch me sew, by lamplight, and when you come, Judy, to try on the frock I am making you we will have Denny as audience and critic-in-general."

It seems to me now, on looking back, that two or three uneventful weeks went by, with the exceptions of the daily brawls at the hut in Rogue's Harbor. They, I knew, were daily. They were as much a part of the atmosphere as the smell of the salt, mud and sand, the clam-shells drying in the sun, the salt winds breathing over the marshes, the smell of the ships and the feel of the shifting fogs. It all, somehow, blended into the place, and only Judy stood forth, penetrating the miasmas like a pale shaft of purest gold . . .

It came to me then that Governor Kingsland, then Governor of the State, was spending his summer in the next town, as was his wont, and that he came quite frequently to Rogue's Harbor and quite frequently talked with Judy. At the time I did not connect the Governor and his visits with anything in any sense out of the usual. He was a busy old man, I thought, if I thought at all, with fancies, with dreams . . . to which, no doubt, the child with her sunny hair and her sunny eyes and her naïveté, made whimsical, made tenderish appeal.

Still later it came to me, in divers ways, and finally thru the Lady of the Roses, that the Governor's grandson, Teddy, had met Judy and that he seemed to share the family leaning.

I came into closer touch with the whole when Teddy began to meet Judy at the cottage of the Lady of the Roses.

"They've been meeting in the woods," she told me, "and by the lakeside, and when and where they could. I think it better if they come here. They must be alone, of course; that is their right. But there are alonenesses and alonenesses. I think it is better if I am here, an abiding presence."

I thought of what a mother she might have made if life had not been denying, watching her, as I did, mothering Denny and standing apart from Judy, infinitely wise.

It was more an idyll than a love, all along. Judy, with her child's face and child's loyalties and woman instincts; Teddy, with his chivalry and his fresh-from-the-warness and his growing, deepening, first unconscious and then very frankly conscious love . . .

It was an idyll against which the brutalities of Jim and poor Ollie seemed bestially insulting.

It was, perhaps, merely again, the matter of contrast. Judy was an eidolon, a thing of dreams and dream-desires, and Teddy loved her, responded to her, in just that way.

Ollie, poor creature, was just an exponent, and a very untutored, very uncontrolled, very crass one, of sex, of her sex. There was a man, and there was a woman, and there was a child; there was a marriage, or there was not a marriage, according to Ollie, and there were no shades, no complexities pro or con. There ran thru her, partly because of her sex, no doubt, a certain dull and even dread persistency called loyalty, and an equally dull bewilderment and helplessness when she discovered no such trait in the man from whom she had dully, too, expected it—Jim. It was not Jim Shuckles, so much, who looked after Ollie now, with that light in his eyes; it was the father of Jim Shuckles' impending child . . . and Ollie's world was awry, with no possibility within her horizon of adjustment.

It has come to me frequently since, and specifically in connection with Judy, that love, the essence of love, must be a constructive element. Judy was a builder. Her whole impulse was one to rear things, and, always, toward the clouds . . . She had the quality of patience, too.

She must have had, because, as it evolved afterward, after the day of the Governor's narrowly averted death, and her own heroism, heroically displayed, she had been fighting all sorts of almost insuperable elements, having to bring to bear upon them the wisdom of a woman and the wit of an adventuress.

It is an ill wind, so saith an ancient proverb, and the day of the assault on the Governor's life and Judy's saving of the same had the effect of the heavy mists of Rogue's Harbor lifting and revealing the hulls and the masts of the many ships, secret and otherwise, at rest in that same harbor, veritably Rogue's Harbor.

It revealed, primarily, the fact that there was, without a doubt, some sort of secret organization in the town operating anarchistically. It must have come to Judy on that occasion that Jim Shuckles was a part of it. The ideas connected by some sort of natural inference, called, easily, instinct. Jim just *was* that sort of person. And, by natural inference, too, it must have come to Judy that this very connection was to be some sort of a means of saving Ollie, whose poor tragedy was growing daily in the lives of all of them. Judy had that instinct, exclusively a woman's.

It made Teddy know how much he loved her, too. When he saw her swinging at the head of the maddened horses to stop them on their mad career, he knew that life and death were duelling and that the life at stake was the breath of his own. It didn't make any difference who she was, or what her relationship to the queer people at the hut at Rogue's Harbor was. She was Judy. He was Teddy.

"They've been meeting in the woods," she told me, "and by the lakeside, and when and where they could. They must always be alone . . ."

Teddy and Judy walked in the garden of roses just as they came to their most perfect bloom, and whispered, one to the other, the old-as-the-world vows

And the answer was two-in-one.

It made the Governor reveal things hidden too long. It gave back . . . but this is how it happened . . .

Two nights after the attack on the Governor's life another attack was planned by Jim Shuckles and his fellows. The Governor, already incapacitated, was to be spirited away. The whole party was to be disrupted. Power, in short, was to be shifted. The plans took place in the barn at Rogue's Harbor, and poor Ollie, ever, these days, on the lone trail of Jim, overheard them. She told them all to Judy, because, primarily, she told everything to Judy. Judy made her plans, and, herself maneuvered the Governor from his house, to a boat, and thence to the cottage of the Lady of the Roses, to whom, somehow or other, Judy felt all who were weary, or sick, in danger or in doubt, should essentially go.

When the Governor recovered from his stupor and beheld the Lady of the Roses, he gave a sort of cry, a terrible sort of cry that yet held a strange, paradoxical relief. It was as tho a soul long tormented was facing an ultimate, most exquisite torment before some sort of a Nirvana.

"I've felt that this would come to me for a long while," he said. "I told my son only yesterday that I could not give him more money for his senatorial campaign because the money—is not mine to give. Has never been mine to give. It . . ." He looked up into the serene face of the Lady of the Roses and the slow tears gathered in his eyes. "I hate to take from you once more," he said, brokenly, "the serenity you must have gained at such a cost. But I am taking it this time, I know, only to give it, in some measure, back to you again. My dear, when your husband went away so many years ago and did not return—when you returned alone and I had to account to you for the moneys that had been entrusted to me and the child left in my house—I lied."

The Lady of the Roses started violently. Her lips formed the word "child." Involuntarily, Judy moved closer to her. Teddy, in the background, was watching his grandfather with an absorption, half fascinated, half terrorized.

"I lied," the Governor was saying, thru taut lips; "the temptation overcame me, and I fell. It sounds deliberate. It sounds—monstrous. I know. There is no alleviating circumstance. There is no possible condoning. I was young. Shallow. I did not know what we pay for joy and what we mean by pain. I had not known grief nor death, nor love, nor any of these things. The years bring these. It took a great many to bring them to me. I told you that the money was gone and the child was dead. I made it seem real beyond all shadow of a doubt. You went away at once. Later, when penitence came to me, I could not find you. You seemed to have vanished from the general surface of the earth . . ."

"I had," murmured the Lady of the Roses, and all the battle with pain made intolerable her face, so that the Governor turned from it with a groan.

"There is no expiation," he said; "I know that. I cannot, no matter how bitter my sorrow, give you back your lost years. I cannot give you back your baby. I can give you back your little girl. She is here. Judy. I gave her to her grandfather

(*Continued on page* 75)

That Irishman From Paris

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

George Fitzmaurice was born in Paris of true Irish folk from the south of Ireland. It was early decided to train young Fitzmaurice for the diplomatic service. But the future director decided differently

An Irishman from Paris—and with a French accent! Which seems to describe George Fitzmaurice, the director.

For Fitzmaurice was born in the Parisian capital of true Irish folk from the south of the little green isle. Wanderers, they had made their home in Paris. It was early decided to train young Fitzmaurice for the diplomatic service—that goal of the Continental youth—but the future director decided differently

Art beckoned and Fitzmaurice decided to be a painter. He studied and was graduated from the famous Julien School in Paris. Oddly, two years after Fitzmaurice left, Lionel Barrymore came to the same place to study art.

Fitzmaurice found it impossible to pin himself down to pigments and brushes, and the next year found him in the Far East. "It was far from an artistic career that I fell into," laughs Fitzmaurice in telling it. "I became a salesman for cotton, jute, hemp and other Eastern products, and for nine years I lived in India, with visits to China, Japan and Egypt to break the monotony.

"Then I wandered back to Occidental civilization and the movies. Six years ago I invaded pictures with Pathé, and I have been directing ever since. That's the whole story."

Fitzmaurice doesn't tell his own tale very well. Beneath the bare outline are, we suspect, scores of colorful adventures — but Fitzmaurice simply will not talk of himself.

Oddly, this variegated career seems to have been an admirable preparation for the screen. For Fitzmaurice owes his remarkable ability to attain beautiful pictures—admirable in light, shade and grouping—to his early training as a painter, just as Maurice Tourneur owes his skill in the same field to the same source. Fitzmaurice's ability to create atmosphere—as in Elsie Ferguson's "Witness for the Defense"—may well be traced to his wanderings thru Eastern lands. To this add the director's natural Irish imagination trained in French channels.

Fitzmaurice himself believes that diplomacy is one of the chief requirements of a director, for, as he says, "stars and players require delicate handling." We ask if there is a better diplomatic combination than Irish and French?

Fitzmaurice is an interesting observer of the screen. He talked vividly of David Griffith, particularly of the beauty of scene attained in "Broken Blossoms"; of Maurice Tourneur and his rare skill as a painter of the cinema; of George Loane Tucker and his disregard for everything in favor of the story; of Cecil de Mille and his theatrical viewpoint; and of King Vidor, that new figure on the photoplay horizon. Of them all, Fitzmaurice talked frankly and with singular discernment.

"We have been making fine strides in artistic photography," he remarked. "Today bad camera work is unforgivable. The next step is the story."

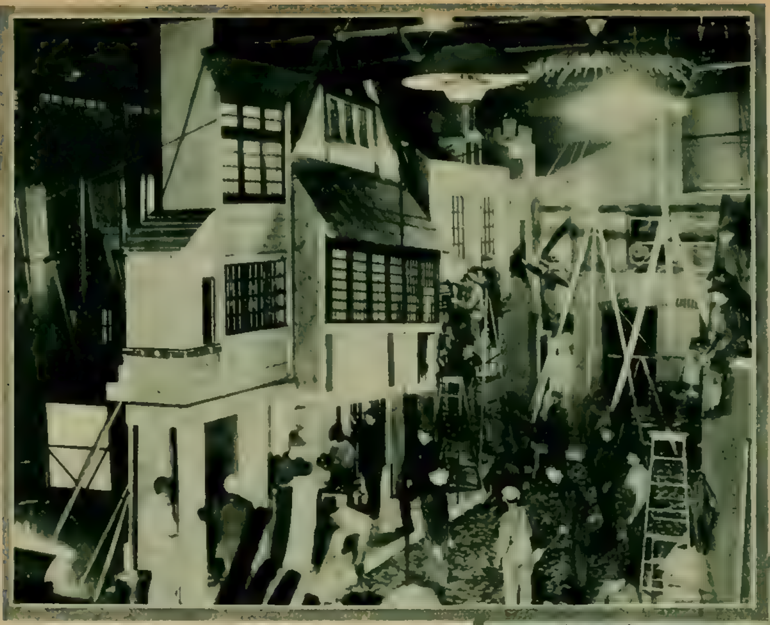
The director believes that a star is something of an essential to a big drama. "A star—and, by a star, I mean a player made competent by long training—is of infinite value as an organ to interpret. The star is an instrument upon which the intelligent director plays. As a director attains prominence it becomes necessary to subordinate the star, with the result that the featured director must use new and unstarred—indeed, frequently untried—material. Naturally, this presents added difficulties. If a player does particularly well, he or she immediately slips away to stardom. This happened recently, for instance, with Constance Binney and Violet Heming. The road of the featured director is not easy, despite the apparent ease of some directors, as Griffith and Tucker, to project their ideas into young players."

En passant, it is interesting to note the camaraderie of Fitzmaurice and his wife, known to the scenario world as Ouida Bergere. "We work together on every production," explains the director. "I owe a lot to our team work."

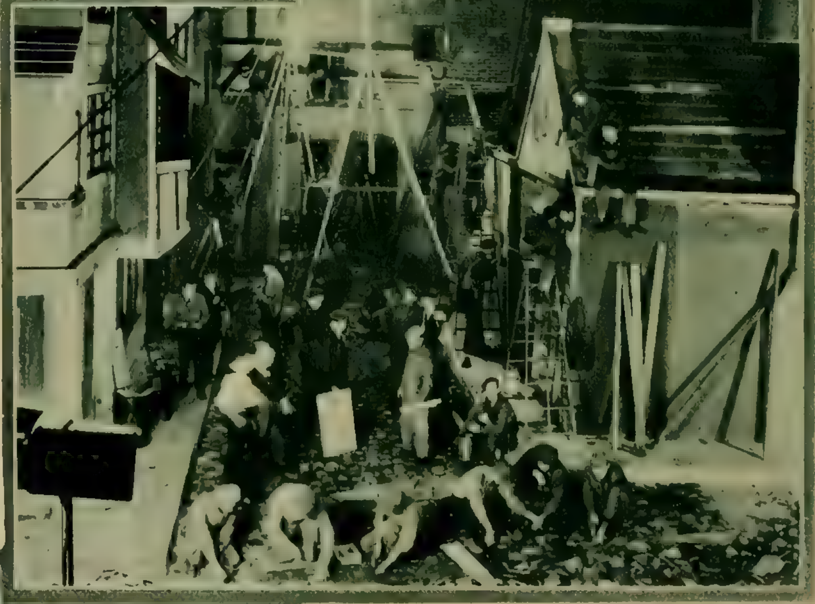
(*Continued on page* 83)

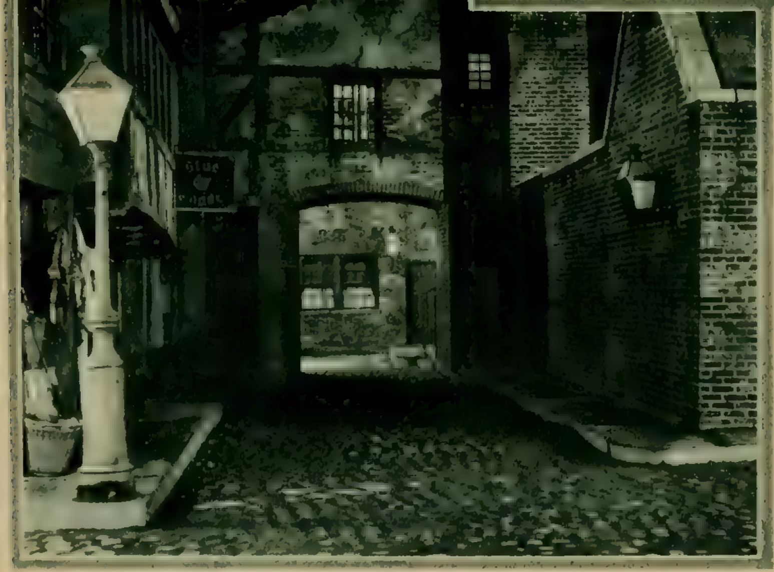
Aladdin in

Demonstrating how difficult—and atmospheric—settings are created right in the studio



The director needed a London street of the period of 1860. Presto! The studio Aladdin came into action and the street was constructed on the spot within a few hours





The street was correct down to the finest detail. Even the pavement blocks were built of wood and painstakingly nailed to the floor

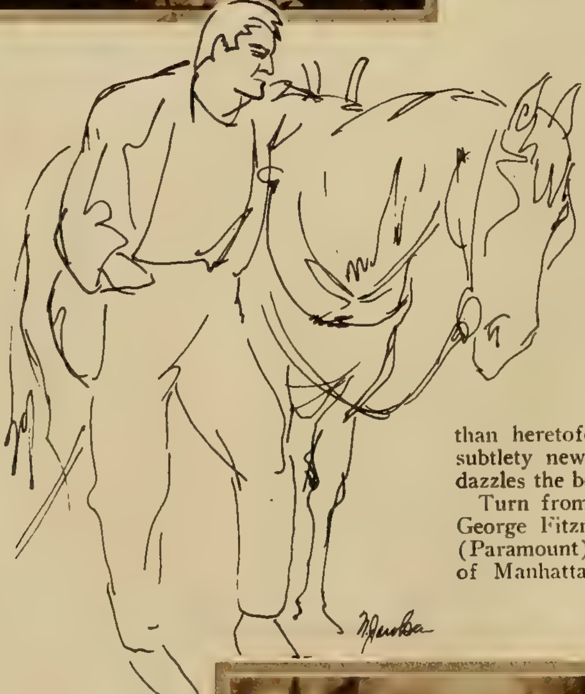
the Studio

These two settings were built in Famous Players-Lasky studios, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" in the East, and "The Round-Up" in the West

Out at the Lasky studio the director said casually to his studio aid: "I need a ranch house in the morning—get busy!" Herewith is the adobe house in three stages

It wasn't easy, but a little thing like reproducing a section of the South-West doesn't cause the modern studio staff to pause

The Celluloid Critic



Above, Thomas Meighan and Bebe Daniels in "Why Change Your Wife?"; right, an impression of Lionel Barrymore in "The Copperhead"; and, below, Wanda Hawley and Wallie Reid in "Double Speed"

SOPHISTICATED and searching is the photoplay of 1920. Franker and franker does it become each month in dealing with that eternal theme—sex. The picture puritan may lift his trembling hands in horror, but we see the photoplay as in its adolescent period. The screen drama has been growing and, with a mighty hurrah, it has just discovered sex.

What a shock Cecil de Mille's latest silken orchidrama, "Why Change Your Wife?," (Paramount), would have caused but two short years ago. Not that this latest ruthless cinema invasion of the sacred domain of they-lived-happily-ever-after will not provoke comment. It will—decidedly. For De Mille starts intimately in a bath, with hubby safety-razoring and wifey trying to button her dress unaided, and zips briskly thru matrimonial boredom, divorce, marriage to a pretty gown model, another case of domestic ennui, a second divorce and remarriage to wife No. 1. Remember De Mille's "Why Change Your Husband?," in which he pointed the moral that divorce is rather a waste of time, since all men eat onions, forget to shave and doze off to sleep directly after dinner? Here he reverses the sex of his moral and shows that all wives—— But we pause. Mr. de Mille makes his point with more adroit grace. He says, in brief, wives should learn when to be wives and when to be sweethearts.

We verily believe "Why Change Your Wife?" to be Mr. de Mille's best film contribution. It is done with all the director's luxuriousness of method. It has been very smoothly constructed by William de Mille and gilded with subtitles of excellent expression. Moreover, it is admirably played. Thomas Meighan is mere man to the life as the husband of humanly shifting affections, while Gloria Swanson sounds a deeper note than heretofore as the first wife. Bebe Daniels reveals a subtlety new to her screen playing as the mannequin who dazzles the bored spouse.

Turn from the De Mille opus in divorce and marriage to George Fitzmaurice's production of "On With the Dance," (Paramount), a de luxe excursion into the gilded sordidness of Manhattan. This presents a new Mae Murray. Miss Murray has long been a film luminary of decided piquancy, but her dramatic ability has hardly extended above the knees. Here she is both piquant and dramatic, thanks to Mr. Fitzmaurice.

"On With the Dance" dashes thru mismated marriages, a murder, an international trial and divorce. Miss Murray has the rôle of a bizarre little Russian; a pagan who lives for the moment, a butterfly of shallow emo-

MY DEAR MR. SMITH:

When I read your wonderful letter to me in reference to "Pollyanna," I was so deeply moved that the tears came to my eyes. It is the sweetest tribute that has ever been paid to me, and one which I sincerely appreciate. I am going to keep it always in my treasure box.

I had almost decided not to impersonate any more children on the screen but, since your letter, I have reconsidered my decision.

Cordially yours,
MARY PICKFORD.

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Illustrated by NORMAN JACOBSEN

tions, yet understandable, even lovable, in her frailties. Unthinkingly she brings down the crime upon her head. Then it is that the girl, Sonia, rises for a second to greatness of soul, when she goes upon the witness stand and, to save the husband who no longer cares, deliberately lies away her name and every dream.

Ouida Bergere has transformed Michael Morton's stage play into a most effective film drama. Mr. Fitzmaurice has given it a superb screening. Aside from the dramatic effectiveness, he achieved a remarkable series of screen pictures. Here is the best silverscreen light, shade and balance since "Broken Blossoms." The cabaret scenes, with Miss Murray as the chief charmer, are finely done.

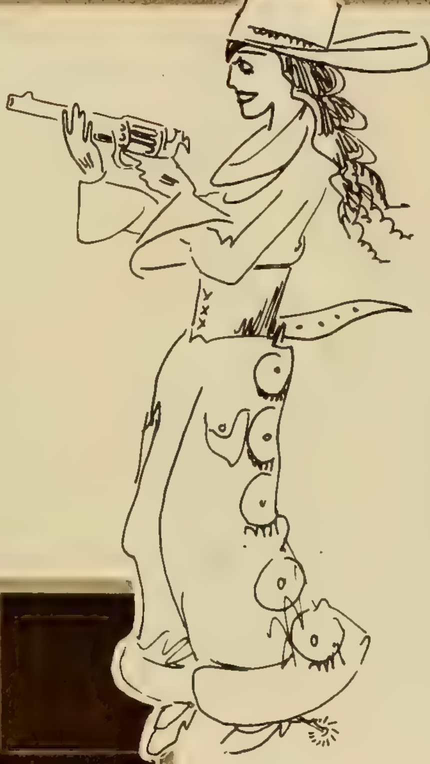
Besides developing a most remarkable dramatic note in Miss Murray, Mr. Fitzmaurice selected a capital cast, with Alma Tell shining as a human, well-bred girl of society and David Powell furnishing excellent playing as the distraught and unhappy husband of the shallow Sonia. This photoplay—sweeping from the midnight cabarets, where bored, jaded New York amuses itself, to its ultimate finale outside the Criminal Courts Building, crowded with photographers of the yellow journals—stamps Mr. Fitzmaurice as a director of the very first rank.

Marshall Neilan's first independent production, James Oliver Curwood's story of the Canadian mounted police, "The River's End," is likely to be very popular, because it is an effectively built melodrama. Basically, it plays havoc with the probabilities and falls down in an even casual examination. Death overtakes a police officer after he has pursued and captured his man in the Arctic Circle. The captive, who by one of those remarkable coincidences, looks exactly like his captor, assumes the uniform and personality of the dead man and returns to civilization. There he meets his "sister" and falls in love with her. A very happy conclusion is ultimately reached, of course. What? The hero wasn't really guilty of the crime? Of course not. A death-bed confession of the real murderer solves everything.

Lewis Stone does the two rôles—of captor and captive—with fine virility. A corking performance it is. Marjorie Daw is cute—a typical screen heroine. Mr. Neilan had a well-knit continuity to work with, but he deserves credit in keeping a high note of suspense and mystery thruout. "The River's End," with all its weaknesses, holds you. The early Arctic Circle scenes do not impress us, but Mr. Neilan has done some brilliant double-exposure work—the best we can recall—in his scenes with Mr. Stone.

Little Shirley Mason came into prominence in two productions: Maurice Tourneur's visualization of Stevenson's immortal tale of adven-

(*Continued on page* 108)



Top, Mae Murray in "On with the Dance"; center, an impression of Mabel Normand in "Pinto"; and, left, Zena Keefe and Owen Moore in "Piccadilly Jim"

A Bigger Fame and Fortune Contest

Eleanor Stahl of New York

Winnie Rowley of Brooklyn

Photograph by Morrison, Chicago

Above, Dolly Davis of Chicago and, left, Marie Zorka of Vancouver, B. C.

Photograph by Morris Galleries

Above, Irene Snow of Erie, Pa., and, right, Ione White of San Antonio, Texas

This new Fame and Fortune Contest of 1920 has started off with a bang.

Already an avalanche of photographs of beautiful women and handsome men are swamping the office and a special staff is kept busy every day checking them up.

They come from all parts of the world—from Australia, New Zealand and other far distant lands. The interest aroused by the success of the last contest has brought gratifying results.

It should be remembered that the winners of this contest get the same guarantee that was promised the winners of the last

(*Continued on page 86*)

The Dancin' Fool

By
ESTHER STEEL

Sylvester Tibble had the spirit of the commercial reformer. How he came by it neither God nor he could tell. And *where* it came from did not seriously annoy him. The source of things was of little moment to Sylvester Tibble. There were so many manifest things to be immediately attended to. Actions and reactions, complexes and analyses, as such, were wholly unknown to the energetic Tibble.

He had been energetic at the time of his birth; he continued to be energetic thruout the precarious span of his boyhood and he would continue energetic until the day of his doubtless protesting death.

He was perpetually bursting out of things, in one fashion or another. When he was very small indeed he burst forth from his clothes because of surplus fat and surplus energy. When he was twenty-one he burst from the precincts of the home farm and the home town because his ideas were surplus and, e'en as his infantile fat, energetic. Also, analogous to the fat again, his ideas were concrete. They centered upon making money and they super-centered upon Uncle Enoch Jones, who operated, rather successfully than otherwise, a jug factory in the gold-paved city of New York. The mere fact that Uncle Enoch had had the commercial wizardry to go to New York in the first place commended him to 'Ves, who was surrounded, otherwise, by farm-abiding relatives, rather horribly content.

It should be Uncle Enoch, a fortune and jugs!

There was little or no poesy to Sylvester Tibble. Uncle Enoch did not appear to him in any light other than the maker of a salable and highly utilitarian article, upon which could be hooked and fastened the brimming zeals, the enthusiastic ideas of a hitherto unappreciated Tibble. That is, he had no poesy when he left the dear old farm . . . later . . . but that *is* later . . .

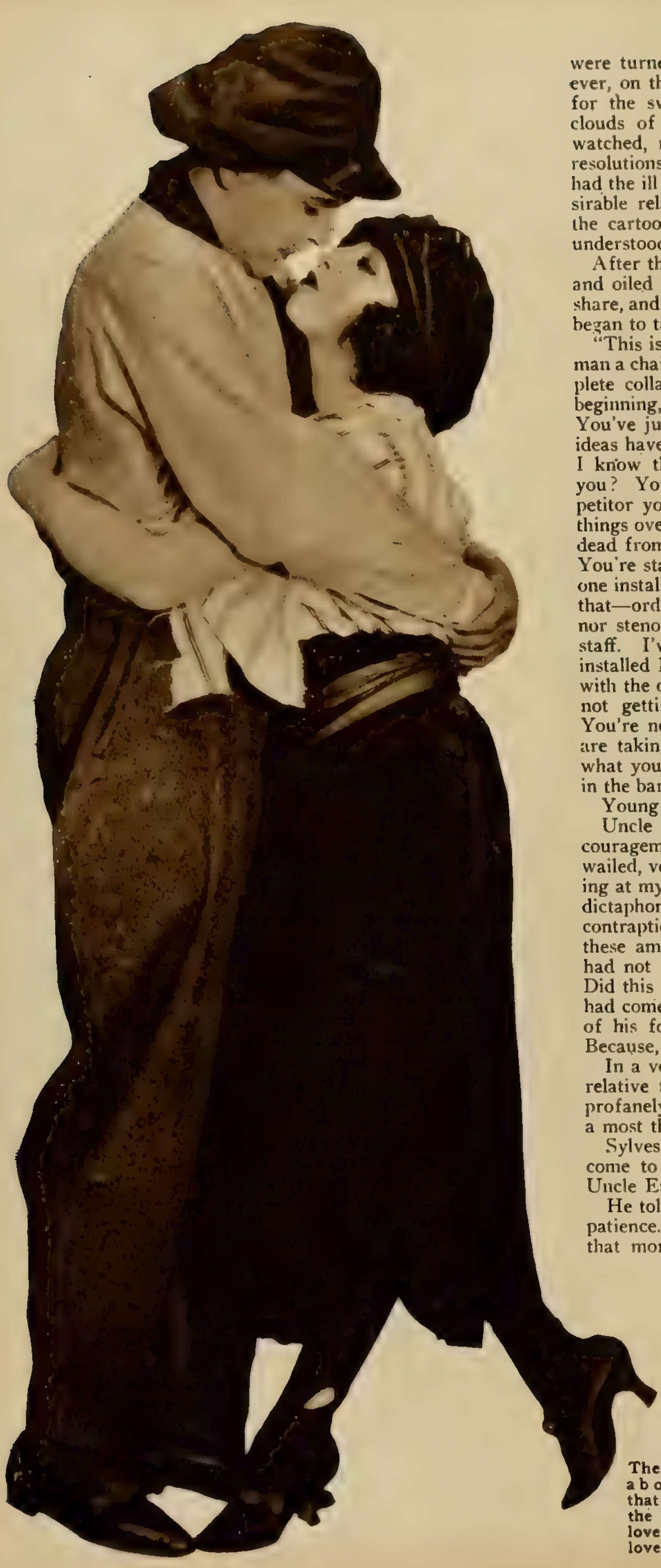
Uncle Enoch, approached by the all but unknown nephew, ruddy, exuberant, immensely cordial, did not, at first blush, nor second, either, share the cordiality. He was making jugs in his own way, selling them in his own way, saving his income in his own way. That it was an antiquated way bothered him not at all. It was *his* way, and he was of the vast majority to whom that is wholly and pleasingly sufficient.

To begin with, he did not believe in sweeping out an office in which one only *worked*. Sanitation in a factory where jugs

THE DANCIN' FOOL

Fictionized by permission from the scenario of Clara Kennedy based upon Henry Payson Dowd's story. Produced by Famous Players-Artcraft, starring Wallace Reid. The cast:

Sylvester Tibble	Wallace Reid
Junie Budd	Bebe Daniels
Enoch Jones	Raymond Hatton
Meeks	Willis Marks
McGammon	George B. Williams
Ma Budd	Sylvia Ashton
Elkus	Carlos San Martin
Gaines	W. H. Brown
Harkins	Tully Marshall
Dorothy Harkins	Ruth Ashby
Tom Reed	Ernest Joy



The people who lounged about McGammon's that night looked on at the dawning of first love, of young love, of love when love is new

were turned forth was "new-fangled." There seemed, however, on the first day of young Tibble's arrival, to be no help for the sweeping, at least. Uncle Enoch, obscured by the clouds of the dust of considerable antiquity, stood by and watched, making grim and, as he feared within him, futile resolutions to make quick work of this young upstart who had had the ill grace to be his sister's child and then foist the undesirable relationship upon an old man. This, then, was what the cartoons meant by pokes at one's relatives . . . Enoch understood . . .

After the sweeping, Sylvester straddled a desk, neatly dusted and oiled by the hand recently self-released from the ploughshare, and faced Enoch, still inhaling heavily of dust. Sylvester began to talk.

"This is only the beginning," he said, and got the old gentleman a chair in time to prevent the floor from receiving his complete collapse. Sylvester persisted. "This isn't all, just the beginning," he repeated. "You see, Uncle Enoch, I've ideas. You've jugs and a force to turn 'em out. I've ideas, and the ideas have to do with selling the jugs. You're *not* selling 'em. I know that. Comparative statistics prove that. How can you? You're not up to date. You're letting every other competitor you've got, and you've got 'em by the fourscore, put things over on you. You're the gimp horse in the race. You're dead from the eyes up. You've got a crêpe on your efficiency. You're stale. You haven't even got a telephone—I've ordered one installed. You haven't even got typewriters. I've rectified that—ordered half a dozen. You haven't got adding machines, nor stenographers, nor dictaphones, nor the proper operating staff. I've taken care of that, too. When these details are installed I'll go out on the road for you and see what's wrong with the out-of-town trade. Something is—that's flat. You're not getting the orders the Mills Jug Company is getting. You're not getting half the orders the New Time Jug people are taking in, nor making one quarter of the profits out of what you do sell. You're on a freight and you're being done in the bargain. You leave it all to little 'Ves."

Young Tibble smiled, by way of encouragement.

Uncle Enoch was beyond the smile and quite beyond encouragement. He didn't know his Ibsen or he might have bewailed, very lustily, the fact of the "younger generation knocking at my door." He did assimilate the heresies of telephones, dictaphones, stenographers and such like twentieth century contraptions. All the troubles known to men came from just these ambiguous and wholly distrustful sources. His father had not done business in such a fashion up in Jaytown, Pa. Did this young radical suppose that just because Enoch Jones had come to the city of New York he had forsworn the ways of his forefathers, the honest, God-fearing ways? *Did* he? Because, if he did, he would learn . . . he would . . .

In a voice that quavered, Uncle Enoch bade the undesirable relative to be gone, to be completely and, for Uncle Enoch, profanely *gone*. In a word, he consigned Sylvester Tibble to a most thoro annihilation.

Sylvester Tibble had not swept for nothing. He had not come to New York for nothing. He had not picked upon Uncle Enoch Jones for nothing. He had *come to stay*.

He told Uncle Enoch so, without ire and even with a certain patience. He bore with him; that was manifest. He had come that morning, unheralded and certainly unasked, and Uncle Enoch had been there, among the dust and jugs, for nigh onto half a century, but that was an inconsiderable part of the whole, which was the renovation of the Jones Jug Factory and the innovation of the fortunes of Sylvester Tibble.

Promising, with unnecessary kindliness and forethought, to report promptly for work in the morning and observing that he would now go forth to seek a night's lodging, the son of the sister of Enoch Jones fared forth.

Not at once, however, to seek a night's lodging. Reading efficiency manuals and economics and the Laws and By-Laws of

Commercialism was not all the reading young Tibble had done in his clean-swept room at the home farm. He had read, too, of the cabarets of New York, the dancing girls, the wine and laughter and lure. He had read, approvingly. One of the things he had come to New York for was to dance and to laugh and to live. He had mapped it all out. He would seek love as he would seek his fortune, applying principles of efficiency and system.

Of course, it did not happen to him as he had planned it—love. Almost always this is so, of others than Sylvester Tibble. It happened to him suddenly, with an almost violent abruptness. It happened to him deliciously and accidentally, and like this:

The first cabaret he saw he went into, and the first cabaret happened to be rather a rough sort of place known familiarly as McGammon's. The attraction at McGammon's happened, that season and that fateful night, to be Junie Budd, a very young thing with limbs like a flying dryad's and a face like the name she bore. She *was* very young and very sweet and very untouched, and the gods had surely kist her pink, arched feet and put that abandon of grace into the curves of her body. Sylvester, not being poetical until still later, did not note these details *as* details. He did note, however, that the music—or was it something more?—quickened the pulse of his heart almost unbearably, that he felt oddly short of breath and that there was a dizziness in his head and a coldness in his hands heretofore unknown to him. He tried his efficiency formulas and they fell flat. He tried to think of Uncle Enoch and the jug outfit and tomorrow's regimen and found that all he could see was a pair of limbs, flying and fleet and sweet; all he could hear was the hula-hula of the music. It was uncommonly queer.

Then the thing itself happened. Junie Budd stopped dancing. There was a commotion above which her voice rose, clear as a bell, resentful, full of tears. Sylvester knew what one did then. His head cleared and he made the platform upon which they danced with a bound. Junie's partner, it seemed, had kist her, full upon the mouth, and this was in no sense a part of the program. Junie was "pertikeler," and "What would Ma Budd say?" was the hue and cry. To emphasize her point she was rubbing savagely at the pink, assaulted mouth, and Sylvester found himself considering, with the queer new undercurrent of thinking he ha developed in the past fifteen minutes, that that pink, hur mouth was the loveliest thing he had ever seen; lovelier, even than the pink anemones in the woods at home with the first o the spring.

Whatever the reason Juni Budd and 'Ves dance their way to fame

The thing to be done was to dispose with two fists of th unspeakable villain who had done the more than unspeakabl wrong and, this done, with dispatch, and being nothing ver new to McGammon's, the music was resumed. Junie signified 'Ves didn't quite know how, that she wouldn't at all mind dancin with *him*. 'Ves had never done much dancing before, but al that mattered to him was the face of Junie Budd, and he fel in love with her then and there, and the people who lounge about McGammon's that night looked on at the dawning o first love, of young love, of love when love is new, and knew that their hearts beat in their breasts with a different rhythm knew that their eyes filled with unconscious and uncalled fo tears, knew that they wanted to see this over and over, again and again, so that they might walk forth into the greyness o the unlovely street and never see the greyness nor mind the unloveliness; but they did not know why. They did tell McGammon what they wanted, tho, in various ways and with various reasons, and they told it *so* variously and so emphatically that McGammon made Junie and 'Ves a joint proposition to take immediate effect and Junie and 'Ves accepted.

They did not quite know, themselves, what had happened to them that night. It had come so strangely, so unexpectedly so keenly and sweetly. They knew that they wanted to be together; that they could not bear to part. They knew that they were happy when they were dancing together and inexplicably sad when their arms fell asunder and the music ebbed low. They knew that they did not see just as they had seen before; that there was a different meaning than there had been the day before. They did not know quite yet that it was love.

He called Enoch Jones a few hard but understandable names and produced from every pocket his wearing apparel boasted contracts secured by him on his trip

That night Junie took 'Ves home with her and introduced him, palpitantly, to Ma Budd. Ma took roomers and was willing, having a vacancy, to include Sylvester Tibble, "with references." Sylvester was efficient enough to have equipped himself with these. He had foreseen almost all contingencies save the entirely marvelous one of falling in love—and, of all marvelous persons, with Junie Budd. To *think* that he should have picked out Junie Budd! It was, he knew, with a reverent and deep conviction, nothing less than a dispensation from heaven.

Late that night poesy entered the soul of Sylvester Tibble and he inscribed his first perfervid sonnet to "Beautiful Junie Budd."

In the morning he knew that he was in love.

So did she.

Before they danced, that same evening, at McGammon's he told her of his love, and she admitted hers, and the mutual confession ended in the first kiss and the promise of the finest engagement ring in the town.

On the way home from McGammon's 'Ves told Junie all about Uncle Enoch and the jug factory and the reforms he was instituting and was going to institute in order, altruistically enough, to make Uncle Enoch and the jugs efficient and, quite incidentally, to make the gold and glittering fortune of one Sylvester Tibble. Junie Budd listened and believed. The jugs and the efficiency principles were all rather vague, but, outstanding and startling, was the great fact of the greatness of Sylvester Tibble. It was, to her, a manifest fact, and she told him so. Further proof of his greatness consisted in the fact that he put the idea of greatness modestly from him—it was nothing much, he guessed, to come fresh from a farm and place factories and factory owners and labor situations and out-of-town trades upon a speedy efficiency basis . . . nothing much as *he* could see—it was just *him*, that was all . . . just Sylvester Tibble. He happened, wonderfully or otherwise, to be made like that.

Perhaps the world was hungry, after the war, for the lighter flowers of lighter things. Perhaps it was just the inborn desire everywhere to see young love and young life winged on dancing feet. Whatever the reason, Junie Budd and 'Ves danced their way to fame. Once again 'Ves burst bonds. McGammon's could not hold them once the tales of their lightsome steps became noised abroad. Offers came in and they danced, finally and triumphantly, in the Garden of Roses, the most famous and the most exclusive of the popular cabarets.

Junie would have been content just to dance and love, but there was a real sense of commercialism in Sylvester. "They want us because we're so darned young," he told Junie, "and so much in love. Both these things *show*, honey-girl. That's what the people are coming to see. That's what they want, even tho they haven't the sense to *name* it. That wont last——the youth part of it—and they wont want to see the love part when the youth part isn't there. Then . . . where will we be? We wont save money at this rate. People living this sort of life just *dont*, just *cant*. And, anyway . . . I dont want to have you keep on dancing for other folks to see . . . I want you to dance over green lawns and wild flowers . . . in the morning . . . in the moonlight . . . for *me* . . . alone . . . honey . . ."

"Why . . . why, 'Ves," whispered Junie Budd, resting her young, pink face against his sleeve, "I . . . I didn't know you were a poet . . . *too* . . ."

"I'm not," said 'Ves.

"But . . . just now . . . ."

"I'm a lover . . . *that's* why . . ."

'Ves danced at night and by day he persisted in his thankless job of modernizing the down-sliding Jones Jug Factory. He fired the star salesman when he found that he had been looting the firm via his much-inflated expense account, and he managed, with much effort and a great deal of abuse, to smuggle in the typewriters and the telephones. The stenographers were still in abeyance, owing to a slight consideration for the apoplectic tendencies of Uncle Enoch.

Then, one night, after dancing at the Garden of Roses, he met James Harkins, a jug manufacturer, and his extremely up-to-date and talkative sister, Dorothy. Harkins was willing to talk, and from the talk of both of them 'Ves gleaned his great idea for merchandizing the Jones Jug. It meant a trip on the road and, before the trip, it meant a great many talks with the Harkinses, both brother and sister, to accumulate data and gain information. It meant, analogously, seeing considerably less of Junie Budd, who simply *could* not talk jugs nor get the ins and outs of efficiency. Seeing less of Junie Budd meant an aching loneliness to 'Ves, but it meant to Junie, *Dorothy Harkins*. She had always suspected that 'Ves was far too wonderful a person to have loved her, and now this commanding young woman, with the statistics of jugs at her very fingertips, was going to prove the horrid fact to 'Ves himself. Junie skidded completely away on the idea. She told 'Ves she was certain of it. She told him not to mind her; her heart could break, but her feet should go on dancing . . . and dancing . . . and dancing . . . forever and ever and . . . at which juncture her poignant grief conquered her and she wept out her heartbreak and gave him back his ring and sent him forth on his trip, puzzled, distraught, more, however, than feverishly anxious to make good that he might dazzle Junie's baby blue eyes with a more than magnificent diamond. She was a child, God bless her, a baby, and as a child and a baby bright things should be dangled before her to bring her back to his heart . . . in the meantime . . . there were the jugs . . .

It took 'Ves two months to do what he wanted to do, and when he returned to New York it was spring again and it was night-time . . . such a time and such a night as the first one upon which he had met Junie Budd and danced with . . . and loved her . . . and made a host of people to dream while their lips grew wistful and their eyes grew dim with tears . . .

He had not heard from Junie since the night she had sobbed out her farewell to him, but she had said, then, that she would keep on dancing and dancing . . . forever and ever . . . and so he sought her in the Garden of Roses.

She was dancing there, but, he saw at once, not as she had danced before . . . with him. There was life in her young grace, but the love had gone from the life and the pulse from the flesh. And the people, too, they were sipping their wine . . . smoking . . . only casually . . . only occasionally did their eyes rest on the girl and man dancing on the stage . . . 'Ves heard one man say, "Curious . . . she used to get you like a heartache that you wanted to keep on feeling . . . Not now . . . deader than a doornail. Management's to can them, I hear."

This was too much for 'Ves. It was too much for him to look on at his dancing dryad with all the fervors gone from her pretty limbs. He made the stage as he had made it once before, months ago, seized her in his arms and gave the assembled crowd the lure and lilt they had missed, not knowing why . . . And they hadn't forgotten him. They hadn't forgotten her. They hadn't forgotten the pair of them together. They didn't know that the quick gasp of her breath, the exultant leap of her young body, the ecstatic sway and song of them was because she hadn't known . . . because her heart had been breaking . . . because young love had come to her again . . . made the world a dream new . . . they knew they were getting what they wanted, and they told the young couple so with cheers and cries and welcomes and bravos . . .

There was one table on the floor silent in the midst of the general hubbub. Grouped about that table were the Harkinses, brother

(*Continued on page* 79)

"Will you marry a dancin' fool, Junie?" the young lover asked, "and . . . the present partner and future outright owner of the Jones Jugs, Incorporated . . . will you?"

Double Exposures

Conducted by F. J. S.

To our way of thinking, the big cinema moment of the late winter occurred when a certain movie magnate signed up a certain internationally famous author. When the author had affixed his signature to the document, the producer genially slapped him on the back and said encouragingly:

"I have faith in you—I'm sure you'll make good!"

We'd give a month's salary for a close-up of the famous one's face.

Why We Are Going to Take a Vacation in California

(*The managing editor's telephone speaks*)

"I've got a great scenario here—wheredya think I can sell it?"

"Are Wesley Barry's freckles real or are they only painted on?"

"Do you know a chap named Jenks? He works in a studio in Fort Lee."

"Is Pearl White really married?"

"Say—got a job for an interviewer—I wantta meet some of the stars."

"Can you tell me the name of a picture I saw last year? It had the cutest little dog in it."

"Can you use a picture of an awfully pretty girl I know? She's crazy to go in the movies—and a picture'd help."

"Do you buy scenarios? I've just written one for Nazimova."

"I sent in an article yesterday. How'd you like it? What'll you pay me if you take it?"

"Can I have the picture of Mary Pickford you ran in your April issue of last year?

"Where does Dick Barthelmess live? I'm a great friend of a cousin of his."

"Thanks for that interview you ran with Mary Jones. I want you to have lunch with me *some day*."

"We've just put in a motion picture machine in our church. Will you get us some free films for it? We'd like to have 'Broken Blossoms' for next Wednesday night."

"You didn't use a bit of my press stuff in your last issues. Do ya wantta get me canned?"

"What do you do with all your pictures after you get thru with them?"

"Say, will you use a picture of Lew Cody? I think he's the dearest thing."

"You cut my article all to blazes. You're a cold-hearted editor, you are."

Big Moments of the Month

When Bebe Daniels adjusts the sofa victrola in "Why Change Your Wife?"

The moonlight swim of Connie Talmadge in "Two Weeks."

Mae Murray's cabaret moments in "On With the Dance."

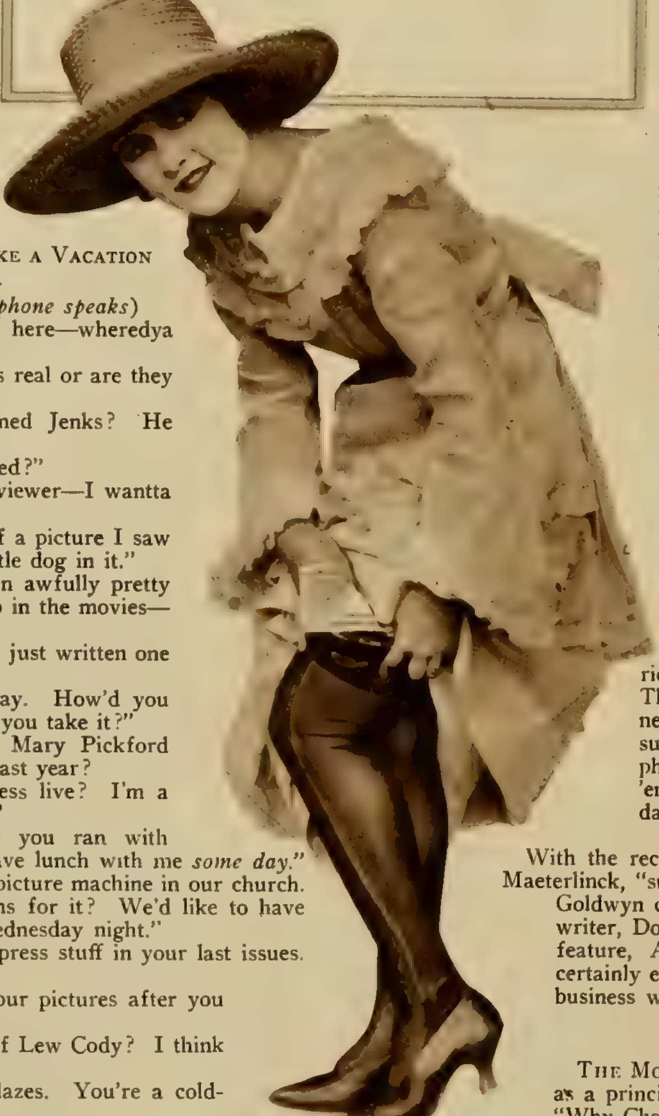
Our idea of far-fetched comparisons occurs in a recent Lewis J. Selznick advertisement, which compares the quality of Selznick productions to the quality which "impresses you on every hand in the stately mansion of George Washington at Mount Vernon." Pretty soon some ambitious press agent is going to compare somebody else's pictures to Grant's Tomb.

The "piquant photoplay" is still striving for piquancy. A recent Constance Talmadge comedy carries this advertising line: "A tale of wild men and wild women in a wild city." A picture of an elderly gentleman examining a cutie's right shoulder-blade carries this message: "Ye gods! The old fossil thinks he's a sinner!" And the advertising man sums it all up in this choice phrase: "What if it does make 'em blush—your theater is dark!"

With the recluse "Blue Bird" philosopher, Maeterlinck, "supervising productions" at the Goldwyn coast studios; the "Pollyanna" writer, Doc Crane, dashing off a super-feature, Art (capital A, please), has certainly entered the scenario end of the business with a vengeance.

Did You Notice

The Motion Picture Classic's début as a principal player in Cecil de Mille's "Why Change Your Wife?"



Above,
A Run on the Bank,
Introducing Laura La Plante of the Christie comedies

GROWTH

By Barbara Hollis

I've grown away from you I know,
I tried to take you too;
But you cried out, "Come back to me!"
And that I cannot do.

I hoped it might not matter, dear,
Till in your grieving eyes
I saw that you were lost to me—
Could it be otherwise?

Life holds its compensations—true—
A crown for every cross;
Yet can the sad sweet joy of growth
Make up for bitter loss?

LOST KISSES

By Eleanor Hammond

You kist me, and the sea wind blew away
The kiss and lost it in the whirling spray.
A nautilus came drifting in from sea—
It was your kiss blown back to me.

You kist me where the summer breezes pass;
We lost the kiss among the wind-blown grass,
And as we laughed, we saw it flutter by—
A little yellow butterfly.

And once beneath a sky of amethyst
Almost your lips touched mine, almost we kist.
The night wind stole the kiss and tossed it far—
It blossomed as a little star.

At Every Move of Your Hand- Your Nails are Conspicuous

YOU jot down a memorandum—instantly eyes are attracted to your hands. Instantly a judgment of you is formed, based upon the appearance of your nails.

Eyes follow a moving object automatically; follow it as inevitably as they blink when something suddenly flies towards them. This is why they are so often fastened on your finger tips.

Notice today and count the number of times someone glances at your nails.

People no longer excuse unsightly hands. For it is generally known that nowadays well-kept nails are simply a matter of a little care.

However busy you might be, however hard you might use your hands, you need never be ashamed of your finger nails. It requires only a few minutes of the right kind of care once or twice a week to keep them in perfect condition. But be sure it is the *right* kind of care.

The safe and satisfactory method of caring for the cuticle is softening and wiping away. This is easily done by the use of Cutex, the pure liquid cuticle remover.

The simple Cutex method of manicuring takes less time than the old painful cutting of the cuticle, and it is *absolutely harmless.* Cutex Nail White and Nail Polish complete a perfect manicure.

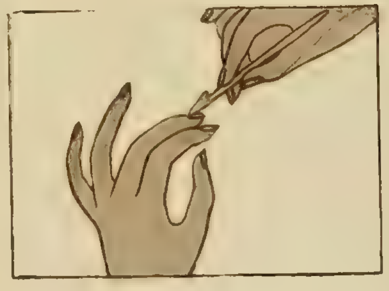
You will be astonished at the wonderful results from one Cutex manicure. Repeated once or twice a week, it will keep your nails in perfect condition.

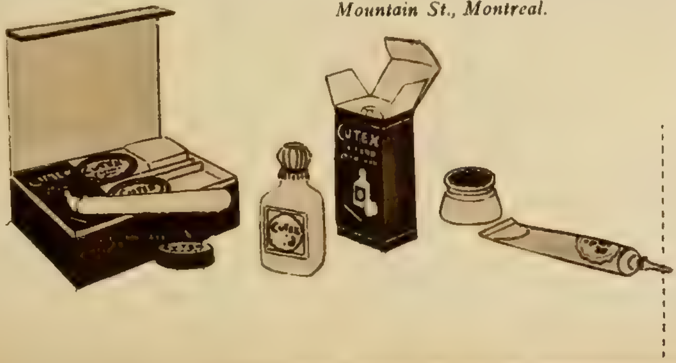
Cutex can be obtained at every drug store or department store in 35c and 65c bottles. Cutex Nail White, Nail Polish and Cold Cream are each 35c.

Six complete manicures for 20 cents

Mail the coupon below with two dimes; we will send you the Cutex Introductory Manicure Set, not as large as our standard set, but containing enough of the Cutex preparations for at least six complete manicures. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 905, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.





Mail this coupon with two dimes today

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Dept. 905, 114 West 17th Street, New York City

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Street and Number ____________________

City and State ____________________

How to Find the Cream You Need

Stand in a good light—examine your face carefully in a mirror, and then—

Study this Chart

Acne Cream—for pimples and blackheads.

Astringent Cream — for oily skins and shiny noses.

Combination Cream—for dry and sallow skins.

Foundation Cream — for use before face powder.

Lettuce Cream—for cleansing in place of soap and water.

Motor Cream—for skin protection, before exposure.

Tissue Cream—for wrinkles and crows' feet.

Whitening Cream — for freckles and bleaching.

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A Beauty Aid for Every Need

Marinello Toilet Preparations may be had at all Drug Stores, Department Stores and Shops.

Pretty Polly

(*Continued from page 35*)

photograph ever taken of her daughter, because she wants them all to gaze upon and dream and croon over when Pauline leaves for a home of her own.

That did look as if Polly had expectations matrimonial. I asked her about it first thing.

The girl laughed merrily. "I dont want to marry until I am twenty-five, it's such fun to live and work and travel about. But a fortune-teller told me I would marry next year—and I'm awfully excited about that."

A cynical visitor happened to be there and withered Polly's orange-blossom hopes with the cold wind of mistrust and disappointment.

"I hope you fare better than I do!" quoth the mere male. "*Two* fortune-tellers told me I would marry very young, and at the end of twenty years I'm still doing monologs!"

"She might not have understood her business," answered pretty Polly, pepfully.

"There isn't anything I love quite so much to do as to dance," went on Pauline. "But I ruined my lovely new ball-gown—just think, my very first ball-gown——"

"Pauline, I cant think how you managed to do it," interrupted her mother. Then, explanatorily, "Pauline went to her first big ball this month—the directors' ball. She wore a débutante frock, American Beauty velvet, very simply made—not one of those matronly looking décolletés, but——"

"Why, mother, you know it hasn't a thing but shoulder-straps. You're beginning to describe it as if it had a high neck," chimed in Polly.

"I dont know how it is that young girls now think of nothing but clothes—I get so sick of hearing clothes, clothes, at the studio, and Pauline's vagaries nearly drive her tailor crazy. He always says, 'Pauline, you know what you want, but you never know how hard it is to make it your way—you drive me insane!'" Mrs. Starke sighed in a motherly sort of fashion.

"You should see my trick frock—for the street!" Pauline didn't wait for a second invitation when I begged her to show it off.

Miss Starke is very original. She designs everything she wears. Moreover, she wont study fashion books, even when the tailor flourishes them hopefully under her straight little nose.

"I think Pauline may be quite a designer after a while," continued Mrs. Starke, while Polly dove headfirst into her clothes closets. "Just now everything she does seems freakish to me. I dont see any particular reason for turning the world topsy-turvy the way she does, there are so many pretty fashions in the windows and books."

"Here is my trick skirt—see, I wrap myself into it this way." I dont wonder the tailor gets excited. The skirt begins as a semi-circle, slopes off into a long point, and wraps twice around the slim hips to form a double overskirt, with drop underneath, and just one little tape holds the lower part together with a snap fastener. Skirt edges and coat are finished with binding of black leather. A bright little vest, fastening in the back, adds color to the blue suit.

"You didn't finish telling me about the ruined ball dress," I reminded.

"Oh, to be sure. Jack Pickford and I were doing all sorts of exhibition dancing, and I think the knees of his black trousers must have interfered with my velvet skirt, for it shows long black streaks, like dye.

"I had a perfectly thrilling experience today. Jack had his new aeroplane on the lot and, when I said some day I wanted to go up in it, he proposed my going right off with his pilot. I couldn't do stunts, because they wont let you do that unless the owner goes along."

Pauline drives her mother out to Culver City daily in her Buick coupé. She's doing Melissa in "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come"—not much of a part, but a fill-in until her own feature is produced at the Goldwyn plant.

Before that, she played the younger sister in "Eyes of Youth," but much of the rôle was cut out owing to the enormous amount of film consumed. In "Soldiers of Fortune," under Alan Dwan, Polly fared well. Then she is showing in "Broken Butterfly," with Maurice Tourneur's direction, and "The Life Line," which forces her to be mother to a four-year-old daughter, a part opposite to the screen Lothario, Lew Cody. Pauline has had to weep thru so many of these abandoned girl stories—always she is the Injured Innocent.

"Will you keep on with that sort of stuff?"

"I like best to play the part of the very poor little girl who works hard, or meets somebody, and who gets very wealthy and is happy forever after," said Pauline Starke, enthusiastically. That's natural, of course, for Pauline's own life has been a development of the chrysalis into a beautiful butterfly—a shedding of limitations and achievement of home, fortune and many friends.

Her home is really beautiful. There are soft chairs, much mulberry-colored velvet, lots of cushions, all showing up well against the grey rug. Mahogany catches high-lights from the various gas-heating devices, one being an open grate with gas-logs. There are very odd lamps with subdued shades, not a glaring light anywhere, and the canary cage has a ruffled arrangement of dark green silk like the window drapes. The canary is Polly's only pet, and he fights her viciously, to her immense gratification and mirthfulness. However, he does sing night and day, which is all a canary is supposed to do.

Pauline herself is never quiet. She

(*Continued on page 62*)

HOW TO FIGHT THE LITTLE FOES WHICH WORK TO MAR YOUR SKIN

YOUR complexion is surrounded by enemies—There is that inward enemy that shines the face. There is the tricksy breeze that dries and dulls the unprotected skin. There is dust that clogs the pores.

Be always on your guard against their wiles.

EXPOSURE to wind, sunlight and dust coarsens your skin. Skin specialists say that you can protect your complexion from this injury by applying a protective cream before every outing.

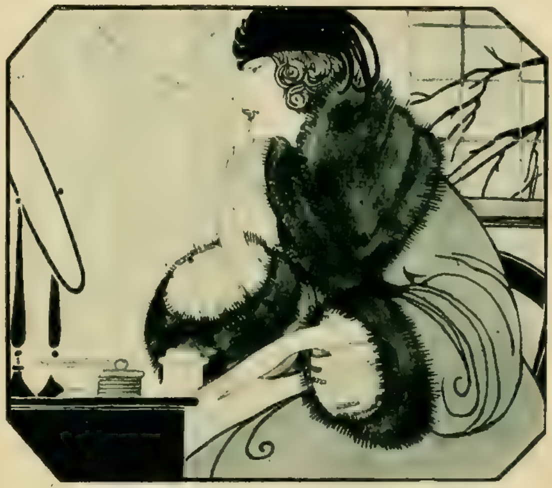
Of course you cannot apply a *cold* cream before going out—cold cream leaves your face too oily.

Lightly touch your face and hands with Pond's *Vanishing* Cream. It is made precisely for daytime and evening use. It has not a bit of oil in it, so it cannot make your face shine.

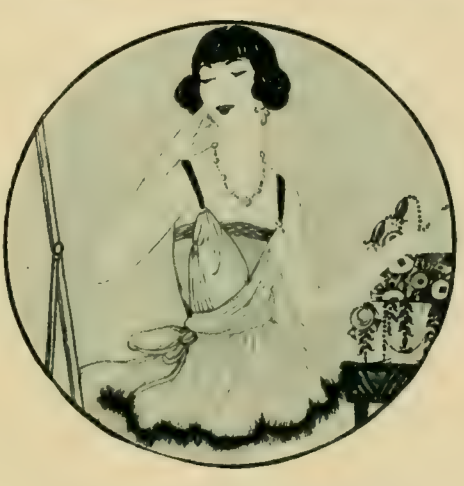
In this way you can keep your face appealingly soft and smooth no matter how much time you spend out of doors.

YOU never can tell when that treacherous enemy, an ugly glisten, will creep upon you unawares and make you look your worst.

This cannot happen if you powder in such a way that it will last.



To foil wind, sun and dust, use a bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream before motoring or other out-of-door sports



The same greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream makes the powder stay on

You cannot expect too much of powder. The right powder foundation is essential if you are to *stay* powdered. For this you cannot use a cold cream. The oil in it soon comes out in a worse glisten than ever.

Before powdering rub a tiny bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream on your face. Then notice how smoothly the powder goes on, how natural it looks. It will stay on indefinitely. Until you wash your face it cannot shine again.

DUST is a subtle enemy. When your skin grows dull, loses its clearness, it is simply an announcement that the pores have become clogged deep down with tiny particles of dust.

To remove these, vanishing cream is not enough! Only a cream with a good oil base will suffice.

Before you go to bed and after a train or motor trip, rub Pond's *Cold* Cream into the pores and wipe it off. It contains just enough oil to work deep into the pores and thoroughly cleanse them. You will be shocked at yourself when you see how much dirt you were harboring.

When you go downtown, stop at the drug store or any department store and buy a jar or a tube of each cream. You need never again fear the little flaws that ruin one's appearance.

Before retiring remove the dust that is lodged deep in the pores with a cream with an oil base—Pond's Cold Cream

YOUR SKIN NEEDS TWO CREAMS

Every skin needs two creams. For daytime and evening a cream specially made without oil, so that it cannot reappear in a shine. This is Pond's Vanishing Cream. It has no oil and cannot make your face shiny even for a moment. It is based on an ingredient which is prescribed by world famous physicians for its softening effect. Use it for protection from the weather, for a powder foundation and for freshening the skin at a moment's notice.

On the other hand, for cleansing, for supplying a lack of oil, and for massage, Pond's Cold Cream should be used. Its formula was worked out to supply just the amount of oil required to give it the fullest cleansing power, and just the smoothness to work well into the skin.

Neither of these creams will foster the growth of hair on the face.

Tiny deepening lines can be kept at bay with a Pond's Cold Cream massage

FREE SAMPLE TUBES
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POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, 137-N Hudson St., N. Y.
Please send me free the items checked:
Sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
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Instead of free samples, I desire the larger samples checked below, for which I enclose the required amount
A 5c sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
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POND'S
Cold Cream &
Vanishing Cream

One with an oil base and one without any oil

Pretty Polly

(*Continued from page* 60)

has a way of standing, stork-like, on one foot, or swaying on both feet—crossed! Again, she'll rock in a perfectly straight chair—and always it is the essence of graceful movement.

"Dont tell anybody I swim—for I dont!" she burst in, suddenly. "They are always talking about how the girls swim, and I dont want anybody to think I'm trying to put something over, for I cant swim a single stroke and I dont want to!"

I crossed my heart—let these words bear witness to the truth.

"What sort of man do you want to marry?" Pauline's ideas are so original one wants to draw her out further.

"I want——" Polly reached over for the figs stuffed with walnuts before she felt fortified to answer the momentous question. "I want a man with personality now—strong personality. I used to dream of a handsome man, but I've seen too many good-looking men, and played with too many, to care about their faces any more. I'm after intelligence and character — that's the only thing that lasts."

"That looks as if you were turning from leading men to directors," shot in the cynical visitor again.

"Perhaps," closed pretty Polly, laconically.

Bonnie Mary

(*Continued from page* 39)

interest that makes almost all of us eager to peep into a chamber of horrors.

"One of the great events of my life," she remarked, "was when I made a long visit to an aunt, who lived in her old Colonial home in a wild portion of West Virginia, on the trail which the pioneers traveled on their way westward to colonize Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois. I was very fond of our history, especially of the struggles with the Indians. My aunt did not allow me to associate with the neighbors, who were mountaineers of the feudist type, so I used to wander around, fancying myself in the scenes of these combats between the whites and the redmen. She had a large library, and I would cuddle up in it when I was tired of tramping and explore the bookshelves. It was there that I made the acquaintance of Becky Sharp and the people of Dickens. The latter attracted me the most. I was especially fond of 'The Tale of Two Cities' and 'Bleak House.' Next February, when my contract with Universal is at an end, I intend to visit Europe and see all the Dickens landmarks and explore the abiding places of my Scotch ancestors. I feel that the rest will do me a lot of good, and when I return I will be able to go back to my screen work with new zest."

Her most famous picture was "Shoes," made under the direction of Lois Weber. Some of her more recent pictures are "Rouge and Riches," "Bonnie, Bonnie Lassie" and "Petal on the Current." The last, (her favorite), from a story by Edna Ferber.

Look Your Best at Easter

TIME has proved the merit and marked superiority of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream. In its class, it compares with gold, because it is the accepted standard. So pronounced is the preference in favor of D & R Perfect Cold Cream that practically no dealer with proper regard for his customer's expressed desire would attempt to hand you a "just as good." He knows that the Red Band of Honor on every carton of

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S
PERFECT COLD CREAM
"The Kind That Keeps"

is firmly fixed in the mind's eye of discriminating women, even if they have only tried this toilet necessity but once—so impressive and apparent is its quality and purity. To massage your face, hands, arms and neck every day with D & R Perfect Cold Cream will ensure your having a soft, smooth skin and a complexion that radiates charm and youth. In tubes and jars, 0c to $1.50.

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COLD CREAM
COLD CREAM

Poudre Amourette: The face powder de luxe of daintiness. Looks natural and stays on. Flesh, white, brunette, 50c, at your dealer's or by mail from us.

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Send For Free Samples

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ain. Easy painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free.
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How Famous Movie Stars Keep their Hair Beautiful

NORMA TALMADGE
"You may use my testimonial to the value of WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO."

ALICE BRADY
"I consider WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO an ideal shampoo. It can be used with such little effort and keeps my hair in wonderful condition."

ABEL NORMAND
"I never knew that a shampoo could be so delightful until I used WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO"

PROPER Shampooing is what makes beautiful hair. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why leading motion picture stars, theatrical people and discriminating women use

WATKINS MULSIFIED
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage. You can get WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO at any drug store. A four ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children

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LINE FREDERICK
"Not only is the use of WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO beneficial to one's scalp and hair but the refreshing and stimulating after effects are delightful and indescribable."

MAY ALLISON
"Of all shampoos I have ever used WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO is by far the superior."

WALKER
"It keeps my hair looking its best, and is easy to use."

Be SURE it's
WATKINS
If it hasn't the Signature, it isn't "MULSIFIED"

Don't Be Gray!

Nowadays it is very easy to produce the natural color in your hair in a perfectly harmless manner by the use of

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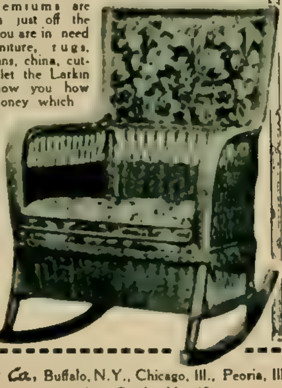

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The Pulse of the Photoplay Public

(*Continued from page* 17)

more attention as audiences develop. That is natural, for sex, playing a big part in real life, must necessarily play a big part in our drama. Thus sex has stood out in our biggest recent successes, 'The Miracle Man,' 'Male and Female,' 'Everywoman' and our new film production, 'On With the Dance.'

"Our public does not want a morbid story. Every film play tending towards the overdramatic, the brutal or the depressing shows poor box-office returns."

We questioned Mr. Lasky upon the happy ending. "It is necessary," he answered. "The audience out in front of the screen centers its interest in the hero or heroine and unconsciously roots all evening for its favorite. If the story comes to an unsatisfactory ending, the audience feels an intense personal injury. No, the happy ending is a requisite. The charge is made that the spoken drama is truer to life in this respect, but if you go carefully over the footlight successes, you will find them capped with happy endings, with but few exceptions.

"One thing I want to make clear: I do not, by any manner of means, believe that the death-knell of the star has been rung. But we can now have good pictures without a star, for our audiences have developed. Today the screen and stage stand upon an equal footing in this matter of the star."

Mr. Lasky briefly disposed of the so-called menace of the foreign photoplay.

"The foreign-made drama can never cope with our own photoplays, because its makers have not the pulse of our public. Their work is temperamentally and even racially unsuited to us.

"We have been studying England carefully. Indeed, our plans to produce in Britain were intended entirely to bring us closer to the English public, for we could find far better places to make pictures. On the whole, we have learnt that British and American tastes are very much alike. The English audience likes society plays very much. On the other hand, its taste in comedy runs to the slapstick, while over here we have been steadily tending towards a higher type of comedy."

Again Mr. Lasky paused. "I want to add one thing," he went on. "We hear a great deal of change and unrest among the personnel of picturedom. Stars and directors are ever shifting and ever starting their own companies. I have watched them and they all come face to face with one great fact—that there is an element in photoplay-making not often considered. That is the studio organization *behind* the picture—the art director, the scenario editor, the research department, the casting director, and all the rest. Back of every good picture must be a fine organization. That is why stars slump in popularity and directors fall off in workmanship when they try to go it alone. And they continue to fall down until they build up an adequate staff."

(*Continued on page* 83)

Indoors or out

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MENTHOLATED
"THEY CURE THE TICKLE"

Get the Drop on that Cough

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is necessary so long as sleeveless gowns and sheer fabrics for sleeves are worn. It assists freedom of movement, unhampered grace, modest elegance and correct style. That is why

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Send $1.00 for souvenir box of five 25c bottles, different odors.

PAUL RIEGER, 139 First St., San Francisco

You have never seen anything like this before

Gentle Jane

(Continued from page 28)

him again last summer when he came back to pictures. We made some thrilling submarine scenes in a rough sea where I had to jump from a rowboat on to the submarine, and be submerged six times. One day Mr. Bosworth was reassuring me and said, 'Jane, dont you ever be afraid. Remember I have two big hands ready to battle for you at any time or any place.'

"Sessue Hayawaka is wonderful to work with, too. He is very intense and feels his emotional scenes so keenly that he carries me along with him. He is another merry tease and delights in telling long stories in Japanese and making funny sketches of me while we are resting between scenes.

"I have been doing a new picture, 'The River's End,' with Marshall Neilan. He is a genius at directing, always so encouraging, keeping every one keyed up to the spirit of the action. This is the best rôle I have ever had and a decided change, for I am the daughter of a judge who has loads of money, so I wear lovely clothes. You remember that I usually wear the worst old, horrid ones!"

This home-loving Jane enjoys cooking and in the midst of her busy life last summer she filled a closet with jellies, jams and wonderful looking preserves. She likes to sew, and Virginia's tiny garments are hand-made with dainty touches of embroidery done during the long waits between scenes at the studio.

While we were chatting Virginia had succeeded in upsetting a basket of pictures, and selecting a still, brought it to me, announcing, "Dis is Jane, dis is Bee Hart," and planting a moist kiss on each pictured face she darted away before her mother could catch her.

"She always calls me Jane; every one does, you know. When we take her to see my pictures, she recognizes me the moment I come on the screen and she calls out, 'Dere's Jane, dere's Jane,' " and the fond mother smiled, indulgently.

So you see, there are, indeed, two Jane Novaks. One, who with her charm and beauty, as well as her thoro knowledge of the dramatic technique and unusual ability as an actress, makes one of the loveliest heroines before the camera. The other one, with her sweetness and gentleness, makes a real home for her loved ones, and fortunately for us, she manages the dual rôles most successfully.

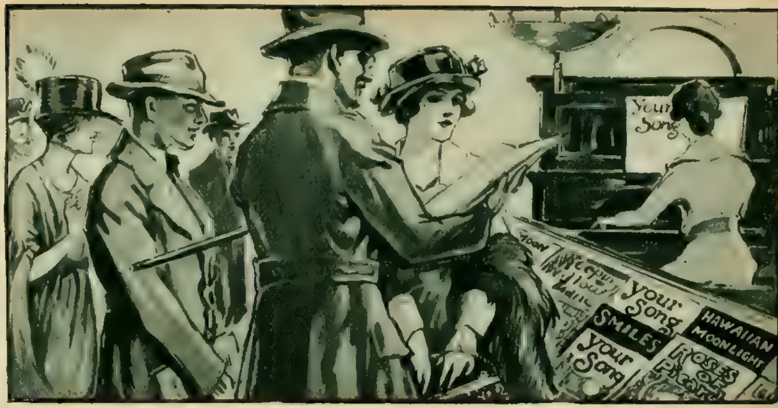
THIEVES

By Barbara Hollis

I am in sympathy with thieves,
Condemn them less and less.
I can forgive them anything—
Their weakness I can guess.

For in my life the stolen things
Seem far the sweetest yet;
As I look back upon the days
I never shall forget.

A stolen hour—a stolen word:
A stolen kiss from you:
I am in sympathy with thieves—
Whatever they may do.



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EDOUARD HESSELBERG

received his musical education at the Moscow Royal Conservatory of Music, Moscow, Russia. After perfecting himself under Rubinstein, he began a brilliant concert career, appearing with such world famous artists as Sembrich, Nordica and de Reszke. He has played before and received valuable decorations from the former Czar of Russia, the present King of Italy, and other Royal families. He is an interpretative artist of rare and distinguished ability as pianist and composer. Among his greatest song successes are "If I Were a Rose," of which over a million copies have been sold. His latest song, "America, My Country," the new national hymn, is now in its fourth edition. Our writers are indeed fortunate in securing the services of this great musician.

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and make no mistake about it. There is a golden opportunity offered people who can furnish real "words for a song." Popularity follows a successful song writer. If you are in earnest, read over a few of the popular songs—study the words and the way they are written.

Every magazine and every newspaper is filled with ideas for a song. Just use your imagination. Select any subject—love—patriotism—home—mother—sweetheart. Tell the story in simple language in two verses and chorus, and then send it to us. We will examine it without charge. If our Lyric Editor finds your words contain an idea for a song, we will offer you the benefit of our service. REMEMBER, YOU INCUR NO OBLIGATION IN SENDING US A POEM FOR INSPECTION. GET YOUR LETTER INTO THE MAIL BEFORE ANOTHER DAY PASSES. WHO KNOWS—YOU MAY BE THE "SONG WRITER OF TOMORROW."

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Gossip of the Pacific Coast

By FRITZI REMONT

Los ANGELES, (*Special*)—Springtime and sunshine, pretty girls and new clothes, and Kathleen Kirkham in just the right mood for a luncheon to celebrate the coming of new things and the feminine reminiscing over the old.

At her home on Delaware Avenue, Miss Kirkham entertained us beautifully, the special honoree being her married sister from the Middle West. The mahogany table was bare, save for Cluny lace doilies and a delightfully springy centerpiece. A tiny pond holding some Japanese toys, a real one-inch goldfish, an infinitesimal turtle that never should have left home and mother, and spanned by a tiny bridge, proved highly attractive.

The place cards were hand-painted Japanese figures, mounted on tiny boxes holding salted nuts, and each guest received a favor of a tea-cannister of dark wood, hand-painted, ribbon-tied, holding orange pekoe tea. Two Japanese figures stood near the pond, swinging lanterns filled with incense. The rooms were decorated with peach and plum-blooms, and flowery vines and roses "butted in" at the windows, as Kathleen put it.

I was delighted to meet an old-time friend in Nell Craig, who has signed up the best contract she ever had. She's been reducing, so that her svelte and graceful figure was simply lost in the wonderful moleskin coat which she had donned for driving.

Coleen Moore had begged a few hours off from the Haworth studio; having worked all day and night before the luncheon she was able to get only a few hours' sleep before the luncheon. She is the cutest kiddie, drives a Hudson roadster, but is planning to buy a larger car for her "family," since her mother and brother of school age have come to stay. The Moores have been occupying an apartment, but Coleen says she simply *must* get a big house now. Her hat was a very flower-basket of wild blossoms, and her new taffeta frock, with its bouffant hips, one of the prettiest creations this spring.

And, by the way, you never tasted such luscious light biscuits as those Kathleen serves. She calls them "Mrs. Washington biscuit," and I am sorry that lack of space forbids my giving you the recipe—but you might ask her for it when bidding for a photograph.

She was looking charming in one of those square-cut necks which are so becoming to Kathleen. The frock was black taffeta, with fine lace about the square and elbow-sleeves touched off by little net undersleeves about four inches wide. Miss Kirkham's sister is almost like enough to be a twin, and their mother, as usual, did the honors, for she keeps house for busy Kathleen. A couple of capable colored girls made perfect table service possible.

Emma-Lindsay Squier, whose stories we all enjoy so much, wore a cute blue taffeta, very ruffly, offset by dainty neck and cuff adornments. Margaret Ettinger

(*Continued on page* 82)

GLORIA SWANSON
Cecil B. DeMille Artcraft Player

WALLACE REID
Paramount Star

Hermo "Hair-Lustr"

(Keeps the Hair Dressed)

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

The hair will **stay dressed** after Hermo "HAIR-LUSTR" has been applied. No more mussy, untidy looking hair. Adds a charming sheen and luster, insuring the **life** of the hair, as well as its **beauty.** Dress it in any of the **prevailing styles,** and it will stay that way. Gives the hair that soft, glossy, well groomed appearance so becoming to the stars of the stage and screen. Guaranteed harmless and **greaseless.**

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Send for Trial Jar Send fifty cents today for a trial jar. Use it five days. If it isn't just what you have been looking for—send it back. Your money will be cheerfully returned to you. Send United States stamps, coin or money order. Your jar of delicately scented, greaseless Hair-Dress will be promptly mailed postpaid. Send for this wonderful toilet necessity today.

Send $1.00 for Three Months' Supply

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Ethel Clayton
Star in
Paramount Artcraft Pictures
"THE LASH-BROW-INE GIRL"
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Gentlemen: I am sincerely pleased to have the opportunity of recommending your remarkable preparation "Lash-Brow-Ine" for stimulating the growth of the Eyelashes and Eyebrows.

Sincerely yours,
Ethel Clayton.

Ethel Clayton's Wonderful Eyelashes—

long and curling—form a charming fringe for her eyes and give them that wistful appeal which adds so greatly to her facial beauty and attractiveness. Beautiful Eyelashes and well-formed Eyebrows—how wonderfully they bring out the natural beauty of the eyes! They are now within the reach of all women who will just apply a little

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The Home Correspondence School
Dep't. 112, Springfield, Mass.
ESTABLISHED 1897 INCORPORATED 1904

THE DENOUEMENT

By Fra Guido

When the noonday of our life, dear, finds fulfillment in our toil,
And the evening sun is setting in the west,
When our path starts winding downward, thru the autumn drowsy woods,
To the Valley where abides the Final Rest,
Then we'll stop in at the playhouse where they weave young lovers' tales—
Sure there'll be some little housing for an old-time guest—
And we'll see the old story that was ours in youthful glory,
The eternal, sweet old story of love's everlasting quest.

There we'll sit in our old places, missing many friends, departed,
Watch the lovers, voicing fervent vow,
We'll re-live our sacred moments, when in June-warm scented by-ways,
There was something, in my ear, you whispered low;
They will play a new love story, but they'll mirror our own glory,
When you kist me, strolling where the willows blow,
We'll re-live our own life-story, mellowed now by age's glory,
Our sweet story, ever cherished, since the tender, long ago.

Greatest of Popularity Contests

The new popularity contest of Shadowland, The Motion Picture Magazine and The Motion Picture Classic is going merrily on. Hundreds of votes are arriving daily. They come from the East and West, from New Zealand, Australia, from almost every country in the world. Many letters accompany the votes and all concede this contest to be the best, the most impartial, the most rousing contest that has ever been conducted in the interest of the players.

The contest is a joy to all participators because, not only are they boosting their favorites and adding to the popularity of the players, but they also have a chance to win one of the splendid prizes depicted on another page of this issue.

The contest is running another six weeks, or until June 1st. You still have a chance of casting three votes in each class for your choice of the most popular player. We know that our readers are intelligent and discerning critics and that their opinion as to the player who combines the greatest number of characteristics that go to make popularity is of supreme importance in the field of motion pictures. Therefore we are counting on you. A special staff of workers are kept busy counting and sorting the classes of votes that are coming in by thousands. Here are the results to the time of going to press:

Among the women stars, Mary Pickford leads with 9,487 votes, Norma Talmadge with 6,434 and Pearl White with 1,243.

Among the male stars, Richard Barthelmess is first with 2,210 votes, Wallace Reid with 2,892 and William S. Hart with 1,453.

Two Cinema Players from Foreign Shores

(*Continued from page* 41)

striking beauty attracted the attention of a well-known artist. She consented to pose for him and later this poster, "Beauty and the Beast," won an international prize.

It was in London, also, that the Danish beauty made her film début, appearing in "The Seventh Commandment" with Gladys Cooper and the late James Welsh. She had many flattering film offers, but by this time she had become so homesick that she returned to her home in Copenhagen.

From the music-halls to Ibsen plays seems like an impossible accomplishment, but that's exactly what this versatile young artist did, proving, also, that sometimes a prophet (or artist) has honor in his own country, for in her native city she scored a big success in these famous plays. Following this, she further demonstrated her versatility by achieving a brilliant record as a vaudeville artist, especially in Stockholm and Gottenborg.

Back in Copenhagen again, she was offered splendid opportunities with the Nordisk Film Company. She played ingénue rôles, then boy impersonations, which she liked very much. Then, the managers decided that she was to continue her career as a screen vampire and outlined a particularly sensational program for her.

"I simply couldn't do it," she said; "I decided to come to America, where they have plenty of vampires and are not looking for more. I dont want to be a woman with a past, a raging, hissing, impossible vampire creature condemned to eternal sinning. I want to play straight, dramatic parts—something requiring brains, intelligence, a chance to grow—rôles that will make people love, not hate, me—so I packed my grip—and here I am.

"And—if I cant get what I want, I'll go back to Copenhagen—to the stage—but *not* to vamping!"

SONG AFTER GRIEF

By Charlotte Becker

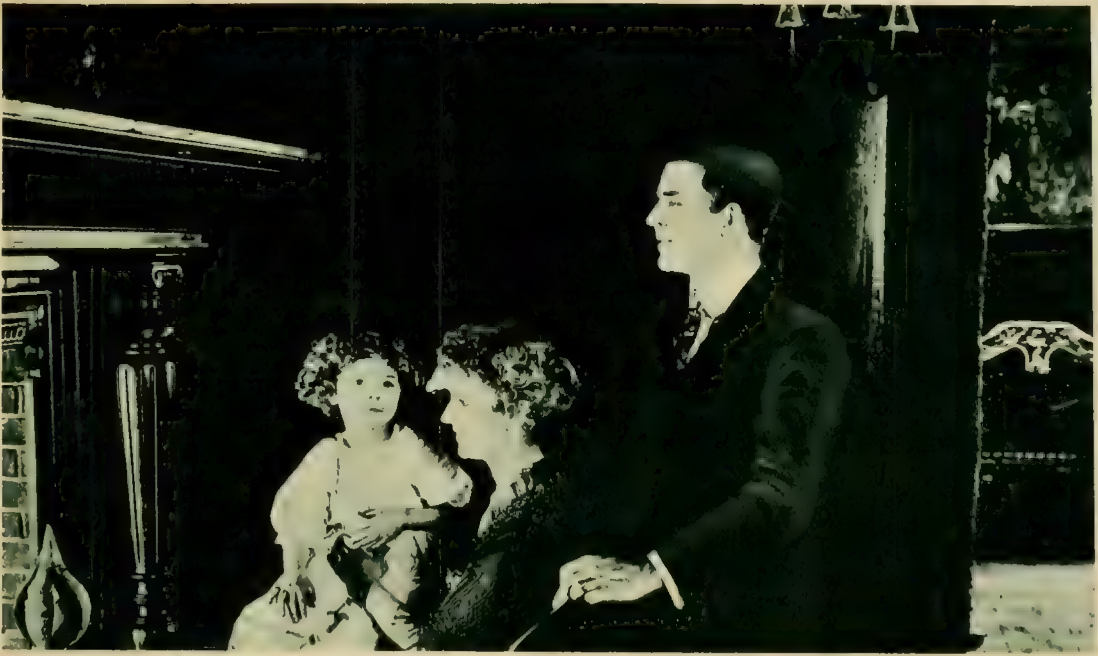
Give me the summer days again,
When hope was warm and love was true,
When little griefs were all we knew
And sorrow sang no long refrain.

Give me the summer dreams again,
When all the lands spread broad and fair
With promises of joys to share,
And hawthorn bloomed in every lane..

Give me the summer songs again,
Their words of dewy-hearted flowers,
Their music of light-falling showers,
And low winds rustling thru the grain.

Give me the summer joys again,
Ah, Life, just once, and let me go
The old way that I used to know
And lost—so dense the mist of pain.

I saw those summer days again!
I knew your lips, denied so long,
I knew the dreams, the joy, the song;
Saw Time with his own hours enchain
Upon the screen, those days again!



"The Proudest Moment of Our Lives Had Come!"

"We sat before the fire place, Mary and I, with Betty perched on the arm of the big chair. It was our first evening in our own home! There were two glistening tears in Mary's eyes, yet a smile was on her lips. I knew what she was thinking.

"Five years before we had started bravely out together! The first month had taught us the old, old lesson that two cannot live as cheaply as one. I had left school in the grades to go to work and my all too thin pay envelope was a weekly reminder of my lack of training. In a year Betty came—three mouths to feed now. Meanwhile living costs were soaring. Only my salary and I were standing still.

"Then one night Mary came to me. 'Jim', she said, 'why don't you go to school again—right here at home? You can put in an hour or two after supper each night while I sew. Learn to do some one thing. You'll make good—I *know* you will.'

"Well, we talked it over and that very night I wrote to Scranton. A few days later I had taken up a course in the work I was in. It was surprising how rapidly the mysteries of our business became clear to me—took on a new fascination. In a little while an opening came. I was ready for it and was promoted—with an increase. Then I was advanced again. There was money enough to even lay a little aside. So it went.

"And now the fondest dream of all has come true. We have a real home of our own with the little comforts and luxuries Mary had always longed for, a little place, as she says, that 'Betty can be proud to grow up in.'

"I look back now in pity at those first blind stumbling years. Each evening after supper the doors of opportunity had swung wide and I had passed them by. How grateful I am that Mary helped me to see that night the golden hours that lay within."

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When "Micky" Walked

(*Continued from page* 21)

"I always said," he remarked, "that one reason I wanted my own company was so that I could hire an efficiency man and then can him. Now I think that I'll hire one and let him stick around for a while. It would keep me amused."

"A sort of court jester?"

"Yes."

"We had some fun on that trip, tho," he went on, characteristically.

It seems that when the company reached Oakland he found that his grip had been left in San Francisco and sent his secretary back for it. By the time the secretary discovered the grip, the company had left Oakland. He took the next train. They would have connected all right except that Neilan decided to stop at a little way-station for Thanksgiving dinner. Then instead of remaining in Portland, the company came back immediately, with the result that, tho "Micky" took both his secretary and his grip along, he didn't see either of them until he got back home again.

This wasn't all. A friend of Neilan's who had gone along just for fun, came down with a bad cold. This gave "Micky" an idea for livening up a dull moment of the trip. He decided to invent an epidemic of the "flu." He made a number of "flu" masks and ordered every one to wear them, but there were (intentionally) not enough to go around. Those who didn't get masks were thoroly scared, while the others, onto the joke, had a good laugh.

"Gracious!" you exclaim, "doesn't he ever take anything seriously?"

Of course, no one ever asked him this question, but if they did, his answer would probably be, "Yes, I'm always very serious when I am directing ants or goldfish."

Why should he be serious? Successful, twenty-eight years old and handsome—what more could any one want?

Marshall Neilan was born in Los Angeles, California, in 1891. He was about twenty years old when he joined a stock company in San Francisco, helping to form the mob in mob scenes. Within a few months, however, he was made the juvenile lead.

"All of that has been said so often," he remarked, plaintively.

Yes, he was with Griffith; a leading man with the "old" Biograph. He was also with Kalem, Universal, Selig, American and Famous Players. He has been leading man for Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark and Blanche Sweet.

As a director, he has tried his hand at everything from the W. K. Ham and Bud comedies to the somber feature, "The Unpardonable Sin."

And now, as producer and director at the head of his own company, he is one of the "Big Six" association of directors just formed, which includes, besides Marshall Neilan, George Loane Tucker, producer of "The Miracle Man," Maurice Tourneur, Mack Sennett, Thomas H. Ince and Alan Dwan, a formidable combination which, it is rumored, will later become affiliated with the "Big Four," Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Charles Chaplin and D. W. Griffith, tho in regard to this Marshall Neilan would say nothing.

All during our conversation there were innumerable things to be done . . . he was casting for his next picture . . . this association was just being formed . . . he had about fifty appointments . . . With all of his "kidding" and his innate love of fun, you would never forget that he is doing big things and has heavy responsibilities. He isn't always laughing. Sometimes he looks quite serious. His brown eyes are large and his long, thick lashes, that turn up just a little at the ends, would be the envy of almost any young girl in the world. So, too, his thick, wavy brown hair.

I mentioned the "dog stuff" in "Stella Maris." If you saw the picture, you cannot fail to remember how, after the big dog had driven the little dog away, he was shown haunted by his conscience, having a little vision of his own.

"I've always liked to believe that animals, and especially dogs, think, and that one might be troubled by his conscience in quite the same way as a human being," said Neilan. "You know the expression of the cat that has eaten the canary, and examples of the thoughtfulness of horses are unending. I hold that that stuff was quite possible. Why, even goldfish . . ."

This brought to mind a story about him which has been going the rounds in Hollywood for some time. It seems that there was a big goldfish in a bowl at Lasky's that would "go crazy" every time he heard "Micky's" voice. Whether this was caused by fondness for "Micky" or sensitiveness to sound vibration, no one seems to know. But anyhow, the fact remains, and it has caused him to be very generally referred to as the greatest director of fish in the world.

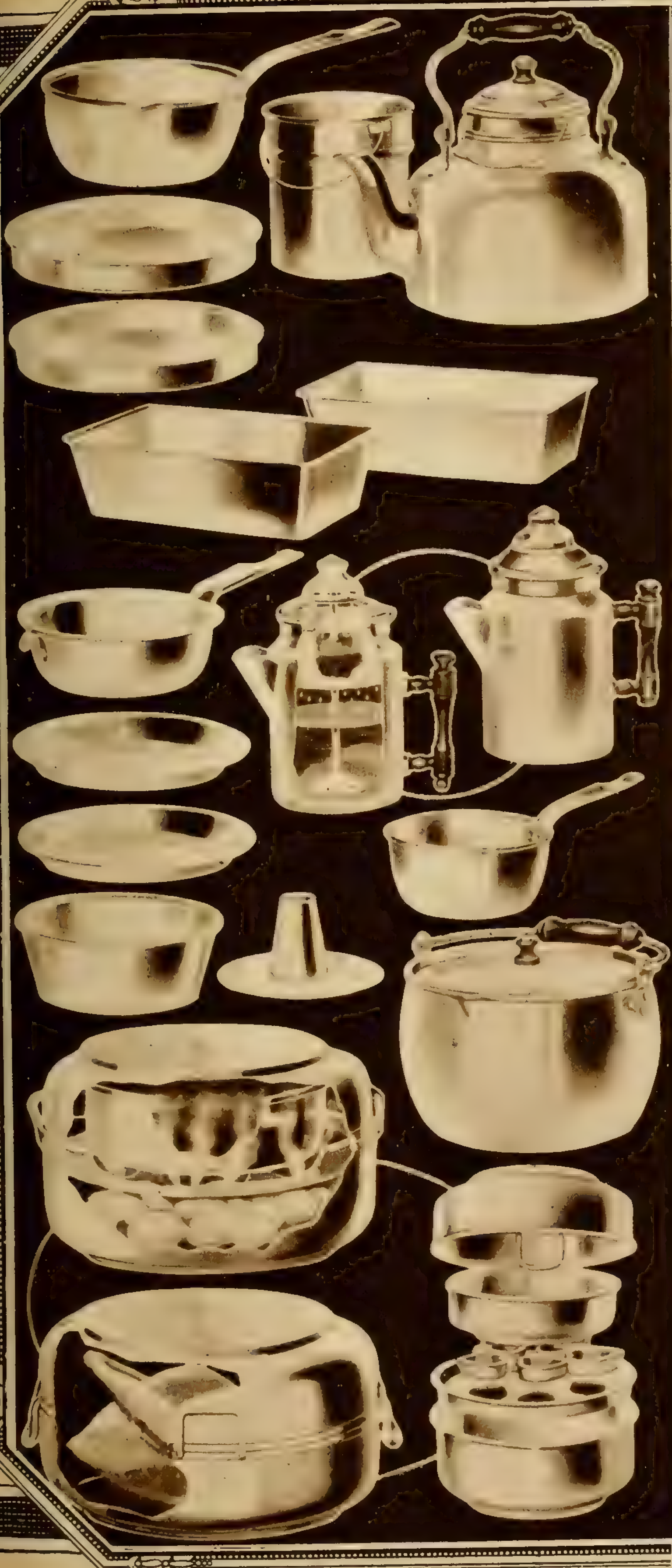
Seriously, his fondness for animals, like his fondness for children, is one of his outstanding characteristics.

"I've thought," he said, in conclusion, "of a good stunt for Wes' next picture." He was referring to little Wesley Barry, the twelve-year-old boy who is his protégé and who "Micky" thinks has unbounded promise. "Wes' father sends him to 'rush the growler' with a pitcher, and every time he goes, Wes breaks the pitcher. Finally the old man, who isn't particularly squeamish, tells him that from then on he can get the beer in a hot-water bag."

So you see Marshall Neilan has what the novelists call a "usable past."

ANITA'S ANXIOUS ADORER.—Thanks. Look up June 1916 issue for her chat. I know, but if you squeeze the hand of a woman who has a history she will wonder just how much you do know.

CONCHITA.—I'm not much of a Spaniard in speech, but oh, you castanets! Yes, that's my real self up above. You think I have "devilish eyes." But love is a tyrant that spares no one.



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A Joyful Miss Joy

(*Continued from page 19*)

Several pictures were made under this banner and then Miss Joy journeyed up to New York where she made one picture under Maurice Tourneur, later going to Jacksonville to appear in the Paramount one-reel comedies.

Comedies were all right for a time, but she longed for dramatic work, so persuading her mother to accompany her, she came to Los Angeles where there were more opportunities.

"Oh, I was lucky," declared Leatrice, with her joyful enthusiasm, "for at once I was given the part of Toby, the Southern girl in 'The Dollar Bid,' with Jack Kerrigan; then I played the ingénue in William Farnum's 'The Man Hunter.'

"I guess each experience mellows and prepares us for the next. My father passed away while I was making 'The Right of Way,' and it was terribly hard to go thru those death scenes."

Since coming to pictures, Leatrice has been cast in a series of Southern girl rôles in which she could portray her own sweet, girlish self, and it was not until she played the lead in George Loane Tucker's new picture, 'Ladies Must Live,' that she had the chance to play a truly dramatic rôle. Mr. Tucker predicts that this young girl will win her laurels as a dramatic actress and suggested that she change her name, declaring that Joy was not suitable for a future Fanny Davenport. After much consideration, Leatrice decided she couldn't sacrifice *Joy*, even for art, and will take the name with her even to the very heights of a dramatic and emotional success.

In her dressing-room there is a much-used copy of Emerson's essays which this little Southern girl reads daily, gaining help from its high philosophy. Turning the leaves of this book I found a little poem dedicated to her mother and then I discovered that it was as a poetess that she first dreamed of finding her place in the artist world.

Thru the sweet thought expressed in rhyme, I glimpsed a depth, tenderness and power, which promises great moments in Leatrice Joy's screen portrayals.

HEREAFTER

By Barbara Hollis

When finally I in death shall lie,
My hope will be to dream of thee—
To find in deep untroubled sleep
Fond memories awaiting me.

For naught I crave beyond the grave—
Nor greater bliss in Heaven than this:
To dream of thee—thy smile to see—
To keep the memory of thy kiss.

SCREEN RIMES

By Vara Macbeth Jones

There was a little girl,
And she had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead;
And it must have been the curl
That helped to star the girl—
For really her acting was horrid!

There was a movie star
Who lived in a shoe;
Her press agent told me—
So it must be true.

Miss Mason Manages

(Continued from page 23)

it stands for. I always forget that, because I dont like the name Joseph, do you?"

And when I mentioned the fact to her, Shirley remarked that she had completely forgotten that Joseph is a perfectly revered saint, whom all adorers must respect. The name has a sort of history, dont you know.

"Yes, and so has Luke," she countered. "That's no sign that we must retain a name we dont like, is it?"

And speaking of names reminds me. Shirley's real name is Leonie Flugrath, and, altho she'd like very much to have kept the Leonie, she frankly says that the letters comprising Flugrath would never look well in electrics!

She's one of three sisters, one of whom is Viola Dana, the Metro star, and the other, Edna, at present a quite popular English comédienne in London. Everybody in Hollywood fully believes that Viola sets the style for sister Shirley. She does, in some respects, because, as Miss Mason remarks, "she knows so much more about things than I do."

But there's a particular advantage about being young. One can sit on the lawn and play with one's cat or one's dog without setting the town tongues to wagging. And one can dress in pinafores and Peter Pans without creating the impression that she's a female nut. And one can sing if she wants to sing. In fact, one doesn't have to be taken seriously at all times.

"When I was young," Shirley goes on to say, "I used to buy the oldest-looking hats and gowns, and wear all of Viola's clothes, because I wanted to look more grown up. Now I'm all over that. Every girl passes thru that stage when she wants to look more sophisticated than her mother."

She and Viola look so much alike that t's difficult to tell them apart. The fatal beauty was nearly disastrous two years ago, when she was married to Berney, because, at the crucial moment, the minster nearly wed Viola to Shirley's husband-to-be.

"And when I first came to Hollywood, t was just after Viola's husband, John Collins, had died of influenza. Viola wasn't seen in public much, and when I ventured out I got all the sympathy, because people mistook me for my sister.

"But I've always been a tomboy, while Viola hasn't. When I was young I always played with the boys. Girls were too catty. And I had an idea that I must *always* wear kid gloves, altho it didn't matter whether or not they had fingers. ust so they were gloves. Oh, when I was young, we had the best time! Steal strawberries! Once I nearly got arrested."

This when-I-was-young talk amused me greatly. Shirley, sitting opposite me in her little black velvet dress, with lace collar and elbow-length sleeves, por-ayed the quintessence of youth. Impuently I inquired her age. Nineteen.

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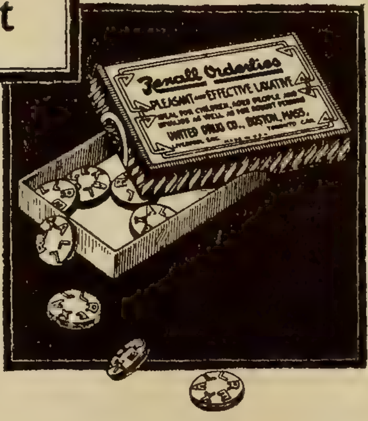

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Not old enough to vote!

She doesn't care particularly, because, she says, when she *is* twenty-one and over it'll be just her luck to be very busy at the studio when election time comes around.

"Cant I let Berney mark my ballot for me?" she asked.

I informed her it isn't being done.

"Well, then, I suppose I must find *some* way to do it myself. I shall be very happy when I'm twenty-one. Then I shall be considered discreet. One nowadays cant be considered discreet until one has reached one's majority, as they say politically, can one?"

In the year 1900, among other important events, occurred the birth of the youngest Flugrath, now Mrs. Berney Durning. Brooklyn, N. Y., is the lucky city, and today Shirley Mason and Gladys Brockwell are about the only Californians I've met who condescend to "put in a good word" for the settlement across the river from Manhattan.

Little Leonie made her début on the stage when she was two and a half in a play with Peter B. Daley, in which she rushed onto the boards, crying dramatically, "Daddy!" A few months later she created the part of Little Hal in William Faversham's production of "The Squaw Man." Other child parts, her specialties, were Meenie in "Rip Van Winkle" and Jan in "The Piper."

She was never bothered much by the "gerrymen," as the members of the theatrical profession term those gentlemen whose duty it is to make a mental inspection of stage children under sixteen in order to note that their education has not been neglected, because both she and Viola got their schooling in the summer when the company was vacationing.

Once, when she was eleven, a "gerryman" called her into the office of the manager and asked her such foolish questions as "What letter comes after W?" and, at length, what procedure she would pursue were she to lay a carpet in the room.

"I was up a stump," she confided to me, "but I thought that I'd better say something. At length I got very haughty and looked at the 'gerryman' with my best 'heavy' stare.

" 'Sir,' I said, 'I dont think that I shall ever be required to lay a carpet. Therefore I have never given the matter consideration.' The 'gerryman' was very obliging and did not further trouble me."

Shirley's start in pictures was a case of hard work and long waiting until she should get a "call" from the Edison studio, which was near the Flugrath home in the Bronx, New York. She was understudying sister Viola in "The Poor Little Rich Girl" and had a great deal of time to herself. Her mother thought of the flickers and registered her at the studio, where Harry Beaumont and Mary Fuller and Marc MacDermott were starring. Finally, both she and Viola were given "kid" parts, meanwhile continuing their legitimate work, when Shir-

(*Continued on page 76*)

Judy of Rogue's Harbor

(*Continued from page* 46)

after you had gone. It is all true."

There was a pause during which the silence throbbed among them like a quivering heart. The Governor fainted and no one knew the difference. The thing that mattered was between Judy and the Lady of the Roses. The lovely bond that had been between them was being explained to them. An awareness that had existed, almost miraculously, from the first, came to fruition between them. The Lady of the Roses had Judy against her heart. The tears distilled thru empty hours, how empty her lips would never formulate, threaded Judy's hair like priceless pearls. "I know now," the woman murmured, with an immeasurable tenderness, "why I sewed the little frocks for you, why I wanted to curl your hair, my darling, why I wanted to make you cookies and other goodies. It was all the little loving demands of the separated years, crying out to me . . . oh, baby . . . oh, baby . . ."

Of course, I didn't hear it all in detail. There are some things one does not feel one wants to hear about. Sacred things. Bared hearts. An hour like that after years of barren hours. There are no words for them.

I do know, tho, because Judy told me so, that the Lady of the Roses forgave Governor Kingsland for the terrible wrong he had done her. The philosophy of years had taught her, too, the mellowing of that philosophy which knows all, and knowing, forgives . . .

I know that she went to Rogue's Harbor and identified the old man there as her father, brought back to him, permanently, the evanescent kindliness he had had, of late, only in dreams.

I know that Jim Shuckles and his gang were apprehended, and that Teddy and Judy gave him an alternative—Ollie or jail—and that, completely terrorized for the first time in his cowardly life, he married Ollie and was even, it turned out, moderately human toward her.

And I know that Teddy and Judy walked in the garden of roses just as they came to their most perfect bloom, and whispered, one to the other, the old-as-the-world vows, and billed and cooed, and made promises more fragrant than the drifting petals, more mysterious than the salt breaths of the sea; more set and eternal, more unalterable, than the stars, in their fixed, immemorial courses.

And, because no one ever *quite* "lives happily ever after," as the beloved lore of the fairies would have us believe, I will not say that they did, but they have lived as happily as ever two young things could, together, and, because they are so young and have so much love between them, both for their neighbors and themselves, the unhappiness that comes to them is taken, heads high, transmuted into philosophy, and so given back again. And over it all, with shining needle poised and serene eyes smiling, presides the Lady of the Roses waiting for the baby she knows will come to her now.

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When the ring comes make the first small deposit ($4.75) with the postman. Wear it 10 full days. If you can tell from a diamond send it back and we'll refund your deposit If you decide to buy, merely pay the balance at $2.60 a month. The total price of either ring is only $18.75.

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Send us your name and address today. Use the coupon or a letter or a post card. Be sure to send your finger size. To do this cut a strip of paper just long enough to meet over the second joint of the finger on which you wish to wear the ring. Send the coupon now—and not a penny in cash.

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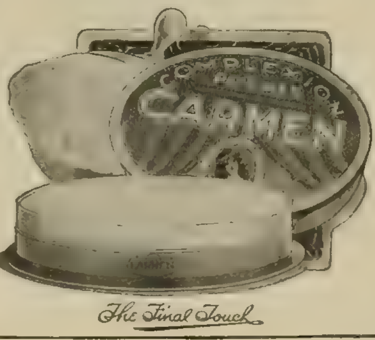

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Trial Offer The new shade Carmen Brunette has proved so popular we know you would like to try it. So send 12 cents to cover postage and packing and we will send you a purse size box with two or three weeks' supply. Or we'll send any other shade preferred.

Stafford-Miller Co.
St. Louis, Missouri

Miss Mason Manages

(*Continued from page 74*)

ley played Peter in the Frohman production of "Passersby."

At length she went with the Kleine-Selig-Edison-Essanay combination as a star in "The Telltale Step," "Lady of the Photograph," "The Apple-tree Girl," etc., and finally with McClure's serial, "The Seven Deadly Sins," where she starred in the "Passion" episode. She was next won to the Famous Players fold, as their youngest ingénue. Under that contract she made perhaps six plays, among them "The Winning Girl" and "The Final Close-up." On the expiration of the contract, Miss Mason rested in Hollywood for several months and at length signed with Maurice Tourneur for the ingénue part in "Treasure Island."

Now, however, she has the distinction of being William Fox's newest star, who is to gleam in a series of stories that deal with the innermost life, thoughts and actions of a sub-débutante.

"What is your philosophy?" I asked, concluding.

"Simply to be happy," she rejoined. "Be happy, make everybody else happy and stay young. One is dead an awfully long time, isn't he, and I believe in getting the fullest enjoyment out of life, which, for me, is bounded on the north by mother, on the south by Viola, on the east by Berney and on the west by my cat and dog. And since both of the latter are languishing in boarding-school, it looks as if I'm minus a place for the setting sun of my hopes, which I'm cut out to entertain till I'm 82 years old and 'cant eat nothin' but bananas!'"

And Shirley, who isn't old enough to vote, mimicked an old lady of the toothless stage and told me she wasn't going to live long—only eighty-two!

THE STUFF THAT PLOTS ARE MADE OF

Director (during the disagreement)—Who are you, anyway?

Scenario Writer—Me? Why, I'm the guy that discovered the coin in coincidence!

SHE WASN'T FRIVOLOUS

"The 'leading lady' of this company didn't want to work today because it is hot, whereupon the director got angry and told her not to be so frivolous."

"What did she do then? Go to work?"

"Yes, she went to work and dismissed him."

HER EASTER SIN

By Walter Pulitzer

The wife before her husband stood,
As if for his inspection,
All newly gowned, and on her head
An Easterish confection.
She cried, "'Twas such a bargain, dear—
The price you'd never guess;
It cost but eighty dollars, and
It cant be bought for less."

"What, eighty for *that* thing," he cried,
And simply boiled within;
"Extravagance like that is—well—
It's shameful—it's a sin!"
The lady, ready with retort
And nothing daunted, said,
"Oh, well, at least the sin will be
Upon my own fair head!"

Why Teeth Glisten

Millions of Them Now

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

You see glistening teeth in every circle now. For millions of teeth are being cleaned in a new way. They are not only whiter, but cleaner and safer. And leading dentists everywhere are urging this method's adoption.

A ten-day test, which costs you nothing, will show what it means to you.

To end the film

The purpose is to end the film—the cause of most tooth troubles.

Film is that viscous coat which you feel with your tongue. It is ever-present, ever-forming. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

It is that film-coat which discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve film. So brushing has left much of it intact. Millions of well-brushed teeth, on this account, discolor and decay. Few people escape tooth troubles, and it is largely because of that film.

Now a combatant

Dental science, knowing these facts, has long sought a film combatant. It has now been found. Convincing clinical and laboratory tests have proved it beyond question.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And this tooth paste in all ways meets modern requirements. Millions of people have already tried it, and the results you see on every hand show what it means to teeth.

The vital facts

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

But pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. So this method long seemed barred. Now science has found a harmless activating method, so active pepsin can be every day applied.

Pepsodent accomplishes two other great results. But its all-important quality is this action on the film.

A new era in teeth protection

These new discoveries mark a new era in teeth cleaning. Tooth beauty comes through removing the cloudy film coat. But that also means vastly more. It means safer, cleaner teeth. And it doubtless will mean, in the years to come, a vast reduction in tooth troubles.

Dentists everywhere are urging people to adopt this new protection.

Mark the results in ten days

One cannot question the Pepsodent effects. They are too conspicuous.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

Compare the results with results you get now. Then read the reasons for them. After such a test, neither you nor yours will be content with old methods of teeth cleaning. Cut out the coupon now.

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Yet It's Whole Wheat Puffed

There lies the fascination of Puffed Wheat.

The grains are light and airy—puffed to eight times normal size. They almost melt away.

An hour of fearful heat has given them a taste like toasted nuts.

Yet they are whole wheat. Every food cell is exploded so digestion is easy and complete.

They supply whole-wheat nutrition as no other food can do. In lesser ways of cooking, the outer wheat coats pass largely undigested.

Dozens of Delights

The three Puffed Grains with their different flavors offer dozens of delights.

They are not for breakfast only. Every home finds countless uses for these nut-like, flimsy grains.

Remember These Three

Puffed Wheat in milk is the utmost in a food. With every food cell broken it is easy to digest.

For luncheons, suppers and at bedtime there is nothing to compare with this dish.

Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs mixed with fruit adds a delicious blend. It adds what a light and dainty crust adds to shortcake or to pie.

Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs, crisped and lightly buttered, become a food confection.

Have a dish ready when the children come from school. They will eat them like peanuts or popcorn. And they take the place of foods less healthful, less easy to digest.

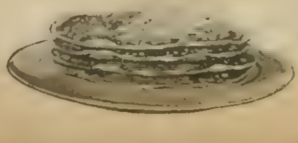
Millions of children are now enjoying Puffed Grains, but not half of them get enough.

Every home should keep all three Puffed Grains on hand.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice** **Corn Puffs**

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

To Make Royal Pancakes



Our food experts have worked for years to make an ideal pancake mixture. Now it is ready—with Puffed Rice Flour mixed in it. The ground Puffed Rice makes the pancakes fluffy and gives a nut-like taste. You can make the finest pancakes ever tasted with Puffed Rice Pancake Flour. Add just milk or water, for the flour is self-raising. Order a package now.

3244

Milady of the Fan

(*Continued from page* 25)

posters and cleverly carved toys—all from far-off Japan.

"Isn't it sweet of them to like me so well?" Francelia said, gratefully. "But the way they express their admiration—you *must* read some of their letters!"

One Oriental epistle was on a long strip of thin rice paper, in verse form, and with delicately painted flowers outlining the edge. Another was inscribed on silk, and commenced, "Miss Billington, dear sir——" Japanese fans, it seems, do not believe in expressing their admiration merely in words. Almost all of them sent material tokens of their esteem, ranging from expensive kimonos to postal coupons which could be exchanged for stamps. Many of them sent their pictures, and two girl admirers of flapper age sent photographs in their "swimming suits," tho how they would be able to navigate in the water was a problem which Francelia and I gave up. We recommend it to the attention of the Sennett bathing beauties.

It must not be supposed that Miss Billington's popularity is limited to Japan. Her work with Kalem, American and Universal is widely and favorably known, and her emotional rôle in "Blind Husbands" gave her even greater opportunities to display her talents. This rôle, indeed, again brought her strongly into the screen limelight and attracted unusual interest.

"Oh, just one more letter before you go!" Francelia urged, with the unexpected little quirk of the mouth that comes when she smiles. "It's the prize of my 'fan' collection, and if you can tell me what it's about, I'll give you one of these posters."

I got the poster, but I *didn't* win it. Francelia was generous enough to let me have it anyway. Do you think you could have won it? This is what the letter said:

"Dear, F. Billington—I double to say that I cant well versed in composing an English. But these sort letter is taken your intresting, I think so. I am writing for you that I am very glad. Then I have taken your beautiful photograph by your kindness. I am very found the autograph of the famous actoress. But, generally person are giving me by print. You are very kindness man.

"I am thankful your truth heart; and I am longing to preserves your envelope with the photo.

"Now Miss. Much to my regret then your photo was not so clear. I am very regret what a beautiful itself.

"If you have a good kind. Please heared me to my request and send me another delightful one. I think you shall be to send it for me. Excuse me Miss. I am so unreasonable to propose. But I am fond your truth. Then I have to make application to you.

"Now I am out for you some of the nishikie (picture print). These picture is famous in our country. And my writing picture with it.

"And some of the bamboo's pen for you. And a little lovely doll with it. Use to play.

"Dont wait to write me of your health and present condition. Good grant that every succeeding year may bring you continued prosperity."

"Believe me,
"Hiroshi Shiogawa."

The Dancin' Fool

(*Continued from page* 57)

and sister, and Uncle Enoch Jones, contemptuous of what had gone before, vociferously disgusted at that "dancin' fool," as he anathematized his nephew.

Harkins did not gainsay the anathema. He had been trying, while 'Ves was on the road, to beguile Enoch Jones into selling the business. Enoch had not been wholly unwilling. He had felt, since the innovation of his nephew and his methods, like an atom taken in hand by a cyclone, and he wasn't at all certain as to where he might be cyclonically deposited. The thing was going down-hill, he had to admit that, and Sylvester, blame him! was running up expenses something fearful, and, so far, he hadn't seen any of the efficient results so glibly predicted. All he had seen were a lot of new-fangled contraptions and their bills to do work heretofore done by honest and understanding hands, and a "dancin' fool" smirkin' and grinnin' down at a bunch of fool people with some slip of a thing hangin' to his arm . . . efficiency . . . bah! . . . He didn't very much care for the talkative Harkinses, but they offered him a fair price for the business he had built up, painfully, by hand, only to have it ridiculed, bandied about, jostled and torn asunder by the "dancin' fool" his sister (Elmira had always been a fool herself) had given birth to . . . and he was tired . . . his head hummed with the worry and the change . . . he was old and these other people . . . other methods were new . . . cruelly new . . . Better to take the price they were kind enough to give him and go back to where this young upstart had but recently come from. Then, drat him, if he wanted to make jugs, let him *make* them . . . for the enterprising Harkins.

He was thinking these things when 'Ves came up to him, grinning, and begged him to go back to the office; he wanted to have a talk with him. He told him to take the Harkinses along, too, if he cared to. He would get Junie and follow up. Uncle Enoch said, with intent, that he *did* care to take the Harkinses along, and, when 'Ves arrived, half an hour after the others, he found Uncle Enoch almost in the act of transferring the Jones Jug Factory to the Harkins interests.

He called Uncle Enoch Jones a few hard but understandable names and produced from every pocket his wearing apparel boasted contracts secured by him on his trip big enough and solid enough and soaring enough to make the Jones Jugs famous. The dust of antiquity was not too thick in the eyes of Enoch Jones to miss figures. He considered them, while back of the enigmatic specs a glint and a glimmer began to grow. Finally, "Facts," he said, "is facts, and figgers is figgers. Mr. Harkins, I have reconsidered."

After the all but unmarked retreat of the Harkinses and the reluctantly, the

(*Continued on page* 83)

"And then, through a beautiful actress, I discovered home Electric Massage!

"THIS stage beauty, a radiant, youthful woman who has been famous for years, confided to me that electric massage is the *one* daily luxury that she insists on having. As a matter of fact she told me that this is not a luxury but an absolute *necessity*. So I bought a 'Star' and I'm delighted!"

Likewise, to every woman who is not satisfied, unless she looks her very best, at *all* times, home electric massage is the one health-and-beauty treatment she can rely on. She knows that massage, when properly applied, will keep her complexion clear, fresh and colorful; her hair and scalp in the pink of condition; her figure supple, attractive and of youthful contour.

Today more than half a million Star Electric Massage Vibrators are being used *daily*. Hundreds of women have written us that they are delighted with the almost magical results that the "Star" has wrought with their once muddy, unattractive complexions; stubborn, coarse-looking hair and unwelcome body blemishes. Don't the experiences of these other women prove to you that *you*, too, can re-create your skin, your hair, your youthful contour?

Such beautiful women as Grace Davison, Corinne Griffith, Evelyn Gosnell, photoplay stars shown below, and scores of others, use and endorse the Star Electric Massage Vibrator. Get a "Star" today. Price $5.00 for complete outfit. At leading drug, department and electrical-goods stores or direct from us on receipt of $5 and your favorite dealer's name and address. (Price in Canada, $7.50.) Fitzgerald Mfg. Co., Dept. 216, Torrington, Conn.

The Star Electric Massage Vibrator

For use in your own home

Grace Davison
Corinne Griffith
Evelyn Gosnell

The Best Thing in Life

By ELIZABETH PELTRET

It was just before luncheon, when we were sitting in the garden, that Kipling's "Jungle Book" got mixed up with Jack Gilbert's first interview.

This was strange, because we hadn't been talking about books at all.

On the contrary, we had been talking about moving pictures and Maurice Tourneur and ham sandwiches and milk and Maurice Tourneur. With Jack Gilbert, just at present, all conversational roads lead to Maurice Tourneur. He may begin by mentioning his own efforts towards putting on flesh, but he will invariably end by telling you that Maurice Tourneur is a god.

We tried to get into the studio cafeteria, but it was crowded to the doors.

"Let's walk around for a while," suggested Gilbert.

The sun had broken thru the fog only about an hour before and the Goldwyn studio garden was at its best. Shrubs and ferns and, further away, eucalyptus trees, made spots of comparative darkess to relieve the glare on the white buildings and the glass-encased stages.

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

Jack Gilbert is but twenty-three. He comes of an actor family, indeed one of his earliest memories is being stranded in a little Arkansas town. Gilbert and his father washed dishes in a little railroad lunch-room in order to earn money enough to get home

"Pretty," remarked my companion, appreciatively. We seated ourselves where the sun was warmest.

"You write stories, dont you?" I asked.

"Yes; I was in the scenario department of the Gibraltar Company, but it blew up just about the time I got well started. Then I made a resolution to write a story a day for the purpose of improving my mind. After about five days, I decided to quit that and take up foreign languages."

"What foreign languages did you learn?"

He laughed and traced a circle in the garden path with his cane.

"Actors," he said, "are like monkeys. Did you ever read Kipling's 'Jungle Book'? Yes? Then you know how monkeys are. They play with one thing for a while until they get tired of it, then they let it go and jump to something else. And imitative; the only way an actor can improve his work is by watching some other actor. When a John Barrymore picture comes to town, I go to see it five or six times. But just as a monkey, no matter what he may pick up and drop, sticks to his trees, so an actor sticks to his work. He cant help it; it's second

(*Continued on page* 84)

Beverly Travers

in "The Fear Woman"

Beverly, the charming girl in white, is doing wonderful work. She has a natural dramatic ability coupled with beauty and personality, and we look for her to go far in the film world.

Goldwyn Picture

PHOTO BY EVANS

Los Angeles, Calif.
May 1, 1919.

F. F. INGRAM CO.

Not only do I use Ingram's Rouge but I have recommended it to many friends. I like it particularly because it does give a truthfully natural color and it never runs, no matter how warm the day or work.

Beverly Travers

Ingram's Rouge

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Ingram's Rouge is excellent in every way, and unusual in some ways. It will not run; it will not streak; it is not affected by perspiration; nor will it harm the skin, for its color is not absorbed. Prepared in daintily scented cakes, which are less wasteful than loose powder, it is sold in three perfect shades, Light, Medium and Dark. Price 50 cents.

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A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that *it stays on.* Furthermore a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh and Brunette—50c.

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Gossip of the Pacific Coast

(Continued from page 66)

represented the Studio Girls' Club and drove over in her little brown Scripps-Booth.

They are keeping Helen Eddy, of the Club, very busy at the Hollywood Community Theater, besides her work with Mr. Beban. Helen is so versatile and has such a fine voice that delivery of her lines is always listened to with great pleasure.

The Southern Pacific station was crowded one afternoon as I dropped in to bid farewell to a friend departing on the *Owl*. The Christy company producing "Bringing Up Father" was occupying a hollow square at two of the exit gates and an audience five deep stood about the outer edges of the square. Funny Johnny Ray was togged out in a top-hat garnished with a bright-blue ribbon and three ditto buttons, and as the echoes are very noticeable at the terminal station, everything he said was carried for hundreds of feet. A train dispatcher had nothing on Mr. Ray! The tourists are entranced whenever they happen to witness a free show like this. It's funny to hear their comments.

Donald Crisp is directing "Held by the Enemy," and there are more people in Northern and Southern uniforms and crêpe hair mustaches ambling up and down Vine Street at luncheon time than you could imagine. It reminds me of that old panorama of Gettysburg. It is droll to see the "dead" men arise when the noon whistle blows. They've an attendant out there who smears thick mud over the countenances, hands and clothing of the hundreds of extras employed at five dollars per diem. 'Tis very realistic. The women in hoop-skirts have a difficult time getting luncheon at the small nearby café, but the leading players manage to stuff themselves into cars and drive over to the Boulevard, where there are some good light lunch places and French cafés.

Gloria Swanson always drives over, because she's particularly fond of toasted bread with chicken en mayonnaise as a filling, and the waiter knows to the fraction of an inch how she likes the bread cut. Ethel Clayton has a lot of extras, too, and the Lasky lot is a busy place this spring, every company working overtime.

I noticed Wally Reid in a gorgeous blue silk lounging robe sunning himself at noon in front of the enclosed stage and enjoying the society of fat Walter Hiers, who is called "The Soft-Drink Kid." Mr. Hiers is always telling jokes, singing, or otherwise amusing not only stars but extras. He was wearing gaiters with inset rubber, and is playing in "Held by the Enemy." He's under a five-year Lasky contract now, and looks as if he were quite lot-broken and at home on Vine Street. There's one thing about genial Walter, he is big enough to be found easily, and his merry chirps give away his whereabouts, anyway.

Monte Blue is wearing tortoise-shell goggles offstage. That pair of spectacles gives Monte a sort of sentimental, poetic air. One expects to hear him burst forth into limericks—he's quite a hand at jingles, be it known. Raymond Hatton, beloved on the Lasky lot, has become a Goldwyn feature player. Nobody begrudges Ray his good fortune, for he's worked steadily for advancement, even playing untitled parts in some of the larger productions for Mr. de Mille, just to give proper characterization to what would have been a minor part in less capable hands.

Herbert Heyes has taken this town by storm in "Civilian Clothes," which has run steadily for nine months at the Morosco Theater, Los Angeles. Not long ago, Clyde Fillmore told me, when stepping out of the aforesaid *clothes* into a Lasky contract, that he thought Heyes would be the best Sam McGinnis of them all. The local papers are raving over Mr. Heyes' conception of the part, altho they fairly admit that both Thurston Hall and Clyde Fillmore seemed incapable of improvement, so well did they play their parts.

Priscilla Dean has really wed Wheeler Oakman, a former stock company man here. They were married in February, at a "wedding within a wedding" on the Universal lot. She's as saucy a bride as you'd wish to see—always up to pranks.

Lincoln's Birthday was famous for the Wally Reid ball at the Hotel Alexandria, heralded in advance by sky-bombs dropped by Lieut. Shirley J. Short. Viola Dana was patroness, escorted by Lieut. Locklear, whose plane was donated for the cloud-massaging acts. I asked Vi if she were engaged to the *left*enant, and she answered, most emphatically, "If you value your life, repeat not that question!" They do say on the lot that Viola sees *red* when quizzed on *that* subject.

Wherever one goes, Edith Roberts is talked about. The movie colony predicts wonderful things for Miss Roberts. They say she's as clever as she is beautiful. She has had a fine cast for "The Daring Duchess," including Henry Woodward, Leota Lorraine, Stanhope Wheatcroft, formerly of the Morosco Theater, Harold Miller, Kathleen Kirkham and Ogden Crane. The next picture for Miss Roberts will be a revival of Clara Louise Burnham's famous novel, "Jewel," for nowadays stories dealing with metaphysical healing are very good money-makers. Tommy Meighan told me that you cant *buy* a ouija board in New York on short notice, that the wave of psychic phenomena has struck not only that skeptical money-making burg, but every little hamlet thruout the country. Nearly everybody at the studios is interested in mediums, and lots of the girls have crystals, ideographs, Jula boards—or something like that.

Eugenie Forde, who supports Mrs. Hayakawa in "A Tokio Siren," was

(Continued on page 87)

That Irishman From Paris

(*Continued from page* 47)

Fitzmaurice has just attained the distinction of producing for Paramount-Artcraft in his own name. "George Fitzmaurice Productions," they are called, for the director has followed the footsteps of other notable makers of photoplays. This shows that reward comes surely in the world of the cinema.

The Pulse of the Photoplay Public

(*Continued from page* 64)

Mr. Lasky picked up an exhibitor's report. "The pulse of the public beats in this," he smiled, and then he concluded:

"It would be folly to say that we lead our audiences, just as it would be equally ludicrous to say that they lead us. *We are finding our way together.*"

The Dancin' Fool

(*Continued from page* 79)

humorously, the unwittingly tender and conciliatory good-night of Uncle Enoch, Junie Budd and Sylvester were alone.

"Will you marry a 'dancin' fool,' Junie?" the young lover asked, "and—and the present partner and future outright owner of the Jones Jugs, Incorporated . . . *will* you?"

"I'll marry *you*," whispered Junie, "just *you* . . . like you were . . . that first night . . . when you came and found me . . . and I didn't know . . . and didn't care . . . who you were, so long . . ."

"So long . . . ?"

"So long as you . . . as you held me . . . close . . . and . . . and *loved* me . . . 'dancin' fool' . . ."

"SHOOT TODAY!"

By Walter E. Mair

Peep o' day in January;
Winds that were so long contrary
Drift to sleep, and all their fretting
Hardly seems worth while forgetting.
(Some one breathes into my ear
That a picture-day is here.)

Drowsy dawn in January,
And the tender stars unwary
Taunt their rising lord and master,
While he threatens their disaster.
(Ah, what is it seems so good?
Nature's in a melting mood!)

Wondrous morn in January!
'Twas but yesterday that Mary
Wept of mother, courts and lawing;
But . . . today, the ice is thawing.
(Is it Mary turns to say,
"Shooting-light is great today?")
Happy morn in January!

NOT A GENUINE HERO

She saw him coming; the welcoming light in her eyes and the tender smile on her lips made her more beautiful than the roses, pansies and morning-glories that grew all around her. He saw her watching for him, and waved as he hastened thru the pasture.

Then—then it happened. The bright glow died out of her azure orbs; she gave a quick little gasp and keeled over into a convenient bed of skunk cabbages.

Instead of lightly vaulting over the fence, he had opened the gate and walked in, just as you or I would do.

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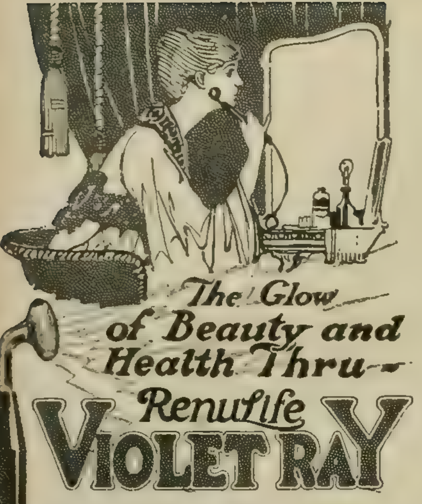
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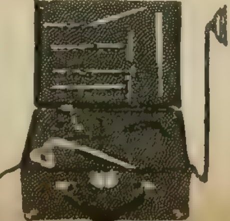

The Best Thing in Life

(*Continued from page* 80)

nature to him or he wouldn't be an actor."

All of this was said lightly, and then he added, with boyish seriousness, that his work is his life; that he'd rather die than do anything else; that he would a thousand times rather die than not succeed in it!

He is very serious, is Jack Gilbert, and very young, in some ways younger even than his twenty-three years. He played you will remember, the part of a fourteen-year-old boy in Mary Pickford's "Heart of the Hills." But since then he has added five pounds of breadth to his five eleven of height, with the promise of more from the physical instructor of the Los Angeles Athletic Club, where he lives. Also, he played a "heavy," (his first rôle of that sort), in "Should a Woman Tell?" with Alice Lake, and the strongly sympathetic part of the puritanical garden boy in the George Loane Tucker picture, "Ladies Must Live."

On the day I saw him he had just signed a two-year contract with Tourneur and he was, he said, in the seventh heaven, happier than he had ever been in his life before. A director can make or break his people . . . it meant everything, he said, absolutely everything, to be with the right one, and Tourneur could bring out the best there was in you! He would praise you to the sky when you did anything well and perhaps break a chair over your head when you did anything badly . . . Gilbert laughed.

"He wont let his people overact, tho," he went on, "and he doesn't kill your enthusiasm. He makes you want to do your best every minute, because you know that the work you are doing with him will live, that it means something. Did you see 'Victory'? Didn't he just take you to the South Sea Islands?"

Gilbert's eyes are dark-brown and have in them much of the romantic mysticism of the Celt. His feeling of hero-worship for Maurice Tourneur is real, quite the realest thing imaginable, and one knows that Mr. Tourneur must be conscious of it and proud of it, too.

We left the garden and went to the caféteria, where, neither of us being particularly hungry, Jack Gilbert had a piece of apple pie and I had a ham sandwich, and we both drank milk for the sake of the extra pounds it might add. "You must drink it very slowly," he advised.

He was born in Ogden, Utah. "Almost a Mormon," he remarked. His mother, Ida Adair, was a well-known stock actress. His father, Walter Gilbert, also an actor, is at present stage director of the Baker stock company at Portland, Oregon.

Jack, or, to give him his full name, John C. Gilbert, made his first professional appearance at the ripe old age of six months, when, in company with Eddie Foy's oldest son, he crawled on the stage at the end of an act. It was at about this time that he began to dread the loneliness of Thanksgiving and Christmas. This is a feeling that belongs to all actors, an unfailing mark of the professional who is usually away from home, if he has one, and who has to give an extra performance into the bargain. However, the most vivid recollection of his childhood is of an incident that happened when he was about eight years old.

He and his father were "barnstorming" with a company playing some wild and woolly melodrama the name of which he has, of course, forgotten. In a little town in Arkansas they cleared a little something from the receipts and the manager, seeing his chance, left the company very suddenly, taking with him the little something. To make a bad matter worse, a cyclone came along in the middle of the night and blew away most of the town . . .

"We were stranded. My father and I had to go work washing dishes in a little railroad lunch-room to get money enough to get out!"

Those were early . . . very early . . . struggles. His screen career began with Triangle-Ince. "Golden Rule Kate" and "The Mother Instinct."

He made "More Trouble" for Vitagraph, (no pun intended), and "Wedlock" for Paralta. His first picture for Maurice Tourneur was "The White Heather." When I saw him, they were just "shooting" "The Glory of Love." I almost forgot to say that a number of the scenarios he wrote were produced, one of them by Henry B. Walthall.

After lunch, we walked over to the stage and sat on the edge of the set, showing a wax-works exhibition in Paris, waiting for Jack Gilbert to be called.

"It is not a good thing," Gilbert remarked, "for an actor to marry outside the profession."

"Is it a good thing," I asked, "for an actor to marry at all?"

"Oh, yes! No man ever won great success unless he had a woman to help him. That is true not only of actors, but of all the big people of history!"

So, you see that Jack Gilbert is still looking forward to the best thing in life, a romance that will do its share towards making him famous.

OPPORTUNITY

By Charlotte Becker

Fate led two wanderers to a shining place
Where ghostly forms awaited silently,
And thus he spoke: "Choose each from this dream-race.
A guiding-spirit for the years to be."

And one bent eagerly, and chose as his
A radiant being, fair and strong and wise;
The other, watching idly, answered this:
"Choose for me, Master, blinded are my eyes."

And Fate led to him one who stood aside
With folded wings, and weary, joyless breath.
Then to the first, he said, "Life is thy guide,"
And to the second murmured, "Thine is Death!"

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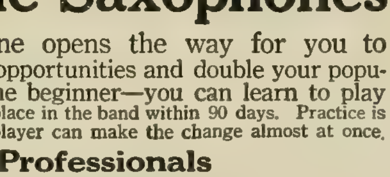

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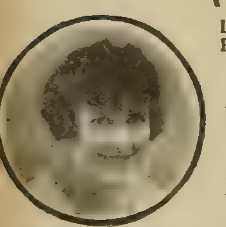

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AGENTS Write for interesting proposition

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Think of it! A face, scalp or complete body massage *every day for three years* at a total cost of only $3.

Simply attach the Clean-O-Pore to any faucet and turn on the water—no electricity needed. The running water creates the vacuum giving suction massage—massage in its most beneficial form. No water touches the skin. The Clean-O-Pore brings the benefits of massage within the reach of all.

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You can try it 10 days free. Use it on face, scalp or any part of the body—see for yourself how it improves your appearance by stimulating a vigorous circulation that feeds the tissues and carries away impurities—how it brings color to the cheeks and a sparkle to the eyes—how it cleans the pores, smooths out wrinkles and makes firm flesh—how it builds up the neck, bust or other hollow parts of the body—soothes and strengthens the nerves, and relieves headaches—how soothing it is after shaving—how it invigorates the scalp and hair and takes out dandruff—and how it is *downright fun* to use.

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Name...

Address..

A Bigger Fame and Fortune Contest

(*Continued from page* 52)

contest: two years of the widest publicity in THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and SHADOWLAND. This publicity includes special interviews in each of the magazines, cover portraits in colors, special pictures, articles by well-known writers, etc.

THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, SHADOWLAND and the CLASSIC will secure an initial position with one of the prominent producing firms. The judges alone of this contest constitute a hall of fame. Each and every one of them stands pre-eminent in his or her particular line of endeavor. The list of these luminaries of the dramatic and photographic world will be published in a later issue. Watch for it.

This contest is open to every man, woman and child. There is no age limit or, indeed, limit of any kind. There are no residential boundaries, either. If you live between the North and South Poles and New York and Yokohama, in either direction, you are eligible to enter this contest.

Of special interest to those who enter this contest is the announcement that a five-reel drama is now being produced. The honor roll winners will appear in this, as well as the winner or winners of The Fame and Fortune Contest. If this chance to make a mark in the film world interests you, fill out the coupon you will find on the bottom of another page of this issue and send it to us, together with the best photograph you have or can have made, and let the famous judges decide whether you have something in you that the picture lovers all over the world are looking for.

The attractive women who have so far sent us their names and pictures for this contest still outnumber by far the men who have entered. It should be remembered that this contest is open to the men as well as to women, and we again urge our masculine readers who have film stardom aspirations to send us their names and pictures.

We are sure that there are many men among our readers who have these aspirations and have only waited their chance to appear before the lens. Here is your opportunity. Send your photographs to us and they will receive the same consideration from the judges as do those of the fairer sex.

Those entrants who finally make the honor roll are to be congratulated, since the test is very severe. The judges give a careful and painstaking as well as fair and impartial consideration of the claims and photographs of the entrants and those who are picked are therefore the most nearly perfect entrants for each period.

A word or two about "A Dream of Fair Women," the two-reel feature which brought before the searchlight of the motion picture world the twenty-five

(*Continued on page* 95)

Gossip of the Pacific Coast

(*Continued from page* 82)

married again in February. She has sold her house on Bronson Avenue, right near Victoria Mix's home, and bought a larger and more beautiful mansion not very distant from the Mixes, for I dont know what Vicky would do without her mother. Those two enjoy shopping together as few mothers and daughters do. Both have exquisite taste and the means to gratify their longing for pretties.

Lee Moran and Eddie Lyons are a pair of cut-ups offstage. When Mr. Moran was laid up with flu, Mr. Lyons continued making scenes in which his partner did not appear according to the script. Upon Lee's return, Eddie said, joyfully, "Glad to have you back, Lee; heard you were dead!" Lee grinned, winked one eye and said, "Heard the same rumor, Eddie, but knew it was a lie, minute I heard it."

Mary Miles Minter will stand as godmother to Juliet Shelby Whitney, her namesake, on Easter Day, at the famous Mission Inn, Riverside, California. Charlotte Whitney, baby's mother, lives with the Shelbys, since Mary's secretary must be constantly on hand to direct her publicity, answer fan letters and post photographs. Margaret Shelby has an excellent part in Mary's new picture. On April 1st, Mary's eighteenth birthday was celebrated, and she comes of age in California, altho according to the terms of her contract, made in New York, she is not of age, "pictorially speaking," until 1923, when she will be twenty-one.

Miss Minter takes herself very seriously. She is quite a reader and has a talent for writing, and I'm expecting to see her name on a scenario or novel before she's thirty and when she has tired of acting.

Winifred Westover, at last report, was dickering about the payment of salary in the Swedish motion picture concern which stars her for a year abroad. It seems that Winifred wanted the salary paid in American coin, while the promoters wanted to pay her the contract salary in Swedish currency, which would have meant a considerable loss when exchanged. Cablegrams have been sent by all concerned and, as a long-distance disagreement of this sort is rather expensive, we all await the outcome with considerable interest.

The winner of the Fame and Fortune Contest in our magazines is hard at work on the Universal lot. Virginia Brown Faire has adopted the "U" menagerie, even including a vicious horse which she's learning to "stick by."

THE BURDEN

By Betty Earle

There was a vast pale sobbing once that leapt
  And swelled to anguishes as on a sea
Whose mad-drenched rocks the white hands
  blindly swept—
  And then at last a strength came quietly.

So stand I like a shadow, without trace
  Of grieving left; only solitude;
And in the cool the night is all my face,
  And over all the stars I bend and brood.

Wanted *This* Year

A grave dearth of story plots now confronts the motion picture industry. Producers will pay you well for any suitable story-ideas. Literary ability not a prime factor. Learn how you can write for the screen.

5000 New Story-Ideas for Motion Pictures

The above figure does not include material needed for religious, commercial and educational films.

SOMEWHERE in America this year, scores of new motion picture writers will be developed. (For the motion picture industry must have a continuous supply of good, new story-ideas if it is to survive.)

Most of these new photoplaywrights will be men and women who never wrote a line for publication. They will be people with merely good ideas for stories, who are willing, during spare hours, to learn how picture directors want their plots laid out. Producers will pay them $100 to $500 each for clever comedies, and $250 to $2,000 each for five-reel dramatic scripts. They will pay these prices because they must have stories. 95% of book material is unsuited to their need, and as yet not enough people are writing for the screen to supply the demand.

The above is a statement of fact concerning the motion picture industry. If you have a story-idea as good as some you have seen produced, this opportunity is wide open to you.

There is plenty of proof that producers really do pay the prices stated above. For they are paying these prices constantly to people we have taught to write for the screen—people who never saw a motion picture studio.

In Two Short Years

It was a little over two years ago when the famine in story plots first became acute. Public taste changed. Playgoers began to demand real stories. Plenty of manuscripts were being submitted, but most were unsuitable. For writers did not know how to adapt their stories for the screen. Few could come to Los Angeles to learn. A plan for home study had to be devised.

Frederick Palmer (formerly staff writer of Keystone, Fox, Triangle and Universal) finally assembled a corps of experts who built a plan of study which new writers could master through correspondence.

The Palmer Course and service has now been indorsed in writing by practically every big star and producer. Back of the Palmer Plan, directing this work in developing new writers, is an advisory council composed of the biggest figures in the industry. It includes Cecil B DeMille, Director-General of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation; Thomas H. Ince, head of the Thomas H. Ince Studios; Lois Weber, America's greatest woman producer and director; Rob Wagner, well-known motion picture writer for the Saturday Evening Post.

In two short years we have developed dozens of new writers. We are proud of the records they have made, and we prefer to let them speak for us.

A Co-operative Plan—Not a Tedious Course

Our business is to take people who have ideas for stories and teach them to construct them in a way that meets a motion picture producer's requirements. We furnish you the Palmer Handbook with cross references to three stories already successfully produced. The scenarios come to you exactly as used by the directors. Also a glossary of studio terms and phrases such as "Iris," "Lap Dissolve," etc. In short we bring the studio to you.

Our Advisory Service Bureau gives you personal, constructive criticisms of your manuscripts—free and unlimited for one year. Criticisms come only from men experienced in studio staff writing.

Special Contributors

Twelve leading figures in the motion picture industry have contributed special articles to the Palmer Course. These printed lectures cover every phase of motion picture production. Among others these special contributors include: Frank Lloyd and Clarence Badger, Goldwyn directors; Jeanie MacPherson, noted Lasky scenario writer; Col. Jasper Ewing Brady of Metro's scenario staff; Denison Clift, Fox scenario editor; George Beban, celebrated actor and producer; Al E. Christie, president Christie Film Co.; Hugh McClung, expert cinematographer, etc., etc.

Our Marketing Bureau is headed by Mrs. Kate Corbaley, formerly photoplaywright for Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew. In constant touch with the studios, she knows their needs, so that when our members so desire, we submit their stories in person for them. Thus we not only train you to write; we help you to sell your story-ideas.

Advisory Council

Cecil B. DeMille
Director-Gen Famous Players-Lasky Corp.

Thomas H. Ince
of the Studio that bears his name

Lois Weber
America's greatest woman producer and director

Rob Wagner
motion picture writer Saturday Evening Post

$3000 for One Story Plot

Our members come from all walks of life; mothers with children to support, school teachers, clerks, newspaper men, ministers, business men, successful fiction writers. In short, we have proven that anyone with an average imagination and story-ideas can write successful photoplays once he is trained.

One student, G. Leroi Clarke, formerly a minister, sold his first photoplay story for $3,000. The recent success of Douglas Fairbanks' "His Majesty the American," and the play, "Live Sparks," in which J. Warren Kerrigan lately starred, were both written by Palmer students. Many students now hold staff positions, four in one studio alone.

We have prepared a book, "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing," which will inform you of the Palmer Course and service in greater detail. If you desire to consider the unusual opportunity in this new field of art seriously—this book will be mailed to you free.

At Least Investigate

For there is one peculiar thing to consider in the Palmer Plan. One single successful effort immediately repays you for your work. Not all our members begin to sell photoplays at once—naturally. But most of them do begin to show returns within a few months. And the big majority are not literary folks. They are people who have simply made up their minds to make money out of story-ideas they have in the back of their heads—and incidentally, perhaps, to gain some reputation.

The way is open. Producers are making every effort to encourage new writers. The demand is growing greater every day, and the opportunity is rich in its rewards because it is young. If seriously interested, mail the coupon.

Palmer Photoplay Corporation
Department of Education
517 I. W. Hellman Bldg.,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Palmer Photoplay Corporation
Department of Education,
517 I W Hellman Building,
Los Angeles, California.

Please send me, without obligation, your new book, "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing" Also "Proof Positive" containing Success Stories of many Palmer members, etc.

Name ....

Address..

City...

State..

Ellen From Tennessee

By LILLIAN MONTANYE

Photograph by Pach, N. Y.

It's her real name and her stage name: Ellen Cassity. A name that from the press agent's point of view needs no camouflage. Surely the gods of luck must have taken a hand at her christening and in bestowing upon her many more true gifts: brown hair with threads of gold; slate-blue eyes with velvety, dark-fringed lashes; regular features; a perfect skin and a shapely, healthy body. And, if they had the gift of sight and knew that the wee lassie was destined for a career, they gave no sign, for, with the wisdom of their kind, they knew that gods of luck and gods of chance, also careers, must bide their time.

Ellen Cassity was born in Jackson, Tenn., of good old Southern stock; a people proud, upright, uncompromisingly conservative. A family of gentlemen and gentlewomen, careers, for their womenfolk, artistic or otherwise, were not even considered.

When Ellen was five the family moved to Louisville. Shortly afterward it was discovered that the small daughter had a voice of unusual quality. She was given lessons, vocal and instrumental, and at the age of ten had developed into a child prodigy and was solo soprano in a church.

Not only was she soloist on Sundays, but she was also the star of her grade at school entertainments. An omnivorous reader, she spent many a rainy afternoon in grandmother's attic and in Dickens, Scott, Stevenson, and finally a set of Shakespeare's plays, she discovered a secret door to another world.

Unknown to her adoring family, little Ellen began to dream dreams. The old attic, with its low ceilings, its dusty rafters, saw strange sights. Before an ancient mirror with tarnished frame, with an old portière, a lace curtain, a bit of gold pasteboard for a crown, she danced, sang and gestured—and created for herself a land of make-believe, a world that none of her family or ancestors, so far as any one knew, had ever dreamed of.

By the time Ellen was fifteen she knew quite definitely that she was going to be an actress. She was not abnormal, unusual in any way. In reality and habit she was like the girl friends with whom she walked arm-in-arm under the old elms of the quaint little city. But deep under every inherited habit there was something that would not be suppressed.

One evening at supper she announced herself: "Mother, grandmother, I have decided that I will not always sing in church; I am going to be an actress!" Had she announced her intention of being a plumber, a butcher, an anarchist, her family could have been no more astonished, more hopelessly bewildered.

Helplessly they searched the family tree to see if they could spy out the branch that had handed down this perverse inclination. For their Ellen to sing in church for a consideration had been bad

(*Continued on page* 90)

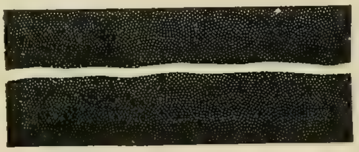
Ellen Cassity, J. Stuart Blackton's latest discovery, hails from Tennessee. She came to the screen via the "Ziegfeld Follies," and is the latest beauty of that famous organization to grace the films

Photograph below by Lumière

How to Make Your Voice
Success - Compelling, Friend - Winning

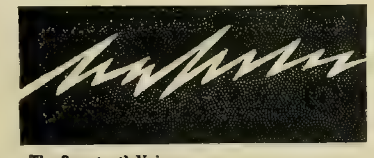
Does Your Voice Attract or Repulse People? Read Here How You Can Have a Perfect Voice—of Magnetic Force That Will Draw Friends and Success to Your Side.

THINK for a moment what a big part the tone of your voice plays in your life! How many times after hearing a person's voice have you remarked,—"Oh, I don't trust him," or "How tiresome she is," or "What a nerve-racking experience it is to hear his voice." And so it is with *you*.



The Droning Voice

Tiresome, sing-song, monotonous as the hum of a dynamo. Bores people, doesn't get its message across, takes the color and life out of every word and sentence uttered—disgusts, wearies, and repels; loses its listener's interest before it has even gained it.



The Saw-tooth Voice

Sharp, rasping, grating as a slate pencil. Gets "on people's nerves," loses friends, breeds distrust, makes a poor impression in business—antagonizes, annoys, and repulses anyone within ear reach.

People are either attracted or repulsed by *your* voice. If you are a man—it means a great deal to your future business and social success if people can say of you, "I like that man's voice, so strong, deep, and mellow that it just *rings* sincerity." If you are a woman—it means much to you if people can say, "What a sweet, cultured voice she has—it's a real pleasure to listen to her." Every man or woman in business or social life, every singer or public speaker, every one who stutters, stammers, or lisps, can now, through a wonderful new method of voice culture, gain this splendid power—a perfect voice of success-compelling, friend-winning force.

Make Your Voice Perfect

A *perfect* voice can now be yours. Eugene Feuchtinger, A.M., the famous voice culturist, has proven that *any* voice can be made perfect. No matter if your voice is weak or wavering, harsh and grating, droning, nasal, stammering, stuttering or lisping—Eugene Feuchtinger's amazing new system will make it perfect.

A few minutes each day in *silent* practice soon gives you the perfect singing voice or speaking voice that will open the door to numberless social or business opportunities. Within an amazingly short time you will notice the difference in your voice—it will be reaching that beautiful tone and richness of volume which you have so often admired in others.

Speaking Make your speaking voice ring with conviction and sincerity. Make it a voice that will thrill all who hear it and impress upon them that HERE is a person of culture, refinement, sincerity, character.

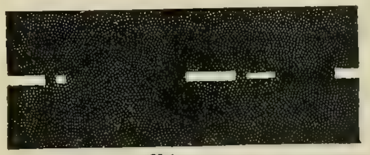
Singing Make your singing voice smooth, steady, full and strong—the kind of voice you have always longed for. Your voice can easily be made perfect, the best singing voice among all of your friends.

Defective No one need suffer any longer from the disadvantages of a defective voice. Stuttering, stammering, or lisping can be overcome for good and all. A defective voice is a business and social obstacle. Break down that obstacle—you can have a perfect voice.

Wonderful New Method

A poor voice is a tremendous handicap in business, professional and social life. Wherever you go, the impression you make on others depends upon your voice. If your voice is weak, indistinct, shrill, harsh or hollow, you cannot be judged at your best—you cannot realize your full measure of success and popularity. Whether you use your voice for singing or public speaking, or whether you use it only in the everyday course of your business and social life, you cannot afford the constant handicap of a voice of inferior quality and power. Yet not one person in a hundred knows how to use the voice properly! Nearly everyone has one or more serious faults in his or her voice. The trouble is that scarcely anyone knows *how to control the vocal organs* which produce the voice. Unless you know the fundamental principles of this control, no amount of practice or exercises of the ordinary kind will make your voice perfect.

But now the secret of a perfect voice can be yours. A wonderful new method enables anyone to quickly develop a voice of surpassing beauty. In an amazingly short time you can have a wider range of tone, more volume, more resonance. A rich, vibrant voice that everyone will admire is easily obtainable through the wonderful scientific discovery of Eugene Feuchtinger, the famous voice culturist. His remarkable, exclusive method has received the endorsement of European operatic singers, of eminent public speakers, of men and women in every walk of life. Here are just a few of the delighted expressions of opinions he has received:



The Defective Voice

Its disadvantages are known to all. No longer need anyone endure these disadvantages — stammering, stuttering, lisping can now quickly be overcome. Each defective voice can be made a perfect voice.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

My Dear Professor Feuchtinger: I want to write you a few lines to tell you of the wonderful benefit I have received from your method of voice production after only a few lessons.

I was quite discouraged until I began to study with you. Now I am delighted with my daily improvement, for your method is precisely what you claim—infallible. No fault can escape your notice and all vocal defects are corrected by your ability.

I am preparing to take up professional work again in a very short time and feel that the strength and brilliancy which my voice is acquiring, will help me to attain the goal of success for which we are all striving.

In conclusion let me say that I have studied under some of the celebrated teachers of New York, but their methods did not help materially, for unlike your method they were not based upon actual science.

SAMUEL HARDEN CHURCH, JR.

Chicago, Illinois.

My Dear Mr. Feuchtinger: No doubt you are wondering whether I feel any gratitude for the marvelous results which you and your system have brought about in my voice.

As you know, I have had vocal training before, but the results were negligible. My voice in four months under your system has blossomed out in a way that not only wholly astonished and delighted me—but has created a deep impression on all who have heard me sing. My voice has developed a "violin" style of expression and every time I sing, someone makes that comparison.

To say that I am satisfied, doesn't convey my meaning at all. I am simply wild with delight. You certainly have the one correct method of voice development. Believe me ever, Your grateful pupil.

MATILDA A. SCHMITT.

Send For Free Booklet

Make your voice a success-magnet, a friend-winner. Don't let it misrepresent you, antagonize people against you, thwart your ambitions. If you want a good singing voice, clear, true and vibrant—if you want a good speaking voice, strong, vigorous, and confidence-inspiring—if your voice is in any way defective—let Eugene Feuchtinger show you the way to a perfect voice. His methods are guaranteed. His interesting book explains fully about them and what they can mean to you.

Mail the coupon at once for this FREE book. Read how easily you can, in a few minutes at home each day, have a wonderful voice that will draw people to you and impress them with your sincerity, culture, and winning personality. Send for this interesting illustrated book now—fill out the coupon at once and mail today.

PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE
Studio 1554 1922 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago

PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE.
Studio 1554, 1922 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

Send me your free illustrated book, "Voice Culture," and facts about the Feuchtinger Method. I have put (X) opposite subject which interests me most. I assume absolutely no obligation whatever.

☐ Singing ☐ Stammering
☐ Speaking ☐ Lisping

Name...

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....Age...................

Cupid says: "Secure a Satin Skin"

A girl likes a fair faced, clean looking, manly fellow. The same fellow prefers natural beauty, a girl with satin skin. The secret of a satin skin is found in Satin Skin Cream (Cold or Greaseless), an essence of perfuming flowers, healing herbal extracts, beautifying balsams. You can make your skin a smooth, satin skin, free from blemish, add to your attractiveness, comfort and charm, by daily using Satin Skin Cream.

SATIN SKIN POWDER is dense, "holds tight," clings with the tenacity of the true friend that it is to your skin. Bestows refined fairness, a "smart" well groomed appearance. The best party and theatre powder, because it stays on. Satin Skin is stunning in street effect, neutralizing the brightness of day and sunlight, with a satiny soft glow. Made in five finest shades: Flesh, white, pink, brunette, naturelle.

I. At night apply Satin Skin Cold Cream to wet skin.
II. Day and evening use Satin Skin Greaseless Cream.
III. Satin Skin Powder gives satiny finish. Choice of 5 tints:

Sold at leading toilet counters. SATIN SKIN LABORATORY, Mnfr., Detroit, U.S.A.

Learn Vaudeville Acting

Stage Work and Cabaret Entertaining successfully taught by mail. Your opportunity to enter fascinating, money-making profession—to travel—see the world—as vaudeville actor or actress. My simple, easy, complete Professional Course—only one of its kind—**COVERS ALL BRANCHES.** Develops **Personality, Confidence, Skill, and** tells you **just how** to get on the Stage. Send 6c postage for big booklet, "All About Vaudeville." Give age and occupation.

Frederic LaDelle, Sta. 286, Jackson, Michigan

SUBMIT YOUR SONG POEMS ON ANY SUBJECT FOR OUR ADVICE WE REVISE POEMS COMPOSE MUSIC OF ANY DESCRIPTION, SECURE COPYRIGHT AND EMPLOY ORIGINAL METHODS FOR FACILITATING FREE PUBLICATION OR OUTRIGHT SALE OF SONGS UNDER THIS SUCCESSFUL CONCERN'S GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION

SONGWRITERS "MANUAL & GUIDE" SENT FREE

IT CONTAINS VALUABLE INSTRUCTIONS TO BEGINNERS AND TELLS THE TRUTH CONCERNING EVERY BRANCH OF THIS ESSENTIAL AND FASCINATING PROFESSION THE GREAT WORK ACCOMPLISHED BY THE POPULAR SONG IN WINNING THE WAR IS ONLY AN INDEX TO THE MUCH WIDER SCOPE AND GREATER OPPORTUNITIES AFFORDED BY PEACE

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What Could Be Nicer?

than a collection of your favorite and most beloved Movie Stars. These are not cheap imitations but genuine honest to goodness photographs, size 8 x 10. Make your selection from the following list:

Theda Bara
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Beverly Bayne
Francis X. Bushman
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Jack Kerrigan
Mary Miles Minter
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or any of the other popular stars

50c Each or 12 for $5.00

Money cheerfully refunded if not satisfactory. Mail at once with name and address plainly written to

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How to Obtain Beautiful, Rich, Long, Eyelashes and Brows!

EVERY WOMAN should be the rightful owner of beautiful eyes, the essentials of which are, First: Long, rich eyelashes; and Second: Well-cared-for eyebrows. No matter what color your eyes may be,—gray, brown or blue,—if they are shaded by thick, silky lashes, and well-shaped brows, their charm is greatly accentuated.

Nowadays, no one needs to be the dissatisfied possessor of short, thin, uneven brows and lashes; you can greatly assist Nature by simply applying a little of M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier at night. This scientific preparation nourishes the eyebrows and eyelashes, causing them to become gradually thick and lustrous, imparting sparkling expression to the eyes, and added charm to the face.

M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier, which has been successfully used by thousands, is guaranteed absolutely harmless; it is not a greasy, sticky salve, but a clean, nicely-perfumed liquid, in a cut glass bottle with glass stopper and applicator. The cut represents actual size of bottle. The active principle of this valuable article is a rare and expensive organic concentration which is unequalled for the purpose of stimulating and strengthening the particular follicles which produce rich, dark eyelashes.

MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT SATISFACTORY

Upon receipt of 75c in stamps, coin or Money Order, I will send you postpaid, in plain wrapper, a bottle of M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier together with my copyrighted booklet on Beauty Hints.

The following preparations are of highest standard and well recommended:

M. T.'s Nature's Beauty Cream, a wrinkle eradicator	$ .75
M. T.'s A. B. A. Lotion, for Pimples and Blackheads	$ .75
M. T.'s Depilatory to remove superfluous hair	$ .50
M. T.'s Freckle Cream, for stubborn freckles and tan	$1.00
M. T.'s Minerated Quinol, "The Incomparable Vanishing Cream"	$ .75

M. TRILETY, Toilet Requisites **Dept. 30, Binghamton, N. Y.**

Ellen From Tennessee

(*Continued from page* 88)

enough, but she had the gift of song; rightly used, it might help others and was not unbecoming a gentlewoman. But a public career—the stage!

Quietly but persistently, Ellen sought to overcome parental objections. She studied, she sang in church, in concerts, she took part in school entertainments, she attended the theater whenever possible and she bided her time. Finally a theatrical manager and friend of the family advised her to come to New York and her mother, still unreconciled and secretly hoping that the New York managers would have none of them, came with her.

But alas for maternal hopes! The very first day in New York, thru a lawyer friend whom Mrs. Cassity had known for years, Florenz Ziegfeld saw the beautiful young Southern girl, noted her grace, her charm, and signed her for "The Follies of 1917." During her career with "The Follies" her face was the model for more than a dozen Clarence B. Underwood covers and a well-known photographer won several prizes with art studies of Miss Cassity. Finally she left "The Follies" to sing in "Words and Music" with Raymond Hitchcock. Following this, she had the opportunity to understudy the leading rôle in "Pals First," later going on tour as leading woman.

And then, unfortunately, Miss Cassity was obliged to undergo a severe operation on her throat that resulted in the weakening of her voice. So she decided to accept one of the many flattering offers for screen work.

"I could still dance," she says, "and sing some, but I felt that it would be best to give my voice a rest and try pictures. I am so glad that I did and have no idea now of going back to the stage, but, of course, one never knows.

"While I found the stage interesting, I find the pictures even more so. The stage was, to me, a veritable land of make-believe. But the pictures are more than that. They are a series of wonderful adventures—every day is different from the one before. Not that it isn't hard work, it is. One has to be on the alert every minute. One's physical endurance is put to the test very often, and often there are real dangers to encounter—as, for instance, when we were making 'Checkers' and a piece of glass flew into my eye, causing me to suffer tortures, even endangering my eyesight. All the same, I had a wonderful time making 'Checkers.'

"Just now I am co-starring with Herbert Rawlinson in 'Passers-By,' produced and directed by J. Stuart Blackton, and I want to say that it is a great opportunity to work with Mr. Blackton, who is a gentleman every minute of the day and is consideration itself.

"My favorite parts and hobbies and ambitions? I like drama best, with plenty of action—also light comedy. Am

(*Continued on page* 110)

Why do women weep?
Why do men chuckle?

Why does the whole audience clutch their hands and strain their eyes?

REMEMBER how the fat man ha ha'd right out and got the audience giggling and the old lady laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks. What a wonderful picture that was!

And last week even the gruff old bachelor had red eyes when the lights went on. You felt as though you had lost your own sister when Melissy died.

All the way home you discussed the story.

Why do you enjoy this picture or that one so much? Have you ever stopped to think why?

First it was such a human story.

And the star was so sweet in the part. You always *did* like her. All the characters seemed just like the real people.

And the scenes—real rooms in real houses. The outdoor pictures were like a vacation for you—out in the open—daisy fields, sunshine, mountains, deserts.

Perhaps you didn't notice the photography, you were so interested in the story, but you will remember how clear it was—how beautiful the lighting.

These are the things you will always find in a Goldwyn picture. Interesting stories — your favorite star—beautiful settings—perfect photography. Goldwyn combines them all. When you see a Goldwyn picture you forget your troubles—you forget the baby's croup and the cook's leaving.

You come home feeling as fine as though you'd had an outing.

Never miss a Goldwyn picture. They are the ones you know you will enjoy.

GOLDWYN PICTURES

Lloyd Hughes

His Ship Comes In

By MARY FORRESTER

Both photographs by Evans, L. A.

Lloyd Hughes worked in a hardware store by day and went to a dramatic school by night. Then he began as a studio extra. His hit in King Vidor's "The Turn in the Road" led to his recent Thomas Ince contract

LLOYD HUGHES is Youth incarnate. This doesn't mean that he is frivolous. On the contrary, he is very serious, with the romantic, humor-touched seriousness of the Celt. His cheeks are red, his eyes blue and his hair dark, almost black. He celebrated his twenty-first birthday during the making of King Vidor's "The Turn of the Road," and it was in this picture that he played his first leading part; in fact, his first really important part of any kind. He is a real discovery. His ship has just come in and he is beginning to unload it, keenly conscious meanwhile of the romance of it all. His love of romance is, indeed, the most characteristic thing about him. It is hard to picture him in any work which would not be colored by his imagination.

It is a curious thing that "The Turn of the Road" marked in more than one way the turn of the road in his life. Not only did it bring him success, but it changed his entire outlook. It is a picture marked by youth and hope and earnestness. Mr. Vidor, the author and director, is himself little more than a boy—"He's twenty-four," said Lloyd Hughes, as tho that were quite ancient—but he had something to say and said it well—because he meant it.

"That picture," said Lloyd Hughes, "did a lot toward making me realize how much depends upon the way you look at things."

A good illustration of how much depends upon the way you look at things is the story of Lloyd Hughes' own boyhood. Nothing unusual about it; nothing at all. His life was the same as that of innumerable other youngsters. But he looked at the world thru rose-colored glasses and so, at twenty-one, he has found a rose-colored world.

"When I was a kid," he said, "I used to stay around theaters as much as I could. I always liked them. I was stage-struck even then!"

This was when he began delivering papers after school. He used to make plays for himself, imitating the people he met on his route, and later he did the same thing when he got his first job during a school vacation.

"I was a butcher boy," he said, "and that position gave me more material."

(*Continued on page* 94)

Do You Know How Rich You Are?

Do You Realize that Your Photoplay Ideas, if Brought to Life Upon the Screen, Might Make You Wealthy?

NO matter what your profession, vocation or trade, be it lawyer, teacher, doctor, newspaper-man, engineer, editor, advertising writer, accountant, clerk, stenographer, salesman, or telephone girl, etc., you have ideas for Photoplays which, if put into proper form, as we can teach you to do, may be worth anywhere from $500 to $5000 each.

A PROFESSION OPEN TO ALL

Photoplay writing is a profession of the first rank, from the standpoint of enormous earnings, and yet it is open to "unknowns" and persons without previous writing experience, to a degree which no other profession is. It is not limited to "Geniuses" and so called "Born Writers"; no one has a monopoly of it. We are bringing forward a new army of photoplay writers, recruited from the ordinary walks of life, and they are producing screen plays of amazing quality. Producers, Artists and Directors are searching for the man or woman who can contribute a fresh note or new idea, and are ready to reward them handsomely.

New York City, 2-25-20.
Dear Mr. Johnson:

Your system is proving what I have always contended,—that there is ample genuine writing talent in **any group of men and women** in any vocation, if it can be organized.

What they lack is a knowledge of the mechanics of writing, and that you can teach this there is not the slightest doubt.

Sincerely,

John G Adolfi

Dir. for Robertson Cole in forthcoming Georges Carpentier productions.

New York, N. Y.,
Feb 15, 1920.
Dear Adrian Johnson:

I have spent several hours nosing through your photoplay system. It is at once, the most complete, comprehensive and satisfying thing in correspondence instruction that I have seen.

It is amazingly simple and I am not at all surprised that usable scripts are coming in from lawyers, teachers, newspaper men, and folks who have never written before, as your correspondence shows.

We need this new infusion of writing blood.

Very truly,

Lucy Cotton

Star "Miracle of Love."

New York City, 2-14-20.
The Adrian Johnson System,
New York City,
Gentlemen:

I have critically read your Photoplay System and consider it the most concise and satisfying text-book produced up to date, on how to write photoplays

It deals clearly with fundamental principles of writing for the screen, and anyone who has a good idea and possesses a little common sense, is assured of a good margin of success by following this valuable system.

Very truly yours,

Edward Dillon

Dir. "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath."

ADRIAN JOHNSON FORMULATES SYSTEM

The profession of photoplay writing has been brought to your very desk. Adrian Johnson, the master scenarist of the entire profession, whose name you see, almost weekly, thrown upon the screen, or in electric lights over the theatre entrance, as author of the play, has reduced the science of screen writing to a teachable, learnable system of simplicity and accuracy. The person of *average intelligence* can master and put it to practical application His system covers the basic rules of photoplay writing which experienced writers invariably follow and which beginners must know to get their material in required form. It comprises 20 lessons, 2 model Scenarios of successful productions, to study, imitate and as patterns for your Scripts; A Dictionary of "Studio Language," the very words, terms, phrases and expressions used among Artists, Directors and Producers, besides a wealth of necessary, inspirational and developmental information gleaned from the personal experiences of this famous writer, in his meteoric rise from an "unknown" to the highest pinnacle of success in this profession. With this material at hand, you know when your scripts measure up to professional form, and that they will reach the producers in condition to invite reading and not rejection.

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ADRIAN JOHNSON NOTABLE SUCCESSES

- "Miracle of Love"
- "April Folly"
- "Checkers"
- "The Typhoon"
- "The Ruse"
- "Camille"
- "Honor"
- "The Devil"
- "Wrath of the Gods"
- "The Marriage Bond"
- "Tiger Woman"
- "A Royal Romance"
- "A Small Town Girl"
- "Romeo and Juliet"
- "Lure of Heart's Desire"
- "Darling of Paris"
- "Madame du Barry"
- "Every Girl's Dream"
- "Three Musketeers"
- "Heart and Soul"
- "Her Greatest Love"
- "Daughter of France"
- "Battle of Life"
- "Cleopatra"
- and over 300 others

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CATHERINE CALVERT
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LEAH BAIRD
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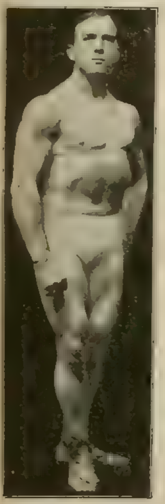

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..Insomnia
..Short Wind
. Flat Feet
Stomach Disorders
Constipation
Biliousness
Torpid Liver
. Indigestion
Nervousness
. Poor Memory
Rheumatism
..Bad Habits
. Weaknesses
Weak Eyes
..Falling Hair
Gastritis
. Heartweakness
..Poor Circulation
Skin Disorders
Despondency
. Round Shoulders
..Lung Troubles
..Increased Height
Stoop Shoulders
..Muscular Development

NAME ....

AGE............ OCCUPATION...................................

STREET ....

CITY .... STATE ....

Lloyd Hughes

(Continued from page 92)

I saw him at his home on Coronado Street, Los Angeles. It is an attractive bungalow, painted green, with a wide lawn and plenty of flowers, as pretty and homelike a place as any one could find in a long day's journey. Here he lives with his mother, father and two brothers. One brother is eleven and the other seventeen years old. His father is a locomotive engineer, and Lloyd's earliest ambition, the only one he had before he thought of being an actor, was to follow in his father's footsteps. This was in Arizona, where he lived on a ranch near Bisbee, close to the Mexican border. Incidentally, he has lived almost all over Arizona. During school months, the monotony of life in Bisbee was broken by forbidden swims in the reservoir and regular pitched battles with little Mexicans—the sort of life out of which Hamlin Garland made literature.

When his family came to Los Angeles, Lloyd went to work for a wholesale hardware company as a salesman. Now there is plenty of romance in the wholesale hardware business—after you have left it. While you are in it, however, there is plenty of work. The stock contains everything from a needle to railroad iron. In addition to his regular work he went to a dramatic school and memorized a part in a play every week. He must have worked and studied all of the time. He saved a large portion of his wages from week to week and at last quit and started in doing extra work at the studios. This was about two years ago. A great deal of work came his way. There were even occasional bits and small parts, but these were few. He has certainly worked very hard to bring his ship to port. It only remains to be seen if he will work equally hard unloading its cargo. Unless one has an unusual character, success at such an early age is often fatal to continued success later on. Lloyd Hughes does not seem to face this danger. He is a sincere, earnest boy, fully conscious of the heights still above him. It is certain he will go far.

His first part was in a two-reel comedy-drama with King Vidor. This part led to an engagement with the American Film Company at Santa Barbara to play a juvenile lead with Margarita Fisher. From there, he came back to Los Angeles and worked at Universal City as the Third Brother with Dorothy Phillips in Allan Holubar's "The Heart of Humanity."

"After that," said Lloyd, "came 'The Turn of the Road.' The rest, I suppose, you know."

He started to work with Enid Bennett and when the picture was half finished he was given a two-year contract by Thomas Ince. He was recently loaned to Paramount for the making of one picture with Vivian Martin.

Asked about what advice he would give to the screen aspirant, (the screen aspirant always wants advice, you know), he said:

(Continued on page 106)

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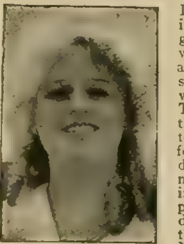

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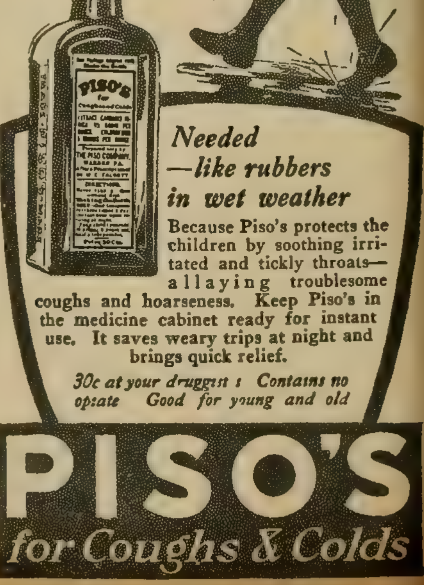

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PISO'S

for Coughs & Colds

A Bigger Fame and Fortune Contest

(*Continued from page 86*)

American beauties who were on the honor roll of our 1919 contest. You can have this feature run in your local theater if you will communicate with Murray W. Garsson, Foundation Film Corp., 1600 Broadway, New York, who is presenting this film.

The second honor roll winners are:

Eleanor Stahl, who lives at 17 W. 44th Street, New York City. She has yet to appear before the footlights or the camera. She was born in Russia. She is 5 feet 2 inches in height and weighs 110 pounds. She is of a fair complexion and has a wealth of dark-brown hair. Her eyes are of the ocean depths, for they are green-blue.

Ione M. White, 415 Frasch Street, San Antonio, Texas, is a Dixie girl with blue-grey eyes and golden hair, weighing 106 pounds and being just one-quarter of an inch short of five feet. She has had some amateur experience on the stage and screen.

Dolly Davis is a native Windy City girl, living at 1536 W. Chicago Avenue, Chicago, Ill. She is a golden-haired, blue-eyed maid and is 5 feet 2 inches in height and weighs 98 pounds. She has had no professional stage or screen experience as yet.

Irene Anna Snow is a native of Erie, Pa., living at 308 E. 12th Street. She has hazel eyes and medium brown hair, is 5 feet 3 inches in height and weighs 120 pounds. She has not yet graced the screen or the footlights.

Marie Protich Zorka, of the golden-brown hair and dark-brown eyes, is a native of France. At present she is living at the Rivinton Apartments, 777 Burrard Street, Vancouver, B. C., and she has made several public appearances as an eccentric and classical dancer. She has the clear olive complexion of Southern Europe and is 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 122 pounds.

Winnie Charlotte Rowley is a native of New York's greatest borough and lives at 427 Dean Street, Brooklyn. She is blessed with a combination of light-brown hair and blue eyes. She is just two inches over five feet and weighs 115 pounds. Up to the present neither stage nor screen has had the pleasure of her appearance.

Here are a few things to remember in connection with this contest:

It has been decided that August 1st will be the closing date of the Fame and Fortune Contest.

Never give up trying to get on the honor roll. If you do not succeed at first, try again.

Please *do not* send hand-colored portraits.

A Résumé of the Fame and Fortune Contest, Past and Present

So many of our readers have written to us asking for information about the

(*Continued on page 97*)

Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison of New York, one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really *can* and simply *haven't found it out?* Well, come to think of it, most anybody can *tell* a story. Why can't most anybody *write* a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality to-day.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are the Writers of Tomorrow.

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. *Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest writer?* Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet if, by some lucky chance, they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the Imagination free rein they might have astonished the world!

But two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. The greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they *really learn to write* from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you'd be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or see on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, i Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't *I* learn t write? *Who says you can't!*

LETTERS LIKE THIS ARE POURING IN!

"With this volume before him, the veriest novice should be able to build stories or photoplays that will find a ready market. The best treatise of its kind I have encountered in 24 years of newspaper and literary work."—H. PIERCE WELLER, MANAGING EDITOR, THE BINGHAMTON PRESS

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Miss Helene Chadwick, versatile screen star, now leading lady for Tom Moore of Goldwyn Film Company, says

"Any man or woman who will learn this New Method of Writing ought to sell stories and plays with ease."

Listen! A wonderful *free* book has recently been writte on this very subject—a book that tells all about a Startlin New Easy Method of Writing Stories and Photoplays This amazing book, called *"The Wonder Book for Writers,"* shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, writte perfected, sold. How many who don't *dream* they ca write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings an the Story Queens live and work. How bright men an women, without any special experience, learn to their ow amazement that their simplest Ideas may furnish brillian plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own Imaginatio may provide an endless gold-mine of Ideas that bring Happ Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writer get their names into print. How to tell if you *are* writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave cleve word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. Ho your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoi discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. How to *win*

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The Movie Encyclopaedia
by
"The ANSWER MAN"

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

Tony's Admirer.—Hold on to what you have rather than reach for that you cannot get. Oh, yes, I have met Antonio Moreno. In fact, lunched with him. Alla Nazimova has signed up for two more years with Metro.

Chatterbox.—Remember, if you want to be answered in The Classic, be sure to write Classic at the top of your letter. Grace Darling has joined Goldwyn for three years. She is in Los Angeles.

A Good Fellow. Shake! I like a regular fellow. And a lot of my readers are regular. No, I couldn't call June Caprice a decided blonde. In fact, she hasn't decided yet. Claire Whitney played leading parts opposite House Peters in "You Never Know Your Luck," produced by Sunset Pictures.

Adelaide M.—If you mean in book form, get in touch with Brentano, Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Old New Hampshire.—Yes, Harold Lockwood has appeared on the speaking stage. Now Conrad Nagel has gone and married. Both leads of "Forever After," Conrad Nagel and Alice Brady, married inside of a month, but not to each other.

Mildred S.—Haven't heard of Marguerite Courtot doing cabaret work. May Allison is out in Los Angeles, and Elsie Ferguson is working in New York. Our sailors wear the black scarf in memory of sailors who have died in previous wars. The wide, flaring trousers are a matter of adaptability to conditions. They have to roll them up to the knees when scrubbing decks.

Verbena B.—You've got the right idea there! Call again.

K. S. Shioya.—Which Mabel do you refer to? But, after all, life is at best full of dangers, and but few of us ever get out of it alive. Write me some more.

Norma Talmadge Forever.—Sure thing Wanda Hawley played opposite Doug Fairbanks. Also opposite Bill Hart. William Shay had the lead in "Secret Service Sam." The magazine you mention is out of business now. "Safety Curtain" was not published in our magazine.

Buckskin Bill.—Hello, Bill! Well, I reckon the Amazon discharges the largest amount of water of any river in the world, and the St. Lawrence next. Rose Tapley is doing special exhibitor work for Paramount. Ruth Roland is in Los Angeles now. You refer to Ann Forrest.

S. V. H.—This is out of my line, but when my mahogany desk becomes stained from dampness, I wipe it with a polish made of one tablespoonful of turpentine and three tablespoonfuls of linseed oil to a quart of boiling water. Not inflammable. Tyrone Power is now in Canada. Lionel Atwell is to play opposite Florence Reed for United. You want to know if Theda Bara showed any special signs of talent before becoming an actress. Hardly think the real and true information is obtainable. She started with Fox.

Three Sisters.—Yes, it is true Betty Gray, of Biograph and Vitagraph fame, recently died. Frank Lanning is playing for Robertson Cole, Los Angeles. William Hart, Los Angeles.

Connie.—Oh, so you like the snappy answers I give. What snappy thing can I say *to* you without snapping *at* you? No relation. You want an interview with Constance Binney. Write Nazimova, Metro Studio, Los Angeles, Cal. Surely you can be my friend, why not?

Sarah H.—You say movies will never be the same to you until Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien play together and Constance Talmadge and Harrison Ford play together. This thing must be fixed up somehow, so the movies will be the same to you.

Lillian L.—Interview with Harrison Ford. He seems to be in great demand today. Oh yes, X-rays have been used to tell ages. Some of you girlies had better keep away from the X-ray. You say Tom Chatterton and Belle Bennett are playing in stock in San Francisco.

Esther M. F.—A good game to play is to take photographs of the moving picture players and tack them to the wall, numbered, and give prizes for those who guess the most correctly. Conway Tearle is now in the West. Wallace MacDonald is out in Los Angeles.

Britisher.—I beg his Royal Highness' pardon. King George's birthday is on June 3d, and not on the 5th, as I said. No, never saw them.

Flo-Flo.—Why dont you send for a list of film manufacturers?

Carefree Dot; Sis Hopkins; T. M. P.; Jane C.; Fi-Fi; Susie G.; Margarita, New Orleans; Lillian F.—Please see above for yours, and dont fail to write again.

Mary Jane.—Glad to hear from you. You say a "perfectly good man getting only $9.50 per week." How do you know I am perfectly good? How can I be perfect and good too? Broncho Billy has given up the picture business for theatricals.

Chris.—You should have entered your picture in the Fame and Fortune Contest. The editor didn't think it safe for me with all the beauties coming in, so he sent me on a vacation. We had some exciting times here.

H. B., Stamford.—Yes, write to the players direct.

Cascarets.—So that's your name, is it? Yes. I have heard orators get up and say they didn't have anything to say and then talk endlessly. I cant tell you why they do it. Your letter was so interesting I am going to quote a paragraph. You say "I knew a little girl six years old, who was sick for four years with paralysis. She recently died, and every evening her mother used to have to tell her some story in which Mary Pickford played, often she told the same one over many times, as Mary didn't play in new ones every day. Ruth finally passed away one evening just as her mother finished telling her a new story of Mary."

A Reader.—All right, but be sure to sign your name and address next time. And I shall greet you *à bras ouverts.* Viola Dana is out West.

A Résumé of the Fame and Fortune Contest, Past and Present

(*Continued from page* 95)

Fame and Fortune Contest of last year and for this year, that we think it advisable briefly to review the history of the contest from the beginning.

Late in 1918 we conceived and started the Fame and Fortune Contest and, during the year 1919, it was featured in all three of our publications. Nearly every issue of each magazine contained several pages of the leading contestants, which we called the Monthly Honor Roll. Photographs came pouring in from every nook and corner of the country, and while we never counted them, it was estimated that we received over fifty thousand.

Our idea was to go thru the country with a fine tooth comb, as it were, bringing out all of the young girls who had motion picture possibilities. We feel safe in declaring that there were very few villages thruout the country which had not heard of this contest and were not talking about it. Nearly every town sent in a representative to the contest. Those who read our announcements and saw the pictures of the leaders in each issue of our three magazines talked about it to friends and neighbors, and even wrote to distant cities, recommending that certain young ladies enter the contest.

For example, in one case a lady living in Dallas, Texas, had a niece who lived in Denver, Colorado. She sent a copy of our magazine to the young lady and advised her to enter the contest, and she did so. Thus, even those who were not regular readers of our publications learnt of the contest, and we believe that the country was well covered.

However, it was our first venture and we made several mistakes. This year we are making good use of our first experience, and we are confident that the Fame and Fortune Contest of 1920 will far outshine the previous one.

On account of the recent printers' strike, and traffic and freight troubles, together with a far-reaching shortage of paper, we have been very much handicapped, as have all other publications, and several important announcements regarding the contest did not find their way into our columns. But for these and other difficulties we would have been publishing each month the usual two pages of beautiful pictures of the contestants. All obstacles have been surmounted; the Fame and Fortune Contest of 1920 is now well under way and running in full force.

Last year the judges of the contest were Mary Pickford, Thomas Ince, Cecil de Mille, Maurice Tourneur, James Montgomery Flagg, Howard Chandler Christy, J. Stuart Blackton, Samuel Lumière and Eugene V. Brewster.

The judges for the 1920 contest will probably be Mary Pickford, Mme. Olga Petrova, Howard Chandler Christy, Thomas Ince, J. Stuart Blackton, Mau-

(*Continued on page* 103)

I Teach Piano A Funny Way

So people said when I first started in 1891. But now, after over twenty-five years of steady growth, I have far more students than were ever before taught by one man. I make them skilled players of the piano or organ in quarter the usual time at quarter the usual cost.

To persons who have not previously heard of my method, this may seem a pretty bold statement. But I will gladly convince you of its accuracy by referring you to any number of my graduates in any part of the world. There isn't a state in the Union that doesn't contain a score or more skilled players of the piano or organ who obtained their *entire* training from me *by mail.*

Investigate by writing for my 64-page free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ."

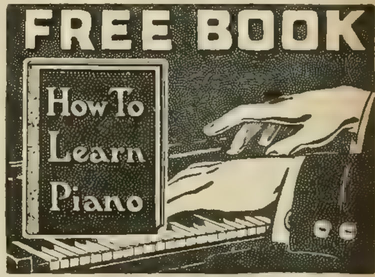
My way of teaching piano or organ is *entirely different* from all others. Out of every four hours of study, one hour is spent *entirely away from the keyboard*—learning something about Harmony and The Laws of Music. This is an awful shock to most teachers of the "old school," who still think that learning piano is solely a problem of finger gymnastics. When you *do* go to the keyboard, you accomplish *twice as much,* because you *understand what you are doing.* Within four lessons I enable you to play an interesting piece not only in the original key, but in all other keys as well.

I make use of every possible scientific help—many of which are *entirely unknown* to the average teacher. My patented invention, the COLOROTONE, sweeps away playing difficulties that have troubled students for generations. By its use, Transposition—usually a "night-mare" to students—becomes easy and fascinating. With my fifth lesson I introduce another important and exclusive invention, QUINN-DEX. Quinn-Dex is a simple hand-operated moving picture device, which enables you to see, right before your eyes, every movement of my hands at the keyboard. *You actually see the fingers move.* Instead of having to reproduce your teacher's finger movements from MEMORY—which cannot be always accurate—you have the correct models before you during every minute of practice. The COLOROTONE and QUINN-DEX save you months and years of wasted effort. They can be obtained *only from me* and there is nothing else anywhere even remotely like them.

Men and women who have failed by all other methods have quickly and easily attained success when studying with me. In all *essential* ways you are in closer touch with me than if you were studying by the oral method—yet my lessons cost you only 43 cents each—and they include all the many recent developments in scientific teaching. For the student of moderate means, this method of studying is *far superior* to all others, and even for the wealthiest student, there is nothing *better* at *any* price. You may be certain that your progress is at all times in accord with the best musical thought of the present day, and this makes all the difference in the world.

My Course is endorsed by distinguished musicians who would not recommend any Course but the best. It is for beginners or experienced players, old or young. You advance as rapidly or as slowly as you wish. All necessary music is supplied without extra charge. A diploma is granted. Write today, without cost or obligation, for 64-page free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ."

Dr. QUINN AT HIS PIANO—From the famous sketch by Schneider, exhibited at the St. Louis Exposition.



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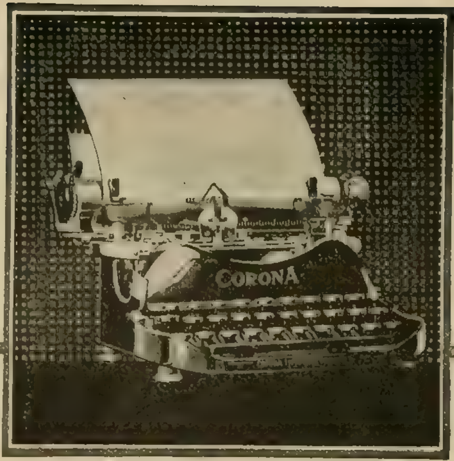
For Boys and Girls Also

Fourth Prize

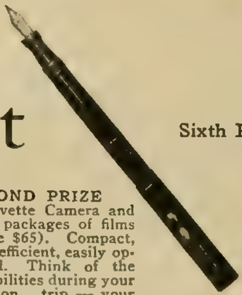
Third Prize



Second Prize

Ninth Prize

Sixth Prize



Popularity Contest Awards

THE new Popularity Contest, unusual and entertaining, is already the object of great interest — unfailing and rife. If you have entered it or have read the announcements which have appeared, and will appear, from time to time, containing the rules and regulations, you know it is actually a double contest—a contest in which both the public and players are equally interested.

The prizes depicted above and below were selected after much careful thought and attention and each one is destined to make some one happier, from the beautiful Crescent phonograph which suggests a twilight hour with the gems musical genii have given to the world, to the Marble nickel-plated axe which brings to mind a jolly time in some invitingly green woodland.

Perhaps you have not yet decided to enter the contest—if not do so *now.* Dont lose an opportunity of enjoying the unique entertainment it affords or of capturing one of the lovely and useful awards.

FIRST PRIZE

Crescent Phonograph, piano mahogany finish (value $160). Plays all makes of disc records: Victor, Columbia, Pathe, Edison, Emerson, etc., without the use of extra attachments or intricate adjustments; a simple turn of the sound-box is all that is necessary in changing from a lateral cut record to playing a hill and dale cut record.

A Crescent owner can enjoy a repertoire of the greatest opera singers, popular songs, dance music or anything that is turned out of the disc record. The tone of the Crescent is full, round, deep and mellow. It has a large compartment for records.

First Prize

SECOND PRIZE

Movette Camera and three packages of films (value $65). Compact, light, efficient, easily operated. Think of the possibilities during your vacation trip — your canoe trip—in pictures —pictures of your family or friends—living pictures that you can project at any time in your home. A priceless record of your life.

THIRD PRIZE

Corona Typewriter with case (value $50); an all-round portable typewriter, light enough and small enough to be carried anywhere, and strong enough to stand any possible condition of travel. It is trim and symmetrical and does not give one's study the atmosphere of a business office. Fold it up and take it with you anywhere.

FOURTH PRIZE

Sheaffer "Giftie" Combination Set, consisting of a Sheaffer Fountain Pen and a Sheaffer Sharp-Point Pencil, in a handsome plush-lined box. Gold filled, warranted twenty years. Cannot blot or leak. A beautiful and perfect writing instrument.

FIFTH PRIZE

Bristol steel Casting Rod agate guide, cork grip, strong and durable. Packed in linen case. Can be easily put in traveling bag.

SIXTH PRIZE

Loughlin Safety Self-Filling Fountain Pen. No extensions to remember, no locks to forget.

SEVENTH PRIZE

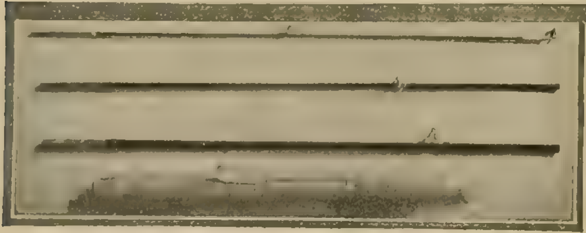
Star Vibrator, handsomely finished in nickel plate with three attachments. Alternating current. Excellent for massage. Use it in your own home.

EIGHTH PRIZE

Same as Seventh Prize.

NINTH PRIZE

Marble nickel-plated pocket axe of tool steel, carefully tempered and sharpened. Indispensable in camp or woods.



Fifth Prize

Seventh and Eighth Prizes

Greatest of All Popularity Contests

Unique Competition in Which the Voters Share in the Prizes

WHO IS THE ONE GREAT STAR OF THE SCREEN?

Is it CHARLIE CHAPLIN or ELSIE FERGUSON?

Is it RICHARD BARTHELMESS or WILLIAM S. HART?

Concerning this matter there is great difference of opinion. Every fan, in fact, has his own idol. The Wall street broker swears by MARY PICKFORD; his wife thinks TOM MIX is the best actor the cinema has produced; the office boy has a "crush" on THEDA BARA and the stenographer collects photographs of DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.

What do **you** think? If you had a vote would you give it to NAZIMOVA or to LILLIAN GISH? Would you vote for a man or a woman or for little BEN ALEXANDER?

Shadowland, Motion Picture Magazine, and **Motion Picture Classic**—the three great magazines of the Motion Picture world—have decided to refer this question to their readers by taking a popular, world-wide vote. In regard to matters concerning the stage and theater their audience is the most intelligent and discerning; the most wide-awake and well-informed in the world today. If any picture patrons can pick out the leading star, it will be those who read **Shadowland,** the **Magazine** and **Classic.**

The coupons will show you how to enter your own name and the name of your favorite player. But you may vote on an ordinary sheet of paper in Class Number 2 provided you make the ballot the same size and follow the wording of this coupon. We prefer the printed coupons for uniformity and convenience in counting.

There will be prizes for voters and prizes for stars.

Votes registered in Class Number 1 will probably be cast by favor. Votes registered in Class Number 2 will call for a wide knowledge of the Motion Picture business, keen powers of perception and skill at detecting the trend of popular favor. You cannot guess the winner offhand.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. The contest began on December 1, 1919, and will close on June 30, 1920.
2. There will be seven ballots as follows:

December	1919 ballot
January	1920 ballot
February	1920 ballot
March	1920 ballot
April	1920 ballot
May	1920 ballot
June	1920 ballot

3. The result of each month's ballot will be published in each one of our magazines the second month following such ballot.
4. No votes will be received prior to the opening date or after the date of closing.
5. Each person entering the contest and observing the rules thereof shall have the privilege of voting once in each class, each month, for each one of our magazines. You may send us one vote in each class for **Shadowland** every month, and the same for **Motion Picture Magazine** and yet again the same for **Classic.** Thus, you will have three votes in Class No. 1 each month, and three votes in Class No. 2 each month.

Class Number 1

Shadowland, Magazine and **Classic:**
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I consider .... the most popular player in the entire field of Motion Pictures.

Name..

Street..

City..

State..

Country..

(Dated)....................

Class Number 2

Shadowland, Magazine and **Classic:**
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I believe that .... will win the Big Three Popularity Contest with .... votes.

Name..

Street..

City..

State..

Country..

(Dated)....................

Remember! This is the greatest player contest in history.

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12 Dishes

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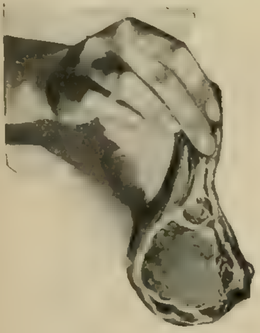

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One dollar spent for Quaker Oats buys about as much nutrition as $10 buys in meat and fish and eggs.

So a Quaker Oats breakfast, compared with a meat breakfast, saves you some 90 per cent.

And in oats you get the supreme food.

You get an ideal food—almost a complete food.

You get a food which, measured by calories, is twice as nutritious as round steak.

And you get the needed minerals.

What $1 Buys

Note how much $1 buys in Quaker Oats. It will serve a hundred breakfasts.

That same $1 in some other foods will buy you only ten breakfasts.

Then compare by calories—the energy measure of food value. That's the way foods should be figured. You buy them for nutrition.

Here is what $1 buys in calories at this writing in some necessary foods:

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At This Writing in Calories

In Quaker Oats . .	18,000	calories
In Average Meats .	2,200	"
In Average Fish . .	2,000	"
In Hen's Eggs	1,400	"
In Broilers	600	"

One needs variety in food, regardless of the cost. But the basic breakfast should be Quaker Oats.

That is the food which everybody needs. And its trifling cost will average up your food bills.

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Get Quaker Oats to make this dish delicious. They are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats.

We get but ten pounds from a bushel. This flavor has brought Quaker Oats world-wide supremacy.

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From Chorus to Characters

The Story of Wallace Beery

By FRITZI REMONT

There was a time in the life of Wallace Beery when he *hustled* trunks for a living in Ringling Brothers' Circus. Long trunks and tiny trunks, unruly trunks and tractable trunks came under his supervision, but instead of carrying make-up and tarlatan skirts, ringmaster's high hat and Prince Albert, jockey's caps and scarlet coats, clowns' sugar-loaf "bonnets" and Pierrots, those trunks were usually loaded with peanuts and hay.

Having departed from school hurriedly and with great vexation of spirit, young Wally joined a circus and was initiated in the art of elephant training. That was the start of his dramatic career. He handled the biggest "effalunt" in captivity, old "Twenty-Six," on whom circus-going kiddies lavished special tidbits. "Twenty-Six" and Wally grew to be fast friends and baby elephants grew into husky stunt artists under Mr. Beery's tutelage.

Later, discovering an excellent basso profundo within his well-developed chest, a basso which could hold its own above the din and roar of side-shows and ear-splitting band music, Mr. Beery decided that comic opera would be the right channel for his talents. He had been a good mimic always, and it wasn't difficult to obtain a hearing with producers of musical mirth.

So those of you who have seen "Floradora," "The Prince of Pilsen," "The Burgomaster" and dozens of other stage entertainments may dig up the old programs and there discover Wallace Beery listed in the *merry, merry.*

His real opportunity arrived as understudy to Raymond Hitchcock. Finally Beery was given his chance. He sang the title part, put over the "business" until the house was in a riot, and awoke next day to find himself famous. It's happened before, of course, but, nevertheless, it thrilled Mr. Beery and fired his ambitions. He advanced rapidly, played a season with Sir Henry Irving, had a lead with Margaret Illington, did a character part in Orrin Johnson's company, and finally took the highroad to pictures.

For seven years Mr. Beery has been doing unusual characterizations. His first real screen hit, however, came with "The Unpardonable Sin," in which he played the German officer.

"I owe a great deal to Mr. Neilan and Miss Sweet," said Mr. Beery. "You should have seen the man-hunt going on for a suitable type. Every one was suggesting that Mr. Neilan should send to New York for some 'high-light' of the stage or screen. I had called on him at his suggestion, and was finally given the part, altho I was really not well known, having played a great deal in stock up to that time. I studied the part carefully with Miss Sweet and found her most helpful and liberal in giving me opportunity to show what I could do.

"I have done three pictures with Maurice Tourneur, who was well pleased with my work for Neilan, and perhaps my best recent part was in 'Behind the Door,' another of those bad German officers. I played with Wallace Reid in 'The Love Burglar' and Priscilla Dean in 'The Beautiful Beggar.' Then Lois Weber came to me and said she had in mind a wonderful story—after seeing 'The Unpardonable Sin.' But before I can work with her I have a number of other productions in which strong parts are given me."

"You are not under contract, then?"

"No; I free-lance, but I am always engaged for five or six pictures ahead—it's not a case of worrying over the next engagement, thank the Lord!" said Mr. Beery, cheerily.

"How do you develop your characters? Do they grow on you as the play progresses, or can you see the whole thing from the very first inception of the rôle?"

"By no means. I always find them unfolding new possibilities as we go along. Of course, I have a general idea of what I shall do. For instance, in Tourneur's 'Romany Rye,' in which a peculiar English type was requisite, I made up as a Dickens character. I spent several days at the public library with a whole set of Dickens, studying the old pictures and reading his wonderful character sketches. Then I made up like one of the pictures, always keeping in mind the peculiar character given by Dickens. Mr. Tourneur was highly pleased with the result.

"When I was cast for 'The Round-Up,' I visited San Francisco and made an intensive study of Remington's famous pictures. You know his Westerns—those half-breeds, cowboys, Indians or Mexicans? I had a great part in 'The Round-Up.' You know, that is giving 'Fatty' Arbuckle a chance to drop comedy for a while. They hunted everywhere for a suitable type, until some one suggested that Mr. Arbuckle might be induced to play a part in the drama, for he's been wishing to get out of comedy for a long time.

"It was funny at meal time while we were on location. The food up in the mountains was of the type which never saw seasoning. Roscoe would empty nearly a whole pepper-shaker over his meat stew and say that he couldn't get the poor flavor originally found because the pepper gave it some character. Finally we all followed his advice and the landlord said he'd have to charge us extra for condiments. Talk about city profiteering. Why, the mountain folk aren't so far behind!"

"You lived in Japan, didn't you?"

"I had five months over there with my company. It is a poor place to live. All the meats have to be shipped in from our country or Australia, and they're rather stale most of the time. There is no way

THE MISSOURI WALTZ

Little Lessons That Mean Fortunes to Those Who Learn Them—History Repeats and Fame Is Achieved—An Old Story Retold

During the summer of 1914 John Valentine Eppel, who leads the Eppel Dance Orchestra at Oskaloosa, was a visitor down in the Ozark Mountains of Missouri, and while there he heard the natives humming a bit of a waltz tune that was a part of their very life. He brought it forth and tried it out as a dance offering. It was a waltz and the wise people all said that a waltz was impossible—that people wanted nothing but the fox trot or a one-step; but that is the way people generally say and do when a good thing is about to be started on its onward march.

Frederick Knight Logan took that little theme and arranged it for the piano. He then tried to sell it to the Barnhouse Publishing Co., of Oskaloosa, Ia. And, by the way, one real reason why Barnhouse just naturally turned it down was found in the fact that this same Frederick Knight Logan also lived at Oskaloosa.

Young Logan found that it was quite easy to compose music, but it wasn't so easy to sell it to a publisher. So he proceeded to publish it himself. That was in 1914. He first got out the arrangement for a piano, then he put it out for eleven parts and piano as an orchestra; then as a full orchestra. It was later arranged as a band number. By that time this young local venturer found himself swamped with orders, and he had about worn out the family wheelbarrow transporting his output to the post-office, so one day he got on the train and came to Chicago, determined to find a real publisher.

Of course the usual thing happened. The big city publishers pronounced it too cheap; it was really musically rotten to all of them—except F. J. A. Foster. That hustling, pushing plugger soon saw his judgment rewarded with orders. The more orders he received the more advice he also received, most of which was to the effect that he had picked a flivver.

Ask your dealer to show you how many ways the "Missouri Waltz" has been published; see if you can find any sort of arrangement that it hasn't been put thru; see if your player piano doesn't offer it in a half dozen different styles, then run it down and see how many different kinds of talking machine records you would have to buy if you would own one of each kind. These household necessities have the "Missouri Waltz" in every conceivable style, from its own original instrument, the mouth organ, to a symphony orchestra record. Grand opera stars and cabaret singers, soloists and choristers have all taken a trial at presenting this number. More than 2,000,000 records have been made of the "Missouri Waltz."

Not long ago we were sitting in at a little confab discussing music and its relation to the lyceum and chautauqua movement when a cablegram was received by the publisher, asking for 100,000 copies of this same international favorite and with it the sales rights for the German-speaking countries.

Yes, the "Missouri Waltz" is an international affair. Not simply because F. J. A. Foster holds an international copyright on it, but because the people all over the world sing it, play it and listen to it. More than a million copies have been sold abroad, and it is still raging.

This is more than mere boost for a song for the "Missouri Waltz" does not need boosting—to boost it is like attempting to paint the lily. What we have written is for those who want to learn the lessons that this wonderful success has to teach.

Don't think that Frederick Knight Logan grabbed this success right out of the air. He worked for it. He earned it. It didn't come to him—he went after it. For years he worked to prepare for his service. Those who saw his mother at the convention and saw her efficient help, saw the talented, inspirational assistance that she rendered, didn't need any one to demonstrate that song poem with words that tell of the "lingering moments divine" that animate her work and her very life as she collaborates with her talented son in the work that has made Frederick Knight Logan, "The Waltz King" of our day.

Reprinted from The Billboard
Feb. 14, 1920

Why Don't You Write the Words for a Song?

SELECT your own subject—love, patriotism—write what the heart dictates, then submit your poem to us.

We write the music and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Our leading composer is

Mr. Leo Friedman

one of America's well-known musicians, the author of many song successes, such as *"Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland," "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," "When I Dream of Old Erin,"* and others the sales of which ran into millions of copies. Send as many poems as you wish. **Don't Delay. Get Busy—Quick.**

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Marie Antoinette SKIN BLEACH

of getting fresh vegetables, and the rice riots were going on—so we were all glad to get back to God's country. In Tokio alone last year 85,000 women died of tuberculosis. That little country is just about the size of one of our smallest states and it's overcrowded. I dont wonder they all seem to want to come to California!"

"How about morals over there?"

Mr. Beery laughed. "I think the difference is that in this country we know the difference between right and wrong and do wrong anyway, and over there they dont know the difference and so they sin, too. I guess immorality is pretty much the same the world over—only motives may be different. They have two religions; the followers of Buddha are somewhat stoical, but the newer Shintoism allows lots of fun and gaiety. We used the old Buddhistic temples for backgrounds, and it was marvelous to see what had been accomplished in rare carvings and decorations. I enjoyed that part immensely."

"Did your brother precede you in pictures, Mr. Beery?"

"Noah came in thru me. I'm thirty-three and he's thirty-eight—and both of us keen on the photodrama. The art of portraying unusual characters opens up a field not overcrowded, so that I am happily so placed that I may choose my next production field. That gives one opportunity to play in worth-while dramas. Leading men often have to take whatever is offered—and I always think that it must be very tiresome to act as 'feeder' to a strong feminine star. I prefer the individualistic work—in short, emotional characters."

In "Soldiers of Fortune," Mr. Beery had ample opportunity to show his talent for make-up. He's not a handsome man, but his face betrays force, the brown eyes are kindly, and there's a twinkle of mirth at the lip-corners. He is tall and supple, very athletic. One of the funniest early make-ups of Wallace Beery was in the "Swedie Series," done long ago by Essanay and remembered by fans all over the world. He used to enjoy doing comedy quite as much as he now leans to heavy character parts.

Married? Not now. The beautiful Gloria Swanson, who plays on the same lot nowadays, was formerly Wally Beery's wife. He leads a bachelor existence.

THE SIGN

By Barbara Hollis

I might have known that you had gone
Before they told me.
I sensed a difference
Even as I raised my hand
To lift the knocker . . .
But I stayed
To hear the words they said.

But as I turned to walk down the path
I realized . . .
I might have known before.
The aspen-tree beside the gate—
Its leaves were still . . .
As still as death.

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We do not teach "movie" acting. Ralph Ince, famous Selznick director, says: "There are many young girls who could make good in the movies. I will be very glad to take advantage of your service." Marshall Neilan, known everywhere for his work in directing Mary Pickford, says: "I am convinced that the service you render screen aspirants offers many new personalities to moving picture directors." P. A. Powers, of Universal says: "A new crop of film stars will be needed at once to supply the insistent demand."

With the assistance of famous directors and motion picture stars we have prepared a printed guide, "The New Road to Film Fame," just off the press, which tells you what to do and gives full directions.

It also contains endorsements of our service from famous people, statements from directors, portraits of celebrated stars and direct advice to you from Mollie King.

Remember that salaries in this profession are big—that beauty plays but a small part—that experience is not necessary—and that thousands of all types will be needed to meet the tremendously growing demand. Send ten cents (Postage or Coin) to cover postage and wrapping this new guide. Get it at once—it may start you on the road to fame and fortune. Address: **Screen Casting Directors Service, Dept. B-2, Wilmington, Delaware.**

If you are not sincere in your desire to get in the movies, please do not send for this printed guide.

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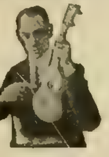

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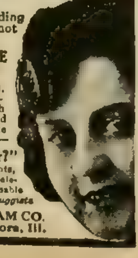

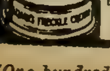

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A Résumé of the Fame and Fortune Contest, Past and Present

(Continued from page 97)

rice Tourneur, Samuel Lumière, Carl Laemmle, Jesse Lasky, David Belasco, Blanche Bates and Eugene V. Brewster.

In September, 1919, the judges announced twenty-five honor roll beauties and invited them to come to New York for the making of final test scenes. Twenty-two responded promptly and arrived at the offices of our magazines on the appointed date, whence they were taken in automobiles to the country estate of Mr. Brewster, president and editor-in-chief of our three publications, at Roslyn, Long Island. Under the direction of Wilfrid North, the well-known motion picture director, the test scenes were made of these young ladies on that date and also on the following day. When these pictures were developed, printed and shown to the judges it was decided to spend two more days making test pictures of some of these twenty-two young ladies, and also of some others who had since appeared. It was also decided to write a scenario in which the young ladies would appear. Miss Gladys Hall, of our editorial staff, wrote the scenario, entitled "A Dream of Fair Women," suggested by Tennyson's poem, and Mr. North and some of the judges made a cast from this list of twenty-five young ladies. The play was completed in due course.

Nearly five thousand feet of film were taken, out of which about twenty-one hundred feet were selected and put thru the usual course of printing, cutting, titling, etc. Then a meeting of the judges was called to see the finished product. Some of the judges were unable to be present and photographs of the young ladies were sent to them. The result was that the following young ladies were selected as winners:

Miss Blanche McGarrity, San Antonio, Texas; Miss Virginia Brown, New York City; Miss Anetha Getwell, Chicago, Ill.; and Miss Anita Booth, Reading, Pa.

We had agreed to give the winners of the contest two years' publicity in our publications and to secure for them a contract with some good producing company. At the time the contest closed we expected there would be only one winner, but the result was that we had four to look after.

Miss McGarrity found it necessary to return to her home in Texas and decided not to accept a contract for the present. Miss Brown, who was only fifteen years old, was placed with the Universal Film Company under a contract which was approved by the Supreme Court, and which calls for a salary of $75.00 a week to begin with and ending at $750.00 a week. Miss Getwell was promptly placed with the American Cinema Corporation at $150.00 a week. She has also received other offers. Miss Booth received several offers and at the present writing is playing with Ralph Ince and is receiving $250.00 a week.

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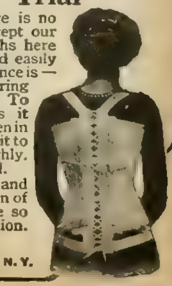

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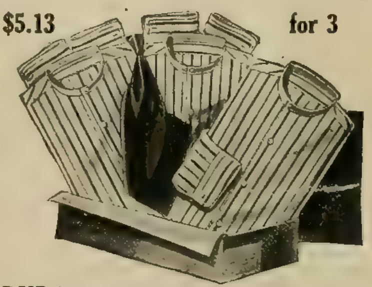

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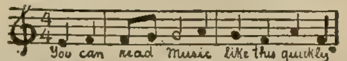

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We also wish to add that among the near-winners were several who have also been successfully placed. Albert E. Smith, president of the Vitagraph Company, said that he would take four of the young ladies at a salary of thirty dollars a week, but at this writing none has accepted.

Miss Fay Brennan, of Washington, D. C., has been playing with a company which is producing in Washington; Miss Lanessa Carroll has been doing small parts for Goldwyn and other companies, Miss Helen Lee Worthing has been playing at the new Capitol Theater in New York City. Miss Margaret Falconer has been playing in Ziegfeld's Midnight Frolic in New York City, and also several others have been doing small parts here and there.

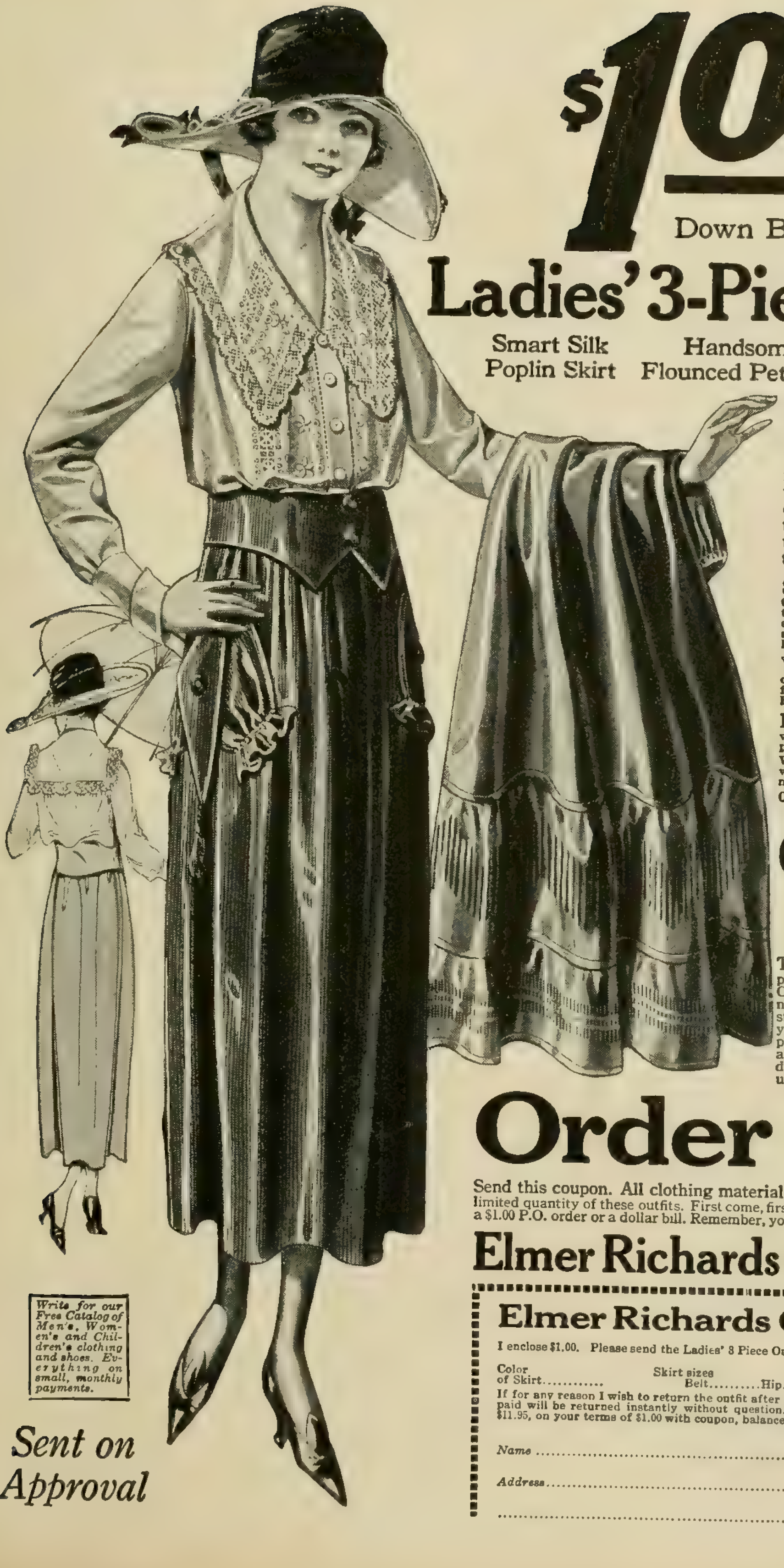
On the other hand, quite a number of the twenty-five were found to be not quite the types that are now required on the screen, and they returned to their homes, perhaps discouraged. They learnt that beauty and grace are not all that the screen requires, and that some of the most beautiful girls do not screen well, while many girls who are not so beautiful do. We have also learnt that it is impossible to pick winners from mere photographs.

In some cases the Editorial Committee, acting for the judges, wrote to the contestants advising them to call at our offices, if convenient, and many did so. In some of these cases the decision was favorable.

This year we have adopted the system of having a moving picture camera on hand, and as the contestants appear and pass the preliminary tests, they are put before the camera and a test picture is made to see how they photograph. If the committee thinks the contestant is not eligible, a test picture is not made of her, but her picture remains in the contest, nevertheless. Even if she does not pass the preliminary inspection, she still has a chance of winning the contest. With all the experience of ten years, and all of our accumulated knowledge of stars, present and gone, we do our best to give a verdict which will bear the test of the final review. It is obviously impossible to make a test of every one that comes. This would require a hundred cameras and operators and would involve an expense of many thousands of dollars. Only those who seem "to have everything" are accepted for test scenes.

This year we are making a five-reel feature in which will be embodied the test scenes of the twenty-five honor roll beauties. This picture will be a drama, and it calls for a number of characters other than the contestants themselves; hence we are making test scenes of girls, boys, young men and young women, and even of much older people in order to see if they will fit into the cast. Before the year is over we expect to have a classified list of screen possibilities of all types and ages. We shall make this list available for the producing companies

(*Continued on page* 106)



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A Résumé of the Fame and Fortune Contest, Past and Present

(*Continued from page* 104)

and we hope in this way to find motion picture employment for many who would otherwise find no means of securing it. We are confident that the contest last year has produced at least two stars who will become internationally known, admired and classed with any ten stars that might now be mentioned. If we accomplish no more than this, we believe that our work has been well done. This year we intend to do still more, and there seems to be no limit to the possibilities.

As to the play which we produced, "A Dream of Fair Women," it is now on the market. All theaters in the United States will be able to show it. If you want to see it all you have to do is to ask your exhibitor for it. If he does not know where he can get it, tell him to write or telegraph Murray W. Garsson, 1600 Broadway, New York City, N. Y. It is a two-reel picture of decided beauty and interest. You will see in it some very pretty girls and some excellent acting on the part of young girls who had never been before a motion picture camera. You will see a few whom you may not think beautiful but who possess screen personality. However, we want you to see this little play and judge for yourself.

You will be doing a favor to your neighbors or distant friends by telling them about it so that they may enter the contest themselves or tell others. As the poet says, "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen and waste its fragrance on the desert air," but with the Fame and Fortune Contest running there is no excuse for any undiscovered Mary Pickford to say that she never had a chance.

Lloyd Hughes

(*Continued from page* 94)

"My brother wants to go on the screen—the brother that is seventeen—and I dont know what to tell him. I'm not sure that I want him to break in as an extra man. Only too often it is a case of once an extra man, always an extra man. The directors put you in that class and are afraid to take a chance on you for fear you'll spoil the picture. But, on the other hand, the continuous extra work accustoms you to different methods of direction and you lose all feeling of self-consciousness before the camera. Then, too, if you do get anything you appreciate it and dont let it drop in a hurry."

Which goes to show that he is a very wise young man.

But the most serious thing of all is—a girl! He didn't mention her name, of course, but he left no doubt as to her existence. However, he's not married yet, not even engaged—officially. And so, ladies, cheer up! There may be many girls before one finally proves fatal!

Dont Let Your Right Eye Know What Your Left Is Doing

By FRITZI REMONT

There was a time in the life of Bernard Turpin, popularly known by the nickname which dignifies a certain alarm clock — Ben — when his crossed eyes meant a tragedy. Now he has those same eyes insured for ten thousand dollars against their becoming *un-crossed.*

Almost every story ever written about Ben has given a different cause for his ability to see everything double save a pay-check. He had waited for us before confessing the truth. Here it is. While playing Happy Hoolligan for three years, he had to look cross-eyed nightly for from ten to twelve minutes, (not to mention the daily matinées), and one morning he awoke to the matutinal shave and discovered jest had been turned to earnest.

"If I'd been handsome, I'd have been a dramatic actor right along, but with these eyes wished on me I had to find something to do that would keep me in a permanent job," he said. "I didn't know the ropes in the old days of pictures, so when Essanay offered me twenty dollars a week, I thought I was on the way to Paradise. You see, I'd never earned more than twenty-five on the vaudeville circuits. I used to do everything from mopping floors to camera-grinding for scene-numbers. Anything to stay on that lot and earn a regular salary.

"Then the mash notes began coming my way. Sure, I have had them—only they are worse now, but that might be because I have a business manager and an income," he added, as he noted the peculiar look in my eye, which I tried in vain to conceal.

"I'm from old New Orleans, a Frenchman, all right. I began to act on the streets on amateur nights, in little side-shows. About the time I was seventeen I got married and went into vaudeville. It didn't take—the marriage, I mean, and as for the other, that didn't put me on easy street by any means. When I was thirty-three I tried it again—marriage, I mean, and if I were any happier—in spite of my facial handicap—or maybe because of it—I couldn't stand it, that's all."

Ben Turpin, like most comedians, is a better tragedian than many who are cast in heavy lines of straight drama. He is a comedian by birth, for France is the nation of mimics, and yet, if outward appearance allowed, he would probably be luxuriating in the tragic rôle of Hamlet.

"I really owe all I am to Charlie Chaplin and Mack Sennett," said Mr. Turpin. "The very first time I met Charlie Chaplin, he laughed for two hours, couldn't act at all. They told him to straighten up and get to business, but he said, 'I cant—that chap's blank expression has me laughing so I

(*Continued on page* 114)

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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE has been elected "First, Finest and Foremost." 495,000 movie fans did the electing. The May magazine will be over one-half million. Here are some of the articles to be featured—

A real heart-to-heart talk with Geraldine Farrar, operatic star and movie queen, beautifully illustrated, by Adele Whitely Fletcher.

Jimmy Morrison, the same Jimmy of old, comes back to us in a realistic chat by Gladys Hall.

Evelyn Martin, "Peg o' My Heart" of the speaking stage, is chatted by Lillian Montanye.

There is an article of unusual interest with unusual illustrations, entitled "Cinema Relations," by Truman B. Handy.

There is chat and gossip, the latest reviews of the silversheet, splendid fictionizations, including "The Stolen Kiss," featuring Constance Binney.

The cover is from a painting by Evelyn Martin.

The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page* 51)

ture, "Treasure Island," (Paramount), and a little circus romance, "Her Elephant Man," (Fox).

Mr. Tourneur succeeded in catching a fair measure of Stevenson's rollicking spirit of a devil-may-care in the filming of his merry tale of pirates, buried gold and that boy of boys, Jim Hawkins. Mr. Tourneur followed the lead of a recent stage production in casting a girl for the rôle of Jim. There is no love element in "Treasure Island" and, psychologically, the presentation of a girl serves subconsciously to help fill this dramatic want. We rather like Miss Mason's mock boyishness. Tourneur's deftness of photography and screen picture is at its very best in "Treasure Island."

Miss Mason's "Her Elephant Man" really deserves little comment. It is simply a very crude and claptrap melodrama of circus life, with the little star as a bareback rider. Miss Mason gives a pleasant performance, but the single other thing we can now recall about "Her Elephant Man" is a fairly well done cyclone which wrecks the tent show.

Turning to weightier things, we pause before Lionel Barrymore's "The Copperhead," (Paramount), based upon Augustus Thomas' drama of a simple farmer who suffers every possible loss and indignity that he may serve the North as a spy thru the Civil War.

We were not particularly impressed with Charles Maigne's direction, which seemed to lack accent and gradation. Nor with the loose scenario. Moreover, Mr. Thomas' play, to our viewpoint, is a gloomy presentation of a rather futile sort of patriotism. We cannot reconcile our mind to the thought that the great Humanitarian, Lincoln, conceived and directed such a ghastly sacrifice.

We admit the force of Lionel Barrymore's playing as Lem Shanks, but Doris Rankin seems weak as "Ma" Shanks. And the ex-waiter who essays Lincoln is quite awful. Briefly, "The Copperhead" is very drab.

Speaking of Lincoln, Ralph Ince did the Emancipator in a two-part special, "The Land of Opportunity," (Selznick). Flashing back to Lincoln and an incident of his early campaigning days, this purports to hit at so-called Bolshevism, now believed to menace America. In the old Vitagraph era Mr. Ince seemed to us an admirable and graphic Lincoln. Not so now. Moreover, this two-reeler is but passably done.

While on the subject of two-reel productions, let us consider Mrs. Sidney Drew's celluloiding of Julian Street's "The Charming Mrs. Chase," in which she advances the theory that the quest of thrills after thirty is too much trouble for any sort of satisfaction. With fine and characteristic touches of subtlety, Mrs. Drew paints the gradual interest of a placidly satisfied husband in a charming "other woman," his lame search for romance, and his return to his home and comfortable chair with a sigh of relief. John Cumberland is delightful as the recreant hubby. There are a hundred and one little touches to lift the mild little comedy into the unusual and again stamp Mrs. Drew as a leader of the human cinema school. But one thing we deny Mrs. Drew and Mr. Street. That is the theory that thrills are missing after thirty. We're just over the thirty mark and we dont believe it—not yet!

"Huckleberry Finn," (Paramount), William D. Taylor's screening of Mark Twain's epic of boyhood, disappointed us, too. The scenario attempted to crowd too much of Twain into the photoplay, with the result that the film version is episodic and jumpy. There is a sickening effort to make the freckled Huck into a sentimentalist. But, with it all, Lewis Sargent does excellent work. His Huck Finn is a spontaneous and commendable bit of playing.

Allan Dwan's second independent production, "The Luck of the Irish," constructed from a Harold McGrath story, seems rather conventional in handling. It is a picturesque tale, a romance between a plumber and a pretty schoolteacher extending all round the world. But, for all that, it runs in time-worn grooves, with the usual rich waster villain, a freckled boy for comic relief, and so on. We approve of James Kirkwood as the pipe expert hero, but Anna Q. Nilsson lacks sincerity as the cause of all the trouble and happiness.

"The 13th Commandment," (Paramount), with Ethel Clayton starred, is a sermon preaching the text, "Thou shalt not spend more than thou earnest." It runs along conventional lines. Miss Clayton deserves better material.

We found "Piccadilly Jim," (Selznick), which is screenically built for Owen Moore from the magazine story by P. G. Wodehouse, to be fairly entertaining stuff. Piccadilly is a brash young American who gets into all sorts of scrapes, but manages to solve the difficulties of others and win the girl of his choice. We like Moore as Piccadilly, and a fine bit, of the spoiled child, "Oggie" Pett, is done by Reginald Sheffield. Zena Keefe does not, however, arouse our interest as the girl of the story.

Constance Talmadge is advancing once more. She plays with a delightful buoyancy in "Two Weeks," adapted from an Anthony Wharton play, "At the Barn." It is structurally weak, being another invasion of a bachelor Eden by a sprightly young woman, but Miss Talmadge invests it with sparkle and high humor. Conway Tearle is an excellent foil. George Fawcett makes his bit stand out vividly; indeed, he well nigh runs away with the whole comedy. Sydney A. Franklin's direction lacks incisiveness in places, but, on the whole, he has done rather well.

(*Continued on page* 110)

How You Can Have a Charming Personality

To Women! Dear Friends of my Sex:—Truly, I have good reason to be one of the happiest women in the world. For every mail brings me so many letters of appreciation. If you were in my place, you would be delighted to know that you were a real help to so many, to feel that you could be a sort of fairy godmother to someone in need of just the kind of knowledge you had stored up and just the kind of sympathy you have in your heart.

Oh, the letters! How I love them all. They fairly breathe appreciation and friendship for the good things they attribute to me and my work. Here is one from a little woman in Allentown. I remember the first time she wrote me. Such a pathetic little letter it was, a sigh from beginning to end, mingling with a sort of forlorn hope that I, Juliette Fara, might be able to help her.

Yes, to help her. To show her how she might attain success, how she might throw aside the mantle of a gray, uninteresting and even repellant personality and be just what the Creator intended her to be, a glorious, magnetic little woman radiating charm and personality, captivating hearts of men and women alike with a new found power sparkling with the attraction that draws friends like a magnet, compels admiration, respect and all the other things in life worth having.

That's what my little friend wanted and that is what all of us want. Now she writes and tells me that she has attained the desire of her heart, and that to me—think of it, to me—she owes the credit of her success. Can you blame me for being elated and happy?

But hers is not a new story to me. I have dedicated my life to helping women overcome their imperfections, my whole being is wrapped up in a desire to enable you, dear Reader, as well as others of my sex, to attain the success that comes to those who will acquire the exquisite and charming ways which are so necessary if we women are to achieve the feminine success so dear to our hearts.

Perhaps you know that I spent years of my life in Paris, watching, studying, and analyzing the captivating ways of the French woman, she whose fame has spread to every land, she who holds in her hand the destiny of her country and her men, she to whom the power of attraction is an art and a science to be cultivated just as one would learn to play the piano or sing. What secrets have been revealed to me! What amazing things I have found in the French woman's treasure box of personality!

There was Mademoiselle Polaire, for instance, one of the most fascinating little bits of femininity I ever knew. Beautiful? Dear me, no! Mademoiselle was positively ugly of feature. But people raved over her.

Juliette Fara

But Mademoiselle Polaire had personality, she understood the very things that I would like to teach to you who are far from being ugly, you,—an American Girl—equipped as no other girl in the whole world is equipped, to cultivate a charming personality, to use the secrets I am ready to impart to you so that you can be just the wonderful, admiration-compelling woman you would like to be.

How often have you wished you could reach out your arms and draw close to your heart the devotion, the luxuries of life, the tender love that you see others enjoying! How often have you envied the woman who seemed so supremely happy in the shelter of a wonderful home and perfect love, the woman with scores of admirers at her feet, or another with an enviable position!

You have wondered why, gifted to no particular degree with beauty of either face or form, or endowed with but ordinary intellect or education—why some women attain their desires so easily.

I will answer you. They have personality, the winsome charm that all women can have, once they know the secrets.

Now, dear Reader, I do not want to seem the least bit mysterious, but you who wish to acquire a winning personality should know the secrets which I have found out. These I would like to whisper in your ear, to tell you confidentially, woman to woman, how I have achieved my success, and how I have helped so many of my sisters achieve theirs.

How many women there are who in some way or other find it desirable and even necessary to use every bit of honest persuasion they can summon to control the love and hold the interest of the men of their hearts! Sometimes they win over the thoughtless, indifferent or erring ones by weeping or arguments. But more often do they fail when they do not understand the true secret of winning personality for women.

Yes, if they only knew. If they would but work with head and heart instead of only the latter, using the knowledge, the secrets which would make the task so easy, the results so wonderful and everlasting. How I have longed to go to these women and say: "Let me teach you," instead of which I must stand aside and await the time they must realize that I have what they want.

Of course, there are all types of women in the world. Among those who have yet to attain a charming personality is the loud, aggressive, rather forward girl. Then there's the woman who is too shy and retiring. If you are either of these types, or if some other imperfection stands between you and your desires, I am sure I can help you. As the beautiful butterfly issues from the homely cocoon so should you emerge from the darkness and obscurity with a new found power at your command, with the alluringly beautiful personality of a woman whose hand is firmly on the throttle of her own destiny.

I want to make you sought after by both men and women. I want you to be the real center around which revolves every social function you attend. I want you to rise in business and make yourself so independent that you can choose your own pathway through life, gain and hold the love of the man of your heart, dispelling your troubles like fog before the bright sunshine. So I want you to learn what I have learned, to share with me the secrets of a winsome manner.

But this is not all I have to tell you. I would like to know you better and have you know me better. So first I suggest that you write for a little book into which I have written some of the wonderful secrets I know.

Juliette Fara

Photo by Abbe

CONSTANCE TALMADGE

THIS esteemable young lady has won a place in the hearts of millions. Study her picture well; it will make you think.

What man, woman or child has not been charmed by her superb acting, her magnetic personality, even as she has captivated you.

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Miss Talmadge has heartily indorsed the instructive knowledge which Juliette Fara imparts to women, and what Miss Talmadge indorses you should know. "How" you also can use the secrets which she uses to such advantage is explained to you in the free book "How" which the Gentlewoman Institute will send for the asking.

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The Celluloid Critic

(Continued from page 108)

Wallace Reid has another spirited and amusing comedy in "Double Speed," (Paramount). Reid plays a harum-scarum young millionaire, Speed Car, who starts across the continent by automobile, has his car stolen, lands in Los Angeles as a hobo and gets a job as The Girl's chauffeur. Reid is clean-cut and likeable, as usual, and Wanda Hawley is a pretty reward for Speed Car's tribulations.

Will Rogers' "Water, Water, Everywhere," (Goldwyn), does not measure up to his previous comedy, "Jubilo." Indeed, this is slow and frequently dull. Rogers plays a big-hearted cowboy who sacrifices his own secret love for a young woman in aiding the reform of the man of her heart, a young doctor who is a victim of drink. Irene Rich lends an ingratiating characterization.

A certain warmth of spirit and the pungent odor of the Cumberland pines permeates "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," (Goldwyn). Jack Pickford depicts the hero of John Fox, Jr.'s, widely read novel of the nameless lad who finds a name, a manhood and a love in the fiery test of the Civil War. As the primitive hero of the forests, young Pickford does well, but, to us, he falls distinctly short of the Fox hero in the wartime moments. Yet, on the whole, it is a pleasant picture. Clara Horton is as becurled a blonde cutie as any young movie hero might hope to find, but Pauline Stark has been ill advised as to facial make-up as the wistful mountain girl, Melissa. Dwight Crittenden stands out as the village schoolmaster. Wallace Worsley's direction is adequate, particularly in the choice of fine scenic locations.

Sewell Ford's nervy young hero, Torchy, has reached the screen in the person of Johnny Hines. The first of the series, (Master Films), is not particularly inspired. Hines seems too old for the boyish hero, we regret to report.

Ellen From Tennessee

(Continued from page 90)

not crazy about 'adventuresome' parts, but can do whatever I'm given to do, as I have not as yet developed temperament. And my hobbies are horseback riding, of course—every Southern girl can ride; it's a part of her education, but my principal hobby is my mother. She has been such a dear and came around so beautifully when she realized that I was desperately in earnest about wanting to succeed in my profession. She has stayed with me in New York and even journeyed to the coast with me. She's not just a mother—she's a pal.

"And ambitions? Well, seriously, to make the very best of myself and, even tho I never become a great star, so-called, to do something that will stand out—to do a picture that people will remember because of some part I played, whether great or small."

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Our "Young Visitors"

By FAITH SERVICE

Not so very long ago we had three distinguished young visitors for luncheon at No. 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn. I use the term "young" advisedly. The three were Dorothy Gish, Lillian Gish and Mother Gish. "Mother," said Lillian, speaking of some recently taken family photographs, "is the beauty of the family" . . .

It is said by a very great many authorities on the diverse subject that Art is Realism. If this be so, the quintessence of Art can be handed, sans dispute, to Dorothy and Lillian Gish. Lillian is, in real life, the origin and source of her wistful screen prototypes. She is gentle; she is finely, gently intelligent; she is resourceful. There is to her an appealing personal charm even as the charm she gives us screenically.

Dorothy is Dorothy. She has humor. She has verve. She has "pep" and action. One is never certain what her next move will be, nor her next speech. Possibly she is not quite certain herself. Mother Gish regards "The Little Disturber" with something of apprehension.

We found no ostentation and no flurry of excitement at that luncheon. It would not be supposed that young visitors of fame were with us. Lillian asked questions, for the most part. And Dorothy lamented the fact that she plays in comedies when she had much, *much* rather play in drama, and lamented, still further, the fact that she had to work at all. "I never," she said, "crack a smile in between pictures. I couldn't be induced to."

Lillian, quietly, with the little air she has of one apart, observed that the ruling characteristic of human nature is to long to do the things one is not doing and for which one is not fit. She herself, she said, would much prefer to write.

At the time of their lunching with us they were house-hunting in Westchester county, to be near the new Griffith studio. We asked them what manner of home they were seeking and they informed us that it was to be a farm. Dorothy interpolated that a cow was to be the first object of their search. She couldn't, she said, conceive of what they would ever do with a *cow*. Now, chickens, a dog, cats, pigeons, even *pigs* . . . but a *cow* . . . We gathered that Dorothy has a probably wholesome fear of cows and we delicately suggested the same.

"Mother is the only brave one in the family," agreed Dorothy with equanimity. "We had a burglar scare in California, and Lillian and I nearly died of fright — under the bedclothes — gooseflesh and all that. Mother, on the contrary, sat straight up in bed, levelling a pistol at the door thru which her grimly intended victim was to come. She ac-

(*Continued on page* 118)

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By EUGENE V. BREWSTER

Editor-in-Chief of

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Behind the Screen

Mary Pickford has been divorced from her husband, Owen Moore. The decree was granted by Judge Lanogan at Minden, Nev., on March 1, on the grounds of desertion.

Alice Joyce was married to James B. Regan, Jr., son of James B. Regan, proprietor of the Knickerbocker Hotel, one of the biggest New York hostelries, on March 6th. The marriage took place at the Church of the Holy Innocents, New York, the ceremony being performed by the pastor, Rev. Thomas Lynch. Mr. Regan is a graduate of Yale, class of 1915, and he served in both the British and American armies in the recent war. Miss Joyce was previously married to Tom Moore, brother of Owen and Matt Moore.

Realart announces Wanda Hawley as its new star.

King W. Vidor's first release on the First National program is "The Family Honor," Florence Vidor being featured.

Adolph Zukor, president of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, sailed on the *Imperator* on March 8th for Europe. So did William A. Brady.

Mrs. Sidney Drew has been visiting on the coast.

Sylvia Breamer has joined the Mayflower forces. She is to have the leading rôle in Robert W. Chambers' "Athalie." Sydney A. Franklin is directing.

Corinne Griffith has signed a new Vitagraph contract for another three years.

Winchell Smith, the playwright, has joined the Metro staff of scenario writers at Hollywood, Cal.

Myron Selznick has signed Arline Pretty as lead for his production of Willard Mack's "The Prince of Pines."

During early March Pearl White and her William Fox company worked on the production of "The Tiger's Cub" at Port Henry, N. Y., with a temperature of 35° below zero. Thomas Carrigan was leading man.

Marcus Loew, who now owns 100 per cent. of the Metro Film Corporation, announces that the Metro will greatly increase the number and quality of its productions. From fifty to seventy-five productions will be released during the coming year and a $2,000,000 studio built on Long Island. The Loew interests are now building forty theaters.

Conway Tearle is to be starred by Nat Spitzer. The productions are to be made at the Bull's-Eye California studios.

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Isn't it easy to bring to mind the cosy scene? The swish of limpid waters; subdued voices; the seductive harmony of stringed instruments—lilting notes—dreamy—elusive—soothing as a sweetheart's touch—crashing chords and syncopation, the spontaneous expression of the tingling joy of life and youth. Honestly, whether it be in the memory or but half-acknowledged hope, don't you thrill with the sweet intimacy of that cooling, moon-lit, music-caressed solitude?

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Dont Let Your Right Eye Know What Your Left Is Doing

(*Continued from page* 106)

cant stop. If you want me to work—get him out of here.'

"At that time I was getting twenty-five and Charlie was drawing twelve, fifty!"

I gave a pretty good imitation of Ben's famous blank expression at this remark. Mr. Turpin settled his eyes on a couple of figures in the carpet and continued, unmoved. "Twelve hundred and fifty a week!," he said slowly. "I'd have thought that a slight prevarication if I hadn't seen a check or two.

"Then one day *Broncho Bullets* Anderson came to me and offered a contract for two years at twenty-five per week. Nothing to worry about, he couldn't discharge me—I couldn't quit—and always a steady living for twenty-four months, hot or cold, stormy or sunshine!

"I reached for a pen with my fingers shaking. 'Where?' I said. Broncho Bullets pointed to a line near the bottom of the page, and it was all I could do to see it with my right eye. The left was off the job looking far into the future. Just for a bluff, I swirled the penholder around like a man getting ready to write fancy cards. Then I wrote—just as *firm*—Bernard Turpin! That settled me for two years—we worked at Niles, upper California.

"Then at last it dawned on me that I had sold myself for a mess of pottage. I began to hear of salaries. I discovered that I had made more than three million for the Essanay—actually cleared that much on my pictures . . . and I was living on a clerk's salary. We had hard work in those days—slapstick of the roughest sort."

"How do you manage to look so blank when you know a piece of pie is coming at you, or that ice-cream is going down your back?"

"Never anticipate anything."

"How can you help anticipating when you just know it is coming?" we persisted.

"Just dont—that's all. Think of nothing, keep your mind an absolute blank—or you cant *look* blank, of course. I didn't mind the custards or soft soap or soot and flour so much in the good old slapstick days," he said, "but cold ice-cream running down your back is something that you cannot forget in a hurry. I'm glad those days are about over. We're depending more on expression and funny situations now."

"You are a scream in 'Salome vs. Shenandoah,' " we hurried to say.

"I dont like it—and I dont like the public appearance I make as John the Baptist. I consider it sacrilegious—even if it is a travesty on the Theda Bara play. I was brought up better than that," concluded Mr. Turpin, soberly and sadly, and if you ever want to know just *how* sad he can look, go and see one of his comedies.

Ben turns out a picture about eleven times a year. He is a hard worker, and even when he is not featured in a Sennett comedy, he is usually "rung in" for an extra bit.

A few months ago, he lost four of his best front teeth, because a man who was to kick him in the chest "lost his bearings and aimed too high." Ben has been in the hospital thirty times for operations or breaks, occasioned by rough comedy. Such is the life of a comedian.

"When did you begin to think yourself worth more than twenty-five dollars weekly?" we asked, wishing to lead the conversation back safely to Mr. Turpin's intrinsic value.

"I was playing with Charlie Chaplin in 'A Night Out,' and it was like co-starring plus getting an extra's wages. When we had finished two reels, Charlie said we were going out on a location on Monday. This was Friday. I said, 'I'm not going a step unless I get five hundred dollars in cash—no *checks* for mine!' There were two more reels and I made up my mind I'd quit pictures or earn what I thought I was worth. He coaxed and talked—but I said it was five hundred or nothing. He told me I *must* be ready to go on Monday at eight A. M. I said, 'Not on your life. I stay right here unless I get the price in cash.'

"Monday he did not start. He finally offered three hundred, but I told him curfew would not ring that night. The company hung around until Tuesday, then five hundred pretty little bones were placed in my willing hands, and from that time on I considered myself a motion picture actor—and a fixture, including my eyes."

Now Turpin owns his home, drives his own seven-passenger Studebaker and is a member of the Elks.

"Yes, I guess I'm getting popular," admitted Mr. Turpin, without vanity. He is one of the most matter-of-fact individuals who ever faced a hard fall. Surprises mean nothing in his bright young life. "One lady fan—she's married, too—wrote and asked me for one of my most cross-eyed pictures to hang in her bedroom, for she says that when she and her husband quarrel, she feels cheered up right afterwards if she can go and laugh at my picture. That's doing good in the world, aint it?"

And, as to Ben's famous mustache, he let me into a deep-dyed secret. The first one he ever wore was cut off the end of his own toupee! He almost had the style patented, he avers, but finally decided that while other men might imitate his "crêpe hair" appendage, they never could hope to attain the eloquence of ten-thousand-dollar eyes, so now a wig-maker has a steady contract to make these waterfall effects by the hundred.

And, like the immortal Pope, Bernard Turpin believes that "Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll; charms strike the sight—but *merit* wins the soul" of film fans everywhere.

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Reel Realities

At last the Church has actively enlisted the motion picture. This spring sees the Interchurch World Movement, the new coöperative organization formed by most of the Protestant denominations of the United States and Canada, using films to put the needs of the world before the country.

During the winter an expedition, numbering the Rev. A. V. Casselman, E. Lloyd Sheldon and Harry Keepers, sailed from San Francisco to film interesting things of the Far East. At about the same time another expedition, numbering Willard Price, editor of *World Outlook,* and Horace D. Ashton, departed from New York for North Africa and the Near East.

These two expeditions were sent out by the Interchurch World Movement in coöperation with the Educational Films Corporation. These represent, as pointed out by the *Educational Film Magazine,* the first sincere attempt of the Church to film the work of missions in foreign lands and to obtain unusual pictures of interest in this particular field. The expeditions will thus obtain two groups of films. The first, covering mission work and activities, will be later shown in churches. The second, to be released under the title, "World Outlook on the Screen," will be shown in motion picture theaters. Some 100,000 feet of film will be obtained in all.

This second group of motion pictures will delve into odd bits of strange lands never seen by tourists. Thus, for instance, they will touch upon the life of the women of the East as affected by modern progress. Again, they will reveal how the world war has brought civilization to the Arab and Bedouin in lonely desert spots.

The Far Eastern expedition sailed on the *Persia* on December 21st, and eight months will be spent in India, Burma, China, Japan and Korea. The Rev. Casselman is a widely known missionary leader. Mr. Sheldon is well known as an author, playwright and scenario writer. Mr. Keepers is the camera-man of the expedition. It will interest MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC readers to know that he was the camera-man responsible for the prize picture, "A Dream of Fair Women," now being shown thruout the country and made under the direction of Wilfrid North.

The other expedition will visit Egypt, Algeria, Turkey, Syria, Armenia, Palestine and parts of Italy. Mr. Price has attained prominence as an editor and Mr. Ashton is one of the best known photographers and motion picture men of two hemispheres. He is a fellow of the American Geographical Society and a member of the New York Academy of sciences.

Judging from British and Continental film publications, a certain steady falling off in sales of American photoplays is manifesting itself in England, Italy and Spain.

Indeed, in England the threat has been made of a high protective tariff on films. But this is hardly probable. American productions are being crowded by cheaper films of British, Italian, Scandinavian and even German make.

Many German films have piled up during the war and German manufacturers are trying to find a market for them everywhere. These make their appeal because they are workmanlike and cheap. British producers are distinctly worried over the situation. Can the ill-nourished infant British production stand this added competition, they ask. A movement is on foot to force the printing of the country of origin upon each and every film. This is to prevent the camouflaging of German films as Dutch, Swedish, Norwegian and Danish.

The rivalry between American and British films goes merrily on in England. Just now they are pointing with interest to the fact that, in the year 1918, there was a fall of 3,500,000 feet in the export of American film to England. Also that, in December, 1919, Britain exported films to an amount two and one-half times as great as the corresponding month of 1918. Yet *The London Kinematograph* sums up the matter clearly when it asks British screen men to drop the idea that Americans dislike British productions and seek to prevent their importation. "Let the British film maker drop the habit of appealing for 'equal treatment' from America until he has established his ability to give equal value. . . . The British producer who first achieves success on this firm basis of equality will, we venture to think, laugh heartily at the pitiful attempts occasionally made today to picture him as a hard-luck case."

A certain resentment runs thru British comments upon American productions. With some truth we must admit they protest the "naïve faith of some American producers that one soldier of the United States is worth a few dozen of any other country."

Yet David Griffith's "Broken Blossoms" appears to have scored a triumph in London. *The Daily Mail* said:

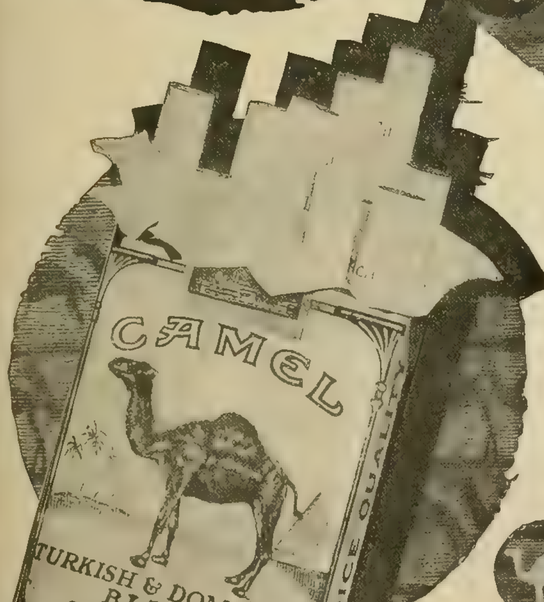
"The whole production is filled with the spark of genius which raises it above any film drama yet made and opens a new road for the expression of the highest dramatic art on the screen."

And *The Sunday Telegram* said: "It is in every sense a masterpiece. David Wark Griffith has no equal. Others may emulate, but they never manage to get quite the same touch. 'Broken Blossoms' will be one of the big things of the year."

As sure as you are a foot high

you will like this
Camel Turkish and
Domestic blend!

Camel
CIGARETTES



YOU will prefer Camels smooth, delightful blend of choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos *to either kind smoked straight!* It gives you an entirely new idea of cigarette enjoyment.

Camels never tire your taste no matter how liberally you smoke. They are always appetizing—and satisfying, because they have a desirable, mellow body.

Camels leave no unpleasant cigaretty aftertaste nor unpleasant cigaretty odor. In fact, every angle you get on Camels is so different from any other cigarette that you will be won as you were never won before!

That's why we say frankly—*compare Camels with any cigarette in the world at any price!* We know the answer.

Camels are sold everywhere in scientifically sealed packages of 20 cigarettes for 20 cents; or ten packages (200 cigarettes) in a glassine-paper-covered carton. We strongly recommend this carton for the home or office supply or when you travel.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Our "Young Visitors"

(*Continued from page* 111)

tually fired a shot, altho it didn't make the mark. The burglar, however, was frightened away. I told mother that she had the heart of a murderer."

The Editorial Staff shook with a sort of composite mirth. It would be hard to suppose a murderer's heart in a Gish breast. There is something about each one of them, even to the more earthly Dorothy, suggestive, reminiscent of lavender and old lace, of quaint custom and lyric verse, of melodies fingered forth on a spinnet, of potpourri and minuets. It is the aroma of these things which they have brought with them to a hitherto less lovely medium of expression. They are, each one of them, whimsically characteristic. They have, individually and together, an atmospheric charm, from Mother Gish, who is but a slightly-grown-older Lillian, to Lillian herself, slender and potential, to Dorothy, sparkling and keen and young.

They are quite utterly unprofessional in their manner, in their point of view, in their bearing and talk. They might never have seen the inside of a studio. There are none of the earmarks. Probably there are no two girls more perfectly themselves. They have given a great deal and borrowed nothing. They do not talk of their work, if they can gracefully avoid it. They do not speak of their ambitions, nor of their successes, past, present or future. There is about them a fine reticence. They love their mother, their home and the best artistic expression of the work they are doing. These things come naturally to them and they express them naturally.

After they had been regretfully ushered out by Mr. Brewster and the rest of us, we asked each other the inevitable question after some one of the stars has taken luncheon with us at our more modern Round Table—"What do you think?," we wanted to know—and we all thought the same. Lillian was as we had thought she would be, *must* be, from her portrayals on the silversheet. She was gentle, she was lovely, she was poetic, she was a thinker and a dreamer.

Dorothy was as we had thought she would be, *must* be, from her portrayals on the screen, humorous, lovable, vivid, "regular."

Mother Gish is the mother of the two, an eminently satisfactory arrangement, pro and con.

For these young visitors the house of the Big Three is ever open, the arms of the Editorial Staff the same, and the table ever round, with a capacity for being rounder!

LU LU 'HUCHON.—What do you mean by accusing my beard of being fluffy and kinky? You come in some day and I'll let you stroke it. So your brother thinks Elsie Janis is a regular "peacherino." I dont know what that is, but tell your brother I agree with him. And just tell that brother of yours he's got me wrong with the ladies. Yes, I sure do admire Charlie Ray. So you like Tamar Lane's stuff in the MAGAZINE. Yes, he's almost as bright as I am. Write again.

ALADDIN Readi-Cut Homes

SAVE $300 to $1000

Lumber shortages—a virtual famine of lumber—exists in many parts of the country. Reports indicate it is impossible even now to get material for certain needs. Stocks were never as low as they are now. The demand was never as great as it is now. THIS MEANS STILL HIGHER LUMBER PRICES. It means that prices will go upward rapidly—that it will possibly take $150 in six months or a year to buy $100 worth of lumber. Will you be forced to pay these prices? Will your need for a home in six months cost you a 50% or a 100% penalty?

Four Greatest Forests—Aladdin Lumber Yards

The Aladdin lumber yards are the four greatest forests of the United States. Each one has sufficient standing timber to take care of the needs of the country for many years. The possible lumber famine predicted in all parts of the country will not affect the Aladdin Co.

Every Aladdin Home manufactured in 1920 will be shipped quickly and completely. No shortage of a few grades of material from the Aladdin house order. No hold-up on the job on account of lack of material.

BUILD NOW—DON'T DELAY

Write nearest office

Early buyers of Aladdin Homes are assured delivery. Aladdin buyers are also assured a big saving—from $300 to $1,000 BUT quick action is necessary. The enormous demand for homes will soon fill the Aladdin Mills to capacity. Your order will possibly be too late. An important message to every builder is contained in the Aladdin catalog. It is the message to you from the world's greatest homebuilding organization. Send to-day for this 100-Page Book, No. 2031.

THE ALADDIN COMPANY, Bay City, Michigan
BRANCHES: Wilmington, N. C. Hattiesburg, Miss. Portland, Ore. Toronto, Ont., Can.

THE SKIN BEAUTIFUL

She who possesses a beautiful complexion is a beautiful woman.

Be Beautiful

Obtain a cleansed, clear, soft, velvety skin, freed from imperfections and chapping by using

FLORESTON TOILET CREAM

By Mail 50c

HISCOX CHEMICAL WORKS, Patchogue, N. Y.

Sample on receipt of 5c to pay mailing, etc.

You Can Have

Strong Arms

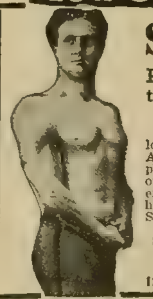
Powerful Back, Chest, Military Shoulders, Shapely Legs and a Healthy Stomach

All of the above can be obtained by following the instructions in my book, Strong Arms, which contains a complete course in physical culture that will develop all parts of your body to perfect proportion. The exercises are illustrated with 20 full-page half-tone cuts and require no apparatus. Send 25c in coin.

300,000 COPIES SOLD

Send your order today before you forget

PROF. ANTHONY BARKER, D.C.
Studio 120
127 West 42d Street, New York City



1/2 Price $3.10 SEND NO MONEY If You Can Tell it from a GENUINE DIAMOND Send it back

To prove that our blue-white MEXICAN DIAMOND closely resembles the finest genuine South African Diamond (costing 50 times as much), with same DAZZLING RAINBOW-FIRE, (Guaranteed 20 yrs.) we will send this Gents Heavy Tooth Belcher Ring with one carat gem, (Catalogue price $6.26) for **Half Price to introduce, $3.10**, plus War Tax 15c. Same thing but Ladies Solitaire Ring, (Cataloge price $4.98) for $2.50, plus War Tax 13c. Mountings are our finest 12 karat gold filled. Mexican Diamonds are GUARANTEED FOR 20 YEARS. **SEND NO MONEY.** Just mail postcard or this ad., state size and we will mail at once C. O. D. If not fully pleased, return in 2 days for MONEY BACK, less handling charges. Act quick; offer limited; only one to a customer. Write for FREE Catalog. AGENTS WANTED.

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Dept. CA2 Las Cruces, N. Mex.
(Exclusive controllers Mexican Diamonds)

Violin, Hawaiian Guitar, Ukulele, Guitar, Mandolin, Cornet, Tenor Banjo or Banjo

Wonderful new system of teaching note music by mail. To first pupils in each locality, we give a $20 superb Violin, Mandolin, Ukulele, Guitar, Hawaiin Guitar, Cornet, Tenor Banjo or Banjo absolutely free. Very small charge for lessons only. We guarantee success or no charge. Complete outfit free. Write now. No obligation.

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Remember:

All advertising in *Motion* Picture Classic is guaranteed by the M. P. Pub. Co.

ONE MILLION DOLLARS A YEAR

is being made by several persons in the Motion Picture Industry.

One Hundred Dollars a Week

is being made by thousands of persons in the Motion Picture Industry.

Hundreds of Thousands of People are asking every day such questions as these:

How can I get into the Motion Picture business?
Can I become a photoplayer?
Have I sufficient talent?
Have I the necessary personality?
How can I become a Motion Picture Director?
Can I become financially interested in Motion Pictures?
Can I write for Motion Pictures?
Have I a "Motion Picture face"?
Can I train myself for any branch of the business?
If I have the talent and ability to become a picture star, how can I get a start?

These are questions that have long remained unanswered. But they can be answered. There have been schools that pretend to teach Motion Picture acting, but they are generally frowned upon by the profession. Personality, charm, winsomeness and beauty are God-given gifts. They can be cultivated and improved, but not created. Acting is a natural talent. Some have it, others acquire it, but most people who haven't it never will learn it. Grace is natural to some, but most people can acquire it. There is no rule about beauty, grace, charm, etc., and some may win without any one of the supposedly necessary requirements.

If you want to try to win a place in the great Motion Picture Industry, send five cents in stamps for this booklet, **"Who Can and Who Cannot Get Into the Pictures and Why?"** Address it to

THE NATIONAL MOTION PICTURE INSTITUTE
173-175-177 Duffield Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE NATIONAL MOTION PICTURE INSTITUTE
173-175-177 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Can and Who Cannot Get Into the Pictures and Why?" Enclosed is 5 cents in stamps for mailing.

Name...

Address..

....

THE GREAT

1920 FAME AND FORTUNE CONTEST

Are you beautiful?

Do you possess charm?

Do you think yourself a potential Mary Pickford or Theda Bara?

Does your environment make it impossible for you to act, but not to dream?

Do you live in a make-believe world all your own, far removed from the dull reality of your daily life?

Do you dream of fame and fortune and all the big things of life? Do you long for a fairy godmother who will some day touch you with her magic wand—and like Cinderella-of-the-ashes, transform you from a dull, drab cocoon into a beautiful butterfly?

The New Fame and Fortune Contest

Is the fairy godmother of all the movie fans of the country. By the magic power of the press, she will seek you out, no matter how small your hiding place. She will open up to you a new world—a new vista of life with all its wonderful gifts! Thru the power of the greatest motion picture publications, THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND, the golden opportunity of your life is offered to you. Remember the old adage which, tho it may bore you by its familiarity, yet carries the force of a great truth—Opportunity knocks but once!

Go to your photographer. Have him make a photo of you which will *be* you.

Send it in as early as possible.

It may interest you to know that a great five-reel feature drama has been written and will be produced in connection with The Fame and Fortune Contest of 1920. The Honor Roll girls will all appear in this picture.

"A Dream of Fair Women"

Which brought the twenty-five Honor Roll girls of the 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest before the eyes of the world, has been completed and you may see this wonderfully interesting picture in your own home town! If the manager of your home town theater has not already secured this film for exhibition, tell him to get in touch with Murray W. Garsson, Foundation Film Corp., 1600 Broadway, New York. See it! It will give you an idea of what you will be doing if you are one of the Honor Roll winners.

RULES FOR THE CONTESTANTS

Contestants shall submit one or more portraits. On the back of each photo an entrance coupon must be pasted. The coupon must be from either THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC or SHADOWLAND, or a similar coupon of your own making.

Postal card pictures and snap-shots not accepted. Tinted photographs cannot be reproduced in magazine.

Photos will NOT be returned to the owner.

Photographs should be mailed to CONTEST MANAGER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Send as many as you like.

The contest is open to every man or woman, except those who have already played prominent screen or stage rôles. There is no age limit.

Contest closes Aug. 1, 1920.

CLASSIC ENTRANCE COUPON

Name..

Address..(street)

..............................(city)..............................(state)

Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any..............................

....

When born..............................Birthplace..............................Eyes (color)..........

Hair (color)..............................Complexion..............................

Would you like to take part in the Five-Reel Feature Drama?..............................

Portraits of Your Favorites

TWENTY-FOUR LEADING PLAYERS

What is a home without pictures, especially of those one likes or admires? How they brighten up bare walls and lend a touch of human sympathy, alike to the homes of the rich and poor!

And what could better serve the purpose of decoration for the homes of motion picture enthusiasts than portraits of the great film stars, who have become world-wide famous?

The publishers of the three leading motion picture monthlies, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND, have accordingly prepared at great expense, especially for their subscribers, an unusually fine set of portraits of twenty-four of the leading players.

These portraits are 5⅛" x 8" in size, just right for framing, printed in rich brown tones by rotogravure, a process especially adapted to portrait reproduction, and are artistic, accurate and high-grade in every way.

You will like these portraits, and you will enjoy picking out your favorites. You will delight in framing them to be hung where you and your friends may see them often.

LIST OF SUBJECTS

Mary Pickford
Marguerite Clark
Douglas Fairbanks
Charlie Chaplin
William S. Hart
Wallace Reid
Pearl White
Anita Stewart
Theda Bara
Francis X. Bushman
Earle Williams
William Farnum
Charles Ray
Norma Talmadge
Constance Talmadge
Mary Miles Minter
Clara Kimball Young
Alice Joyce
Vivian Martin
Pauline Frederick
Billie Burke
Madge Kennedy
Elsie Ferguson
Tom Moore

These portraits are **not for sale.** They can be secured only by subscribing to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC or SHADOWLAND for one year, and then they will be sent **free.**

You will want the MAGAZINE, CLASSIC, SHADOWLAND, or all three during the coming year. Subscribe **now** and get a set of these portraits. It will cost you less than to buy them by the month at your dealer's. Send in your order today and we will mail the portraits at **once.**

COUPON

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES:

	U. S.	Can.	For.
Magazine	$2.00	$2.30	$3.00
Classic	2.50	3.00	3.50
Shadowland	3.50	4.00	4.50
All Three	7.50	8.80	10.50

Date..............................

M. P. PUBLISHING CO.
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Kindly enter my subscription to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE / MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC / SHADOWLAND } for one year. Also please send me at once a set of the twenty-four players' portraits.

Enclosed find $...... in payment.

Name ....

Address ....

YOU *CAN* GET INTO THE MOVIES *IF* YOU WANT TO

Maybe you're all ready now, but dont know exactly how to go about it, or maybe there's a few technicalities unfinished or overlooked; or possibly there's a whole lot you dont know and need to know.

In any case, we are in a position to offer you sound suggestions. Cut out the coupon below, and enclose 5c for postage for our booklet "CAN I GET INTO THE MOVIES?" Then you judge!

National Motion Picture Institute

175 Duffield Street **Brooklyn, N. Y.**

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175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Can and Who Cannot Get Into the Pictures and Why?" Enclosed is 5 cents in stamps for mailing.

Name..

Address..

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Regarding Delays

As we have announced before, the great printers' strike in New York interfered seriously with the publication and distribution of every periodical that was printed in and around New York City. Many publications went bankrupt, and several have not yet recovered from the catastrophe. Every one of them has suffered immeasurably. Not only did the strike mean several months' delay in getting out the magazines, but it meant a terrible confusion in every editorial office.

Those publishers who tried to get their magazines out in spite of the strike, adopted various methods, among which was the sending of one piece of work out of town and another piece of work to another town, and still another part of the publication to some other place or to be done by some other process. Some of this matter was lost, other parts were printed so badly that they could not be used, and the working machinery of every editorial office was sadly disrupted.

On the top of this came blizzards with their accompanying traffic obstructions, and for weeks it was impossible to move the printed magazines from the printeries to the post-offices. Then came blizzards and freight congestions in other parts of the country, which further delayed matters. It never rains but it pours, and to add to our troubles, came the announcement that there was a serious shortage of paper in the world, necessitating the cutting down of the supply used by various publishers. It is certain that some publications must go out of existence, and it is well known that many large newspapers and magazines have been compelled to cut down either the size of their edition or the number of pages.

But now, since the strike is over and the winter also, the sun shines once more and we emerge from the maze of difficulties more hopeful than ever.

Unless something unforeseen occurs, our three magazines will be published on time hereafter, and the contents will be superior. We have taken up the missing threads of various departments and now have them well in hand. Those readers who have been lenient with our shortcomings and patient with us for the numerous delays in getting their magazines, have our warmest thanks and gratitude. We are looking for better things in the future, and we can see no reason why we shall not be able to give you finer magazines than ever, and give them to you on the very day that we promise them.

MOTION PICTURE PUBLISHING CO.

Stars Needed

Any exhibitor will tell you that there are not enough stars. Good stars are scarce, and they are nearly all tied up with contracts with a very few companies. New companies are forming every day and they require stars. This makes the demand greater than the supply. The producers have been objecting to the High Cost of Stars, and the exhibitors are complaining of the High Cost of Films. Some have even gone so far as to state that the Star System must go. But there will always be a demand for stars and when there are enough stars to supply the demand there will be a better feeling all around and the film industry will advance and prosper. Again, it is evident that many of our well-known stars are passing out—some retiring of their own accord, and some losing their popularity and drawing power. It is quite clear, therefore, that we must have more stars. Where are they to come from? We maintain that there is no better way to discover and introduce new stars than the Fame and Fortune Contest, which is conducted every year by the three leading magazines,—MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND. This being true, it should be warmly supported by producers, exhibitors and public alike.

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Exciting stories! How much in demand they are with the readers of the popular magazines! The love for them is universal; it begins and ends with no one class or creed.

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Now showing: Ruth Roland in "The Adventures of Ruth;" George B. Seitz in "Bound and Gagged;" Pearl White in "The Black Secret" from Robert W. Chambers' book "In Secret;" Jack Dempsey in "Daredevil Jack."

Coming: "Trailed by Three" with Frances Mann and Stuart Holmes; George B. Seitz in "Pirate Gold," (with Marguerite Courtot) and others.

Pathé Exchange, Inc.,
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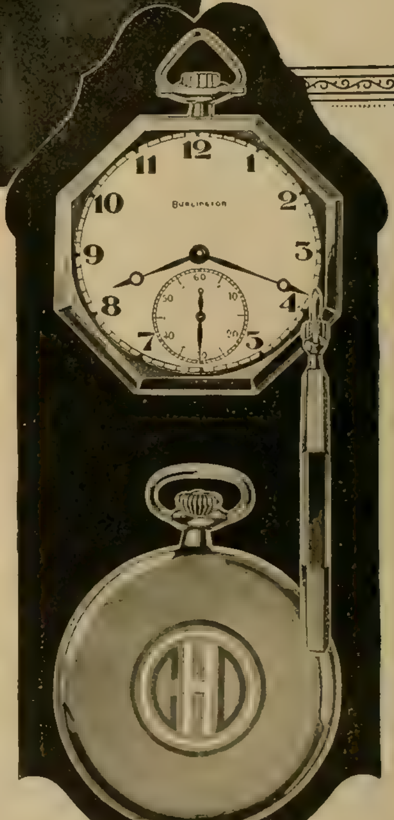

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$3.50 a Month

You pay only this small amount each month for this masterpiece, sold to you at the direct rock-bottom price, the lowest price at which a Burlington is sold.

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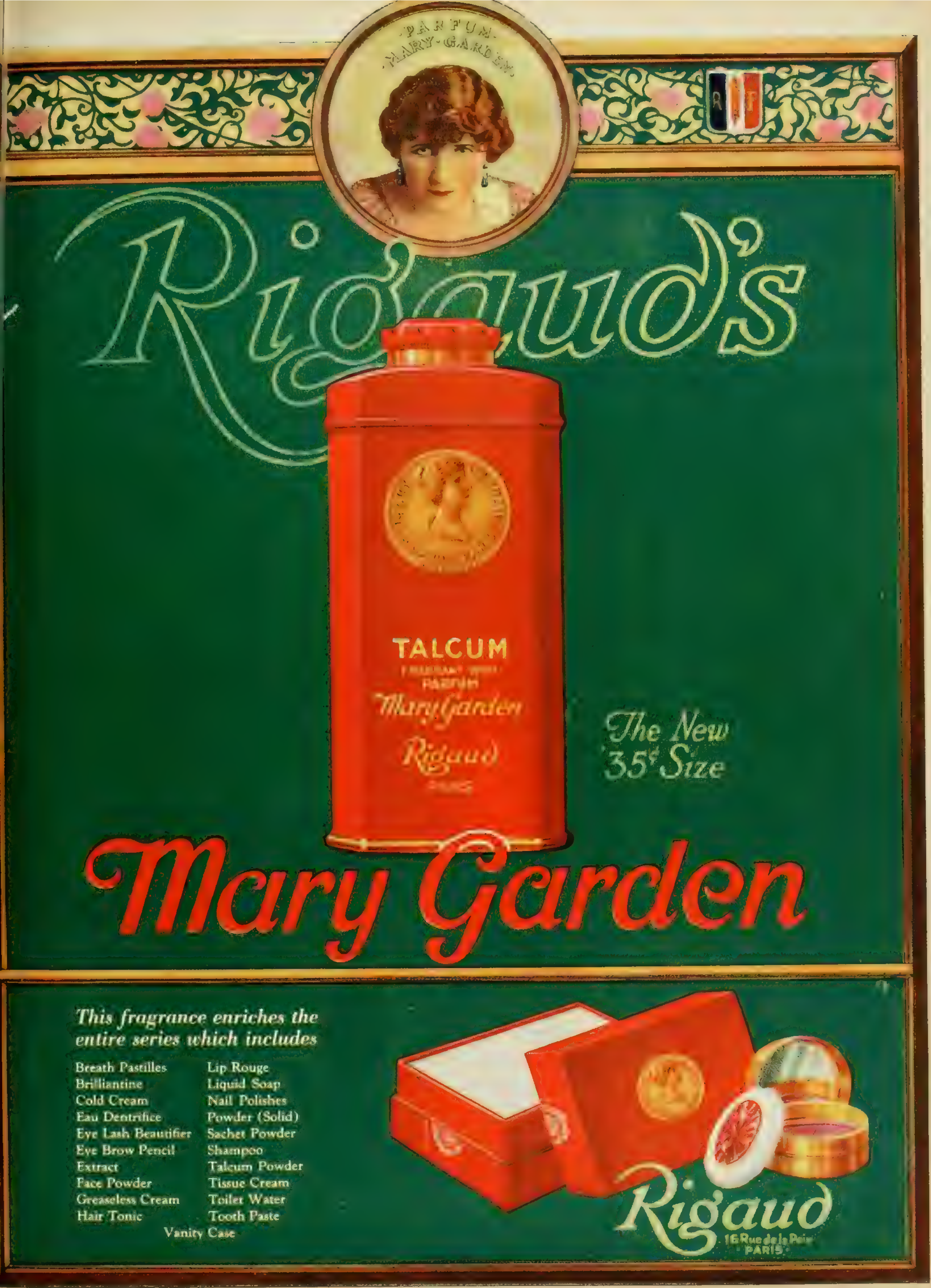
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- Liquid Soap
- Nail Polishes
- Powder (Solid)
- Sachet Powder
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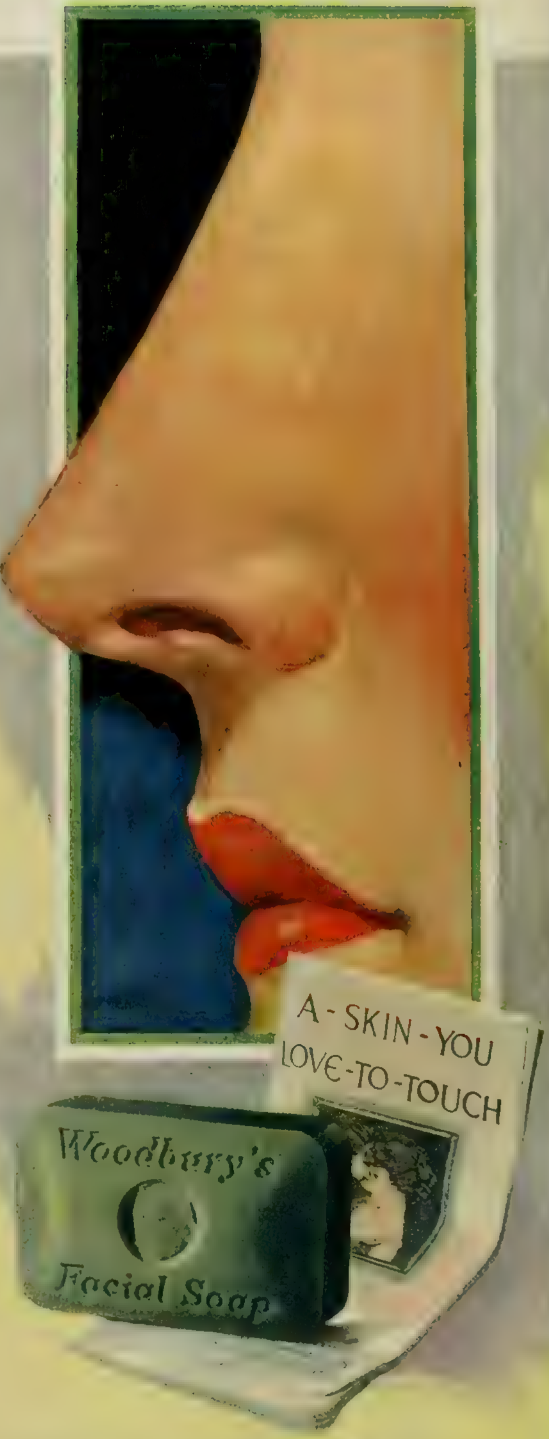
Conspicuous Nose Pores
How to reduce them



COMPLEXIONS otherwise flawless are often ruined by conspicuous nose pores. The pores of the face are not as fine as on other parts of the body. *On the nose especially,* there are more fat glands than elsewhere and there is more activity of the pores. These pores, if not properly stimulated and kept free from dirt, clog up and become enlarged.

To reduce them: wring a soft cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in *very gently* a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, *stopping at once if your nose feels sensitive.* Then finish by rubbing the nose for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

Notice the improvement the very first treatment makes—a promise of what the steady use of Woodbury's Facial Soap will do. But do not expect to change completely in a week a condition resulting from long continued exposure and neglect. Use this treatment persistently. It will gradually reduce the enlarged pores and make them inconspicuous.

Begin TONIGHT the treatment your skin needs

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. You will find Woodbury's on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. A 25c cake will last a month or six weeks.

In the booklet which is wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, you will find complete treatments for the commoner skin troubles, including Conspicuous Nose Pores, Blackheads, Skin Blemishes, Oily Skin and Shiny Nose, Coarsened Skin, Tender Skin, Sluggish Skin, etc.

Sample cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream for 15c

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If you live in Canada, address the Andrew Jergens Company, Limited 904 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

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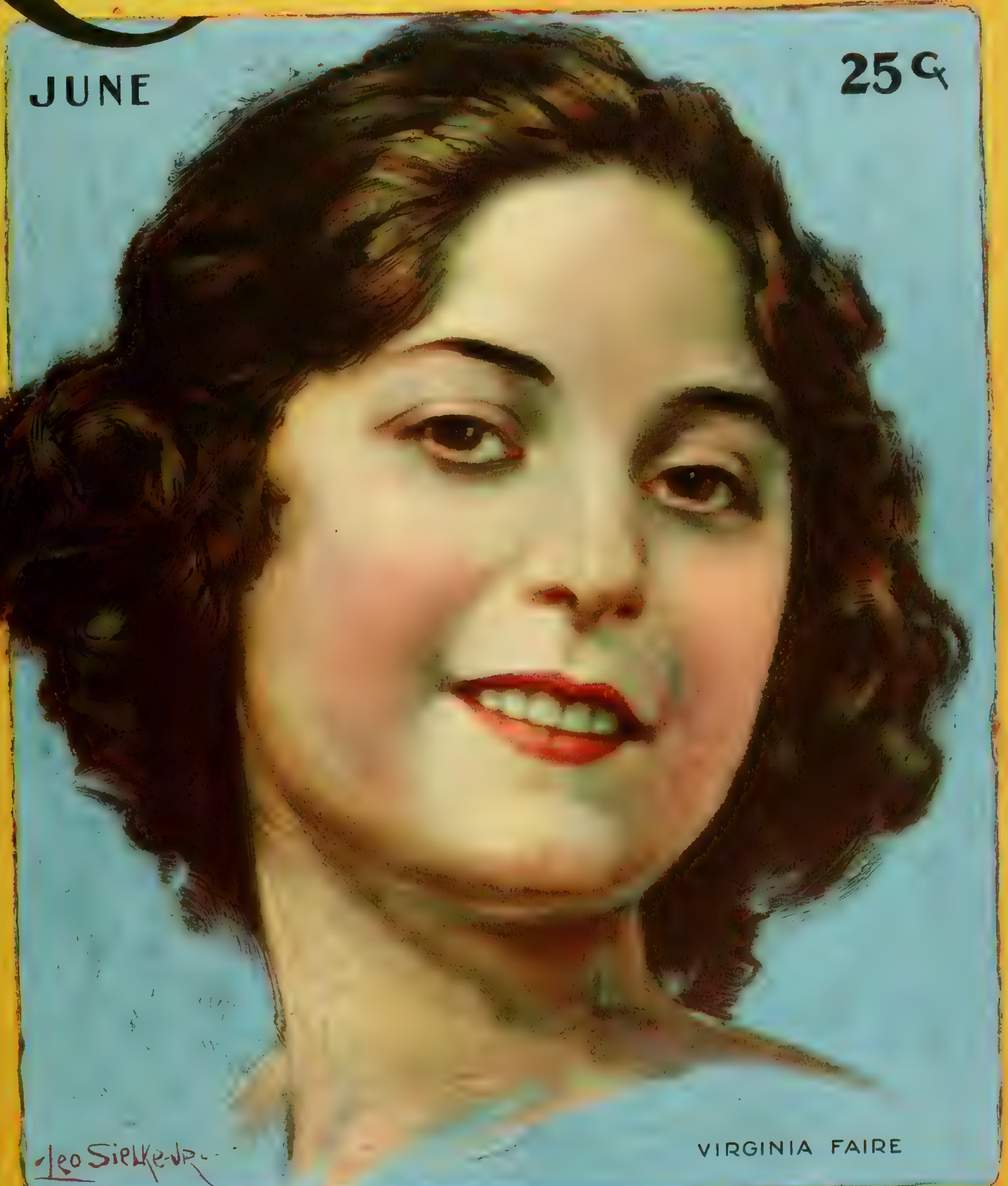
MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

JUNE

25¢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The Final Expression of Pearl Loveliness

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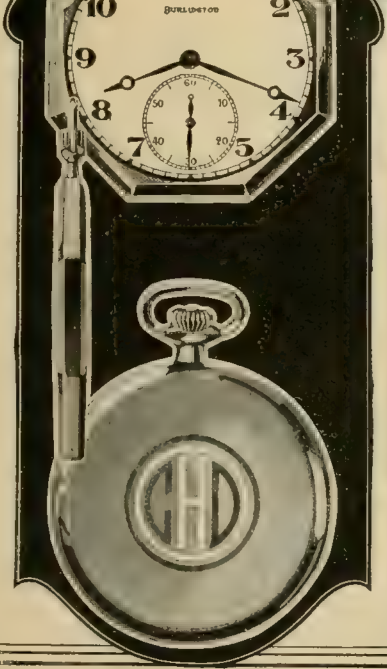

The Burlington

21 Jewels

This superb 21-jewel, thin model Burlington is sold to you direct at the rock-bottom price! This masterpiece of watch manufacture has twenty-one Jewels of Sapphires and Rubies. It is adjusted to position, adjusted to temperature, and adjusted to isochronism. Send the coupon today for free book on watches.

$3.50 a Month

You pay only this small amount each month for this masterpiece, sold to you at the direct rock-bottom price, the lowest price at which a Burlington is sold.

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Dept. A127, Chicago, Ill.

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Name ....

Address ....

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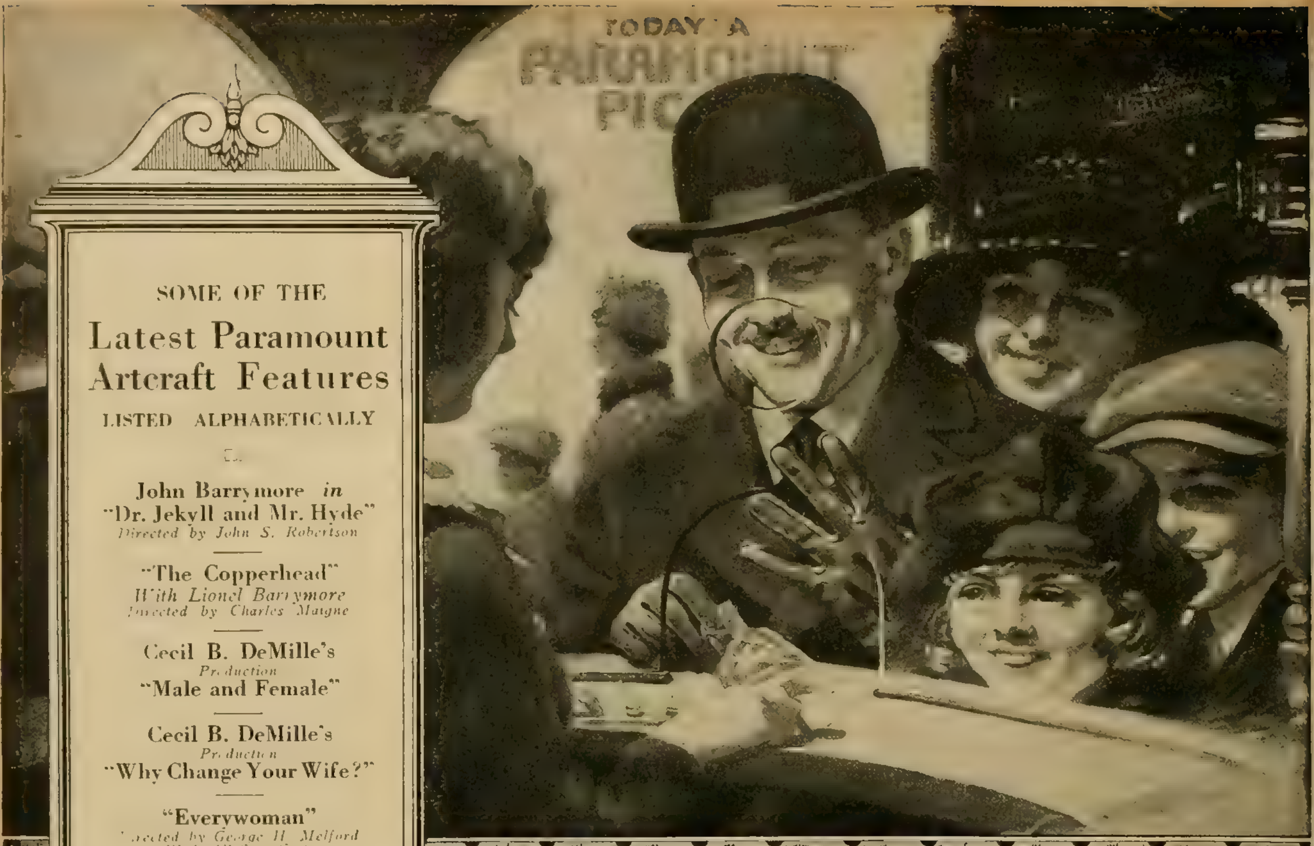

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"The Copperhead"
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Cecil B. DeMille's
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"The Toll Gate"
A Wm. S. Hart Production

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"Treasure Island"

George Loane Tucker's
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And remember that any Paramount Artcraft Picture that you haven't seen is as new as a book you have never read.

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A family affair:

That's the way to get the most out of Paramount Pictures.

Multiply the pleasure by sharing it!

Good entertainment logic, and happy logic, too.

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Some ten or twelve years ago a small periodical, hiding its trepidation under a cover photograph of Thomas A. Edison, went forth on its first journey alone, out into a very indifferent world. The trip could be easily compared to the first trip made by the brain-child of Robert Fulton.

This humble instrument of literature was none other than THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, the same magazine of today—and yet not quite the same, for the growth of its popularity has been remarkable—and tho the seas have sometimes been rough and the sailing uncertain, it has weathered all storms, arriving in port as the greatest magazine of its kind in the world!

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The cover is the latest portrait of Miss Blanche McGarity, a winner of the Fame and Fortune Contest of 1919. There is also an interview with this newly arrived motion picture star.

Wonder what a studio mail clerk thinks about? Especially when he has to stagger daily under the carloads of movie fan letters. In "The Confessions of a Studio Mail Clerk," by himself, you will find many new sidelights on this all-important subject.

Bert Lytell is seen thru the fascinated eyes of Elizabeth Peltret. Sometimes it is pretty nice to be an interviewer, says Elizabeth!

Brides are always interesting in the honeymoon stage, and when the bride happens to be Alice Joyce, the bright star of Vitagraph—well, you just have to read what Gladys Hall has to say about it in that interview she had with Alice t'other day!

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CONTENTS OF MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

Vol. X JUNE, 1920 No. 4

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

(Painted by Leo Sielke, Jr., from a photograph by Albin.)

THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC takes a great deal of pleasure in presenting Virginia Brown Faire, one of the four winners of the 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest, as its cover subject. Miss Faire is already well upon her way to fame and fortune with the Universal Company, having a most unusual five-year contract. Before the Fame and Fortune Contest discovered her, little Miss Faire was absolutely unknown. Her remarkable type of beauty quickly singled her out from among the thousands of contestants and later won her a place among the Universal featured players.

PAGE
Rotogravure Gallery of Players. Full page studies of Richard Barthelmess, Madge Kennedy, Betty Blythe, Ruth Roland and Betty Ross Clarke.......................... 11 15
B. C. 1920. Meaning that the piquant Betty Compson becomes a star this year.......... *Frederick James Smith* 16
The Mid-Day Frolic. Where the stars of the "low-and-behold" comedies come from—and why.... *Truman B Handy* 18
The Cost of the Modern Photoplay. Allan Dwan presents interesting facts about the production of picture dramas.......... *Harrison Haskins* 21
The Human Photoplay. King Vidor talks about his ideas and his ideals. Both are unusual..........*Maude S. Cheatham* 22
Romance Comes to Priscilla. That tomboy of the cinema, Priscilla Dean, bows to Cupid..........*Mary Keane* 24
Those Vampire Eyes. 26
The Man Who Killed. Mae Murray's newest photoplay told in story form..........*Dorothy Donnell* 27
Alec Francis, Pioneer. This able actor was one of the first actors to invade motion pictures..........*Elizabeth Peltret* 32
Seena Seen Scenically. A lively little chat with that blending of the East and West, Seena Owen..........*Faith Service* 34
Cameo Cassinelli. A colorful interview with the colorful Dolores Cassinelli..........*Lillian Montanye* 36
"The Blue Flame" of the Films. Glimpses of Theda Bara in her stage venture.......................... 38
Sick-a-Bed. A charming story based upon Wallie Reid's newest comedy vehicle..........*Olive Carew* 39
The Celluloid Critic. The newest photoplays in review. *Frederick James Smith* 44
A Rose in the Bud. The fascinating real life story of the pretty contest winner, Virginia Brown Faire..........*Barbara Allen* 46
What the Fame and Fortune Contest Means. Together with the latest honor roll.......................... 48
Warwick at Home. Intimate glimpses of virile Robert Warwick.......................... 50
The Greatest of Popularity Contests. How the stars stand in this unique contest.......................... 51
Impressions of Screen Folk. Imaginative tabloid descriptions of prominent people of the silversheet..........*Louise Fazenda* 52
The Prince Chap. An absorbing short story based upon the Paramount photoplay..........*Faith Service* 53
Double Exposures..........*Conducted by F. J. S.* 58
The Movie Encyclopedia..........*The Answer Man* 92

Look for the last minute features among the advertising pages

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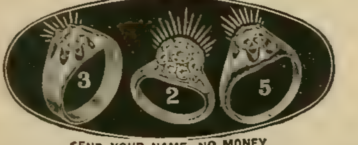

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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these spoken plays appear in their vicinity.)

Astor.—Fay Bainter in "East Is West." The story of a quaint little Chinese maid who falls in love with a young American. Racial barriers seem insurmountable, but there is a happy and surprising ending. Has all the ingredients of popular drama.

Belasco.—"The Son-Daughter," with Lenore Ulric. George Scarborough and David Belasco's highly colored Chinese melodrama with the vivid Miss Ulric. One of the big hits of the season.

Booth.—"The Purple Mask," with Leo Ditrichstein. A stirring, romantic melodrama of the days of the First Consulate in France; tense, colorful and highly interesting. One of the best evening's entertainments in New York. Mr. Ditrichstein is delightful as the royalist brigand, the Purple Mask; Brandon Tynan is admirable as the republican police agent, Brisquet; Lily Cahill is a charming heroine, and Boots Wooster makes her bit of a peasant girl stand out.

Broadhurst.—"Smilin' Through," with Jane Cowl. An odd, but effective, drama which purports to show how those who have gone before influence and watch over our lives. Miss Cowl is exceedingly good as a piquant Irish girl and also as a spirit maid whose death occurred fifty years before. "Smilin' Through" will evoke your smiles and tears.

Casino.—"My Golden Girl." A passable musical entertainment with a score by Victor Herbert. A chorus girl, Jeannette Dietrich, scores the hit of the show.

Central.—"As You Were," with Irene Bordoni and Sam Bernard. A delightful musical show in which Miss Bordoni dazzles as the various sirens of history. Pleasant music and a pleasant chorus lend effective aid.

Century.—"Florodora." The much-heralded revival of the widely popular musical show of some twenty years ago. Done with charm, distinction and humor. Eleanor Painter's singing stands out vividly and George Hassell's humor is highly diverting. Then, of course, there is the famous "sextette." Here is a revival that really revives.

Cort.—"Abraham Lincoln." You should see this if you see nothing else on the New York stage. John Drinkwater's play is a noteworthy literary and dramatic achievement, for he makes the Great American live again. "Abraham Lincoln" cannot fail to make you a better American. Moreover, it is absorbing as a play. Frank McGlyn, a discovery, is a brilliant Lincoln.

Comedy.—"My Lady Friends." Highly amusing entertainment adapted from a Continental farce. Much of the humor is due to the able work of Clifton Crawford in the rôle of the guileless young publisher of Bibles whose efforts to spend money get him into all sorts of difficulties. June Walker scores in Mr. Crawford's support.

Eltinge.—"Breakfast in Bed," with Florence Moore. A rather amusing farce satirizing the movies with vaudeville's lady clown. Miss Moore, working very hard to put it over.

Empire.—"Déclassée," with Ethel Barrymore. One of the big things of the dramatic season is this clever play by Zoe Akins. Whether or not it has the basis of truth, it is brilliantly written and is well played by Miss Barrymore.

Forty-Eighth Street.—"The Storm." A well-told melodrama of the lonely Northwest with a remarkable stage effect of a forest fire. Helen MacKellar is admirable as the piquant French-Canadian heroine.

Forty-Fourth Street.—"Look Who's Here," with Cecil Lean. A passable musical entertainment that entertains when Mr. Lean and Cleo Mayfield hold the center of the stage.

Globe.—"Apple Blossoms." The ambitious and much heralded operetta of Fritz Kreisler and Victor Jacobi plus colorful Joseph Urban settings. An offering far above the musical average. John Charles Thomas sings admirably, Wilda Bennett is an attractive heroine and Florence Shirley lends a piquant personality to the proceedings.

Harris.—"Three Showers." A musical comedy of Dixie, staged by the Coburns, who produced "The Better 'Ole." Rather dull and not very inspired. Anna Wheaton is the featured member of the cast.

Hippodrome.—"Happy Days." Big and spectacular production typical of the Hippodrome. The diving girls are again a feature, disporting in the huge "Hip" tank.

Hudson.—"Clarence," Booth Tarkington's delightful comedy, built about the way a returned soldier reunited a disturbed but typically American household. Superb performances by Alfred Lunt, Glenn Hunter and Helen Hayes give the comedy a fine verve.

Knickerbocker.—"Shavings." A pleasant bucolic entertainment based upon Joseph C. Lincoln's familiar Cape Cod stories. Harry Beresford is featured in a gentle, whimsical characterization.

Little Theater.—"Beyond the Horizon," by Eugene O'Neill. This powerful drama was produced at a series of special matinées and proved so successful that it won a theater all its own. A gripping study of a human being crushed by environment, told with compelling force. One of the biggest native dramas of years. Richard Bennett heads a remarkable cast.

Maxine Elliott's.—"What's In a Name?" The most beautiful musical entertainment, with the possible exception of the Ziegfeld revues, yet seen on Broadway. Colorful new art stage designs, remarkable use of lights and gorgeous costumes lift it into the realm of the exquisite. Intelligently written and put together, too.

Morosco.—"Sacred and Profane Love," with Elsie Ferguson. An absorbing—if loosely conceived—drama by Arnold Bennett which marks the return of Miss Ferguson to the speaking stage. It is the story of the remarkable love of a keenly mental authoress for a musical genius who slips into the slough of drugs. Miss Ferguson has many admirable moments and Jose Ruben contributes some brilliant playing as the drug wreck.

New Amsterdam Roof.—Ziegfeld 9 o'clock and midnight revues. Colorful entertainments unlike anything to be found anywhere else. Mlle. Spinelly, a Parisian favorite, is now in the cast of the two revues. Mary Hay stands out and the entertainers include Fanny Brice, Carl Randall and W. C. Fields.

Nora Bayes Theater.—"Lassie." A charming and pleasantly tuneful little musical comedy of Scotland and London in the picturesque sixties. Based upon Catherine Chisholm Cushing's "Kitty MacKay." Tessa Kosta sings pleasantly and Mollie Pearson and Roland Bottomley are prominent. Dorothy Dickson and Carl Hyson contribute some delightful dance interludes.

Playhouse.—"The Wonderful Thing." A human play built around a poverty-stricken but blue-blooded English family into which Jeanne Eagels comes as a wealthy heiress and wife of the eldest son. Pleasant drama.

Republic.—"The Sign on the Door." A very good melodrama which boasts many instances of the unexpected—and Marjorie Rambeau in highly emotional scenes.

Shubert.—"The Blue Flame," with Theda Bara. A lurid melodrama with the famous Theda in the dual rôle of an ingénue with and without a soul. It is breaking box-office records, proving that every one wants to see Miss Bara "in person."

Thirty-Ninth Street Theater.—"Scandal." Cosmo Hamilton's daring drama which Constance Talmadge played on the screen. Francine Larrimore and Charles Cherry have the leading rôles in the excellent footlight production.

Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show of 1919." A typical girly garden show in which the famous runway gets plenty of use. The revue presents a number of travesties upon current attractions, particularly colorful being that of "The Jest," with Charles Winninger doing a clever burlesque of Lionel Barrymore.

(Continued on page 8)

How I Improved My Memory in One Evening

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

"OF *course* I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I *do* remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed! I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in an hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did.

And as he went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn, Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked from the crowd the sixty men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

"*Of course* I Place You! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle"

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

* * * * *

When I met Mr. Roth—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts, or something I have read in a magazine.

"*You can do this just as easy as I do.* Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes it was—a really *poor* memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight states to find that I had learned in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson *stuck*. And so did the other six.

Read this letter from Terence J. McManus, of the firm of Olcott, Bonynge, McManus & Ernst, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, 170 Broadway, and one of the most famous trial lawyers in New York:

> "May I take occasion to state that I regard your service in giving this system to the world as a public benefaction. The wonderful simplicity of the method, and the ease with which its principles can be acquired, especially appeal to me. I may add that I already had occasion to test the effectiveness of the first two lessons in the preparation for trial of an important action in which I am about to engage."

Mr. McManus didn't put it a bit too strong. The Roth course is priceless! I can absolutely *count* on my memory now. I can call the name of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't *sure*. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and see instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear anyone in *our* office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forgot that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer—like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph" Smith? Real name H. Q. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Company, Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

> "Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his Memory 100 per cent in a week and 1,000 per cent in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in *increased power* will be enormous. VICTOR JONES.

While Mr. Jones has chosen the story form for this account of his experience and that of others with the Roth Memory Course, he has used only facts that are known personally to the President of the Independent Corporation, who hereby verifies the accuracy of Mr. Jones' story in all particulars.

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  By Dr. K. M. H. Blackford.
- ☐ Mastery of Speech
  By Frederick Houk Law
- ☐ Super-Salesmanship ($7)
  By Arthur Newcomb
- ☐ Purinton Course in Personal Efficiency.
  By Edward Earle Purinton
- ☐ Ferrin Home Account System ($3.50).
  By Wesley W. Ferrin
- ☐ Paragon Shorthand Course
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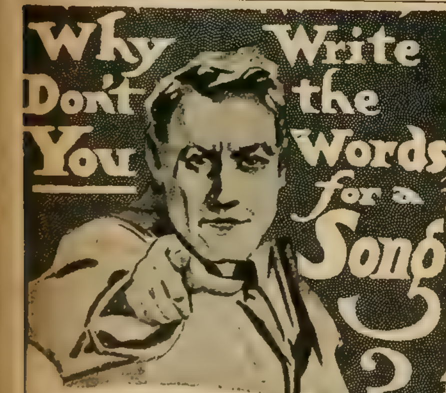
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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(*Continued from page 6*)

ON TOUR

"Mamma's Affair."—Rachel Butler's admirably written comedy—a study of that deadly human specie, the hypochondriac who fancies herself suffering from all sorts of ills. Done with distinction and fine discernment. Ida St. Leon scores and important members of the cast are: Effie Shannon, Robert Edeson, Katherine Kaelred and George Le Guerre.

"The Little Whopper."—Lively and amusing musical comedy with tuneful score by Rudolf Friml. Vivienne Segal pleasantly heads the cast, which also numbers Harry C. Browne, who does excellent work, Mildred Richardson and W. J. Ferguson.

"The Cat Bird," with John Drew.—A leisurely little play by Rupert Hughes, dealing with an elderly ecologist who straightens out the romances of several people according to the principles derived from his studies among the flowers and insects. Mr. Drew returns to the New York stage after two years as the ecologist. A suave evening's amusement.

"Wedding Bells."—A bright and highly amusing comedy by Salisbury Field. Admirably written and charmingly played by Margaret Lawrence and Wallace Eddinger. One of the things you should see.

"Aphrodite."—Highly colored and lavish presentation of a drama based upon Pierre Louys' exotic novel of ancient Alexandria. Superbly staged adaptation of the play that caused a sensation in Paris. Dorothy Dalton, the screen star, returns to the stage in the principal rôle of the Galilean courtesan, Chrysis, and scores. McKay Morris is admirable in the principal male rôle

"The Frivolities of 1920."—G. M. (Broncho Billy) Anderson's girl revue. Lively, speedy musical show with a large measure of vulgarity, but many pretty girls.

"The Royal Vagabond."—A Cohanized opera comique in every sense of the words. A tuneful operetta plus Cohan speed, pep and brash American humor. Also tinkling music.

"The Girl in the Limousine."—A decidedly daring boudoir farce by Wilson Collison and Avery Hopwood, in which a pink and white bed is invaded by every member of the cast during the progress of the evening. John Cumberland is very funny and Doris Kenyon, fresh from the screen, is both pretty and pleasant as the heroine.

"Nightie Night."—Described by the program as a "wide awake farce," "Nightie Night" lives up to its billing. It has plenty of verve, ginger and some daring. There are scores of laughs. Heading the very adequate cast are Francis Byrne, Suzanne Willa, Malcolm Duncan and Dorothy Mortimer.

"The Magic Melody."—A "romantic musical play" with a tuneful score and a picturesque Willy Pogany setting. Charles Purcell, Julia Dean, Earl Benham and Carmel Myers, the last two well known to the screen, head the cast.

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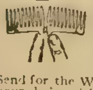

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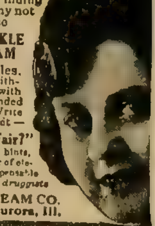

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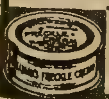

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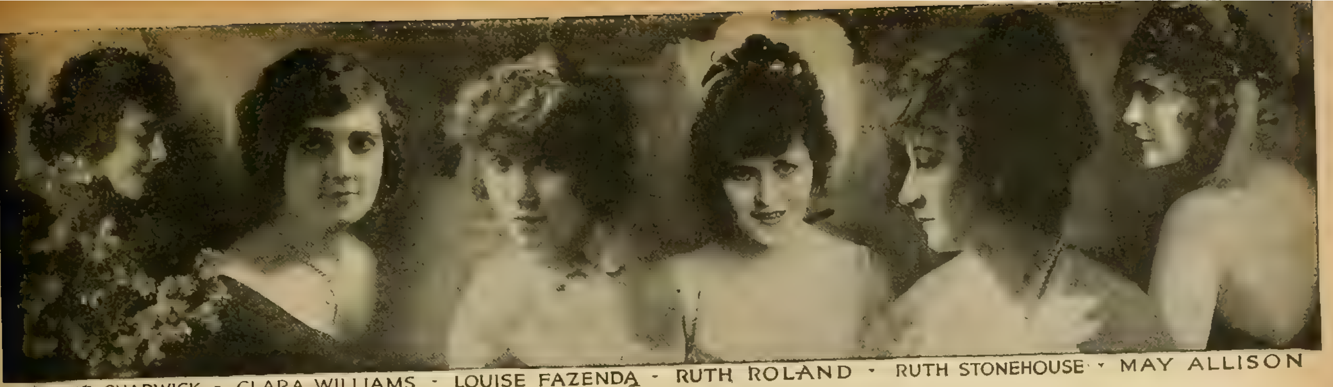

HÉLENE CHADWICK - CLARA WILLIAMS - LOUISE FAZENDA - RUTH ROLAND - RUTH STONEHOUSE - MAY ALLISON

In "The Wonder Book for Writers," which we will send to you ABSOLUTELY FREE, these famous Movie Stars point out the easiest way to turn your ideas into stories and photoplays and become a successful writer.

Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison of New York, one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really *can* and simply *haven't found it out?* Well, come to think of it, most anybody can *tell* a story. Why can't most anybody *write* a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality today.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are The Writers of Tomorrow.

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. *Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest writer?* Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet if, by some lucky chance, they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!

BUT two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard often turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. Many of the greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they *really learn to write* from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you might be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't *I* learn to write?" *Who says you can't?*

LISTEN! A wonderful *FREE* book has recently been written on this very subject—a book that tells all about the Irving System—a Startling New Easy Method of Writing Stories and Photoplays. This amazing book, called *"The Wonder Book for Writers,"* shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't *dream* they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest Ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own Imagination may provide an endless gold mine of Ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you *ARE* a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. How to *WIN!*

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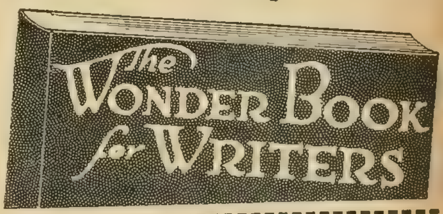

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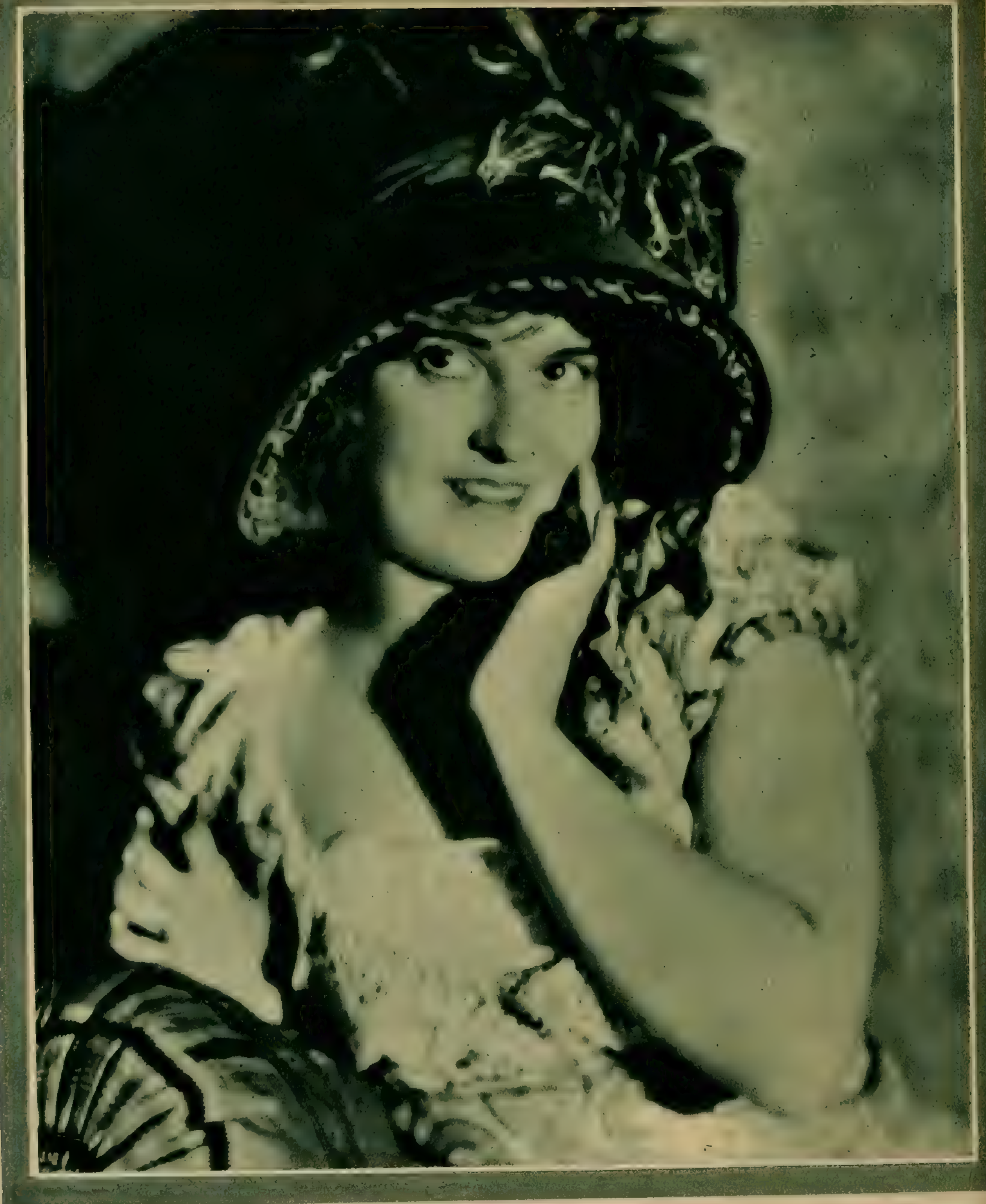
RICHARD BARTHELMESS

Dick Barthelmess has been on the screen since 1916, when he made his début in Herbert Brenon's "War Brides" with Nazimova. It was not until last year that he scored his big hit — as the Yellow Man of "Broken Blossoms," a characterization which bids fair to be as lasting in favor as Walthall's famous Little Colonel

Photograph by Abbe



Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

MADGE KENNEDY

Ever since Madge Kennedy stepped to the silversheet from footlight farce comedy, she has been a popular favorite. Miss Kennedy is one of the foremost Goldwyn stars

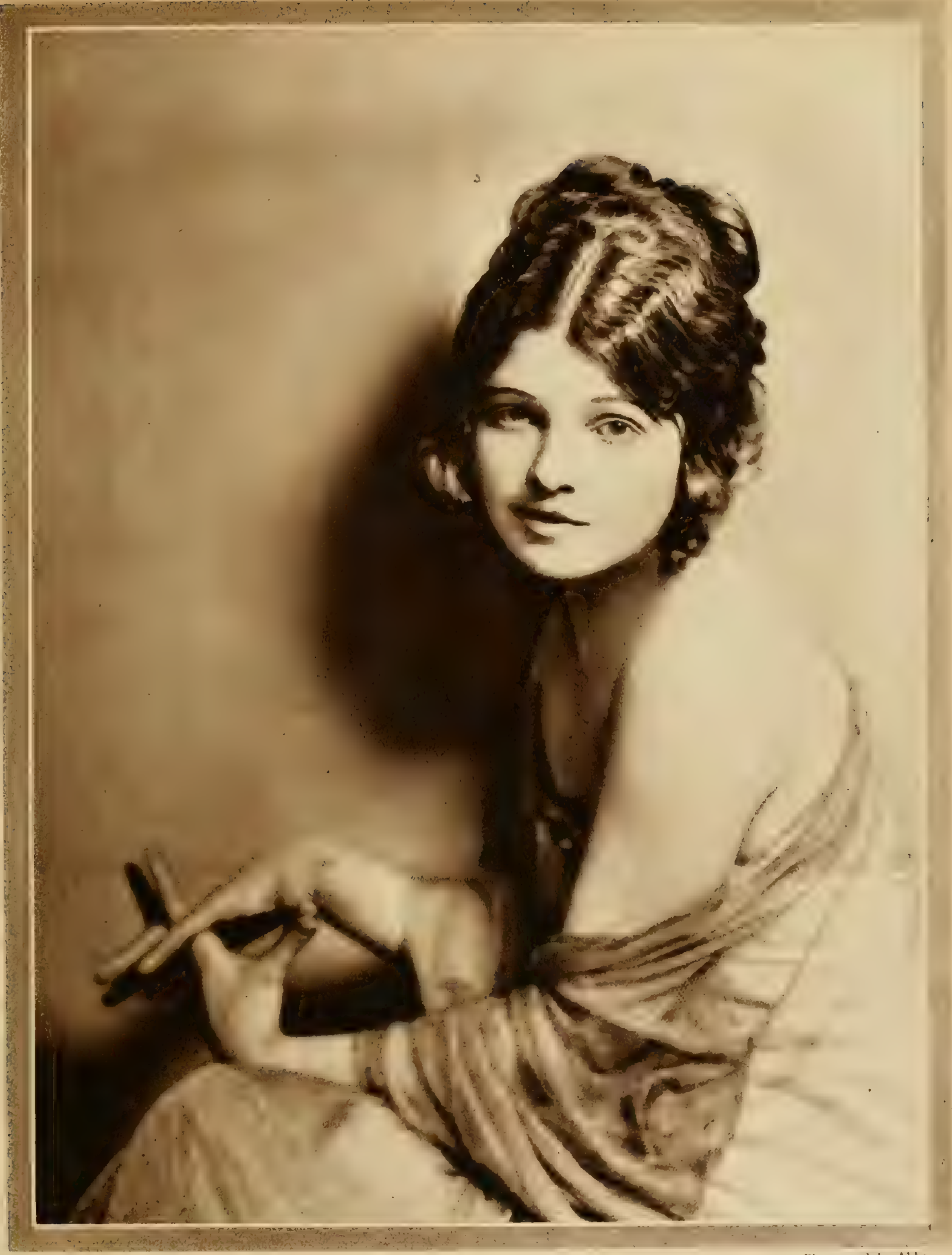
BETTY BLYTHE

Betty Blythe is one of the most beautiful of the cinema stars. She made her first hit in Vitagraph's "Over the Top" and since has been contributing many interesting characterizations to the films

Photograph by Evans

RÚTH ROLAND

The motion picture serial has no more popular exponent than Ruth Roland, the favorite Pathé star. Life is just one thrill after another for Miss Roland



Photograph by Abbe

BETTY ROSS CLARKE

Miss Clarke is a cinema newcomer. She scored in William Farnum's "If I Were King," and has a leading rôle in Doris Keane's "Romance." Miss Clarke has unusual beauty and charm

B. C. 1920

Meaning Betty Compson Becomes a Star this Year

Betty Compson says her career really started over a year ago, with her rôle in "The Miracle Man." "Before that," she says, "I had drifted along aimlessly and without particular ambition. Life was an adventure — and that was all. I never thought of tomorrow. Nobody in particular gave me a second thought. I didn't myself"

Right at the start we must confess to a fearful interview *faux pas*.

We did something no interviewer has ever admitted, as far as we know.

We sneezed. It was an editorial sneeze, but still it *was* a sneeze.

And Miss Betty Compson did something never before admitted of an interviewee. She sneezed.

When you realize that this occurred in the tea-room of the Claridge, you begin to comprehend the enormity of it all.

It was with this spirit of cold camaraderie that our chat began. It was Miss Compson's first outdoor—at least as far out as the tea-room—appearance in four days. We were doing our best to forget terrific chills in huge cups of oolong, said oolong being the only . . . But that is another story.

"'S awful," sighed Miss Compson, from behind the daintiest of handkerchiefs, referring, of course, to the weather.

"'S awful," we admitted—between chills.

"Wonderful city," continued Miss Compson. Despite a haze of bromo-quinine, we suspected a note of satire. But we were wrong. Miss Compson really meant it.

We murmured a long-suppressed longing for a warm beach at Waikiki or some such spot, altho, in truth, our cold was abating. What cold could do otherwise before Miss Compson? For she is—here we find ourselves weeks later still groping for a vivid enough adjective—dazzlingly beautiful. Which is hackneyed, but true.

The cinema camera has never caught the real Compson beauty. A slender, elusive, delicate sort it is, quite Elsie Fergusonish.

All this we enthusiastically conceded to Miss Compson. "Very nice—for a tired editor with chills," she admitted.

Firmly removing our gaze from the Compson profile, we asked the first-aid query of all interviewers: "Your hopes, your real dreams, all that sort of thing, please."

"Betty Compson's career really began slightly over a year ago," she started impersonally. "Before that I had drifted along aimlessly and without particular ambition.

By
FREDERICK
JAMES
SMITH

Exclusive Pictures Taken for the "Classic"

"You must feel your rôles to succeed on the screen," says Miss Compson. "I am positive that Norma Talmadge sinks herself into her parts, that Mary Pickford forgets her identity, that Elsie Ferguson feels her film moods. Sincerity must be there"

"I started as a kiddie in vaudeville and I played a violin in endless theaters. My youth," (we smiled at the youthful Miss Compson's use of the word), "was just one railway station, hotel hall-room and dreary dressing-room after another. It was a livelihood—life was an adventure—and that was all. I never thought of tomorrow.

"Then I tried pictures. I gained a little place for myself on the screen. Those were the days when I played in comedies with Roscoe Arbuckle and others. But I never quite struck fire. Nobody in particular gave me a second thought. I didn't myself.

"One day I came to George Loane Tucker, who was seeking a girl for 'The Miracle Man.' I was tired and discouraged—I guess I looked the rôle. Anyway, Mr. Tucker gave it to me.

"From that moment dates my career, whatever it may be. The character interested me and I fairly lived it during the making of the photoplay. Then, for the first time, I felt ambitious and I began to try."

Miss Compson smiled whimsically. "I hadn't read much of particular value before, but I began with a vengeance. I have put my months to good use, I think, for in that time I have read most of Wells, much of Shaw and nearly everything of the younger English authors." Miss Compson paused.

"The world is really just beginning to unfold. I was a dull outsider before—now—well, it's nice."

"Looking backward," we queried, "what impresses you most?"

Miss Compson pondered the question. "It's that I think I have discovered at least a part of the secret of screen success. It consists of sincerity. If you are not sincere you cannot possibly last in the films.

"You must feel your rôles. I am positive that Norma Talmadge sinks herself into her parts; that Mary Pickford forgets her identity; that Elsie Ferguson feels her film moods. Sincerity must be there.

"Then, too, you must have some brains to go any distance.

(*Continued on page 74*)

The Mid-Day Frolic

By TRUMAN B. HANDY

Above, Vera Steadman, the sea-going belle of Fox comedies, and, very much at the right, Dorothy Devore of the Christie forces. Miss DeVore is the tiniest girl in comedies, being just five feet one. Miss Steadman is one of the best divers and swimmers in the films

LEAVE it to the movies to bring forth a new variety of sand witch—a lovely damsel of youth and beauty and perfection of form, who looks so intrinsically luscious that Eastern producers of musical revues have changed their standard of ladies of the ensemble. Indeed, they are now judging chorus aspirants by the mack-sennettian rules and regulations the silent stage formally "adopted" at least two years ago as being *the dernier cri* of feminine pulchritude.

In days more or less gone by pictures used to pick their pippins from the stage choruses. Witness Kay Laurel, the delectable Olive Thomas and the lily-white Marion Davies. But, having plucked from the stage tree a half dozen lemons—frizzly blonde ladees with as many wrinkles as a palm-leaf fan—to every *one* real peach, experts on the subject of cinematic saccharinity decreed that: (1), innocent belles between the ages of fifteen and eighteen are those best calculated to set on fire the masculine hearts in the movie audiences; (2), cuddly blondes are the most desirable, most marriageable objects on earth; (3), demure brunettes with dimpled knees and a healthy smile are the lineal progeny of the famous Mrs. Venus, and, (4), that Titian-haired sorceresses—the kind rapturous poets have raved over as cavorting about in sylvan dells while moonbeams bathe

Where the Stars of the Low-and-Behold Comedies Come From

their white-white skin in silver hues—are quite the very best means of making the mere men of the country want to leave home.

And it is no use denying that Mr. Mack Sennett was the first to put the sin into cinema. And, to be even more explicit and perhaps a bit more *intime,* as the French say, it behooves us to admit that Mr. Sennett had his finger jolly well placed on the public pulse when he ordained Miss Sweet Sixteen as the vestal virgin of his comedy temple.

And, inasmuch as Sennettism is more or less indigenous to the California soil, he picked his "decorative background" from the beaches.

Photographs © by Evans

Above, Peggy Davis, a lorelei of the Christie company and, left, the sprightly Marie Prevost of the Sennett beauty squad. Only one girl in 10,000 can qualify for the bathing comedies, says Mack Sennett. Miss Prevost would qualify out of a million

Being a mere male myself, I hereby confess that I am wont to get considerable "kick" out of the screen picture of Marie Prevost in her one-piece bathing-suit. And this, I assure you, is precisely the reason that the movies have stepped forward with their bevy of beautiful bathers.

The sand witches in question must have large quantities of "pep"—and, moreover, their figures must be as perfectly proportionate as that of the Venus of Milo. No angles nor sharp corners for the wind to whistle around.

Brains aren't an absolutely necessary adjunct. Nevertheless, they're always a help, and if a present-day bathing girl chances to possess them she stands an equal chance of achieving the good fortune—and, incidentally, the gowns—acquired by Gloria Swanson.

Every feminine visitor to the Sennett, Fox-Sunshine, Rolin, Christie or other studios making particular use of the decorative feminine background is carried back to her boarding-school days. The dormitory dressing-rooms where the girls hold forth are precisely like the boudoirs at a socially exclusive finishing school. The walls are covered with the usual feminine assortment of Art, chocolates are on the chairs and gum under the window-sills, ouija boards are on the dressing-table and the spirit of Youth permeates everywhere.

Impression has it that the average comedy beauty is a peculiar variety of fish; a creature who spends the totality of her waking hours in the studio swimming pool, and who eats, sleeps, talks and dreams of—water.

Fact is, the majority of the girls cant swim, and nine out of every ten have never had their feet wet by the splashing ocean.

A very poetical male once wrote that the New York chorus girl is an exotic flower—an orchid which blooms for an hour and then fades. At any rate, she's a distinctive creature who thrives peculiarly under lights—on Broadway after theater hour.

The movies' midday frolickers, on the other hand, have a clause in their contract which makes them liable to dismissal if they're caught out in public later than ten o'clock on week-day nights. Being a camera subject, a girl has to have a "photographic" face—one that will not look like the bird's-eye view of a plowed field.

In addition, she must have qualities that make her individual and different from the average run of females. In other words, she just "is" or she "isn't." If you can lose a girl in a crowd she has no chance on the screen. If her personality does not stand out among other personalities, she simply cant qualify.

Provided she has passed the acid test, she is required to report each morning at 8:30. With another girl she shares one of the aforementioned dressing-rooms. She must exercise; she cant get fat. If walking wont turn the trick, the studio matron requires her to don a gym suit and take a "workout" on a vacant stage. Or perhaps she has to roll.

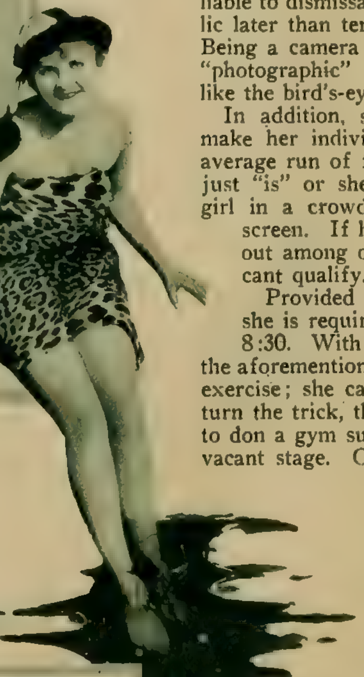
Stage chorus girls have of the foregoing routine, plus: rehearsals at eleven; lunch; performance at two; rest and dinner; evening show at eight—plenty of one-two-three-kick exercises. No chance to get hefty.

None of the successful contemporary comedy girls—Phillis Haver, Marjorie Payne, of Christie's; Marie Prevost, Peggy Davis, Vera Steadman, Bessie True, of Sunshine; Norma Canterno, Harriet Hammond—have ever had stage experience. The majority have come to the studio directly from school. None have ever seen a theatrical agency, and nearly all have been brought to the attention of the producers by other girls on the "lot."

One girl invites a pal to visit the studio and together they go giggling to interview the manager. Some day the pal is employed in a mob scene. If she "is," she is regularly added to the company, and it is not infrequently that she develops real talent. More than one current first-magnitude star got her start in the swimming tank.

In the beginning, an anxious mother usually accompanies the newcomer. Seeing her cherub

(*Continued on page* 70)



Photographs by Evans

Helen Darling, above, is a former café dancer. Now she is a Christie beach-combing star. In the center is Phillis Haver, the Sennett favorite. Below is Virginia Hammond, a comparatively recent Sennett belle

Photograph © by Mack Sennett

The Cost of the Modern Photoplay

By
HARRISON HASKINS

NOWADAYS, when motion picture profits and losses are reckoned in millions, few stop to consider the actual cost of production. From a few hundred dollars the cost of filming a regular release photoplay has climbed from the $30,000 of a year or so ago to $40,000 or $60,000, while a feature production easily runs up to from $125,000 to $150,000.

No director is more competent to discuss studio costs than Allan Dwan, who is essentially a business-man director. "I smile when directors talk loudly of art," says Dwan. "I look upon a photoplay in the making as a commercial product, and endeavor to create a picture that will make the broadest entertainment appeal."

It was then that Dwan began detailing production costs. "The average standard release—such as the products of the Famous Players-Lasky, Metro and other concerns—runs above

(Continued on page 79)

Allan Dwan is a type of business-man director. His opinions upon motion picture production costs consequently have unusual significance

Photographs © by Evans

At the left is a characteristic view of Mr. Dwan directing, blue glasses an' everything. Below he is reading a script to his company, which includes James Kirkwood and Anna Q. Nilsson

From a few hundred dollars, the cost of producing a regular photoplay feature has advanced to $40,000. A feature drama now runs to $125,000 or $150,000. Allan Dwan predicts that these costs will double during the coming year

The Human Photoplay

Photograph above by Hoover Art Co.

Photograph left by J. H. Morgan

Above, a recent study of King Vidor; center, Mr. Vidor directing, with Mrs. Vidor and little Ben Alexander; below, instructing Charles Meredith how to make love to Mrs. Vidor

A LARGE photographed copy of the Vidor creed hangs over the desk in King Vidor's private study. It dominates the room, even as its lofty principles dominate the life and work of this young director and producer, who has fearlessly broken down many of the cherished traditions in his endeavor to bring better films, with better themes, into motion pictures.

The first time I met King Vidor was in the flush of the phenomenal success following the showing of his initial picture, "The Turn in the Road," and, tho he was pleased and happy over the praise showered upon his work and the honors it brought him, he had not lost his head nor his sane balance. I met him again a year later, when, having backed up this success by several pictures of rare merit, he had demonstrated that his first effort was no accident, but the result of keen judgment guided by an absorbing ideal.

He was still unspoiled, eager and boyish, with a little more confidence, perhaps, but sincerely viewing his past achievements merely as the finger pointing to greater work yet to be accomplished.

After all, an ideal is the most practical thing in the world, for it is the force, the energy behind action, creating a subtle spiritual power that finds its expression thru the individual who has courage to listen to its call.

Remembering the Vidor pictures, which are ever like a breath of clean, fresh wind sweeping aside the accumulating stale and sordid elements which frequently mar the present-day films, I am glad that he has unfalteringly followed his ideal.

"What is the human photoplay?" I asked, as I tried to memorize the creed before me.

After a thoughtful pause, Mr. Vidor set on record a satisfying definition as he replied, "A human photoplay is one that depicts people and things as they really are—one that is based on truth, life and naturalness, built on drama but devoid of melodrama—a theme that is comprehensive and discernible by the greatest number of people!

"Human life consists of struggle," he continued, "struggle up and out of false beliefs and superstitions that hamper, and it is only thru right thinking that this can be done, so in my stories on the screen, if I can portray a bit of life, a simple story universal in its appeal, carrying an

The Vidor Idea

By MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

A Creed and a Pledge

I believe in the motion picture that carries a message to humanity.

I believe in the picture that will help humanity to free itself from the shackles of fear and suffering that have so long bound it with iron chains.

I will not knowingly produce a picture that contains anything I do not believe to be absolutely true to human nature, anything that could injure anyone or anything unclean in thought or action.

Nor will I deliberately portray anything to cause fright, suggest fear, glorify mischief, condone cruelty or extenuate malice.

I will never picture evil or wrong except to prove the fallacy of its lure.

So long as I direct pictures I will make only those founded upon the principle of right, and I will endeavor to draw upon the inexhaustible source of good for my stories, my guidance and my inspiration.

King W. Vidor.

uplifting thought that will help, I shall be happy. Life can be excitement and thrills and still be human, or it can be all of this and not be human if it is too far removed from daily experience, too much toward types and exceptions, and so narrowed in its application that only the few can understand."

"Going back to 'The Turn in the Road,'" I prompted, recalling that marvelously human film that had sent its vital message into the hearts of many.

"Well, in that picture," began Mr. Vidor, "I had this idea in mind—how can I make it so real, so true, that it will hit home; in other words, make it so universally human that every one who sees it will get the thought and be with the characters as they work out the story, for emotions tend to unite humanity thru the sharing of sympathies!

"With this hope before me, I laid the scenes in a small town, introduced several incidents that would touch any neighborhood and selected characters of every-day folks whom all know.

"In watching motion picture audiences I have noticed that during what I call the human scenes, they are interested and intense, while during the romantic episodes their attention is frequently diverted."

"Then you dont consider the love story an essential ingredient?" I asked, amazed at this iconoclastic suggestion.

Center, the Vidors in their new car, and, below, little Suzanne gets her first taste of motion picture direction. Ben Alexander appears with Mr. and Mrs. Vidor

Photograph center by Evans
Photograph left by J. H. Morgan

"Not what is termed the juvenile love interest, unless it upholds the theme," he replied, laughing at my surprise. "In the many letters I received from young people regarding 'The Turn in the Road,' few of them mentioned the love story; it was the struggle toward the light that interested them, and many spoke of the help it had afforded, which all goes to show the trend of thought in the audiences of today.

"In my last picture, 'The Family Honor,' it is the love of a sister for her two brothers and her unswerving loyalty which is the theme, the love story being wholly secondary; while in 'The Jack-Knife Man,' by Ellis Parker Butler, my next film, there are no young people in the cast, except a four-year-old boy, and the story is woven around the devotion of an old man for this child.

"Romance on the screen is usually too vividly portrayed, too obvious, too highly colored to be natural and so lacks interest. It is the simple story, simply told, in simple surroundings with which all are familiar, and with characters like themselves, such as they can understand, that has what we call the universal appeal with an audience.

"For instance, the majority of people are not handsome, and in their hearts they haven't the sympathy with those who are, and a handsome hero, like Wallace Reid, has more to overcome in reaching his audience than does a plainer man. Will Rogers made one of his clever remarks when he said, 'Guess they put me in motion pictures so all the homely birds will feel good—there are so many of *us!*'"

"What is the most important element in the successful photoplay?" I questioned, finding Mr.

(*Continued on page 75*)

Romance Comes to Priscilla

Priscilla Dean and Wheeler Oakman were secretly married recently. The romance came about during the filming of the Universal feature, "The Virgin of Stamboul." In the center is a glimpse of Miss Dean "making up" her new husband

THE great romance has come to the little "Wildcat of Paris," and recently Priscilla Dean and Wheeler Oakman slipped away and were quietly married!

It is still a dead secret, but as Priscilla and I talked it all over, sitting on a wooden bench under the huge pepper trees in the Universal studio grounds, I reminded her that these love stories will leak out eventually, so she consented to my announcing the interesting news.

No one knew of their plans except Mary, as Priscilla calls her mother and best pal, and, of course, Mary went along, and tho her heart was a little heavy at the thought of sharing her daughter's life with another, she had already accepted Wheeler as a son, a dear and devoted one, and—"We're all *so* happy!" added the little wife, with a new and sweetly serious note in her voice.

Miss Dean is a stunning-looking girl, with her slim young figure, dancing black eyes, rosy cheeks and a radiant smile that shows her merry good humor as well as her pretty teeth.

She is still the "Wildcat," oh, dear yes, irresistible and irrepressible in her vivacity and gay spirits. Her name and her piquant face may be flashing all over the world, but she is not a bit "up-stage," nor the least spoiled—just a democratic, generous "good fellow." She had a jolly "Hello!" for every one who chanced to pass our bench, whether it was her director, Tod Browning, or Erich von Stroheim, the maker and builder of "Blind Husbands," an elderly electrician or a property boy in faded overalls.

"Sure," laughed Priscilla, when I spoke of this. "They are all good scouts; I like 'em and I believe they all like me. They treat me to candy and I play games with them—we are just kids together out here.

"Sometimes I *try* to be gentle and demure," she exclaimed, gaily, "but what's the use! I just cant be quiet; I must be up and doing every minute, and I'm all over the place, teasing and joking every one."

"I dont see how he ever did it!" I said, watching the eager little face beneath the drooping hat.

"Who did *what?*" demanded Priscilla, briskly.

"Wheeler Oakman——" I began.

"Oh-h!" she interrupted, laughing. "Well, Mae Murray introduced us a long time ago when he was her leading man, but we immediately forgot all about each other. He was in service fourteen months, in France, too, and one afternoon after he returned I met him on the street, but we just spoke and passed on.

By MARY KEENE

Photographs by Jack Freulich

Vhen my picture, 'The Virgin of Stamboul,' ame along, Wheeler was cast as leading man, nd that's when it began. It just grew and *rew* until, when we went on location up at)xnard and were working awfully hard on ur desert scenes, he proposed to me. He bet nat we would be married within the year, and bet we wouldn't, but—you see—I lost. Really, this is the first serious love affair I ver had. There wasn't any use *waiting,* so e just up and married without any fuss or xcitement.

"We are planning to build a little white olonial bungalow in Hollywood. Wheeler is razy about a home, and I am domestic, too, or I can cook and wash dishes and scrub and, hat is more, I am glad that I know how. We e already scrapping about the dogs—that we *aven't!* Wheeler wants a bulldog and I want wire-haired terrier. Isn't that a peaceful mbination?

"We both love to entertain our friends with formal dinners and suppers, and we like to vim and play tennis and dance and ride rseback, but neither of us can *see* golf— oks like a lot of walking around with noth- g doing. We're picture fans, too, and our ief sport is following serials—we like the rills!" and the little star's con- gious giggle made several smile they passed us.

Priscilla Dean was born in New ork city and at an early age went the stage with her mother, May reston-Dean. When she was four e was playing in "Rip Van Vinkle," with the great Joseph fferson, and she also ayed with that other e actor, James A. Hearne, in "Shore Acres" and "Hearts of Oak."

Below is a view of Miss Dean in her new picture, "The Virgin of Stamboul." The Wildcat of Paris is still her favorite rôle. "I like wild parts," she says, "the wilder the better"

At fourteen she did a song-and-dance act—it was *toe* dancing, too—at the opening season of the *Folies Bergere* in New York, and later made a hit with Harry Pilcer in his famous whirlwind dance.

Then came a period of stage work and pictures, mixed, and four years ago she came to Los Angeles to play comedy for the National.

"You remember that the company busted," recalled Priscilla, cheerfully, "and I was stranded, without a nickel. I met a man connected with the Buick agency, and he suggested that I try for the coming Ascot beauty contest. He had the car dolled up in gay cretonne, and I wore a simple little summer dress, while Dorothy Dalton, Edna Goodrich and the other contestants were all beautifully gowned. I was lucky, tho, for the crowd was with me right from the start and I won the first prize. A little later I won a bathing-suit prize at Venice and, as this had given me much publicity, Universal made me leading woman for Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran in their

(*Continued on page* 78)

Those Vampire Eyes!

Two interesting close-ups—and a long shot—of Carmen Phillips' eyes. Carmen has distinguished herself as a fil-em vampire. You can judge for yourself upon studying the Phillips optics

Photograph by Witzel

The MAN WHO KILLED

Told in story form from the George Fitzmaurice-Mae Murray Photoplay

By DOROTHY DONNELL

GLORIA, LADY FALKLAND, had been dead five years, but, unfortunately, they do not bury women whose bodies are still able to move about, and eat and drink and breathe. So she carried her dead heart about with her, sepulchred under her beautiful breasts, and looked out at the world with dead, beautiful eyes that never wept, never smiled, even when she gazed down into the face of her little son.

Lady Falkland never looked at Archie without the terror of seeing something of his father in the soft baby curves of him, without fear of some vague hint of the cold cruelty, malice and cynicism that had murdered her girlish hopes beginning to show in the rosy baby flesh. After all, he was *his* child as well as hers.

Yet it was the boy who had kept her in Constantinople these last hideous years, enduring all Sir Archibald's slights, insults, indiscretions, because not to endure them would have meant disgrace for the boy and possibly separation from him. Constantinople, with its hard glare of brassy sun, its heartless gaiety of color on housetop and in market square, its senseless, soulless laughter that jangled discordantly on alien ears—she hated the place—until even the powers of hating had become dulled.

Tonight, muffled in moonlight, it lay along the Hellespont a dream city, with frail minarets and towers like fingers pointing upward. The waters under the prow of her skiff were blue and tipped with little light golden flames, the air was clean and scentless upon her forehead, robbed of the heavy, sickly odors of the day.

"He has only killed me, Richard," smiled the woman in self mockery, "killed the heart of me. I'm not the Gloria you knew. I'm her ghost"

It might have been a breath out of the greenness of other springs long ago in England, so long ago that they seemed to her sometimes like a thing she had dreamed and wakened from.

The boatman, a muffled shape in the prow, began to sing a native chant, but the soul of his passenger was far away. There is something about beauty that leads the thoughts toward some beautiful thing, and Gloria was back again, six years back, in Sussex with the white hawthorn hedges, like ghost flowers, all about them, and a nightingale setting the moon to silver music and a man's hands touching hers, reverently, as an acolyte his shrine, a man's voice throbbing in her ears. "I love you, Gloria—oh, I love you——"

It had been her beautiful moment and she had let it be taken from her, stolen, cast contemptuously aside to wither even like one of those tender, budding hawthorn sprays. Love! Bah! A word for babies and fools, they had told her. A penniless girl could not afford love when she might have marriage with one of the great men of her country, a lord, wealthy, too—come, come, be sensible!

The clean wind of the Sussex downs. The oaks and little thatched cottages and hedges and a deep voice that faltered over foolish words—"I love you, Gloria——" The hawthorn blossoms that would never bloom for her again——

"Oh," said Lady Falkland aloud, with a little broken laugh of pity, "she was so very *young*, and she believed so many things, and she put her hand out trustingly to life," for it seemed to the disillusioned woman in the skiff that the girl who had worn a white gown in the Sussex dusk was some one else who had lived and died a long time ago. Surely she was not one with the flouted, scorned creature who had sickened at the shame of sitting at the table where her husband and his mistress made wanton love before her face and crept out here into the dusk for a merciful moment of respite.

The slender boat shell moved silently thru the water, leaving a ribbon of golden ripples behind. The woman sat quite motionless, brooding, her white hands folded lightly in her lap. And suddenly she knew that she did not care any longer what he did or how he insulted her wifehood or what the insolent, ruddy Lady Edith, with her painted lips and hard glitter of rings, plotted against her. The dead do not feel shame, cannot be humiliated, and she was wholly dead of heart at last.

The cry that rose to her lips now was not of fear, tho the frail boat staggered under the impact of the other skiff that had materialized without warning out of the shadows. "Dick!" said Lady Falkland, "Dick!" and held out her hands with a beautiful, simple gesture to the man who stared incredulously down at her from the other boat. In the prows the two Turks quarreled fiercely over the mishap and the blame thereof. The city lay very far away, and the present, while the two travelers from the past touched hands in greeting.

"God, but you haven't changed, Gloria," swore Richard Loring, and then the moon looked out from her face veil of cloud and fell mercilessly upon the lifted face of Lady Falkland and the words died on his lips. Beautiful still, with hollows where there had been curves, shadows where there had been light, and her eyes—the man gave a stifled groan. "Gloria! What has he done to you?"

"He has only killed me, Richard," smiled the woman, in self-mockery, "killed the heart of me. He would do that, you know, where it would be kinder to kill my body. I'm not the Gloria you knew. I'm her ghost. But I keep right on living. I'm so dreadfully *healthy*, Richard. It's—rather a shame."

He shook. She felt him even across the space that separated them. Perhaps her soul was closer, I do not know

THE MAN WHO KILLED

Fictionized from the scenario of Ouida Bergere, based upon the play of Claude Farrere and Pierre Fromdaire. Produced by George Fitzmaurice for Paramount-Artcraft. Directed by Mr. Fitzmaurice, starring Mae Murray. The cast:

Lady Falkland	Mae Murray
Richard Loring	David Powell
Lady Edith	Alma Tell
Sir Archibald Falkland	Holmes E. Herbert
Prince Stanislaus de Cermurcz	Macey Harlan
Marshal to Sultan	Frank Losee
Governess	Marcia Harris
Little Archie	Lawrence Johnston

But at once, because she was a woman, and women spare those whom they love, she changed her tone, began to speak lightly of conventional things. How did it happen, she asked, that he was here in the East, when she had supposed him in London? Her tone shook, speaking the name, and he sensed something of the awful exile of her soul.

Less tactful than she—men always prefer the fundamentals—he answered her briefly. He was an attaché to the Consul, very lately arrived—yes, yes, every one she knew was well in England when he left. But *she*, he stammered, he had heard things—gossip—idle reports—— "And now," he said, suddenly violent, "now I know they're true! That beast! Yes, I must say it, Gloria—that's what he is; no man could treat a woman so, a woman like you, so little, and sweet and breakable . . ."

The boatsmen, from anathemas had progressed to amenities and were now become bosom friends, embracing, to the peril of their craft. Lady Falkland stirred suddenly and looked about her with startled eyes. "It's late. I must go back." She was all at once a hunted thing. "If he finds me gone—you see, he's so anxious to find something he can use——"

"Use?" Loring repeated thickly. "You dont mean——"

She nodded dully. "He wants a divorce. Lady Edith—he would marry her if he could, but I wont ask for one. For the boy's sake. And so—he's watching—for a chance to sue me. He's even chosen the man—a Russian prince with great, thick, red lips. You see, I have to be"—she laughed, breathlessly—"careful. I couldn't lose Archie, you know. He's the only thing I've got in all the world."

"You've got *me*, Gloria," the man in the other skiff said, very low. In the dim light his eyes burned down into hers with a clean, clear flame. "I—haven't changed. I never shall. Some men are like that—they want only one woman and you're my woman. It's something stronger than we are, stronger than life, even. It's drawn us together again after all these years, and it will keep on drawing us until there is no more parting. I dont know how. I just know it's so. Look at me, Gloria. Dont you believe it, too?"

She shook her head. "I'm dead, I tell you! Can you raise the dead, Richard? There's nothing left here," her hands touched her breast, "nothing but ashes . . ."

But that night, within her own chamber, behind the locked door, she knelt for a long time, while the sleepy maid nodded in her corner, wondering why the God of the white race required such endless prayers. But Lady Falkland was not praying, or if she prayed, it was with strange words. "After all these years, and I so changed. Am I still beautiful, I wonder? I haven't looked into a mirror for so long, but *he* sneers at me and says no man could be expected to be faithful to such a scrawny thing!"

The thin stuff of her negligée slipped back from her outflung arms, showing their wasted beauty. She had been rather a plump girl, all firm, rosy curves and dimples. The worn beauty of her lifted face was stamped with horror. "Let me stay dead, God!" Lady Falkland prayed. "Living means suffering, and I'm so tired. So tired of feeling—too tired even to love. Let me stay dead, please, God!"

Sir Archibald Falkland was very cordial to the new attaché at the consulate, a trifle too cordial. Robert Loring, seething at the thought of the wrongs a certain woman had suffered at the hands of this stout, jovial, effusive person, could hardly restrain a savage desire to plunge

"Let me stay dead, God," Lady Falkland prayed. "Living means suffering—and I'm so tired. So tired of feeling—too tired even to live"

"Look at yourself!" he sneered, indicating her uncovered limbs, her torn, dishevelled hair. "A likely story—"

his fingers into the flabby flesh of his throat. But if he was to help Gloria, it could not be by such direct methods, and so he accepted Falkland's invitation to call at his house. "A man falls heir to his wife's old friends, eh, Loring?" and presently he went.

The woman who came to meet him, one thin hand on the shoulder of a little four-year-old lad, was the colorless Lady Falkland that all Constantinople knew, light hair dragged back from her forehead, all her careful gowning not quite concealing her pitiful lack of flesh. She gave him a cold, nervous hand. "You should not have come," she quivered. "Oh, I wish you had not come! Of course, he asked you, ~~but~~ he means something dreadful. I can always tell, because then he's almost kind to me."

It was a shameful thing to see how she shrank and trembled at the thought of her husband, and how the little boy looked uneasily about him and drew closer to her. It made Richard Loring physically sick when he thought what long tutelage had schooled them in this fear. "Gloria," he said, when, after a short, formal call he stood in the hall taking his leave, "I cant stand this. Why dont you end it? Leave him, go back to England! There's no law that can compel a woman to endure what you have to endure!"

"No, but there's a law that would take my baby away from me if I left him," Lady Falkland reminded him, "and so I shall stay. And I shall endure whatever I must, even if it's more than I've had to bear before. But it will be easier if you dont come any more. I'm afraid, Richard, afraid——"

"Not of me, surely, dear?" he asked her. And she shook her head, smiling painfully.

"I'm afraid of—myself," Lady Falkland whispered.

That night Sir Archibald was very drunk indeed. So drunk that he was quite amorous toward his wife, and in horror of his caresses she fled to a small pavilion on the lawn where she had fitted up a little room, a refuge when he made merry with his chosen intimates in the house, as he frequently pleased to do. Lady Edith laughed at his discomfiture. "When a man finds he has a rival," she sneered, "it adds attractions even to a wife, eh, Archie? My word, you were quite taken with Lady Bones tonight! Quite touching to see such husbandly devotion."

The man grew sullen under her gibes, then flared to fury. "Damn her!" he fumed. "I wont stand her virtuous airs any longer. As for Loring, what do you think I invited him here for, if it wasn't to get her where I want her? I'll be rid of her—but I'll keep the boy. She'll whine and whimper to him, and by and by she'll send for him, and then——"

"And then?" Lady Edith fawned, leaning her blowzy beauty to him. "Then, Archie, old boy, what about *me?*"

He leered at her with rheumy eyes. He liked 'em a good armful, with plenty of color. "Then I'm damned if I dont marry you, Edie," he promised, "if we're still friends."

The woman got up restlessly and moved to the window to hide a frown. If they were still friends! The longer that milk-faced fool hung on to him, the less her chances, for she knew well that her lord's affections were fitful as the wind. She leaned her forehead against the glass, staring out into the night, which was torn apart violently now and again with jagged splinters of lightning, and, so staring, uttered a cry of delight.

"Would you call it grounds for divorce," she pointed triumphantly, "if a married woman receives a Russian prince in her bedroom at this hour?"

Sir Archibald was at her side in an instant, peering with the face of an eager devil into the thick dark. When, for an instant it lifted, he saw thru the window of the pavilion his wife struggling desperately in the arms of the unsavory Prince Stanislaus de Cermurcz, whom he had brought to the house a month before in the hopes of this very thing.

"Call the servants. We must have witnesses!" he directed. "I'll go confront them! Give herself damn' virtuous airs, will she?"

The eyes of the two of them, bad man, bad woman, met, and the woman, because she *was* a woman, had an instant's compunction. "He's a beast—and she hates him . . . it isn't sporty . . ."

"Dont you give yourself virtuous airs!" Sir Archibald snarled. "She could have sued me years ago, and she wouldn't, just out of spite. Keep out of this, Edie—it's just as much your advantage as mine."

In the pavilion, from which the Prince had incontinently fled at the first sign of approaching footsteps, the husband and wife faced one another, the woman clutching

(*Continued on page 68*)

"I shall sleep well," murmured Lady Falkland, "so soundly that I think I shall not even dream—" She took a step towards the edge of the parapet

Alec Francis, Pioneer

Alec Budd Francis was born in London, England, and originally destined for the law. But the law did not appeal to him. He liked the idea of presenting an argument to a jury, but that was the only thing he did like; all the rest was drudgery. However, he did his best for a while in order to please his father, who was a prominent barrister, and then, one day, fully convinced that he would not gain greatness there, he left the paternal office to embark on the career he had chosen for himself. You are right—he became an actor.

Now, it is probable that but for his extreme sensitiveness, the very sensitiveness that made him dislike the law, he would be a favorite of the London stage today. Certainly he would never have been a pioneer in moving pictures. His success was too great for him to have left the stage in time.

He was with the Kendals for two seasons and appeared in "The Solicitor," which ran for 365 nights in London. This was followed by two more big successes, "The Barrister" and "The Guardsman."

He became very elated, he told me, and asked ridiculously big salaries. And then, he said, the managers decided to punish him for thinking himself indispensable by dispensing with him entirely.

He seems to have reacted to outside events with characteristic intensity. Apparently, he was always too elated or overly cast down. It did not occur to him that this misfortune might be temporary. He had been given such an intoxicating draught of great success that, when the cup was taken away from him, it must have seemed like the end of the world.

He didn't go into detail. He simply said that he walked the streets for hours and then enlisted in a regiment bound for British East India.

"I suppose that I had some idea of punishing myself," he said. He told me that he does not believe anything happens in life which is not according to a perfect plan and necessary to human development.

He left the army convinced that he was very much the better in every way for his experience. He had grown to love India, and South Africa, too, where he also served. In England, again, he found that his entire viewpoint of life had changed. The confinement of his once dearly beloved profession was quite unendurable to him. He had

Alec Francis has had an adventurous career. He served in the British army in British East India. Long stage years preceded his screen début, which was with Vitagraph

By
ELIZABETH PELTRET

become imbued with the spirit of "The Empire Builders," so he left the stage again and went to Canada to make his fortune.

"I did every kind of work that I could do," he said, "from running a ranch to nursing in a hospital."

But the fortune did not materialize. It took him several years to work off his restlessness. Finally, however, after wandering a long way around, he came back to the place from which he started—the stage. But it was the New York stage; he has never returned to England.

Photographs by Evans

Alec Francis is now one of the mainstays of the Goldwyn dramatic personnel. Sometime or other he plans to return to his first love—the stage—for just one production. After that it will be the films again

He was married while he was on tour with a production named "Comin' Thru the Rye." His wife was a member of the same company.

His first screen appearance was with Vitagraph. He was with Florence Turner in the first two-reeler ever made, "Auld Lang Syne." From Vitagraph he went to World, starring in the first screen production of "Alias Jimmy Valentine," which was directed by Maurice Tourneur. Of his Goldwyn pictures those that come most readily to mind are, "The Face in the Dark," "The Cinderella Man, "The Flame of the Desert," "The Street Called Straight" and "Earthbound," a spiritualistic picture from the story by Basil King.

You must imagine him as I saw him at the Goldwyn studio in Culver City. He was sitting erect in a straight-backed chair, one hand clasped over the other, resting on the curved handle of a light-colored cane. He wore a fawn-colored overcoat. His hair is grey, his skin very fair and his eyes a peculiarly intense, "electric" blue.

I amused myself by imagining that I was seeing him in his own house. I could easily fancy myself writing, "The place is marked thruout with an elusive atmosphere of the Orient. This is all the more peculiar because the colors are subdued and the furniture arranged with British nicety."

I dont know whether this would be the case or not. He told me that he loves the Orient. I have said that he impressed me as being a mystic. He also impressed me as being a man with a very highly developed sense of order.

"I have been house-hunting all week," he said. "It seems quite impossible to find a place to live in. My wife and I are alone, (my step-children are both married), but we want a

(*Continued on page 73*)

Seena Seen Scenically

Photographs by Abbe

Seena Owen combines—to the outer eye—the bearing and sophistication of the effete East with the love of open spaces, homey people, Colts and Bill Hart photoplays with mustangs and shooting

I MIGHT add, Seena seen mentally, too, were it not for the cumbrous fact that said addition would make a cumbrous title, and meaning must go by the board when such a point is at stake. Hence . . .

The setting was the Biltmore, on a Saturday afternoon at tea-time. Scenically, the value of this depends upon one's point of view.

The background was the spiralling of cigaret smoke, grey-blue, which added to the dull gold of Seena's hair, and there was Hawaiian music, against which she did vociferously protest, and also, there were coffee and considerable French pastry. There is something exceedingly clean-cut about the indubitable beauty of Seena. She moves well, too, and she has a charming carriage. She has a rather indolent air and a detached manner, and yet you find, upon after-contemplation, that she has said a great many things which must, necessarily, have come from a fund of thought and feeling. She is unostentatious to a degree. If she is subtle she conceals it, and yet her simplicity is ultra rather than simple.

It would seem super-discriminating to cavil at the necessity of stopping at the Biltmore, yet Seena was so cavilling. Not, however, exclusively at the Biltmore, but at living in New York City generally. "I feel as tho I cant breathe, as tho I will choke," she lamented. "People in prison must have the same feeling—as if great walls are closing in on them. I miss the blue skies and the open spaces acutely. I could never stand life in a city. And the crowds! It's so different in Los Angeles. It's so homey. Like one big family. Here, you could die of sheer loneliness and there would be no one who would necessarily know nor care. It's a city of strangers. Of course, I do enjoy the café life and seeing the theaters and all that sort of thing, *temporarily*. But I could never stand it, day by day. I know that. Being born in the West, I suppose . . .

"I like to do Western pictures, too," she went on, "the kind I have done with Bill Hart. I had much, much rather do that type of work than the slinky society lady variety. There's something *to* a Western picture; something *every one* cant do. *Anybody* can do the drawing-room stuff. I like to ride and shoot and throw up my hat. I can do it, so why not? It has real life in it."

The Biltmore, and the French pastries and Seena, satin-clad and fur-enveloped . . . the far plains and Bill Hart and the cold muzzle

By
FAITH
SERVICE

of a Colt and Seena dashing about on a mustang . . . rather a far stretch of the imagination, but, (this we say modestly), we *have* an elastic imagination and a great credulity, and we 'ave seen what we 'ave seen!

Seena was here, she knew not whether temporarily or no, it seemed. She was, at the time we talked, just free-lancing, but future plans were more or less in abeyance and pending further consideration. Then, too, there were stage plans. She was quite electric when I asked her whether she would like the stage. "I would be crazy about it!" she declared.

It being a few days prior to the arrival of the Yuletide saint, the conversation ran to said arrival and to the wee generation to whom the arrival looms so importantly. "There is going to be," said Seena, not without wistfulness, "some sort of gathering of the kiddies at the Grand Central Palace on Christmas Day. I am going down there to play with them for a while, since I cant be with Patricia." (Patricia, be it said, is three-year-old Patricia Walsh and a very important part, indeed, of Seena, viewed scenically or any other way.)

Photograph by Abbe

"I haven't dared to break the news to them at home," said Seena, "that I will not be with them Christmas Day. We're an awfully chummy family, mother, my sister, Mr. Walsh, my brother and the baby and I. I've been sending all sorts of vague telegrams in an effort to break the ice, but I haven't dared to attempt the final word yet. It's hard to be away, tho, on Christmas Day. I *never* have before."

We spoke of the general irreconciliation of the woman who, so especially in this day and age, is endeavoring to be at once professional and domestic, to combine the child and the career.

Seena admits to puzzlement. The two, she thinks, are, really, irreconcilable; and yet, paradoxically, no woman reaches a high stage of personal development, and hence a high stage of *artistic* development, until she has known the possession of a child. "I," said Seena, "never knew *anything* until I had Patricia. I dont know much now," she added, with a pretty depreciation, "but I knew even *less* before.

"Perhaps," she said, thoughtfully, after a little, "the very struggle between the personal and the professional, the child and the career is part, a very large part, of the development. It is hard, but . . . I dont know . . ." She shrugged her shoulders and laughed. "One thing I do know," she said, with a glance which took in the pleasant dalliance of the room, "I could never do *nothing*. I would rather be rushed to death than to be *idle*. That would be to me the one thing I never could stand. I dont see how it's done."

No woman reaches a high stage of personal development, says Seena Owen, until she has known the possession of a child. "I never knew anything until I had Patricia," she declares

Seena believes in laughter. Lots of it. For all sorts of things, physical and mental. No physician, she thinks, can do for you what laughter can do, mere *fooling*. "I was so depressed a couple of hours ago," she told me, "that I didn't think I should be able to say three connected words, and then, about an hour ago Clarine Seymour came in and we just sat up in my room and laughed and laughed and kidded away like two-year-olds, and now I feel like one. The depression is gone. I dont know any one I have more fun with than I do with Clarine, anyway."

Seena is a sort of an illustration of the impossibility of East

(*Continued on page* 69)

Came

By LILLI

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Dolores Cassinelli was born in the land of sunshine and blue skies —Italy. Always a student of music, she began with the Essanay Company in Chicago while doing concert work there

SHE claims the distinction of being the only Italian screen artist, and is proud that this is true. She is proud, too, of the fact that she is an Italian, that she was born in the land of sunshine and blue skies, of music and song, of a race with the subtle charm of older civilization and culture than ours—poets, artists, thinkers—of the race that is ready to "kiss or kill," a hot-blooded, warm-hearted people, with the keen sense of justice that quickly recognizes and seeks to right a wrong.

It was Caruso who gave to his young countrywoman the title, "The Cameo Girl," and the name has clung. Not because Caruso gave it, but because Dolores Cassinelli is, in truth, a cameo girl—and far more beautiful in reality than she is on the screen. She has the splendid glow, the sparkle, the effervescence of champagne. One sees in her pure, clear-cut profile, her Madonna-perfect face, the wistfulness, the immortal faith of youth; in the flame of her dark eyes the magic of deathless romance. Love, wisdom, comedy, tragedy—are all combined in her.

The interview was accomplished in a restaurant—if a place so unusual and interesting can be called by that commonplace name—on one of New York's cross streets. I fancy that few New Yorkers, aside from Metropolitan artists, a certain class of "professionals" and their friends, know of its existence. One does not enter—one is admitted at a ring of the bell, volubly greeted in Italian and politely conducted up a wide flight of stairs to rooms that must have been, in days of yore, the scene of many notable gatherings, a place where the élite, the favored few, entertained — and were entertained. A place of charm and dignity, with its many quaintly fashioned old chandeliers, high arched doorways, long mirrors, bare polished floors, tables gleaming with napery and silver at which were gathered interesting and congenial groups.

We were a party of four, Miss Cassinelli, her mother, a friend, myself. While Mrs. Cassinelli was giving her attention to the menu, Dolores was holding court. From this table and that came artists from the Metropolitan stage, from the concert stage, a few from the speaking stage, to greet her, speaking always in soft, liquid, eager tones, their mother tongue. Listening to the inconsequent chatter, the gay laughter, the manifest compli-

Cassinelli

ONTANYE

Photograph above by Alfred Cheney Johnston

ment, one could picture Dolores Cassinelli in her own Italy. A court with vivid flowers blooming, the tinkle of a fountain, olive-skinned swains adoring a dark, vivacious girl picturesquely garbed, behind one small ear a deep red rose.

And then, with a wave of a slender hand, she dismissed her cavaliers and turned to me, a thoroly modern American girl, delightfully girlish in her grey jersey frock, with its glorified vest of old-rose.

Over the delicious Italian dinner I marvelled at her perfect English. "I speak French and Spanish, too," she said. "Languages come easily when one begins young. Of course, I like my own language best of all and love to speak it. But I have tried very hard to perfect myself in English, because I came to America when a mere child and it is really my home. I like the people immensely. They have been more than kind to me. Americans are, perhaps, more cold, more reserved than my people, but it's merely a difference in temperament. Italians are more demonstrative, warmer-hearted," gazing appreciatively at the groups of apparently carefree diners about us. "Americans are just as kind at heart—but they are always so busy. They cannot spend so much time on little things because they are doing so many big things—and one cant do everything."

Photograph by Abbe

Altho born in Italy, Miss Cassinelli is really typically American. She has lived almost her whole life here. Her musical education is a complete one and she can sing fourteen operas

"And you?" I inquired of Mrs. Cassinelli.

"Yes," she said, emphatically, "America *has* been kind. Dolores is really an American. She was educated, grew up here. She has not been back to Italy. I have been back many times, but here I shall be most of the time, because Dolores needs me. I am her manager and attend to all business.

"I, too, have had many offers to act in pictures, but," with a deprecatory shrug, "I have no desire and no time. It is all I can do to look after Dolores—not that she is hard to manage," she said, looking across the table at her daughter, and one saw in the glance they exchanged that they are the most understanding of friends.

Dolores Cassinelli has had a varied career. As she grew up, her abiding love for music, which is one of the characteristics of her race, grew apace with her, and at an early age she began her career upon the concert stage. While doing concert work

(*Continued on page 72*)

"The Blue Flame" of the Films

Here are the first scenes from Theda Bara's new stage play, "The Blue Flame." Miss Bara has temporarily deserted the films to star in this exotic drama under the management of A. H. Woods. Theater records have been smashed everywhere—rather indicating an uncommon interest on the part of the public in the famous cinema siren. Donald Gallagher appears with Miss Bara in the scene at the right

Photographs by White Studios

Sick-a-Bed

Told in story form from the Paramount-Wallace Reid Photoplay

By OLIVE CAREW

"SHE says," moaned John Weems, "she says she's going to get a divorce. My God, what shall I do?"

"Let her get it and thank your lucky stars." But Reginald Jay did not say this aloud. He was too much perturbed at the prospect evoked by his friend—blonde Constance, a trifle inclined to stoutness, more than a trifle romantic, free and husbandless, preying upon whom she willed! In spite of the testimony of his mirror and of ladies' eyes, Jay was a modest young man, but even modesty could not blind him to the fact that Connie had been very tender that night in the Forest of Arden. He groaned aloud, and the afflicted husband echoed the groan.

"Yes, think of it! To lose that peerless woman, and all because of a terrible mistake. Oh, why did I ever show that woman over your property? Why did I ever go into that infamous roadhouse to telephone? Why did I fire that chauffeur? And some men can take chorus girls to Palm Beach and get away with it by calling it a business trip!"

John Weems, president of the Weems Patent Clothes Wringer Co., ("Ring out the old, wring in the new," Pat. 1900), was not built for tragedy. A movie director would have cast him in the rôle of the prosperous banker or the successful business man. He was stoutish, baldish, with a mind that worked like ticker-tape and conversation flavorous of the *Wall Street Journal*, but tonight he was undoubtedly moved.

Chalmers, the detective, was inclined to take a more cheerful view of the situation. "Come, come! She's only got two witnesses, seeing as how the lady in the case has disappeared. Lor' love you, sometimes we have to fix up a dozen! The chauffeur wont count for much. He was sore at being fired and, anyhow, juries dont take much to chauffeurs since the taxi fares has went up. That leaves this gentleman here——"

"I'll lie," Reginald Jay declared, "like a gentleman."

"That wont do, sir." The detective shook his head sagely. "The question is, can you lie like a liar?"

"The court will ask you," moaned Weems, "what you were doing yourself at Fender's Place at one o'clock in the morning, and what will you say then?"

Reginald thought deeply. "I might say," he suggested, "that I was attacked by redskins from the bushes, or bitten by a rabid Bolsheviki, or I stopped to buy a postage stamp to mail a letter to my maiden aunt. Or I could say that I was afraid of the night air, or that I felt an attack of

Young Jay started, paled perceptibly at a vision of Constance, coy and determined, piloting him up the aisle to the strains of Mendelssohn . . . what was it she had called him . . . . Orlando? Yes, that was it, her Orlando!

'On the whole," the doctor mused, "I think I shall prescribe a nurse for you. An ornamental nurse . . ."

my old malady, housemaid's knee, coming on, or——"

"My Gawd!" the detective groaned. "It's no use! We cant trust you on the stand or you'll end by gettin' Mr. Weems hung! You'll have to fade, that's all, afore the process servers get you."

"Fade?" Jay repeated vaguely. "I'm sorry, but I dont just——"

"Vamoose! Skip! Beat it! Make your getaway!" the detective snapped. "Without your testimony the lady cant get the goods on her husband, and seeing he was doing you a favor by carrying the lady around"—and here he winked with the eye farthest from Weems—"it's up to you to take a little trip to Canada till the whole thing blows over."

Reginald Jay opened his lips, but the shrill pealing of the door-bell interrupted him. When he returned, he carried a legal-looking paper which brought a disgusted "Hell!" from Chalmers. "Too late! Y' cant leave the State now!"

Weems collapsed heavily on the davenport. His flabby cheeks quivered, a small, forlorn tear trickled down the side of his nose. "My Constance! Married for four years and I've been faithful to her—never hired a stenographer under fifty, even. And if she gets her divorce she'll marry some other man——"

Young Jay started, paled perceptibly as a vision was vouchsafed him of Constance, coy and determined, piloting him up the aisle to the triumphant strains of Mendelssohn. What was it she had called him while they wandered thru the darkness that night, trying to find the inn—Orlando? Yes, that was it, *her* Orlando! "I—I might commit suicide, I suppose!" he cried. "That would be better than getting married——"

"You mean than getting divorced," Weems corrected him. He sat up suddenly on the couch, a pale gleam of hope flickering in his watery gaze. "Look here; couldn't you be sick? Sick-a-bed? Out of your head? Forbidden to testify under the doctor's orders? Jay, you must do it! It's my only hope——"

Reginald Jay considered. Bed for an indefinite stay was bad enough, but Constance was worse. It was his only hope, too. "I'd prefer the flew to the flu," he ventured, with ghastly humor, "but you provide the doctor and I'll provide the corpse—er—that is, the patient. And perhaps"—hopefully, as one determined to see the bright side of things—"perhaps my case will be desperate enough to call for a dose of Green River every hour or so."

It was a very sick man who lay, groaning dismally, the next morning when Chalmers ushered in two small and weedy gentlemen, equipped with black bags and tall silk hats, and introduced them cheerily as "Doctor Widner and Dr. Flexner, who will attend to your case."

Under cover of a groan, Jay pulled the detective down. "Doctors?" he whispered. "Real M.D.'s?"

Chalmers grinned. "N.D.'s—nearly doctors," he reassured him. "The Van Dyke beards and the hats are props, m' boy. They understand the situation, and have no objections to a well patient, provided the fee is all right. Doctors, I wish you would make an examination of this gentleman."

The doctors opened their bags and drew out sundry impressive-looking implements that caused Jay to turn pale and start to rise, only to be forced back upon the pillows, while Messrs. Widner and Flexner listened solemnly at his chest, took his temperature, counted his pulse and wagged their heads mournfully. "Very serious, very. My dear fellow, your life depends on your remaining in bed for two weeks at least, without seeing any callers."

Wing Chow, the impassive butler, was called in and given instructions to admit no one. An official-looking chart was hung over the bed, the shades were drawn and a large bottle and a spoon arranged on the stand beside the bed. Chalmers, obviously impressed by these realistic arrangements, shook hands with Jay feelingly. "Good-by, old man, and if worst comes to worst, God bless you!"

The patient's smile was painful. "Do you know a nice, kind-hearted undertaker?"

"Leave that to us," Dr. Flexner assured him cheerily; "we'll attend to all those little details."

Left alone in the dimmed bedroom, Reginald was forced to admit that he *did* have a queerish feeling—in his heart, it was, or perhaps his lungs. Come to think of it, his grandfather had died of Bright's disease, and a great-uncle had passed away of phthisis at the age of ninety-two. The more he reflected, the worse he felt. He hadn't a single grandfather or grandmother left—in fact, nearly all his ancestors had died from something or other. There had been a surprising amount of mortality among them . . .

He groaned with real feeling, and then groaned again with still more feeling. For the door had been unceremoniously flung open and Constance Weems burst plumply into the room. "Reginald Jay!" she accused him; then, in a softened tone, "Orlando, how could you treat your Rosalind so?"

The sick man gave a really brilliant imitation of one in the last throes of dissolution. "Very—sick," he trailed out, and sank beneath the bedclothes; "think—going to—die——"

"Nonsense!" The irritation got the upper hand in the lady's voice, giving it the pleasing quality of a nutmeg grater. "You know as well as I do that it's all a put-up job to cheat me out of a divorce. But if you and my husband think for one moment that I'm going to be stopped by child's play like this, you'll find you're very much mistaken!"

Reginald Jay spoke pleadingly, "Have a heart! I'm really ill. It—it came on me suddenly."

Mrs. Weems sniffed, then drew out a handkerchief bedewed with delicate scent and dabbed at her eyes. "It's because I have a heart that I want to be free. Have you forgotten our Forest of Arden? Orlando! Orlando! My heart is fluttering like a bird—a little, tender homing-bird that would fly to its own nest!"

"Help! I'm dying!" moaned Reginald, and, as if in answer, the door opened to admit Dr. Widner, followed by the apologetic Wing Chow.

"I no can helpee! Lady velly bigger than me. I say no can come in. She say go-to-hellee!"

"I am sorry, madam," bowed the doctor, "but this gentleman cannot be disturbed. A very serious case of—hem—post-mortem anterior metabolism, with complications. Quietness is essential. Wing Chow will keep you informed as to his progress," and the amazing little man actually succeeded in bowing the lady out and closing and bolting the door behind her. Jay sat up in bed and shook hands with him.

"You're a wonder! A moment more and she'd have got her divorce and married me!" he exclaimed, wiping his bedewed brow. "Some women rob the cradle, and some rob the grave. My God, I'd stay in bed a year to keep my old friend Weems safely married!"

"On the whole," the doctor mused, "on the whole, I think I shall prescribe a nurse for you. An—ornamental nurse," he hastened to add, at signs of explosion, "one whom it will not hurt the eyes of an invalid to look upon."

There are compensations to everything, even to sickness. Nurse Durant was such a compensation. She had a neat little figure which the prim blue uniform set off to perfection; she

"There, there!" cooed Nurse Durant, smoothing his forehead, quite professionally, of course; "you mustn't get excited"

Late one evening the resourceful Constance appeared to reiterate her plea that he recover and help to free her from a man who could never understand her soul-needs

had soft, wavy brown hair with glints of gold in it which the absurd little cap made no pretense of hiding, and she had a smile that made one pray fervently—but not for speedy recovery. Then and there Reginald Jay determined that his illness should be lingering if it did not become chronic.

"Have you brought your trunk?" he asked, feebly. "I'm going to be sick more than a suit-case worth."

The nurse seemed surprised. "And yet you look so well!"

"Do *you* think so?" Jay cried, eagerly. "Of course, I need a shave, but when I'm dressed up I've been told I ought to try for a place in the movies. There's a photograph over there on the bureau somewhere——"

Nurse Durant blushed and made a great pretense of studying the chart at the head of the bed. "Temperature normal—pulse normal," she read aloud. "Mr. Jay, how long have you had this—this illness?"

"It began," explained the patient sadly, "with a love affair."

"Oh!" The nurse's tone was suddenly remote. She was turning away, but Jay caught her skirt.

"You dont understand. It wasn't that I was in love, but the lady. Listen—oh, please listen! You cant blame me if a married woman insists upon falling in love with me, can you? Her husband was an old friend of mine, and I never dreamed of such a thing. But she asked me to go to walk, and a storm came up and we couldn't find our way back to the inn till midnight. And she kept talking about how romantic it was!"

"I suppose she's very beautiful?" but the pretty nurse's tone was a trifle less frigid.

"Beautiful!" Jay growled. "With her hair all out of curl and plastered over her face! And she would skip, tho she weighs fifty pounds too much, and now she's trying to get a divorce from her husband because I happened to meet him coming out of a roadhouse that same night with a woman he'd been showing real estate lots to! And she wants me to be her witness, and afterwards she means to——" He broke off, shuddering.

"There, there!" cooed Nurse Durant, smoothing his forehead, quite professionally, of course; "you mustn't get excited. It's very bad for a man as sick as you are. Dont worry at all. No one shall marry you while I'm around."

Ensued several delightful days during which Jay's chart testified that he was at least holding his own. Constance and the Forest of Arden were quite forgotten, while Nurse Durant and her patient discovered singular similarities of taste. They both liked limburger cheese, ragtime music, Robert W. Chambers, auction bridge and Coney Island. They both disliked the subway, highbrow plays, blondes, bologna and grand opera. And when they both at the same moment stated that their favorite movie star was Norma Talmadge, they looked at one another awed. It was almost supernatural to feel so much alike about all the essential things.

But even a nurse has to have some sleep and, late one evening, while Reginald lay unprotected and helpless, the resourceful Constance appeared via the fire-escape to reiterate her plea that he recover and help to free her from a man who could never understand her soul-needs. She was just getting nicely under way when voices outside the door warned of the approach of a visitor.

"My husband!" Connie whispered, dramatically. "Well, it is Fate!" However, she showed distinct uneasiness, and just as Jay was on the point of fainting away she plopped plumply into the clothes hamper and drew the cover down, concealing all but one peroxide curl. At the same moment the door burst open and Weems flung himself in, quite purple with some emotion which he immediately proceeded to explain.

"I've got the evidence!" He waved a small pink slip of note-paper threateningly. "A letter in her own hand, beginning 'My Own Orlando,' and now, as soon as I find who the fellow is, I'll start a counter suit—what's the matter, Jay?"

For his friend had choked alarmingly, and now sat up among his pillows, regarding the clothes hamper, which was swaying violently to and fro in a very odd manner indeed. Luckily, Weems was too full of his own grievance to notice. "Yes, sir," he declared, violently, "I'm on the track of Orlando right now, and when I find him——" He brought his fist down on the lid of the hamper by way of emphasis.

"Wing!" called Jay, faintly, "Wing Chow!" And as the Chinaman appeared sleepily in the doorway he pointed to the hamper. "Take the laundry basket out into the other room. The man will be here for it tomorrow morning, and it's always well to be forehanded. Take it out! And keep it out—dont let it get back in here!"

Doctors Flexner and Widner wore a distinctly worried look as they entered the sick chamber the next morning and silently laid upon the bed a court order that Dr. Macklyn, the prominent physician, should be allowed to examine one Reginald Jay on behalf of Mrs. Constance Weems, who claimed that he was not sick enough to claim exemption from testifying in her divorce suit.

"There's just one thing to be done," Flexner observed, gloomily, to Widner, across the prone form of the patient, "and we'll have to do it or go to jail."

"Certainly," agreed his co-practitioner, "and the sooner the better. That Macklyn may be here at any moment."

They then both regarded Jay with an expression that caused lively foreboding in that gentleman's mind. "What do you mean?" he asked irritably.

"Which would you prefer to have?" Flexner inquired, as he opened his case, removed several small vials and a hypodermic needle and held them one after the other, to the light. "Now, we can give you a beautiful case of cholera, or perhaps you'd prefer leprosy? Or a touch of Asiatic fever? Come, come; choose and be quick about it? You cant expect us to go to jail because you aren't really sick. Be reasonable!"

"I'll be da——" Jay began, but the appearance of Nurse Duncan changed the expletive to "switched." She was bearing the breakfast tray and looked puzzled.

"Dr. Richard Macklyn is outside," she said; "what can he want? Do you know?"

SICK-A-BED

Told in story form from the scenario of Clara G. Kennedy, based upon Ethel Watts Mumford's story. Produced by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, starring Wallace Reid. Directed by Sam Woods. The cast:

Reginald Jay	Wallace Reid
Nurse Durant	Bebe Daniels
John Weems	John Steppling
Constance Weems	Winifred Greenwood
Chalmers	Tully Marshall
Dr. Macklyn	C. H. Geldert
Dr. Widner	Lucien Littlefield
Dr. Flexner	Robert Boulder
Lady Customer	Lorrenza Lazzarini
Wing Chow	George Kuwa

The two pseudo doctors collapsed with two groans onto two chairs, while the invalid showed strongly marked symptoms of getting out of bed, but sank back on second thought upon his pillows, running his fingers distractedly thru his hair. "Oh, we *know*, all right!" he said, dismally. "He wants to prove I'm faking sickness so he can send these fellows here to jail and marry me off to Con—to Mrs. Weems. Now, I wouldn't care if it meant jail for me, but—the other! And she'll marry me sure as fate if she gets her divorce . . ."

"Never!" cried Nurse Durant. These nurses have such a wonderful devotion to their duty! She set down the tray beside the bed, gave her hair a touch at the mirror and sailed out of the room militantly, returning in a moment with a disagreeable-looking man, carrying a battered medicine case and scowling over thick-lensed spectacles.

"Here is the patient, Dr. Macklyn," she said sweetly, "and these are the attending doctors. Any questions you may want

(*Continued on page* 74)

"Then you've got a case for life"—he kist her—"for I have the best medical authority that my case is incurable!"

The Celluloid Critic

Photograph by Abbe

David Wark Griffith is a man of unique personality. He can be good, bad and indifferent, all within the scope of a few weeks. It is his latest celluloid creation, "The Idol Dancer," which prompts us to this comment.

"The Idol Dancer" is Griffith at his worst, despite as colorful and exotic a background as any screen painter could desire. Griffith places upon a desert isle a picturesque triangle: a beautiful half-caste girl thru whose veins throbs the blood of several passionate races, a beachcomber waster and a missionary's sickly nephew from New England. Then comes the inevitable clash of passion and ideals. The weak youth finally gives up his life in a battle with natives, and the waster, stirred by his ideals and religious faith, becomes regenerated in the love of the island maid.

This clash of untrammeled passions and age-old conventions is not new, of course, but at least we expected Griffith to weave it into a human fabric. But "The Idol Dancer" never approaches reality anywhere and is merely bald melodrama working up to the inevitable Griffith chase, this time a boatload of natives, led by the beachcomber, racing back to the village in order to save it from headhunters. These savages, by the way, live up to Griffith tradition by spending hours battering away at the missionary's door.

Clarine Seymour is the island girl and as piquant a figure as ever we hope to see celluloided. No such half-caste girl ever existed on a tropical island, but why quibble at reality? Richard Barthelmess is effective as the derelict beachcomber, if rather youthful for a waster of such experiences as the subtitles paint. And Creighton Hale handles his rôle of the tubercular lad from the States very well. Here and there are "Griffith touches," but "The Idol Dancer" is a distinct disappointment.

Clarine Seymour is the island girl in "The Idol Dancer," and as piquant a figure as ever we hope to see celluloided. Below, Dorothy Gish in "Mary Ellen Comes to Town"

The Newest Photoplays in Review

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

We rate the Metro visualization of Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Right of Way" as the best thing created by that organization since Alla Nazimova's unforgettable "Revelation." It is a tragic story, and Metro went at least a step in the right direction by preparing two endings. One presents the novel as the author saw it and the other offers it as motion picture producers imagine audiences demand it. The production is admirable as to consistent continuity plus direct and sincere handling. And Bert Lytell contributes one of the best characterizations of the year as that arch-cynic, Charley Steele. Another fine bit of work is that of Gibson Gowland as Joe Portugais.

John Barrymore's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," (Paramount), will likely be an unforgettable thing in the minds of those who see it. For Barrymore makes the Robert Louis Stevenson creation a ghoulish thing of nightmares. True, he idealizes Jekyll into a poetic and melancholy youth of classic profile and lacy waistcoats. But his Hyde is a terrible being, with the most ghastly make-up we ever recall seeing in the films. Memories of the bent and gloating Hyde, loping thru the London fogs, will haunt your dreams. The film adaptation isn't the original story of Stevenson, since all sorts of things, from the addition of feminine interest on, have been done with it. Yet it is a finely workmanlike piece of screencraft. Out of the cast stands a vivid figure of the London depths, played in remarkable fashion by one Nita Naldi. You will hear more of Miss Naldi, or we miss our guess. Martha Mansfield makes a rather pretty figure as Dr. Jekyll's sweetheart.

Universal apparently spent a small fortune upon "The Virgin of Stamboul" as a super-vehicle for Priscilla Dean. It is all about the desperate tribulations of a pretty beggar girl of Constantinople who is desired by a villainous sheik, a gentleman who apparently cares nothing for the H. C. of L. in combating harem overhead expenses. Then, too, the girl is beloved by an American soldier of fortune. We give you one guess as to who wins. But it doesn't happen until scores of camels and horses chase each other across the Sahara, endless extras walk up and down the streets of Stamboul and a desert city "in the direction of Mecca" is stormed.

(*Continued on page* 101)

Above, Bert Lytell contributes one of the best characterizations of the year as the arch-cynic in "The Right of Way." Center, Priscilla Dean as The Virgin of Stamboul, and below, Charles Ray trying to keep cool in "Alarm Clock Andy"

A Rose in the Bud

By BARBARA ALLEN

Virginia Brown Faire is one of the four winners of the Fame and Fortune Contest of 1919. She is now at Universal City doing special productions under a remarkable contract which has five years to run

EVERY time I have seen Virginia Brown Faire—and I have seen her often and under many widely varying conditions—I think of a rose. Not of a deep red rose, nor of a white or pale yellow rose—rather of a pink rose, delicate and fragile, not full blown, but in the bud.

Virginia is the essence of girlishness—still in her 'teens, she has not stopped to question why. She is fortunate in having a mother who is a pal and a father who takes his pleasure in making her happy. If she has weighed the world it has not been to find it wanting—and yet she is not selfish thru the things which have come to her. There has been an element of wisdom in the love which she has known.

Before signing her Universal contract and leaving for California, she came often to the magazine offices, and there has been no more welcome visitor. Her utter naturalness and the lack of any desire upon her part to impress went so far as to impress even the office-boy—that, in itself, is superlative. And there is no one who knows her who is not delighted over her good fortune—there could be no greater test of sincerity of feeling.

"How did I feel when I learnt I was one of the contest winners?" she reiterated. "Why, very happy. At first it seemed too good to be true, and when Universal offered me the five years' contract and the generous salary—well, I just didn't know any one could be so happy."

Her mother was with her and she told me that Virginia had left school this term, because they knew she could not accept any offer and keep up with her class at school. She was in the first year at high.

"Virginia will not give up her studies, however," she told me. "She is fond of them, in the first place, and we realize that the wider her knowledge, the more conversant she is in different subjects, the better her work will be. She is particularly fond of French and literature, but there will be other subjects as well. One of the first things we'll attend to when we reach California is securing a good tutor."

I asked Virginia if she liked picture work.

"I love it," she answered, and I have come to know that Virginia loves many things. She loves dancing, swimming and

Impressions of Virginia Brown Faire

horseback riding—and she loves people. Perhaps that is why people love her, for there is no more mutual thing than love. Love begets love.

"I expect it will be ever so much nicer now, working with one company and knowing just what I will be required to do from day to day," she said. "I have done just a little motion picture work, you know—not very much, but I love it," and she smiled a Virginiaesque smile.

Photograph by Frenbch

Virginia Brown Faire loves dancing, swimming and horseback riding. All of which comes in good stead in her motion picture work. Readers of THE CLASSIC should watch for her forthcoming Universal appearances

On this day she was thinking of the new frocks it would be necessary to take to California with her, and, like every other girl in her 'teens the world over, she was quite absorbed in the question.

"I'm having the prettiest new evening dress," she said, happily. "It is maize color, of chiffon and, very simple. Do you think gold cloth slippers would be prettiest with it?"

I thought so, and into my mind there came a picture of Virginia at her first party in the movie colony at Hollywood. In her shy little way she will be as charming as the most brilliant star—no one will be lovelier than our little Virginia in her delicate yellow frock, with her black curls pinned upon her pretty head and her skin like rose-tinted ivory. I wish that I might see her.

The next time I saw her the metamorphosis was quite complete—tangibly, of course; intangibly it was non-existent. She has taken the family name of Faire and hereafter we will know her as Virginia Faire. Her contract with Universal had been sealed, signed and delivered—she stood on the brink of stardom. But with it all she was the same little girl who entered the contest—shy, modest and appealingly winsome, supremely happy in honors which had come to her, most appreciative of all that had been done for her, but entirely lacking in any pose or affectation.

(*Continued on page 86*)

What the Fame

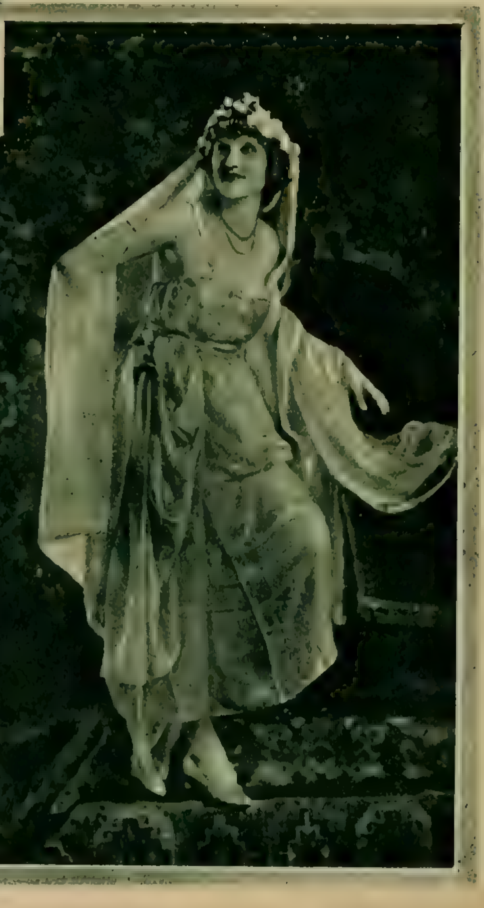
We are a link in the great chain of the motion picture industry. We are a medium of expression between the silversheet, with all that lies behind it; *i.e.*, the producer, the director, the scenario, the star, and the spectator. Daily the gigantic force of the screen grows in strength and, as a part of this new world-power, we realize its possibilities.

We firmly believe that the motion picture industry is—as all great industries should be—a field open to all. We know that the opportunity in this particular field is greater than that of any other industry of its size. Why? Because it is practically new. It is the youngest of world industries. It is the second largest and most powerful!

As a medium of expression between the silversheet and the spectator, we are trying to strengthen the connecting chain as much as possible. Last year we inaugurated a Fame and Fortune Contest. At the conclusion of this contest we launched four winners upon a career of unlimited possibility; four young women who would otherwise have never been given an opportunity to show their talent.

The results of last year's contest were so unusual as to make us decide upon a repetition of the contest. We were able to profit largely by our experience and to map

Photo by White



Above, Kay Bardine of New York City; and center, Gertrude Crossman, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Right, America Chedister of Seattle, Washington

Photograph by Champlain Studios

and Fortune Contest Means

out a course which would tend to place the new venture on a higher scale. After much thought and deliberation, we decided upon the following plans for our new 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest:

First of all, the contest is open to every one, male and female, the only limitation being previous professional experience. Secondly, we have decided to produce a five-reel feature drama, the scenario for which has already been secured, and in which all the members of the final honor roll and, of course, the winners will take part.

Thirdly, for the final winners of the contest, we shall procure contracts with leading motion picture companies—and shall launch each winner with a two-year publicity campaign, thru our three magazines, THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND.

It is a source of great pleasure to us to know that we have been the means of serving our readers, as well as the screen profession. This feeling has caused us to back the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest with all enthusiasm, and we intend that it shall surpass in every way any previous contest of its kind.

(*Continued on page* 88)

Top, Thelma Goeddel of Pittsburgh, Pa.; center, Anna Kelley of Brooklyn, N. Y.; lower left, Hazel D. Reeves from Chicago, Ill.; and, lower right, Alva Ansley of Washington, D. C.

Photograph by Sarony

Photograph by Hargrave

Warwick at Home

Herewith are three glimpses of Robert Warwick, the Paramount-Artcraft star, at home in his California bungalow. Mamma Warwick presides over the Warwick domicile

The First Complete Tabulation of Leading Candidates

The Greatest of Popularity Contests

Photograph by Abbe

Photograph by Campbell

Some of the leaders. Top center, Richard Barthelmess; center, Norma Talmadge; left center, Pearl White; right center, Mary Pickford; left circle, William S. Hart; right circle, Wallie Reid

THE popularity contest is booming. The intense interest manifested by votes and letters from Canada, South America, Australia and New Zealand, as well as from nearly every town and city in America, is an inspiration to our editorial offices and is blazing the way for a greater popularity for our stars than ever before enjoyed by them.

Our readers are both intelligent and discerning and, in the letters received, it is interesting to note the reasons set forth for choosing their favorites. Most of the feminine stars are chosen for their beauty, or because of a certain appeal, but the male characters are chosen for their rugged strength or for their fun-loving proclivities. With or without reason, every movie fan has one or more favorites.

The interest is twofold, too, for not only does the reader have the opportunity of boosting the player who has given them the most happy hours, each reader also has the opportunity of winning one of the splendid prizes depicted and described in detail on another page.

Beginning with this number there will be in each issue of our magazines a tabulation of all the players listed in the contest with their representative number of votes. Here is the result of the contest at the time that this issue of the magazine went to press:

Feminine stars: Mary Pickford, 13,160; Pearl White, 10,481; Norma Talmadge, 9,875; Nazimova, 4,002; Viola Dana, 2,851; Constance Talmadge, 2,247; Elsie Ferguson, 1,450; Shirley Mason, 1,247; Lillian Gish, 1,150; Theda Bara, 1,057; Dorothy Gish, 981; Ruth Roland, 981; May Allison, 900; Mary Miles Minter, 900; Anita Stewart, 900; Marguerite Clark, 870; Marie Osborne, 750; Irene Castle, 647; Geraldine Farrar, 603; Mildred Davis, 550; Margarita Fisher, 550; Olive Thomas, 550; Gloria Swanson, 550; Pauline Frederick, 523; Marie Prevost, 518; Ethel Clayton, 451; Vivian Martin, 451; Mae Murray, 450; Marie Walcamp, 447; June Caprice, 489; Priscilla Dean, 489; Madame Petrova, 489; Dorothy Dalton, 356; Bebe Daniels, 356; Alice Joyce, 313; Juanita Hansen, 216; Alice Brady, 212.

(Continued on page 80)

Louise Fazenda's Impressions of Screen Folk

Miss Fazenda is more than a farce comédienne as the accompanying impressions show. We know of no one who can paint as vivid a picture with a half dozen words as Miss Fazenda. The Mack Sennett comédienne really wrote these and she will contribute more to forthcoming issues of THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

Photograph by Sarony

Marguerite Clark—Little Red Riding Hood..A snowbird..Moonbeams. Cecil Bruenner roses..Story of The Little Red Hen. Molly

Charles Ray—Indiana..Tandem bicycles..boiled dinners..Correspondence schools..Boys that cant dance

Mary Pickford—The Princess in the fairy story..Maypoles..The doll at the top of the Christmas tree..White kittens

Photograph by Campbell

Anita Stewart—Apple blossoms..Swans on summer lakes..Rainbows..Memory of a smile..Breezes thru lilacs

Nazimova—Samovars and aigrettes..A knife in a satin sheath..Ravens..Zithers thru lattice windows..A pet panther..Breath of Araby

Will Rogers—Thru Arkansas on a mule..Whittling..A lariat on a dusty road..Bull Durham..Bill Nye..Side-shows

Norma Talmadge—Poppies in wheat fields..Dinner by candle-light..Scent of jasmine on an evening breeze. Sables

Photograph by Hartsook

Pauline Frederick—Agate..Reincarnation of a gypsy queen..“The Second Mrs. Tanqueray”..Lamplight thru the fog

Photograph by Puffer

William Farnum—Hamlet of the north woods..A cello..Logging camps..Painting of a lion

Bill Hart—Maynard Dixon's painting of the desert..Camp-fire silhouettes..A mirage..Forty-fours and pounded silver chaps..Eagles

Ben Turpin—Mark Antony in caricature..Court jesters..East Side manikins..Horseradish

Dorothy Gish—Young America..Hallowe'en..Middy blouses..Ice-cream sodas..Skipping-ropes and swings

Constance Talmadge—Caesar's wife..Platinum wedding-rings..White duck..Yachts..Pineappleice..Honeymoons by water

Photograph by Hoover

Charlie Chaplin—Rachmaninoff's “Prelude” in ragtime..Fly on a custard pie..Calliopes..Moving day..Frankfurters and beans..Hurdy-gurdys..Lost puppies

The Prince Chap

Told in story form from the Paramount Photoplay

By FAITH SERVICE

"And so," finished Peyton, "the Prince Chap went away and left the Be-u-tiful Princess spinning the mantle for his Glad Returning in her Faithful Tower."

Claudia's rapt eyes held a certain puzzlement. "If he loved his Be-u-tiful Princess so much," she said, in her eight-year-old treble, "and *she* loved her Prince Chap so much, why did he go away? Peoples who love like to stay close, *I* think."

Peyton sighed and shook his head. "All around Love, my child," he said, "there are the Briers of Necessity. The Be-u-tiful Princess had to have silken sandals for her milk-white feet and a mantle of true blue for her slender shoulders and a cap of moonshine and stardust for her golden head. The Prince Chap had neither gold nor precious stones, and so he had to go out among the briers and brambles and find the fortune to lay at his ladye's feet. He is still searching, child, very sad at heart sometimes and often sore of foot. But when he is most tired and most sad, when the way seems the roughest and longest, he thinks of his truly blue Princess in her Tower of Faithfulness and his way is made glad again . . . and he can shut his eyes . . . and dream . . ."

"That's loving . . ." said the child, in an awed little whisper. "Oh, Prince Chap, I hope, some day, I will be a Princess in a Tower of Faithfulness waiting for my Prince Chap to come down the path of the Moon."

THE PRINCE CHAP

Fictionized from the scenario of Olga Printzlau from the play of Edward Peple. Produced by Famous Players-Artcraft Corporation. Directed by William de Mille. The cast:

William Peyton	Thomas Meighan
Runion	Charles Ogle
Alice Travers	Kathlyn Williams
Jack, Earl of Huntington	Casson Ferguson
Phoebe Tucker	Ann Forrest
Claudia	4 years—Peaches Jackson 8 years—May Giraci 18 years—Lila Lee
Aunt	Lyllian Leighton
Ballington	Bertie Johns
Claudia's Mother	Florence Hart
Yadder	Theodore Kosloff
Helmer	Clarence Geldert
Housekeeper	Agnes Marc

Peyton leaned over and kist her. The little lovely touches of womanhood were becoming perceptible even now, he thought. And the thought brought an ache to his heart.

Two things happened to little Claudia when she was eight and a half. Two productive things, which, in their effects, were to remain with her and tinge all her years. One was that she learnt that fairy tales are, almost always, true. At any rate, the fairy story which had delighted her bedtime hour since first her mother had given her, as God was taking her, to Peyton, was true. The

At Christmas time there came a box of toys for Claudia

Prince Chap was her "Daddy" Peyton and the mythical, golden-haired Princess Alice in her Tower of Faithfulness was a lovely lady named Alice Travers, who lived in a distant country called, rather pleasantly, California. The lovely lady had a father with many millions and lived in a palace set among showering roses. It was all as beautiful as the fairy tale, Peyton told her, one lonely twilight hour when waiting and pain had made him take the child as confidante for the love that was gnawing away his resistance.

But it wasn't a fairy tale . . . Claudia could not quite explain why, but it made it different. It made it all very different. Suddenly, she didn't want to hear about it any more. Not any more, ever. She didn't want Peyton to be the Prince Chap and she didn't want the Princess with the shining hair to be the lovely lady in her garden of showering roses in that land called California.

Of course, she didn't know it, but with the merging of the fairy tale into a reality of pain, jealousy was born in her . . .

The second thing was the arrival, in person, of the lovely lady. That, as may be imagined, was a most tremendous happening.

Claudia had been reading Grimm's, quite alone, in the window seat. Peyton was out for the afternoon, but had promised to take her to supper and the play later on. They did things like that, the lonely man and the fanciful child. Sometimes some of the other sculptors and artists in the building went along. Claudia was the Queen of them all. They had, each and every one of them, known her beautiful mother when, in the heyday of her youth and beauty, she had made them rapturous, artistically, by posing for them. They, each and every one of them, accepted her little girl as a sacred trust, even tho she had chosen to give her into the specific keeping of Peyton.

It had been just about twilight. Claudia loved to read fairy tales at twilight. Peyton had very solemnly assured her that none of these tales could ever, *ever* come alive.

There had come a rap at the door, very gently . . . Claudia had called "Come!" very dulcetly, too. And then the door had swung open and Claudia had known at once that the lovely lady was before her. Her first instinct, too, was one of a fierce little pain. S'pose and s'pose the lovely lady had come to take Peyton home with her to that land called California, where, Claudia knew, he had been as a little boy . . . ? S'pose and s'pose she should take him away from *her* . . . ? A pain, unchildlike in its bitterness, stabbed her small and loudly thumping heart.

There was something unfriendly, almost distrustful in the way the lovely lady came into the room and over to the window seat, from which, with difficulty, Claudia managed to rise and bow.

"Are you," the lady said, in a tone as thumpy-sounding as Claudia's heart, "are you . . . Mr. Peyton's little . . . girl?"

"Yes," said the child, for the first time, inadequate.

The lovely lady dropped into the chair Claudia held out for her.

"I have come a long way," she said, "to find out."

"Didn't you know," Claudia said, "about me?"

"I had heard," the lady said, "things . . ." There was a silence, then, "What do you call him, my dear?" she asked.

"Daddy, of course," said Claudia, adding, "that is, when I dont call him Prince Chap."

The lady didn't answer, and Claudia took the silence to be an invitation. "You see," she said, entertainingly, "Daddy tells me a fairy story, or he *used* to tell me a fairy story, and it was all about a Be-u-tiful Princess who sat in a Tower of Faithfulness spinning a mantle for his Glad Returning. He used to tell it to me 'most every evening, just about now. It helped him when he was sad. Then, one day, he was sadder than ever, and he told me that it wasn't a fairy story at all. The Prince Chap was himself and the Princess was . . ." Claudia paused and caught her breath . . . "The Princess was make-believe," she said. It didn't seem the thing to do to tell the lady with the cold eyes that the Prince Chap wove the twilight with the bright jewels of his radiant love for her. The Prince Chap, it came to Claudia, had been wrong. It had been the wrong sort of fairy tale . . . it had had the wrong sort of Princess . . .

Alice Travers was staring into a space greyer than any space she had ever known before. Grey, and thronged, too, with the ugly images the past few years had brought to her, ever since Bill Peyton had gone away to win fame and fortune, and hadn't won it . . . suspicions nurtured to growth by her father, by her aunt, by Helmer, the man with the millions who wanted to marry her . . . suspicions she had made up her mind to accept or to lay into the dust where she had hoped against hope they might belong. She found her voice and said, rather than asked:

"Your . . . your daddy loved your mother, didn't he?"

"Of course," said the child, with fierce partisanship she felt for the dead she had loved; "everybody loved my mother. Daddy said, often, that hers was a face to 'launch a thousand ships and burn the topless towers of Illium.' 'Course, indeed, he did love her."

"Of course . . ." said Alice Travers. Claudia thought she had the disagreeablest laugh she had ever heard. It didn't go at all with a dream of a lovely lady, whose voice should be as a tinkling bell.

After the laugh, Peyton came in. When he saw Alice, Claudia hid her small, troubled face in her hands. There was such a glory on it. "I didn't know," thought the child, "he was waiting like *that* . . ."

Then she heard Alice say words like "suspicions" and "honor" and "tests for me" and then the word "honor" again, reiterated several times. It sifted into her small intelligence that the word honor had, somehow, to do with her. More clearly she got the fact that it had to do with Peyon's sending her, Claudia, away. If he kept her with him the lovely lady would know that he had no honor. If Claudia stayed, the lovely lady would go away . . . definitely . . . forever . . .

"You must accept my *word* of honor," Claudia heard Peyton say, his voice all stiff with an intolerable ache; "it must be enough for you, Alice . . . oh, my dear . . ."

That last, thought Claudia, must melt the ice away from the coldest blue eyes, must warm to a fierce tenderness the most hidden heart.

"I will not be made a laughing-stock," Alice was saying, "for any living man. That is what you would do with me. You would have me take to my bosom the living token of your infidelity. You are mad."

"I have been," the man said; he added, "dreamers are always mad, I guess . . . they build castles made of hopes and span the very heavens with bridges of their own tears."

"Will you send the child away?" The woman's voice was becoming tense, impatient.

"I will not."

"Do you love her better than you do me?"

"I love her better than this thing you ask me to do for you."

"Then it is good-by. Forever, you understand?"

"I understand. You have made me."

"Very well. Good-by."

"Good-by, dear."

Claudia crept into his arms, there on the old window seat where he had spun for her the fabric of her young imagination. She closed her slender little arms about him and held him in a vise. After a great while, his tears fell on her hair and hung there, emblematic. "She didn't care enough, Claudia," he said.

"She didn't know how," said the child, and kist him fiercely on his eyes, his hair and on his listless hands.

At Christmas time there came a box of toys for Claudia, gaudy affairs, and a note for Peyton announcing the marriage of Alice Travers to Robert Helmer.

The years never effaced for Claudia the memory of Peyton

"I will not be made a laughing-stock," Alice was saying, "for any living man. That is what you would do with me. You would have me take to my bosom the living token of your infidelity. You are mad"

playing kid games with her, zestfully, with his heart, hurt to death, in his eyes.

Claudia had a tenacious memory or the memory of Alice would never have persisted, because she was twenty before she saw or ever heard of her again.

She was a very beautiful twenty, too, with dreams in her eyes and tenderness in her fingertips. She was so very beautiful, indeed, and there were so many broken hearts attributed to her that gossip began to wag its finger at the ménage of Peyton and herself, unchaperoned. Peyton, instantaneously alert, engaged a housekeeper. Claudia, instantaneously enraged, protested.

"It's absurd!" she stormed. "I've taken care of you all these years, capably, if I do say so. We are happy just as we are, just the two of us, you and I. We never have needed another living soul. We are complete. Now here you go, blundering, and destroy the whole thing. You bring a woman into our home and pay her wages. Daddy dear, how *could* you?"

Peyton explained, with what discrimination he could, and Claudia never called him daddy again.

She never did because she never again felt the same as she had before that window-seat talk when Peyton tried to tell her that the little girl was grown up, that he was not her daddy, nor any sort of blood relation, and that the world . . . well, the world . . . and Claudia understood . . .

She understood a great many other things, too. She understood, for instance, the breaking hurt in Peyton's heart the years had never wholly swept away. She understood what it means when a woman loves a man, or a man loves a woman, and there is no way out. She understood why she had never been able to love the Earl of Huntingon or any of the other nice boys who had come to Peyton's studio and sued for her favors. She had never been able to because . .

She understood why she

It made Peyton's occasional calls elsewhere, without her, intolerable hours

had mothered Peyton so all these years, why she had suffered when she had learnt, years ago, that the fairy story of the Prince Chap was not a fairy story at all, and why, when Alice had gone away, she had been able to take the broken man into her arms and kiss him and soothe him as a woman might have done.

All these things had been possible because she had loved him. Because she loved him now. Because she must always love him so long as he was he and she was she and the world revolved about them. She was made for this.

It made everything rather different, of course. Painfully, delightfully different. It made their tête-à-tête teas together stolen paradises. It made Peyton's occasional calls elsewhere, without her, intolerable hours. It made the memory of Alice, still visible in his eyes, an aching dreariness . . . It made a touch a thrill . . . a word a sacrament . . . it gave a fever to her veins, flinging a violence of roses into her cheeks . . . a brilliance almost supernatural into her eyes . . .

It made the coming of Alice into their lives again a cup she could not pass and dared not drain . . .

Claudia learnt a great deal about love after the meeting with Alice. She learnt that part of love which is renunciation. She grew so greatly that she could find peace in the thought of Peyton winning his peace at last after his suffering years.

The night after their meeting Peyton and Alice took a long stroll. They were at a summer hotel, and Peyton told Claudia not to wait up for them. She didn't, but she waited in bed with a heart as cold as ice until their footsteps and their whispered good-nights sent the hot tears flooding down her face.

"Prince Chap," she murmured in the honeyed darkness, "please let me be glad when you are glad . . . you have been sorry like this so long . . . and I have been sorry like this only for a little, little time. You have borne it, and so will I. But oh, my darling, if it could have been me . . . . if it could have been me . . ."

The next morning, at the breakfast-table, Peyton told her all about it. It was a habit of theirs to tell each other everything. The habit had precluded, all their lives together, any sort of shred of misunderstanding arising between them. There was, there had always been, only glad, confident morning in their mutual tie.

"Alice is a widow," Peyton said; "she has been for nearly five years. I . . . you see, Claudia honey, it has been a long while with both of us. Flames abate, even such a flame as there was between us. We think, Alice and I, that there could be no one thing in all the world so fascinating as to set up those ashes, revive that flame, make those dear dead dreams live, lovely things again. We are going to try together to win back our youth, the love of our youth."

"It would be beautiful," said Claudia; "you . . . you might even build . . . again . . . the Tower of Faithfulness and

(Continued on page 85)

"It has been a long, long path of moonbeams, Prince Chap, and most of the time it has seemed to waver and shift . . . but you have come . . . safely . . . at last"

Double Exposures

Conducted by F. J. S.

That popular phrase, "won over by the films," now reads "won over by the stage."

"The Virgin of Stamboul" has destroyed our desire to ever visit Constantinople. The architecture of the city is just like that of every movie theater we've ever been in.

Our idea of a 100°-in-the-shade combination: Lew Cody and Betty Blythe. Yet the press story reads that Miss Blythe is to appear "in the late Lew Cody picture."

These Americanization films—preaching the lesson of America—will be a fine thing—if only some of the movie magnates themselves see 'em.

Big Screen Moment of the Month

Cutie Beautiful in the hula-hula moments of "The Idol Dancer."

Universal has engaged a "plot doctor," which opens the way for:
Scenario surgeons.
Photoplay physicians.
Philm pharmacists.
Drama druggists, etc.

Now we have an epidemic of rural dramas about to descend upon us. Witness David Griffith's "'Way Down East" and Metro's "Shore Acres." Watch 'em come.

Another prediction: Watch for studios to be built in Cuba.

Just when all the movie producers start on their spring exodus to Europe, Albert E. Smith, president of Vitagraph, comes back to America. He's visiting in Los Angeles after nine months in Brooklyn.

Suggestion to producers—Why not produce a story touching upon prohibition?

Yeh, divorce is in the air in filmland. The continuities seem to be all wrong, Harold, all wrong.,

So retakes are in order.

Do the Spirits Give a Rap?

Anna Eva Fay, who has starred as a fortune-teller for lo, these many years, is invading the film world, making a photoplay dealing with "psychic phenomena." A scenarioist is now doing the script with the aid of a ouija board.

Louise Glaum's new director, A. Lincoln Hart, claims—prior to his screen début—to have been the first man "to introduce the refined cabaret." Will some one please explain this for us?

Some one is always taking the joy out of life. Just when Francis X. Bushman announces his permanent retirement from the screen, some one else announces the film début of Francis X.'s son.

If bad news interests you at all, you will be absorbed to learn that a new company has been organized to film favorite poems. They're starting with one based upon Ella Wheeler Wilcox's lines, "Laugh and the world laughs with you."

Some day we hope to read an interview with a feminine star in which there is no mention of:
Chaise-longues.
Blue chintz.
Their mothers.
Ravishing gowns.
Said star's definition of love.
Ditto of marriage.

It's just a hope, y'understand, just a hope.

Down in Washington the religious organizations have put up a huge electric sign, asking the city to come to God, or words to that effect. Maybe Louis Selznick is going to have some electric sign competition, after all.

Sicilian brigands recently kidnapped a motion picture director. They returned him at once, upon discovering his occupation. They have to draw the line somewhere.

OUR IDEAL SCREEN STOCK COMPANY

All the producers are organizing stock companies these days. Here's our idea of a perfect organization:

Leads—Charles Ray, Richard Barthelmess—Nazimova, Elsie Ferguson, Lillian Gish.

Seconds—Conway Tearle, Thomas Meighan—Jane Novak, Alma Tell.

Heavies—David Powell, Antonio Moreno—Betty Compson, Bebe Daniels.

Characters—Hobart Bosworth, George Fawcett—Mary Alden, Eugenie Besserer.

Juveniles, Ingénues—Douglas MacLean—Dorothy Gish, Clarine Seymour.

Others—Wallace Beery, Al Chaney.

Directors—Supervision, David Griffith; continuity, George Loane Tucker; advisory, Mrs Sidney Drew and King Vidor; lighting, Maurice Tourneur and George Fitzmaurice; choice of setting and location, Mr. Tourneur.

Combinations we'd like to see:

Ben Turpin and Nazimova.

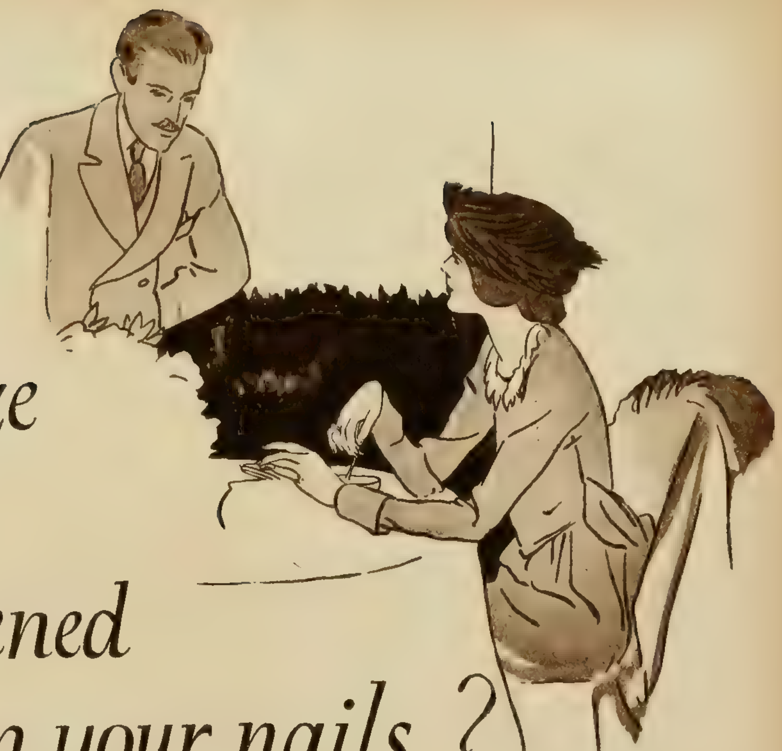
Big cinema psychological moment of the month:

Olive Thomas in pajamas in "Footlights and Shadows."

Jobs We'd Like to Have

Camera-man at the Mack Sennett studios.

Ditto at the Christie studios.

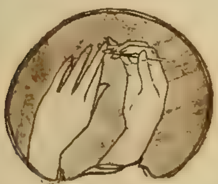


Do you realize how often eyes are fastened on your nails ?

Are you willing to be judged by their appearance?

YOU gesture freely as you talk to him. His eyes follow your moving finger tips. What are his impressions?

Men are especially sensitive to little deficiencies in a woman's appearance. Many men habitually judge a woman by the condition of her hands. The impression given by carelessly manicured nails is a hard thing to overcome.



With a bit of cotton wrapped around an orange stick and dipped in Cutex, work around the nail base, pushing back the surplus cuticle

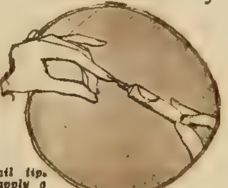
Wherever you go you are being silently appraised by your nails. Lovely hands, smooth, even nails immediately suggest a background of refinement.

Perhaps you find it is not possible to have a professional manicurist care for your nails regularly. Yet when you try to manicure them yourself you find you cannot keep the cuticle smooth. The more you cut it the worse it grows.

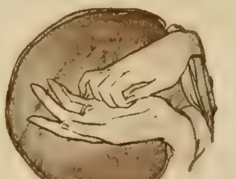
The most important part of your manicure is the care of the cuticle. To cut it with scissors or to bruise it with a sharp instrument invites trouble. The skin about the nail is sure to grow tough, uneven, to cause roughness, hangnails. When you cut the overgrown cuticle, you inevitably cut the live skin. As it heals, the skin is left thick and ragged. There is danger also of injuring the sensitive nail root, which is only one-twelfth inch below the surface.

It is possible to keep the cuticle thin, smooth, evenly shaped without cutting it. Your hands and nails can be so lovely you will be proud to have them noticed.

Cutex will soften the cuticle and keep it in good condition—it will dry up the hangnails and rough places. In a very short time you will find that your nails are as lovely as you have always wished.



To keep your nail tips white every day apply a bit of Cutex Nail White underneath them directly from the tube



A brisk rub with Cutex Nail Polish brings a high gloss to the nails

Follow the directions under the illustrations. Once or twice a week, depending on how fast your cuticle grows, give your nails this quick manicure. The consciousness of flawless nails will add greatly to your poise—your general charm.

You can get Cutex at any drug or department store in the United States and Canada, and any chemist's shop in England. Cutex Cuticle Remover comes in 35c and 65c bottles. Cutex Nail White, Nail Polish and Cold Cream are 35c each.

Six complete manicures for 20 cents

Send the coupon below and 20 cents for the Introductory Manicure Set. This is not as large as the Standard sets, but it contains enough of the Cutex preparations for at least six manicures. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

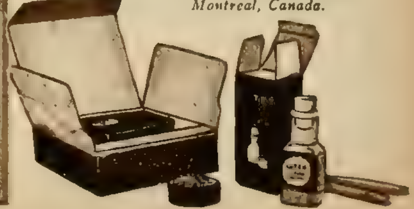
MAIL THIS COUPON AND TWO DIMES TODAY TO NORTHAM WARREN, 906, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

Name..

Street..

City.................................State....................

If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 906, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal, Canada.



The Pride of the Anzacs

By ELIZABETH PELTRET

Photograph © by Evans

Annette Kellerman said she will never, so long as she lives, get over her fear of poverty. She told me this one afternoon as we sat in comfortable rocking-chairs on the lawn in front of a big, typically Californian house in South Pasadena that she has rented for the season. She took this house because, with its broad lawn and orange and lemon groves, and situated as it is on the top of a hill from which she can see miles of open country, it is as far removed from the atmosphere of the theater as tho it were in a different world.

"I remember one period in London, when I was trying to get my first engagement," she said, and you would have guessed from her expression that distance has not greatly softened the memory. "My father had heart disease and we were desperperately poor. We got lodging in King's Cross for one pound, (five dollars), a week, which included meals for us both. My room was in a garret, where the ceiling was so low that I couldn't stand up straight. I used to comb my hair kneeling in front of the bed. One thing I have always been thankful for is that my father never saw that room. He was unable to climb the stairs. It was at that time that I began to be afraid of the poorhouse. The very thought of it was unbearable. It comes back to me now, sometimes, and at the moment I am able to think of all sorts of things that might happen to send me there! And then, at other times, I am glad that I had that experience; I think that it is a good thing." Undoubtedly she feels that this was the principal motive power that drove her on to success, a success that her father never lived to see.

"Do you think that he knows about it?" I asked, and she answered, "Yes, I am certain that he does." She paused. "It is a curious thing," she went on, "I've felt somehow . . ." She finished her sentence with a gesture which clearly meant "that I've had help."

The thing that would impress you most about Annette Kellerman is, of course, her tremendous vitality. Her clothes were designed for comfort and gave no least hint of perfect figure; a figure which has repeatedly been said to be the most perfect in the world . . . she wore white cotton stockings and broad-toed, low-heeled shoes. She has a frank, comradely way of shaking hands. Her voice is the voice of a sportswoman, hearty and free from affectation. There is never a moment in which she appears to be self-conscious of her fame.

As a little girl, Annette Kellerman was an almost hopeless cripple. "I had to wear iron braces on both my legs," she said. "These extended to the hips and hurt me horribly." In addition to this, she was told that there was very little hope for her ultimate recovery. She was sensitive, timid, above all, afraid of the water. But her father, a typical Australian, was resolved that she should learn to swim, and she did, very slowly, she says, but very thoroly. This was in Sydney, New South Wales, where she was born and spent her childhood. Little by little she felt her crippled limbs growing stronger until, at last, there came a day when she was able to discard her braces entirely. With returning health came a new confidence and, by the time she was thirteen years old, she became so proficient a swimmer that she was given an engagement at exhibition swimming with a salary of five pounds, ($25.00), a week, which attracted a great deal of attention.

Soon she began making records with her two, five and ten-mile swims, and her family talked things over and decided that there would be more opportunity for her in some big city, preferably London. So she and her father left Sydney, promising to send for the family with the first dawn of prosperity. But for a while it looked as tho the prosperity was never going to materialize.

(*Continued on page* 80)

Photograph by Campbell

Annette Kellerman was born in Australia and, as a little girl, was a cripple. Swimming brought her back to health. When she first tried to make her living as an exhibition swimmer—she almost starved to death

Poise and Charm

These are usually possessed by the woman who knows that in the careful execution of her toilet, she has left no opportunity for slighting comment. Every detail has had attention—particularly her complexion.

She is equally at ease in the witching candle light of the tea room and the bright sun-light of the busy street because she knows that her skin is smooth, soft—delicately lovely.

RESINOL SOAP is often found among the toilet requisites of such a woman, because it refreshes and invigorates while it lessens the tendency to oiliness, roughness, blotches, chapping and other blemishes. Try it today not only for your complexion but for your bath.

At all drug stores and toilet goods counters.
Trial cake free on request.
Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

RESINOL SOAP

RESINOL SHAVING STICK
cannot be excelled for the man
with a tender skin.

RESINOL SOAP
MEDICATED FOR THE SKIN ... COMPLEXION
BATH—TOILET
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The Home-Made Girl

By PEARL MALVERN

Photograph by Lumière.

THERE is always something fresh and charming and never-to-come-again about a *beginning* of anything. Stevenson said something or other very apt and very lovely concerning a first sunset, a first love, the incomparableness of both of these. He might, just as truly, have said the same of the first of a career, especially when that career is the silversheet and is being embarked upon by a young girl with tawny-colored hair, a gentle manner and starry eyes There is something wholly inspirational, a trifle wistful and very sweet in such an inception. There is so much roseate optimism, so much grave earnestness, so much of the first and tender fruitage of the young success. There is an atmosphere about it of a young bride, a new baby, all the fresh things of life and living. There is so much of hope and faith. Success, full-blown, has never that delicate bloom of success still glimpsed in its entirety upon some dim horizon.

Alice Calhoun had the air, the night I talked with her and with her mother, who is also her best friend, in their apartment on upper Riverside Drive, of a child standing, expectant and delighted, on tiptoes looking into a shop window, marvelously filled. There was about her the unsaid thought, "This is too good to be true."

What she really did say, however, not once, but many times, almost, indeed, the theme of our talk was, "*People* are too good to be true."

Hers is a grateful as well as an eager little heart. The sunshine of chivalry, of a helping hand, of kind words and encouraging praise falls upon receptive soil, anxious to give back again all and more than it has received.

"*Everybody* has been so kind," she said. "I think movie people are the most understanding, the most open-hearted, the kindest people in the whole world. I haven't been disappointed in a single one of them, nor in a single thing about the work. I love every bit of it. When I first began going to pictures--remember, mother?—you used to say that you always knew where to look for me after school—in the nearest picture house—Maurice Costello was my hero. I used to say that I was going to marry him when I grew up. I never dreamed in my wildest dreams, tho, that I would ever play in a picture with him. And then, just the other day, down at Vitagraph, I did. I played in a picture with him. It seemed almost too good to be true. And he is just as dear and nice as I thought, courteous and thoughtful and considerate. Vitagraph seems just like another home to me and all the Vitagraph people are like sort of an extension of my own family."

Photograph by ed Van Buren

"Would you ever leave?" I wanted to know, realizing that the word "ever" is a little word to the very young.

Miss Calhoun made a small dissenting gesture. A very clean, real sort of loyalty is hers. There is, one perceives, a steel-trueness both in the chiseling of her fine features and the chiseling of her keen young spirit. "I wouldn't *want* to, I know," she said, "and I certainly never *will* until I have proven to them that the faith they have placed in me has been justified. They have all said, in so many words, 'Go ahead. We know you can do it,' and I want, more than anything else in the world, to show them that I *can* do it before I ever leave, even if I ever do then."

Photograph Campbell Studios

Alice Calhoun invaded the screen accidentally. Seeking a New York apartment, Miss Calhoun and her mother met Frederick A. Thompson, who saw her film possibilities. And so she became a Vitagrapher. In the center is a glimpse of Miss Calhoun in a recent screen drama

"How did it all begin?" I asked.

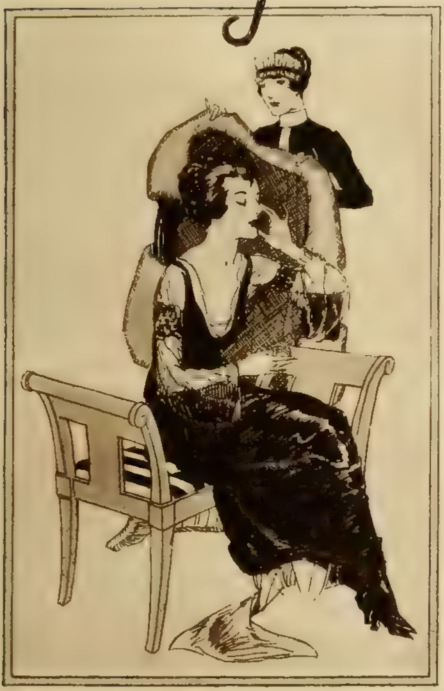
"Accidentally, in a way," laughed Alice. "Mother and I had just come to New York from Cleveland and were looking for an apartment. We happened, while looking, to run into Frederick A. Thompson, who had an apartment he wanted to lease, or something of the sort, in the very house we were in. While we were all talking together he kept looking at me, and suddenly he said, 'You would screen well, do you know that?'

"I, of course, just gasped. It was as tho he had put his hand right on my secret dream and dragged it out into the light of day. I guess my eyes told him better than my lips that, of all the things in the world, that very thing was the thing I wanted most to do. I must have 'registered,'

(*Continued on page* 83)

Your skin needs Different kinds of Care at Different Times

Before you go out, protect your complexion from the dust, wind and sun this way



More and more women are discovering how they can remain powdered and free from shine for five or six hours. Before powdering, they apply a bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream

YOUR skin is not a piece of fabric that can always be cared for in the same way. It is a living thing which has different needs at different times.

Before an outing, for example, your skin needs a special kind of care

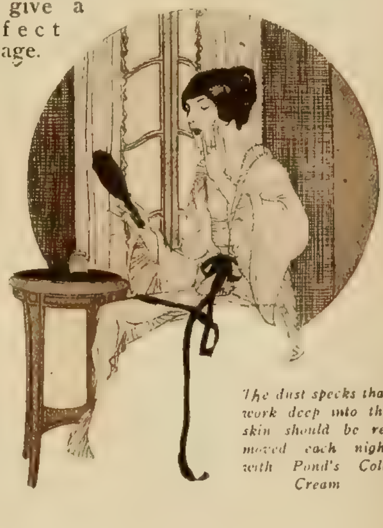
When you go out, rub a tiny bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream into your skin. It disappears instantly, leaving your face soft and smooth. There is no oil in Pond's Vanishing Cream, so it never reappears in a wretched greasy shine—and it gives your skin the protection it needs from the coarsening caused by dust, wind and sun.

Then, about powdering—do not expect powder to stay on for hours without a powder base.

Before you powder rub a tiny bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream into your face. Instantly it will disappear, leaving the skin softened. Now see how smoothly the powder goes on, how natural it looks. It will stay on two or three times as long as ever before. Because it is without oil, Pond's Vanishing Cream can never reappear in a shine.

At night, before retiring, is the occasion when your skin should have a special kind of cleansing. Only with a good oil cream can the dust that has worked into the pores be removed. Before retiring give your face a thorough cleansing with Pond's *Cold* Cream. It has just the amount of oil to make it best adapted to cleansing the skin and clearing up the clogged pores.

Watch out for the times when your face looks lined and your skin lacking in vitality. These are the times you need massage. Pond's Cold Cream is made exactly the consistency to work well into the pores and give a perfect massage.



The dust specks that work deep into the skin should be removed each night with Pond's Cold Cream

POND'S

Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

One with an oil base and one without

Your skin needs two creams

One without any oil, for daytime and evening needs—Pond's Vanishing Cream. It will not reappear in a shine.

One with an oil base—Pond's Cold Cream. It has just the amount of oil the skin needs.

Neither of these creams fosters the growth of hair or down.

Get a jar or tube of each cream today, at any drug or department store. With these two creams you can give your skin the different kinds of care it needs at different times.

FREE SAMPLE TUBES—MAIL THIS COUPON

Pond's Extract Co., 137-P Hudson Street, New York

Please send me, free, the items checked:

A free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream

A free sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Instead of the free samples, I desire the larger samples checked below, for which I enclose the required amount:

A 5c sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream

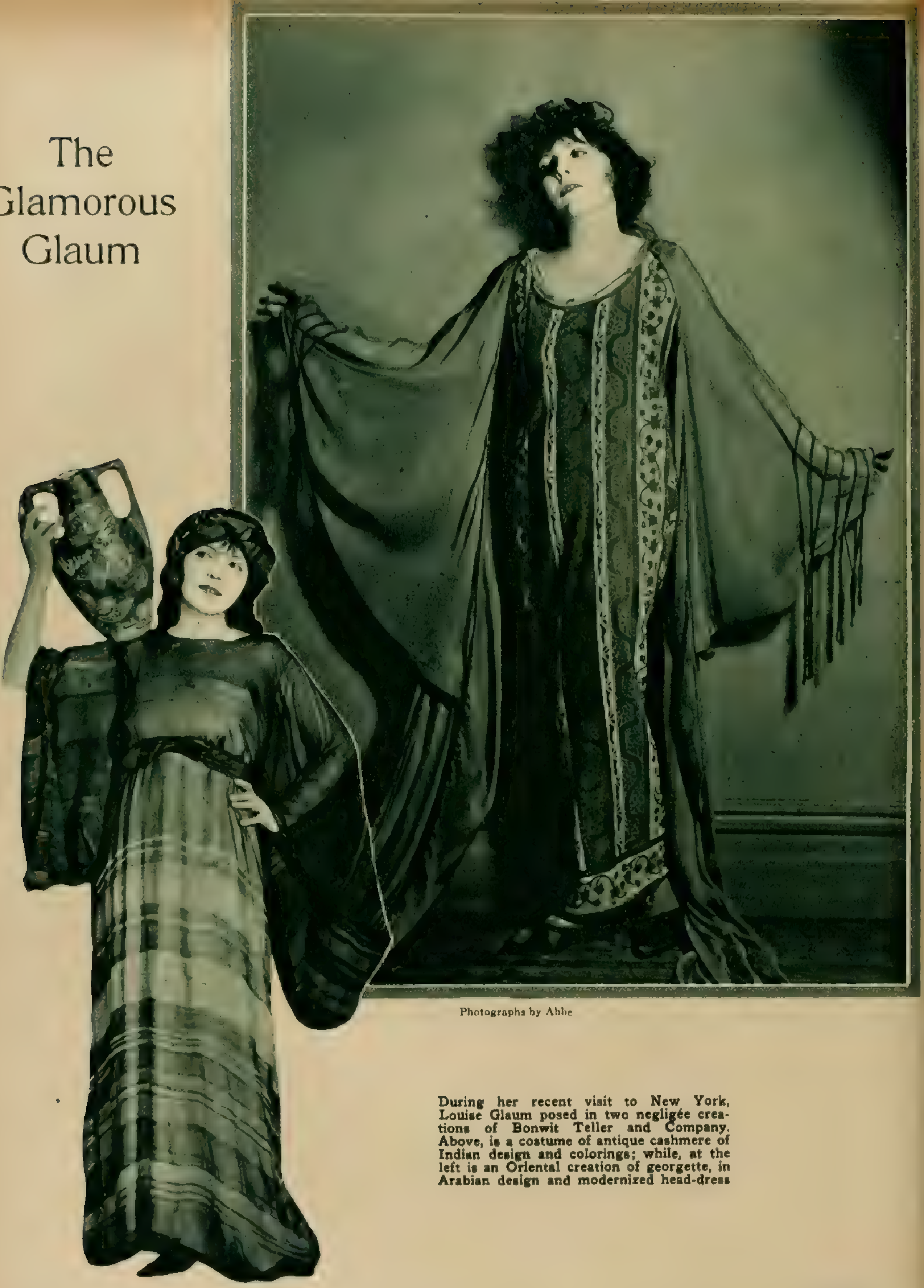
A 5c sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Name..

Street..

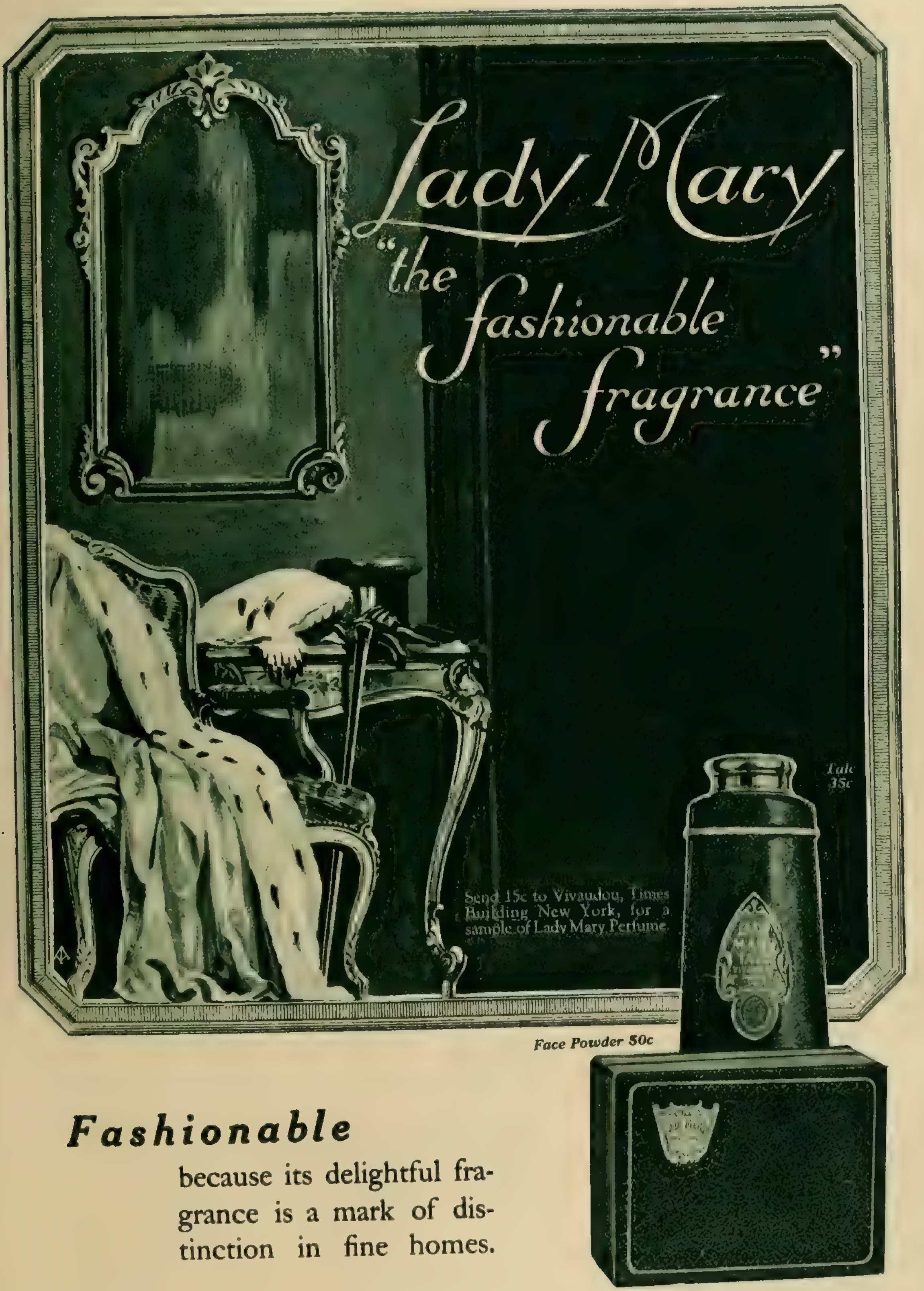
City .... State.......................

The Glamorous Glaum



Photographs by Abbe

During her recent visit to New York, Louise Glaum posed in two negligée creations of Bonwit Teller and Company. Above, is a costume of antique cashmere of Indian design and colorings; while, at the left is an Oriental creation of georgette, in Arabian design and modernized head-dress


Lady Mary
"the fashionable fragrance"

Send 15c to Vivaudou, Times Building New York, for a sample of Lady Mary Perfume.

Talc 35c

Face Powder 50c

Fashionable

because its delightful fragrance is a mark of distinction in fine homes.

Confessed Calumny

Warner Oland Tells His Secrets of Screen Villainy

By TRUMAN B. HANDY

THIS is a series of confessions!

We who concoct fascinating fripperies anent the cinematic constellation for the daily papers aren't prone to be startled. In other words, we only too often fail to register a thrill

And, moreover, only too often we've heard how all bad screen villains—the kind that pursue the movie cuties unto the very last reel; the sort of men whom mothers warn their daughters to stay away from—are fond husbands and devoted daddies to a baker's dozen of progeny; how Papa Bluebeard dotingly prepares the evening meal while friend wife whispers honeyed harmonies into his ever-ready ear. And all that—*i.e.*, how all film bad men are home-growing saints in real life. It's gotten to be an old, old story and a sad tale.

Hence, I hesitate to state that Warner Oland, the wickedest of 'em all, is strictly a home product. Such is the case. Sad, but true. How very interesting it would be were we to see Mr. Oland surrounded by a den of vampires, or hatching a plot to dig up his neighbor's favorite rosebushes! What a thrill we would get were we to observe him in the act of choking his wife or of raising h—ll with his flock of domestics! And how interestingly intricate would it be were we to have definite proof that he were footing a scheme to turn his peaceful home town, Glendale, into a seething hell-hole of anarchy!

Photograph by Hartsook

Warner Oland, the screen's de luxe villain, is shown, center, on a vacation roughing-it trip with his wife. Below, Mr. Oland is seen double-crossing Mr. Oland, by means of trick photography, in "The Third Eye"

As it is, we are forced to record that said gentleman of the voracious viciousness was actually and ostensibly observed to be muchly occupied in the overt act of culling "Toots," his wife's pet poodle, of fleas!

And, furthermore, we shed large quantities of salty tears as we announce that Mr. Oland speaks perfect English in a soft, semi-Southern drawl. And has never even slapped his mother-in-law, the very charming Mrs. Shearn, one of those real, old-time, genuine women who have received advancing years gracefully!

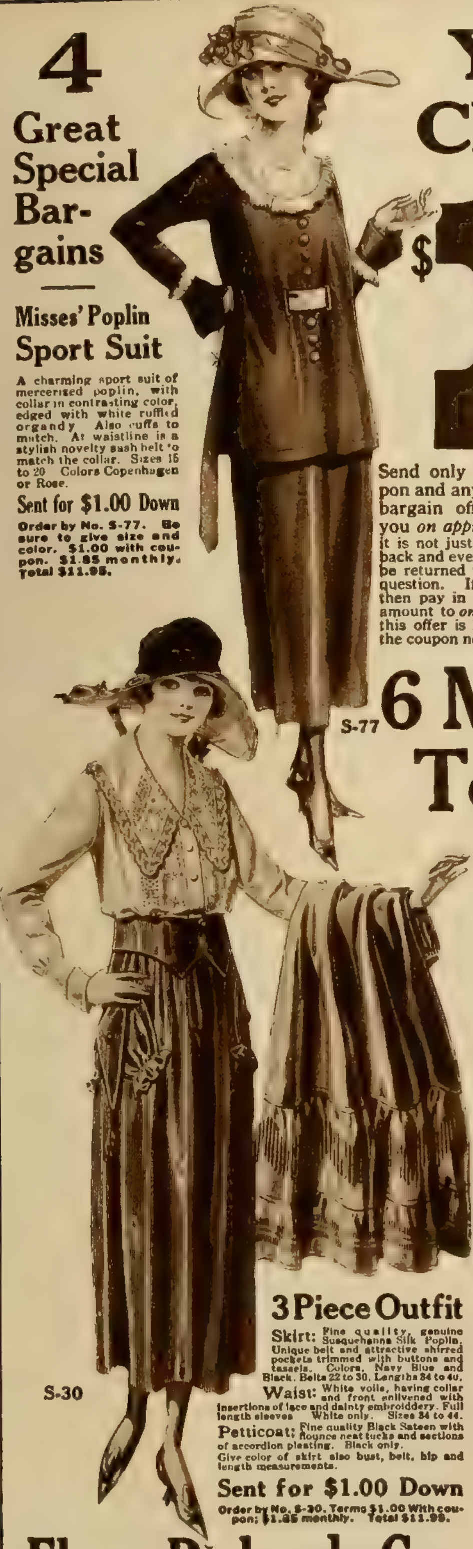
The profession of wreaking screen havoc is one peculiar unto itself, we learn as we hold conversation with him who gave us cold chills when we saw him as the Japanese Baron Somebody in "Patria." Of course, you are always good friends with the leading lady whom the script requires you to calumnize. And, besides, you always feel ashamed of yourself when you have to bind and gag the helpless hero, whom you know in real life to have a wife and seven children to support.

And somehow or other you never can quite get over kicking yourself for having

(*Continued on page 76*)

4

Great Special Bargains



Misses' Poplin Sport Suit

A charming sport suit of mercerized poplin, with collar in contrasting color, edged with white ruffled organdy. Also cuffs to match. At waistline is a stylish novelty sash belt to match the collar. Sizes 15 to 20. Colors Copenhagen or Rose.

Sent for $1.00 Down

Order by No. S-77. Be sure to give size and color. $1.00 with coupon. $1.85 monthly. Total $11.95.

Your Choice

$1.00 Down

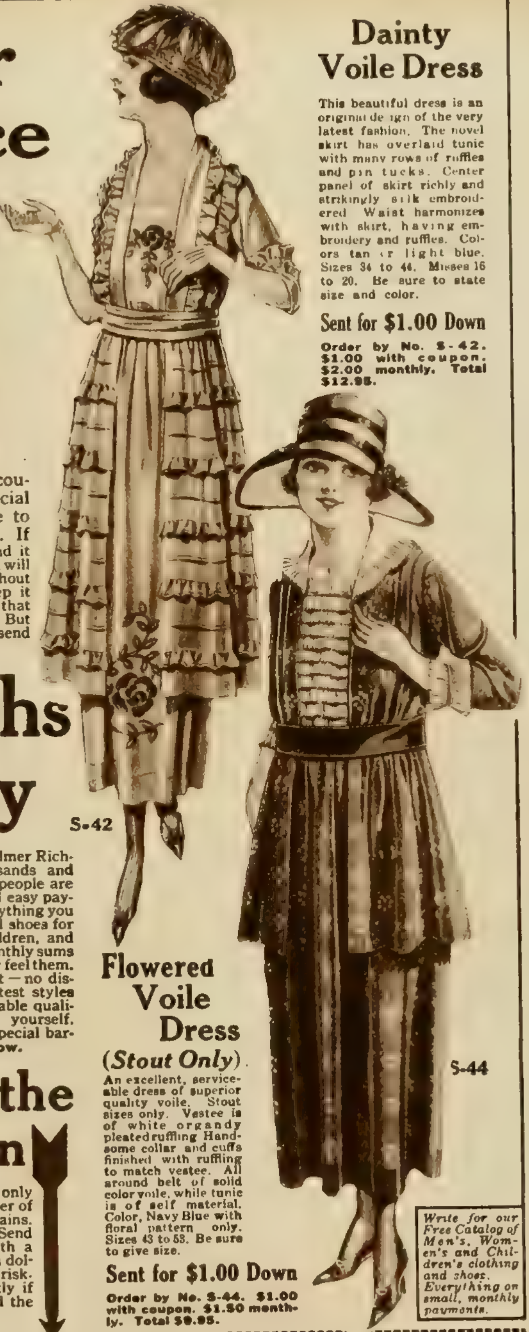
Send only $1.00 with the coupon and any one of these special bargain offerings will come to you *on approval.* Examine it. If it is not just what you want send it back and every cent you have paid will be returned to you instantly without question. If you decide to keep it then pay in small monthly sums that amount to *only a few cents a day.* But this offer is limited. You must send the coupon now. Don't delay.

6 Months To Pay

Learn to buy the Elmer Richards way as thousands and thousands of other people are doing. Our original easy payment plan brings anything you want in clothing and shoes for men, women or children, and you pay in small monthly sums so low you will never feel them. No charge for credit — no discount for cash. Latest styles and strictly dependable qualities only. See for yourself. Order one of these special bargains **on approval now.**

Send the Coupon

Don't delay. We only have a limited number of these special bargains. Don't be too late. Send the coupon now with a $1.00 P. O. order or a dollar bill. You take no risk. Money back instantly if you ask for it. Send the coupon **now.**



Dainty Voile Dress

This beautiful dress is an original design of the very latest fashion. The novel skirt has overlaid tunic with many rows of ruffles and pin tucks. Center panel of skirt richly and strikingly silk embroidered. Waist harmonizes with skirt, having embroidery and ruffles. Colors tan or light blue. Sizes 34 to 44. Misses 16 to 20. Be sure to state size and color.

Sent for $1.00 Down

Order by No. S-42. $1.00 with coupon. $2.00 monthly. Total $12.95.

Flowered Voile Dress

(*Stout Only*)

An excellent, serviceable dress of superior quality voile. Stout sizes only. Vestee is of white organdy pleated ruffling. Handsome collar and cuffs finished with ruffling to match vestee. All around belt of solid color voile, while tunic is of self material. Color, Navy Blue with floral pattern only. Sizes 43 to 53. Be sure to give size.

Sent for $1.00 Down

Order by No. S-44. $1.00 with coupon. $1.50 monthly. Total $9.95.

Write for our Free Catalog of Men's, Women's and Children's clothing and shoes. Everything on small, monthly payments.

3 Piece Outfit

Skirt: Fine quality, genuine Susquehanna Silk Poplin. Unique belt and attractive shirred pockets trimmed with buttons and tassels. Colors, Navy Blue and Black. Belts 22 to 30. Lengths 34 to 40.

Waist: White voile, having collar and front enlivened with insertions of lace and dainty embroiddery. Full length sleeves. White only. Sizes 34 to 44.

Petticoat: Fine quality Black Sateen with flounce neat tucks and sections of accordion pleating. Black only.

Give color of skirt also bust, belt, hip and length measurements.

Sent for $1.00 Down

Order by No. S-30. Terms $1.00 With coupon; $1.85 monthly. Total $11.95.

Elmer Richards Co.

Dept. A155 W. 35th St., CHICAGO

Elmer Richards Co., Dept. A155 W. 35th St., Chicago

I enclose $1.00. Please send me the bargain offer I check in one of the squares below:

S-42 ☐ Dainty Voile Dress. Size .... Color ....
$1.00 with coupon, $2.00 monthly. Total, $12.95

S-44 ☐ Flowered Voile Dress. (Stout) Size ....
$1.00 with coupon, $1.50 monthly. Total, $9.95.

S-77 ☐ Misses Poplin Sport Suit. Size ....Color ....
$1.00 with coupon, $1.85 monthly. Total, $11.95.

S-30 ☐ 3-Piece Silk Poplin Skirt Outfit. Color ....Belt ....
Hip............. Length............. Bust Size for Waist ....
$1.00 with coupon, $1.85 monthly. Total, $11.95.

If for any reason I wish to return the order after examination I may do so and every cent I have paid will be returned without question. If I keep it I will pay the monthly terms printed above until total price has been paid.

Name ....

Address ....

The Man Who Killed

(*Continued from page* 31)

about her the garment, almost torn from her body by the lust of her husband's hireling. She read in his hard, pitiless glance that she was beaten at last in her gallant, desperate game, knew that no words she could say would save her, and yet said them, with trembling lips that strove for control, with fearful, agonizing earnestness, even with piteous, futile little efforts to appeal to his pity, his old affection. His *pity!* As well might she have struggled to stop the lightning flashes with her small, naked hands.

"Look, at yourself!" he sneered, indicating her uncovered limbs, her torn, disheveled hair. "A likely story! You—" and he called her a vile name that streaked her face like a white whip-lash.

She cowered from him, and from the vision of the future his words evoked, a divorced woman, stained with public shame, driven out of her husband's house to drift in dubious and always more dubious circles in provincial towns upon the Continent, the butt of whispers, the prey of adventuring men . . .

And suddenly she began to shriek in a shrill, tearing, senseless way. She was a cornered animal thing, bereft of humanhood, save that her shrieks took the form of words. "God! Oh, God! Dont let him! Dont let him! Oh! Oh! Please, God!"

He choked the cries with great, cruel hands. "Dont be a damn fool. There's no one to hear you, no one that would care if he did——"

"And there," said a new voice, in an odd, breathless fashion, "there's where you're mistaken, my friend! I heard, and I—care. Take your hands off her or I'll be delighted to kill you, you *hound!*"

Richard Loring advanced from the threshold, very white and quite ridiculously a man, with his great shoulders squared, his hands clenched into sledgehammers. Sir Archibald made a mistake. He pointed derisively at the shaking figure of the woman, crouched against the wall. He laughed. And Richard Loring sprang toward him, knocking the lamp over as he sprang.

Clutching her torn gown about her, Lady Falkland fled from the pavilion into the storm, and thru a back way to the house and her own rooms, where she fell in a swoon upon the floor. And afterward, with only the maid to watch over her, she fought a hundred desperate, delirious fights all night long.

The finding of Sir Archibald Falkland's bruised body in the disordered pavilion the following morning set all Constantinople buzzing. The mystery was not who could have wished to kill him, but which one of the many who had cause to wish to kill him had finally accomplished the deed. It was Lady Edith, distraught over the ruin of her plans, who accused her rival, the wife of the dead man.

"Ask Lady Falkland where *she* was!" she clamored. "Ask the servants who saw them quarreling in the pavilion! Ask her maid how her mistress came in last night!"

The obvious absurdity of accusing the frail little woman who lay raving upstairs in the flaming clutch of fever was slightly mitigated by the fact that tho otherwise greatly bruised and torn, it was plain that what had caused the baronet's death was the thrust of a knife which was found beside the body and which Lady Edith instantly identified as belonging to the wife. Within three hours Lady Falkland had been publicly accused of the murder of her husband, and in spite of the fact that she was too ill to be lifted from her bed, the trial was begun in the library of the Falkland mansion.

It had hardly begun when a servant came, soft-footed, to the side of the Marshal, a stout, kindly, conservative Englishman, and whispered to him that some one wished to speak to him outside. In the hall, Richard Loring, haggard with sleeplessness but dressed immaculately and very calm, rose up to meet him.

"I have been told," he spoke, slowly, as tho testing each word, "that Lady Falkland has been accused of the murder of her husband. Is that true?"

The Marshal nodded, regretful but tremendously official. "And she is very ill, too, poor lady. But one mustn't let pity interfere with the law. The trial is even now proceeding within, and the testimony of the servants seems conclusive. No doubt she had cause. I have heard stories, really beastly stories, but what can one do? The law—hem—the law must be preserved."

"Then you shall try another prisoner," Loring said, jaw set in a grim line, "for it was I who killed the degenerate beast who was torturing her. That is, I had the honor of contributing greatly toward the happy result, altho it was a Greater than I who turned his own knife against him in the struggle. I refer to the Lord, who always had great reverence for women."

The Marshal chewed his straw-colored mustache in dire perplexity. "H-m! Most 'straordinary! Two murderers, and you say he was—h-m—torturing her?"

"He was taunting her with the threat that he was going to shame her publicly for the lustful attack made on her by a man in his pay." Richard Loring did not raise his voice, but the low words seemed to fill the hall with hideous clamor. The Marshal, a family man with two young daughters, writhed visibly. "I happen to love the lady. I have loved her for seven years. But if I had been a perfect stranger, I could have done no less than I did, and still call myself a man."

The Marshal walked the hall in deep dejection. "H-m! But there must be an accused. It is obvious there must be an

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accused Aha!" He actually chuckled, this absurd, simple creature. "I have the idea. There is a criminal, a desperate creature who broke jail last night and was found drowned in the Dardanelles this morning. Now *he* would make an ideal accused for us——"

On the narrow ledge of the tower parapet Gloria, Lady Falkland stood and looked out dreamily into the pure blue deeps of the sky. Her fragile night draperies floated about her; a strange, mysterious smile curved her white lips. The fever was gone, the horror of the night, and the years before the night was passed and at last freedom awaited, and forgetfulness and peace.

"I shall sleep well," murmured Lady Falkland. "The boy will go back to England to my sister. He will smell the spring in Sussex. He will see the hawthorn bloom—white—like bridal wreaths—but I shall be sleeping, so soundly that I think I shall not even dream——"

She took a step toward the edge of the parapet. But before she could take another, strong arms were about her, drawing her back to life.

"Not yet, Gloria, my beloved!" cried Richard Loring. "We will go back to England together, and the white hawthorn shall be your bridal wreath——"

"Dick! You must not keep me," she moaned, tho she clung to him with quite earthly terror, her overwrought mood gone. "They accuse me—and I have written a confession so that they could never accuse you. Dear, it was the only way. I couldn't bear—any more——"

"That is all over," he told her gently; "by and by I will explain. But no one accuses either of us, nor ever will. There is nothing for you to die for. There is everything for you to live for—Gloria! Gloria, listen to me, my dearest. Let me tell you what there is to live for——"

And as he told her Death drew back, discomfited, and all about them the air was splendid with the shinings wings of Love . . .

Seena Seen Scenically

(*Continued from page* 35)

meeting West and vice versa. She has, to the outer eye, the bearing and sophistication of the effete East, and to the more trained sense the love of open spaces, homey people and places, Colts and Bill Hart photoplays with mustangs and lots of shooting!

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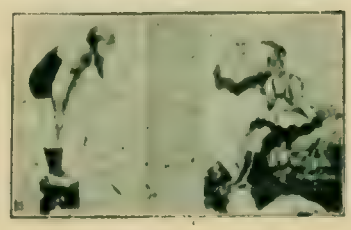

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The Mid-Day Frolic

(*Continued from page* 20)

for the first time in a one-piece bathing-suit before the camera, mother clucks and sputters and follows daughter around the picture camp with a belligerent and watchful eye. But the life she sees and the routine of hard work is so decidedly humdrum that she promptly retires, completely at ease as to the pitfalls and snares in the wake of a virtuous flower, satisfied to let the matron put arnica on bruised knees and to see that the wardrobe mistress fits her into the requisite low-and-behold attire.

The various companies making use of this rarified feminine "atmosphere" differ in their handling of the girls. In the first place, requirements of production differ. Sennett's beauties, such as Phillis Haver and Harriet Hammond, are the languid, gracile type of girl, replete with eyelashes and soulful eyes. Hampton Del Ruth, when he selects girls for Sunshine comedies, never wants a girl who is more than five feet five inches in height. His system of weights and measures is meticulous, as follows:

Height	Weight
5 ft. 1 in	105 lbs.
5 ft. 2 in	110 lbs.
5 ft. 3 in	115 lbs.
5 ft. 4 in	120 lbs.
5 ft. 5 in	125 lbs.

Questions relative to height and weight are the first asked at any studio. No experience is necessary. The majority of the producers prefer to get girls unspoiled by any idea of technique or tricks. When a girl comes to Del Ruth with the intimation that she is a second Mary Pickford, he promptly disillusions her.

Both Sennett and Christie, while they use girls in the ensemble, insist upon the beauty being brainy enough to understand the fundamentals of acting, inasmuch as the background has to be decorative enough to play a principal part in the picture. Phillis Haver, for instance, could never have been the beauty in "Salome vs. Shenandoah" if she had not possessed both beauty and histrionic ability. Nor could Marie Prevost have appeared in "Yankee Doodle in Berlin" had she not manipulated her grey matter as well as her shapely legs.

"I got a girl," remarked Al Christie, proprietor of the comedies, "who had not a particularly good figure, but a very winsome smile. I figured that I could use her. We could cover up her underpinning and play up her teeth."

Christie prefers to get girls with experience, inasmuch as each damsel of necessity must be able to do a certain amount of legitimate dramatic comedy. He will consider no girl applicant more than five feet six inches in height. His girls are slightly different from those at the Sennett and Fox studios, because they generally play "dressed-up" parts and are more apt to appear in afternoon tea-gowns than in a bathing-suit, altho one of the Christie beauties, Vera Steadman, wears bathing apparel whenever the scenario editor can find a suitable excuse for it.

But Vera, too, is required to thespianize—to use facial expression as well as a beautiful figure to "put her over." Helen Darling, another of the Christie flock, is a former café dancer, chosen for the comedies chiefly because she is graceful and can walk thru a door without giving the impression that she's all left feet. Dorothy DeVore, perhaps the tiniest girl on the screen, is five feet one inch tall, a former singer in a Los Angeles café. She is a good type, because she has a bright, snappy personality. Marjorie Payne, on the other hand, is taller and of more languid aspect. She is the winner of a national magazine beauty contest and has a wistful, Mona Lisa face. Florence Gilbert was picked particularly for her face, as a type opposite to Miss DeVore, who is a brunette. Miss Gilbert is almost the fluffy blonde type and is possessed of a lovely oval face. Peggy Davis, on the other hand, is the vivacious, sprightly, medium-sized brunette lorelei.

On the Sunshine lot, Dorothy Lee represents the terpsichorean coterie of mirth-maids. She, like Dorothy DeVore, is small and extremely vivacious, with a snappy personality. Norma Canterno, a large-eyed, beautiful Italian girl, is possessed of perhaps the most beautiful shoulders in comedy, while Bessie True, a brunette with light-blue eyes, was selected particularly because of her knees and ankles. Lillian Hackett's feet are the smallest on the "lot," while Dorothy Terry's arms, hands and shoulders are proclaimed ideal.

The lovely, dreamy, blonde Phillis Haver is the ideal girl on the Sennett lot, experts have testified. Miss Haver has deep, baby-blue eyes and lips that form a natural pout. Her arms and hands are slender and her fingers are tapering, and her legs are as perfectly formed as those of a young child. Marie Prevost is her exact countertype, with a live-wire, sprightly manner and a "mickey" personality that has proved extremely attractive to thousands of film "fans."

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(*Continued on page* 73)

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Cameo Cassinelli

(*Continued from page 37*)

in Chicago her beauty and charm attracted the notice of the Essanay film producers and in one of their famous productions she made her screen début.

Upon the completion of her contract with Essanay she left the silent drama and again took up concert work as a member of the Chicago Opera Company, meanwhile posing as a model for paintings and etchings for distinguished foreign artists.

After two years of concert work the young artiste again harkened to a flattering call from the movies and returned to the screen to co-star with E. K. Lincoln in Leonce Perret's big production, "Lafayette, We Come." Following this she was featured in many Capellani productions.

The Italian beauty is not keen on talking about herself. "Why should I?" she said. "Does Caruso go about talking of himself? Do any of the great artists, musicians, writers, go about telling how wonderful they are? No! And they have done something worth talking about. I have done nothing but sing a little—act a little—any one can do that.

"My music? Yes. It was born in me to like music. I loved to study it, always. My music is a pleasure, a pastime. I play the piano, I sing because I love it. It is true that I can sing fourteen of the operas, but I have studied and sung them since I was a child. They are just a part of my education."

"And your hobbies—ambitions?"

"Music!" she laughed.

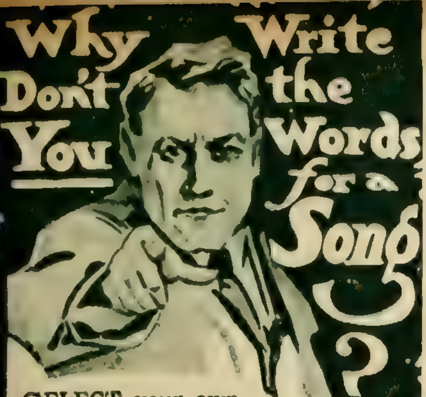
"I go to the opera every chance I have, and study, study, study. Some day I hope to sing the great operas in some great opera house. My brother—he, too, sings—even better than I. Together we compose music. Perhaps we may write a great opera. Who knows?

"And I read—romance, history, adventure. Especially I like D'Annunzio, and one of my ambitions is to screen one of his masterpieces. I should like to idealize the Italian type on the screen—and yes, I should like to go back to Italy and study and work—but not yet."

Mrs. Cassinelli consulted her wristwatch. Our party was over and we went our separate ways, but with me there remains a memory of an unaffected, girlish girl alive with enthusiasm for her work and all things beautiful, who is giving us thru the medium of the screen "glorious, golden songs of silence."

New Comer.—Come right in. Glad you weren't afraid to write. You know I'm drawing $9.50 per to answer questions, so keep me busy. And you haven't received Norma Talmadge's picture after writing three times. She's a very busy lady, but I have reason to believe that she means to treat everybody kindly.

Flo U.—Thanks for the fruit, particularly the dates, altho when I eat them I will be consuming time, and there's none too much. Owen Moore in "Sooner or Later." Yes, he's single now. Bessie Barriscale in "The Woman Who Understood." You'd rather see action on the screen than to hear the voice on the stage. I'm glad there are a lot more like you.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The Mid-Day Frolic

(Continued from page 70)

It was, as Sennett says, a mere adventure at the time, but with the passing of years a precedent has been established. The original coterie of bathing beauties has risen to heights of stardom—Gloria Swanson, Mabel Normand, Juanita Hansen, Ora Carew and Mary Thurman—and tomorrow the lovely ladies who furnish divertisement today for the bald heads in the thirty-cent seats may see their names in gleaming electrics over a feature production.

And it has come to pass that the New York managers are commencing to look to the movies for fresh, unspoiled girlhood. The day of the blasé chorus kicker is past, and the café soubrette who screams jazz thru a corrugated-iron throat is passé.

Girlhood is selling at a premium, and the decorative background continues to grow more decorative each time a new baby vamp with dark hair and sparkling, champagne eyes steps out of the classroom into a bathing-suit—and out before the camera.

Alec Francis, Pioneer

(Continued from page 33)

place by ourselves and a place large enough for ordinary comfort.

"I think I have found one now. It is a rather attractive house in the Wilshire district."

He added that they had been having much trouble with their servants. They had found it impossible to get a capable one.

You feel that these things are very disturbing to Alec Francis. He is undoubtedly overly sensitive for his own happiness. He told me that if two or three things go wrong in succession the accumulated effects will make him ill in spite of all his philosophy and his power to reason against it.

Occasionally he would lift one hand from his cane and make a short, level, sideways gesture, but for the most part he sat very still.

He told me a story of his first season on the stage which illustrates the changes he has seen take place.

"We had only gas lights then," he said. "One night, during my big scene, some one noticed that the lights were at half-cock and turned them all on full. Every globe in the house burst." He will never forget the panic that followed. Of all the things that have happened in his eventful life he apparently remembers this most vividly.

"I want to go back to the stage for just one more production," he said, in conclusion. His contract with Goldwyn has another year to run. "I am planning to appear in a comedy-drama which I may produce myself. After that I will return to pictures."

Which goes to show that even a pioneer loves his old home best, and there is no love like a first love after all.

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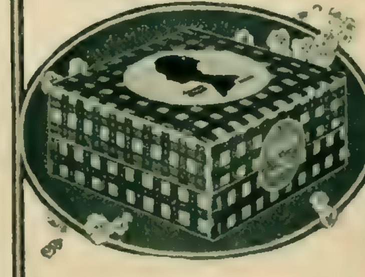

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Sick-a-Bed

(*Continued from page* 43)

to ask them I am sure they will be only too happy to answer."

"Humph!" Dr. Macklyn opened his case and drew forth a clinical thermometer, squinted at it and shoved it into Jay's unwilling mouth. "Dont want answers. Want facts. Very different things. Humph!"

Jay's eyes sent out an agonized S. O. S. over the glass tube, and the nurse answered it by slipping a piece of ice from the tumbler on the tray between his lips as she stooped to smooth the pillow. The doctor removed the tube, glanced at it once contemptuously, once incredulously, and uttered an exclamation. "My God! The man has no temperature! He ought to be *dead!*"

He shook the thermometer and reinserted it. Again Jay sent out his wireless and again was answered when Nurse Durant slid a bit of smoking-hot muffin deftly into his mouth, as she drew up the blankets about his chin.

"Heavens alive!" muttered the amazed doctor. "It's gone up to 105 in two minutes. This is terrible!"

He drew out his stethoscope and applied it to the portion of pajama front beneath which Jay's heart beat normally and in perfect health. Nurse Durant did not hesitate. She saw her duty and did it. Stooping over the doctor's head, she implanted a kiss upon Jay's forehead!

"Powers that be!" howled the doctor. "The fellow's heart is speeding away like an express train. He wont last the day out. It's a wonder to me he's still alive!"

From the doorway came a shrill scream. "She did it! I saw her kiss him! Oh, Orlando! Orlando! You have broken my heart!" Constance Weems wailed. At the same instant her husband's burly form shot by her and to the bed, where his brawny hand lifted the invalid by the collar-band and shook him violently.

"Orlando! So you're Orlando!" yelled John Weems. "Well, what d'you mean by making love to my wife, eh?"

"I didn't make love to her!" Jay gasped. "I wouldn't make love to her if she was the last woman on earth!"

This did not tend to placate the infuriated husband. "You wouldn't? I'd like to know *why* not? She's a woman any man would want to make love to! What do you mean by insulting her?"

A soft voice fell across his rage like cool water. Nurse Durant, very trim and demure in her blue starched uniform, had taken one of Reginald Jay's hands with the most charming blush in the world. "He means," she explained, "that I've agreed to see that he doesn't make love to any other woman, no matter how much he'd like to! Isn't that it, Reggie dear?"

Already the two fake doctors had slipped unostentatiously away. The specialist, scowling ferociously over his glasses, snapped his case to over the stethoscope. "Love-sick! Humph! That accounts for the symptoms!" he growled. "Some day some doctor is going to win everlasting fame and the gratitude of his sex by inventing an antidote. But this case is incurable. Humph! Good-day!"

Her dreams of romance receding, Constance turned her glance upon her husband. After all, a husband, even a patent clothes wringer husband, was preferable to nothing. She cast herself into his arms with a shrill wail, "John! John! Have you come back to me, my ownest own?"

In this feminine manner did she take the ground out from under his feet and put him once and for all indubitably in the wrong, abjectly in the proper masculine position of begging for forgiveness for her sins. And so together they went away, and lived forever after, but whether happily or not the reader must decide on the grounds and evidence presented in this tale.

And Nurse Duncan and her patient were left to themselves.

"Dearest," he began tentatively, and, when nothing happened, "Darlingest," he cried, rapturously, "you've made me the happiest man in the world."

"A nurse has to do her duty," said Nurse Durant, coldly, but it was noticeable that she did not draw perceptibly away. And correctly interpreting this, Reginald Jay arose from his sick-bed and took her in his arms to the scandal of the prim little cap atop the brown curls.

"Then you've got a case for life"—he kist her—"for I have the best medical authority that my case is incurable!"

B. C. 1920

(*Continued from page* 17)

You cannot portray emotions for others if you cannot study and analyze these emotions. And you have to have some grey matter to do that." Miss Compson smiled and added, "That's why I'm reading furiously."

"And beauty—is that needed?" we reminded.

"Perhaps," responded Miss Compson, "of a kind."

"If one had both?" we insisted.

"Gracious," Miss Compson said, "you go right home and do something about that cold."

DOLLS

By Charlotte Becker

I love them just as much today
  As when, a dreamy little girl,
I decked them out in remnants gay,
  And proudly smoothed each mussy curl.

And, up and down the busy street
  The people that I do not know,
The faces of the dolls repeat,
  In toyshops of the long ago.

I long to take each lovely one
  And set them in some make-believe,
Quaint games, where they'd have heaps of fun
  In thrilling stories that I'd weave.

And all the ugly ones I want
  So very nice a time to give,
That they'll forget the jibes that taunt,
  And find how good life is to live.

The Human Photoplay

(*Continued from page 23*)

Vidor's vigorous ideas intensely interesting.

"The theme," he replied promptly; "the underlying reason for the picture being made. I try to look at a picture as *one*, in which all the elements are well balanced and work together harmoniously, but the *big idea* must be there!"

Artificiality comes when there is no longer a fresh and urging impetus, but this young man—he is only twenty-six—seems to have an inexhaustible supply of visions which promises to stimulate his pictures for some time to come.

In all human endeavor is the element of the unexpected which comes to thwart the best laid calculations; this, of course, creates the plot, and it is the working out of these difficulties in the *right* way that concerns King Vidor.

It was as a schoolboy down in Galveston, Texas, that Mr. Vidor first decided he wanted to direct motion pictures, and after many disappointments and struggles, during which he was learning much, he finally reached his goal, creating a veritable sensation with his first production, "The Turn in the Road," and he is considered one of the principal possibilities of the screen.

"I am now with the First National," he told me, happily, "and they are affording me a greater opportunity and more freedom than I have ever had, and with my new studio, which is being built, I hope to make my pictures reach the highest standard."

A year ago little Suzanne could only gurgle delightedly at me, for she had been a Christmas gift to the Vidors and was but a few months old. Now she is a regular chatterbox, and I predict she will be a comédienne, with her twinkling eyes and merriment. And she should be, for her pretty mother, Florence Vidor, who is her husband's leading woman in all his pictures, excels in emotional work, and King Vidor believes there should be an equal amount of drama and comedy in each film.

"Comedy," he told me, "serves to make people forget their troubles and gives them a chance to see life in its true perspective. Much of the worry of the world comes from trying to plan ahead. There is no past, no future, only the glorious present, and if we are striving for the *right*, all our needs will be met at the proper time!"

Who knows but the name of King Vidor will prove a pivotal one, by reason of what he will accomplish and of his far-reaching influence on the motion picture art itself!

SAPHO.—Church bells were first suggested by Paulinius, an Italian bishop, and were intended for "driving away spirits and ridding the air of devils." No, Carol Dempster is not engaged to Richard Barthelmess. You're right; come again.

HAROLD R.—Write Gloria Swanson, Los Angeles, Cal. No, Harold, I dont think I have written anything yet that will live. I have been answering questions for nearly ten years, and I am thankful that I still live, even if my answers dont. Write me again some time.

Paul Schofield

A year ago he was a rank outsider. He studied the Palmer Plan. To-day he is under a 2-year contract as staff writer with Thos. H. Ince Studios.

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Stars and producers are searching the country for new, workable motion picture stories. Literary genius is not a prime factor. They want new story-plots told in the language of the screen. 95% of the book material is unsuited to motion picture production. Learn how this new opportunity can be mastered more easily than you may think.

In Photoplays

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But at the present time producers cannot get enough good stories. Over 5,000 are needed each year. 95% of book material is not suited to the screen. And at present there are simply not enough men and women writing for the screen, even though incredible prices are being paid. More must be trained if the industry is to live. So if you have a spark of creative imagination, if you have any story-ideas, the opportunity is golden.

Literary Genius Not Essential

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation makes no extravagant claims. It merely points to the list of successful photoplaywrights it has developed through Correspondence. People from all walks of life—mothers with children to support, ministers, clerks, magazine writers who failed when they tried for the screen. In short, we have demonstrated that anyone with good ideas can write photoplays, once he learns the fundamental principles.

Advisory Council

The educational policy of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation is directed by the biggest figures in the industry. They are: **Cecil B. de Mille**, Director-General of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation; **Thomas H. Ince**, head of the Thomas H. Ince Studios; **Lois Weber**, America's greatest woman producer and director; **Rob Wagner**, well-known motion picture writer for the Saturday Evening Post.

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One of our students, formerly a minister, sold his first story for $2,000. The recent success of Douglas Fairbanks, "His Majesty the American," and the play, "Live Sparks," in which J. Warren Kerrigan starred, were both written by Palmer students. James Kendrick of Texas has sold six stories since enrolling less than a year ago.

Many of our members have taken staff positions in studios, four in one studio alone.

Not a Tedious Course of Study

Most of our successful students begin to sell their photoplays a few months after enrolling. For you start to work on your manuscript almost immediately. We teach by direct example.

We furnish you with the Palmer Handbook with cross references to scenarios that have been produced.

We give you a glossary of studio terms and phrases. In short, we bring the studio to you.

Then you begin the real work with our Advisory Service Bureau. This Bureau gives you personal, constructive criticisms of your manuscripts—free and unlimited for a year. Every critic in this Bureau is an experienced photoplay writer.

Special Contributors

Included in the Palmer Course is a series of lectures by twelve leading figures in the motion picture industry. They cover every technical phase of motion picture production.

You can judge their value from the fact that they are contributed by such notables as Frank Lloyd and Clarence Badger, Goldwyn directors; Jeanie MacPherson, noted Lasky scenario writer; Col. Jasper Ewing Brady, of Metro's scenario staff; Denison Clift, Fox scenario editor; George Beban, celebrated actor and producer; Al E. Christie, president Christie Film Co., Hugh McClung, expert cinematographer, etc., etc.

Our Marketing Bureau, headed by Mrs. Kate Corbaley, formerly photoplaywright for Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, helps you sell your work. In constant touch with the studios, she knows their needs. When members so desire, she submits their plays to Directors and Scenario Editors in person.

Send For This Book and Investigate

For those who are really interested in this great new opportunity, we have prepared "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing," which lays before you the Palmer Course and service in greater detail.

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Remember that many photoplaywrights have never written a line for periodicals. Literary ability is not what is wanted. Producers want outline plots written from a knowledge of their specific needs. A simple story with one good new thought is enough.

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Confessed Calumny

(*Continued from page 66*)

kicked up such a cinematic rumpus over a package of *mere blank writing paper,* which the scenario has designated as the million-dollar plans of an imaginary movie mine.

All this from Oland, as he continues fleecing "Toots" for the leaping dandruff!

Mr. Oland, as I have said, resides in the peaceful suburb of Glendale, twenty minutes by Cadillac (this is a perfectly free gratis ad) from Los Angeles. His house is precisely like any other comfortable abode, with a piano, victrola, hot-and-cold running water, Jap boy, flower-garden and various other comforts of home. You step into a spacious sun-parlor, and you are confronted by an unfinished oil painting on an easel.

Does Mr. Oland paint? This you ask breathlessly.

No, Mr. Oland does *not* paint, you learn, but Mrs. Oland *does.* You glance at the piano and note a ballade of Moussorgsky thereon. Another disappointment! Mr. Oland does not play, neither does he sing. It is Mrs. Oland who is thusly accomplished. You see a large-sized box of Murads, (another free ad), reposing temptingly on a mission oak table in the sun-parlor. Still another heartache, because you, being a writer, are plebeian and inhale the aroma of Virginia's purest weed, rather than that of Turkey-on-the-Hudson.

The thrillingest bit of dirty work Oland ever did on the screen was when he nearly pushed Pearl White off a fast-moving box-car. Of course, the aforesaid box-car wasn't going fast, but the camera made it look as if it simply burned up the track. And the camera box was nailed onto the hind end, some three feet below the level of the roof. Oland was escaping, and the darned heroine positively *insisted* upon following him by climbing over the roof of the moving train.

The director wanted him to kick her in the face—gently, of course, but, nevertheless, to implant a healthy boot in the center of her proboscis.

"I really couldn't do that," Oland confessed. "Miss White was *such* a nice girl. And then the director coyly suggested that I step on her hands as they clenched the roof of the car. And I just couldn't bring myself to do that, either. And so we compromised by my pounding her lily-white fingers gently with my fist, and she, suffering only the exquisite agony capable of screen heroines, dropped to the camera-stand three feet below!"

And it was in "The Witness for the Defense" that he had to choke Elsie Ferguson! Actually choke her!

"How did she feel?" I inquired, gasps punctuating my breathing spells.

"Oh," drawled Oland, languidly, "she just thought of it as a dramatic situation and told me to be *rough* with her for the sake of art."

"And you?" again from breathless me.

"Oh, I'd been married to her seven years in the story, and while Elsie is a charming girl, the scenario writer insisted that I'd had enough of her. And I choked her lovingly, gloatingly. It was a good scene and we didn't have to do a retake."

"The result?" .

"Miss Ferguson merely had to retire to her dressing-room to again make up her neck so that we could continue the day's labor."

"It's the first time in his life he ever mistreated a woman!" Mrs. Oland insisted, indignant. "The things they have him do! No wonder he gets temperamental after he's worked on a picture for months."

But hearken! I haven't told the half of it.

"My pet trick," added Oland, "when my picture prey wont tell the hiding-place of the diamonds, is to twist his wrist. Camera-man takes a close-up, and the public shudderingly shivers, '*How awful!*'

"You know, I never really hit them in pictures. I generally plan all the screen dirty work, and my 'adherents' put in the actual punches. If I do hit them, I'm ever so gentle. Why should I want, merely because I'm the heavy, to hurt them? They never get a chance to come back at me, and—well, my conscience always fails me."

This screen villainy is commencing to be a fad with our subject. He eats and sleeps slinkingly, slyly, thinking up new dastardly tricks to play on the members of his company on the morrow.

But what he wants to do is to play the part of a farmer! He has a farm in Massachusetts, where, when possible, he retires to rest and Mrs. Oland to paint, and both to collaborate in translating Strindberg, twelve volumes of which have been thus far anglicised by the Olands.

You'd think, from seeing Oland on the screen, that he is a Japanese and, from hearing him talk, that he's English. Wrong again! He was born in the northern part of Sweden, of Swedish-Russian parents. America claimed him at an early age, but, nevertheless, he's wholeheartedly in love with the literature of Bjorkman, Hauptmann, Strindberg, Sudermann and other Norsemen, and when he's not too busy villaining you'll likely find him working on English translations of their works.

And he has, for years, been intensely interested in the little-theater movement. In fact, when he produced and played in Strindberg's "The Father," his own translation, some years ago at the now defunct Berkeley Theater, New York, the presentation was the forerunner of the art-theater wave in this country.

Originally he was to have been a grand opera baritone. Fate later sent him to the Boston School of Expression, where he became interested in the drama while

(*Continued on page 82*)

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Your skin requires *daily* protection from sun and wind. Keep your skin white and fresh with Marie Antoinette Skin Bleach. You'll marvel at the magic transformation of your skin. Delicately whitens, yet remains *invisible.* Guaranteed to remove and also prevent TAN, SALLOWNESS, FRECKLES, etc. Send $1 and your dealer's name for bottle postpaid. Our Eyelash Grower $1, also works wonders. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

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The Violet Rays send a spray of mild, tiny currents through every part and organ, vitalizing and invigorating every cell. It acts like the refreshing effects of a shower bath—and leaves you with a delightful feeling of bounding health and buoyant energy

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This is only a partial list of the many ailments that can be treated successfully with Violet Rays right in your own home:

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- Catarrh
- Chilblains
- Colds
- Corns
- Constipation
- Dandruff
- Deafness
- Earache
- Eczema
- Eye Diseases
- Falling Hair
- Hay Fever
- Headache
- Goitre
- Insomnia
- Lumbago
- Nervousness
- Neuralgia
- Neuritis
- Obesity
- Pains
- Paralysis
- Piles
- Pimples
- Pyorrhea
- Rheumatism
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- Sore Throat
- Sprains
- Tonsilitis
- Whooping Cough

Simple, Delightful Treatments Right In Your Own Home

THE fascinating charm of a lovely, youthful blemish-free skin may be yours through the magic of this wonderful discovery! There is no longer any need to envy the perfect complexion—no longer any need to endure the embarrassment and discomfort of a clouded or blemished skin. Vi-Rex Violet Rays bring beauty in a simple, enjoyable manner through the power of soothing, pleasant treatments in your own home.

Beauty is largely a matter of health—no amount of skillfully applied rouge and powder can counterfeit the allurement of a clear, unblemished complexion. Violet Rays bring beauty by building health first. Gentle currents of ultra violet light penetrate every cell of the skin and body, imparting youth and vigor to tired tissues. Through the marvelous tonic effect of this new discovery you may thus obtain lasting, vibrant health and beauty. You will be amazed at the splendid, quick results obtained from the remarkable Vi-Rex Violet Ray.

VIOLET RAYS

The Amazing New Source of Health, Energy and Beauty

VI-REX VIOLET RAYS are effective for a host of disorders and ailments. Physicians in all parts of the country are adding this scientific outfit to their equipment and recommending its use to their patients. Beauty specialists have long realized its efficiency for inducing a clear and healthful skin. Until recently expense prohibited the use of this remarkable health-building force in private homes. Now the practical, inexpensive Vi-Rex Violet Ray Machine enables everyone to enjoy the benefits of this marvelous treatment at home.

The operation of the outfit is simplicity itself. Current from your electric light socket is transformed into an effective healing agent as pleasant to the senses as a ray of spring sunshine. It may be used on the very young and the very old without the slightest discomfort. No shocks or jolts—just a soft, steady ray of violet light filled with an abundance of health and energy. (Special equipment is supplied to you at a trifling cost if electric current is not available.)

20 HOME TREATMENTS FREE

You don't have to take any risk in giving Vi-Rex Violet Rays a trial. Take 20 treatments in your own home. Use this marvelous machine morning and night for ten days. If you do not find quick relief—if you do not feel better, sleep better, look better, send it back and you will not be out one penny. This special offer is now open, but it may be withdrawn at any time, so act quickly!

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Write to-day for our free booklet describing the wonderful Vi-Rex outfit in complete detail, and particulars of our liberal 10-day trial offer. Find out how Violet Rays will help you. Read what hundreds of users say about the Vi-Rex and astonishing results which have been obtained. Learn why it is the most economical and practical machine of its kind available. You may use it to gain health, vitality, beauty! There is no limit to its beneficial powers. Mail the coupon or send a postal. Do it now.

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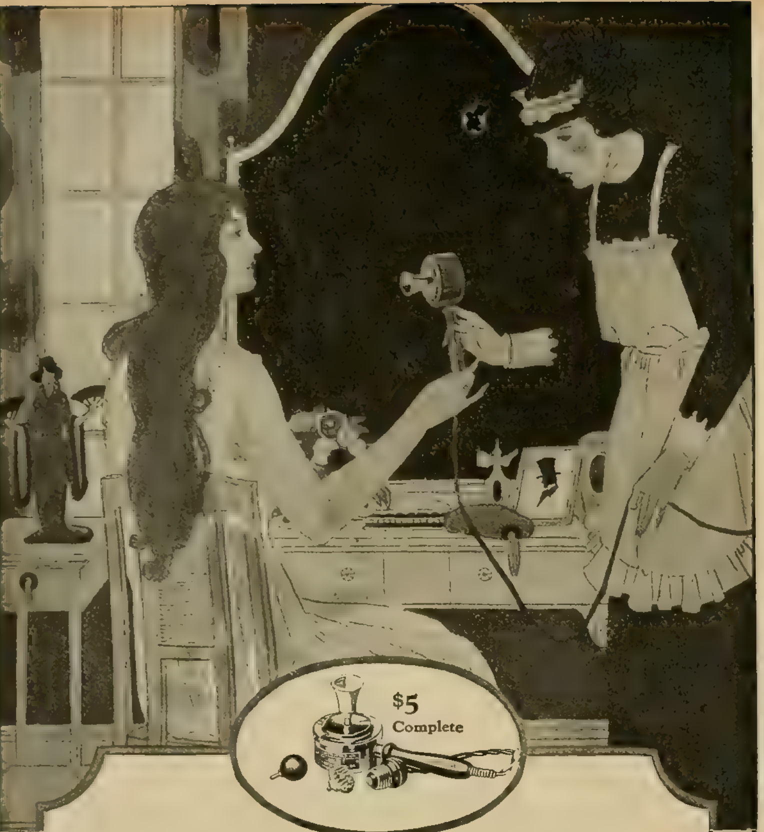


"Tonight I'm going Decolleté, thanks to Electric Massage!"

DOES your figure permit you to wear the prettiest of evening frocks? Then resolve that this embarrassing condition is going to be *changed!* In the privacy of your own boudoir soothing electric massage brings back the roses of youth into your cheeks, keeps your hair and scalp in fine, healthy condition and develops your figure into one of graceful lines and girlish contour.

The woman of fastidious tastes, young or old, realizes that beauty is but a natural reflection of health. Wrinkles, "crow's feet," eyes that have lost their youthful sparkle, obesity and other unwelcome facial blemishes are, to a great extent at least, brought on by what we term "the strenuous life." Muscles are sure to become weary and congested unless they get relaxation. And complexions are certain to suffer unless properly taken care of. Home electric massage is recognized as the building-up process nearest to Nature's.

The Star Vibrator should be *your* "beauty parlor." Used and endorsed by stage and screen celebrities for beauty helps, and fatigue, nervous headaches, insomnia. Ideal after motoring, golfing or bathing. *Keeps* your skin *at its best!* On sale and demonstrated free of charge at most drug, department and electrical stores. Or direct from us. Fitzgerald Mfg. Co., Dept. 216, Torrington, Conn. (Canadian Price, $7.50.)

The STAR *Electric Massage* VIBRATOR

For Wrinkles, "Crow's Feet" *and* Dull, Colorless Complexions!

Romance Comes to Priscilla

(*Continued from page* 25)

comedies. They are two fine boys, and comedy is good training, for it teaches you to think and act *fast*—that's why I like it. After I began doing heavier work I had to keep slowing down the speed all the time.

"Of course, my favorite rôle was the Wildcat of Paris—I *loved* her. She was a regular spitfire; laughing or crying, she was full of pep, never quiet a minute. Anyway, I like wild parts—the wilder, the better!"

Miss Dean went on to tell me about "The Virgin of Stamboul," a seven-reeler by H. H. Van Loan, which proved to be her romance picture, culminating, as it did, in her marriage to Mr. Oakman in real life as well as on the screen.

"I lost *pounds* making that picture," declared the little star, solemnly, "for we worked so hard, and all night long many times. Tod Browning has directed me in nearly all my pictures, and he understands me so thoroly that we have to do little rehearsing. That helps a lot. Funny how things happen—he and my mother used to play in the same company on the stage, and I have known him *always*.

"My next picture, 'False Colors,' in which I play dual rôles, a naughty French actress and an American girl, will afford the first chance I have had to wear gorgeous clothes before the camera, and I'm having a beautiful time designing them. They're mostly of satin—all shimmery and very long and *snaky!* Cant you see me swishing around in them? For my personal wardrobe I prefer plain, trim suits and sport togs, and always of the quietest colors. Surprising, isn't it?"

As we watched the animated panorama of studio life which the noon hour brings, Priscilla confided that the lure of the stage still holds her and that she never sees a musical comedy without wanting to jump on the stage and take part in the singing and dancing.

Of course, she is still so young that many new triumphs on both screen and stage await her. Already several overtures have been made by big producers to induce her to bring her fascinating type of madcap personality to the stage. However, her contract with Universal still holds good and the present—with her devoted husband—is absorbing her thoughts, for, after all, before the actress is the woman, and Priscilla Dean is at all times essentially *feminine!*

HILLS

By Betty Earle

The patient hills wait also.
I lasso them with my loneliness; tho far away
  I clutch them close and closer.
A heart I yield to them with human heartbeats.
I rumple their leaves to manifold whispers; I
  expose my soul to their wandering pathways;
  I weave in shadows the pattern of my gloom.
Together now we face the mourn of owl, the
  wind's low urge, the solitary star's blue
  quietude.
Yet feel no loneliness; only a kindred faith.
Because we wait together.

The Cost of the Modern Photoplay

(*Continued from page* 21)

ıe $30,000 mark, and it frequently slips p above $50,000 towards $75,000. But ɔt often.

"Today the average special feature ɔsts $125,000 to $150,000 and frequently ıuch more. Let me detail a producon, using my 'The Heart of a Fool' as basis. Place the original story cost at 25,000. It required a cast of ten able layers for eight weeks at a salary of 5,000 to $6,000 weekly. This totalled bout $55,000; $10,000 went to players f smaller rôles, extras, etc. The overead costs—for staff executives, cameraıen, etc.—ran to about $2,000 for ten reeks, since these people were engaged or a longer period than the players. 'his then climbed to $20,000. 'The Ieart of a Fool' necessitated unusually laborate interiors—$25,000 went for the uilding of settings, the renting of props nd the renting of studio space; $5,000 vent in furniture; while the electrical epartment required $5,000. The wardobe cost $10,000, the two principal vomen needing unusually lavish gowns.

"In 'shooting' the picture we used omething like 75,000 feet of raw stock. This cost $3,000. Developing and printng some 50,000 feet of final positive cost 2,500 more. Incidental items, such as diting, making titles and cutting, ate up 1,000 more. I have not added in my wn salary as director, because I draw ıgainst the profits, but this is another big tem, running usually to $20,000 or 30,000 for just an average man and ıway up for the big directors.

"You can see for yourself how the tems pile up. 'The Heart of a Fool' ıere runs over the $160,000 mark. I predict that production costs are going o double themselves in the next year. Producers declare this impossible, that such photoplays cannot make money. But I know the reverse to be true.

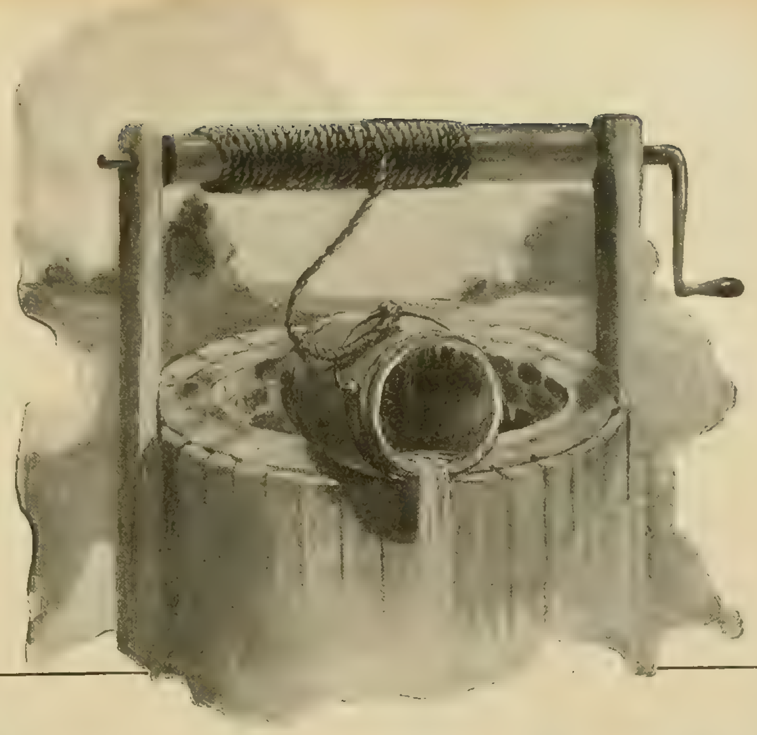
"Today a $150,000 production draws, et us say, $500,000 gross. The middlenan — the exchange distributor — pulls down half of the profits. Directors and stars are now organizing in combines such as the Associated Directors, to distribute their own pictures. With competent handling, these photoplays can take in $750,000 to $1,000,000. Of that we are confident. So there is no reason why a $250,000 or $300,000 film production isn't feasible—and profitable.

"Indeed, it will be necessary. A good story now costs up to $75,000 or $100,000. Players' salaries are steadily mounting. Other costs are advancing. It will really cost $300,000 to make a big picture very shortly."

Thus has the once lowly movie advanced. And only a few years ago a producer needed only a camera, a haphazard story, a man to operate the machine and a half-dozen actors at five dollars—or less—a day.

Dwan protests against New York as a national première center for this country.

(*Continued on page* 80)



The high cost of water

This is one reason why Quaker Oats will often cut breakfast cost ninety per cent.

Quaker Oats is only 7 per cent water. It yields 1810 calories of food per pound. Many costly foods are largely water. Note this table.

Percentage of water

In Quaker Oats	7%	In hen's eggs	65%
In round steak	60%	In oysters	88%
In veal cutlets	68%	In tomatoes	94%
In fish	60%	In potatoes	62%

The cost of your breakfasts

Here is what a breakfast serving costs in some necessary foods at this writing:

Cost per serving

Dish of Quaker Oats	1c
Serving of meat	8c
Serving of fish	8c
Lamb chop	12c
Two eggs	10c

In cost per serving these other good foods run from 8 to 12 times Quaker Oats.

In cost per 1,000 calories—the energy measure of food value—they will average ten times Quaker Oats.

* * * *

Quaker Oats is the greatest food that you can serve at breakfast. It is nearly the ideal food—almost a complete food.

Young folks need it as food for growth—older folks for vim-food.

Yet it costs only one cent per dish.

Serve the costlier foods at other meals. Start the day on this one-cent dish of the greatest food that grows.

Quaker Oats

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Quaker Oats dominate because of the flavor. They are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. You get this extra flavor without extra price when you ask for Quaker Oats.

15c and 35c per Package

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Every Womans Depilatory

Removes Hair
Immediately—safely

BY actual test genuine De Miracle is the safest and surest. When you use it you are not experimenting with a new and untried depilatory, because it has been in use for over 20 years, and is the only depilatory that has ever been endorsed by Physicians, Surgeons, Dermatologists, Medical Journals and Prominent Magazines.

De Miracle is the most cleanly; after use there is no mussy mixture to wash away. You simply wet the hair with this nice De Miracle sanitary liquid and it is gone. De Miracle alone devitalizes hair, which is the only common-sense way to remove it from face, neck, arms, underarms or limbs.

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Day or night classes. 3 months' course complete instruction **In General Photography** and **Motion Pictures** operating all standard cameras. Expert Instructors. Installments taken. **Emile Brunel** operates 20 studios in New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit, Pittsburgh.
Call or send today for Booklet C.

The Pride of the Anzacs

(*Continued from page* 60)

"We were always poor," she said, "and those days in London were terrible! We went from manager to manager, but none of them would take a chance on me or pay any attention to the records I had made in Australia. Whenever any one asked our address we used to avoid giving it by saying that we were expecting to move as soon as we could find a suitable place. Of course, anything was better than admitting that we lived in King's Cross!"

At last, when they had only one ha'penny left, she got her chance. *The London Daily Mirror* offered to back her if she would enter the Channel swimming contest. It was explained to her that she would have to remain in the water long enough to make a showing—at least three hours, and the longer she stayed after that the more money she would get. She suffered from nausea, but whenever she was tempted to give up she reminded herself that the longer she stuck the more she would get, and thinking of that single ha'penny, which was all her worldly wealth, she remained in the water for six and a half hours. (On another occasion, when she attempted to swim the Channel, she remained in the contest for ten and a half hours and got three-quarters of the way across, a record for a woman.) For her first attempt she was given thirty pounds ($150.) But it was not until some time afterward that she began to make a steady income. The real incentive of her many record-breaking endurance swims was her very great horror of extreme poverty. The following year she and her father came to America, and she gave swimming exhibitions at White City Park in Chicago. They charged ten cents admission and gave fifty-five performances a week. Her first vaudeville engagement was at a salary of $300 a week. Her popularity was so tremendous, however, that her salary grew to $1,200 and she worked for two years in the Keith theaters without a day's vacation. But she was denied the joy of sharing prosperity with her father as they had shared their poverty. This was her greatest regret.

At this point, Mr. Sullivan, her husband, came up to ask if I wouldn't like to see the exercise room. It was a perfect little "gym," converted from a screened porch in the back of the house, overlooking the orange grove. This "gym" is large enough and equipped in such a way that she can practice her golf and tennis strokes with ease. She continues to keep in practice with her ballet dancing and tight-rope walking; in fact, with everything that serves to keep her fit.

After a conversation with Annette Kellerman one carries away an impression of bulldog tenacity of purpose, almost awesome in its intensity.

"Tennis means more to me right now than anything else," she said. "I am never so happy as when the Bundys or Mary Browne tell me that I have played my game well."

Tom and May Sutton Bundy, Mary and Nat Browne are her nearest friends.

"Isn't it odd," Annette Kellerman went on, "how, when you really want to do a thing, the importance of it seems to grow and grow until nothing else matters at all? For instance, I spent hours and hours trying to learn how to walk a ball. There wasn't any particular use in my knowing how to walk a ball, but I kept on with it until I could do it quite easily. Of course, it will come in handy now."

We had returned to our favorite spot on the lawn where the sun was warmest.

"No more fairy stories?" I queried, referring to her recent arrangement with Sol Lesser under which she will make moving pictures with her own company which will be exploited and controlled by him.

"Not for a while at least," she answered. "You know, the way this arrangment came about was that I made some one-reel educational pictures on how a woman could keep healthy. I showed these to Mr. Lesser and he liked them so well that he made me this offer to do five-reel comedy-dramas in which I will play a modern athletic girl. I think that it will be something really new!"

The Greatest of Popularity Contests

(*Continued from page* 51)

Male stars: William S. Hart, 5,982; Richard Barthelmess, 4,821; Wallace Reid, 4,624; Douglas Fairbanks, 3,829; Eugene O'Brien, 2,317; William Farnum, 2,019; Charles Ray, 1,752; Douglas McLean, 1,546; J. Warren Kerrigan, 1,503; Tom Mix, 1,207; Charles Chaplin, 1,050; William Russell, 911; Tom Moore, 816; Kenneth Harlan, 700; Antonio Moreno, 700; George Walsh, 700; Harry Northrup, 515; Harrison Ford, 447; Ralph Graves, 447; Louis Bennison, 389; Elliott Dexter, 389; Bert Lytell, 389; Thomas Meighan, 341; Rodney La Rocque, 325.

The Cost of the Modern Photoplay

(*Continued from page* 79)

"The district between Fifty-ninth and Forty-second streets, wherein lie all the big New York movie houses, is a land of jaded, cynical theatergoers," he maintains. "Their opinion isn't worth anything as a criterion to judge a photoplay's reception by the country at large. They care nothing for the staple realities; they want something to stir their blasé appetites. Hence the enthusiastic reception of 'Broken Blossoms' and the lukewarm way 'The Miracle Man' was received in New York. Producers are coming to avoid New York for film premières."

Which we submit as Mr. Dwan's opinion—and manifestly not our own.

How Every Woman Can Have a Winning Personality

Let Me Introduce Myself

DEAR READER: *I wish to tell you* how to have a charming, winning personality because all my life I have seen that without it any woman labors under great handicaps. Without *personality,* it is almost impossible to make desirable friends, or get on in business; and yes, often must a woman give up the man on whom her heart is set because she has not the power to attract or to hold him.

During my career here and abroad, I have met a great many people whom I have been able to study under circumstances which have brought out their weak or strong points, like a tiny spot on the lens of a moving picture machine will magnify into a very large blot on the screen. And I have seen so many people, lacking in personality, try to make a success of their plans and fail completely, in a way that has been quite pathetic. I am sure that you also are familiar with one or more such cases.

Success of a Winsome Manner

I saw numerous failures that were so distressing that my thoughts could not help dwelling upon those shattered and vain conditions. I have seen women of education, and culture and natural beauty actually fail where other women minus such advantages, but possessing certain secrets of loveableness, a certain winsomeness, a certain knack of looking right and saying the right word would get ahead delightfully. Nor were they naturally forward women. Nor were they the kind that men call clever. Some of them, if you studied their features closely, were decidedly not handsome; *yet they seemed so.* They didn't do this by covering their faces with cosmetics; they knew the *true* means. And often the winning women were in the thirties, forties, or even fifties. Yet they "appealed." You know what I mean. They drew others to them by a subtle power which seemed to emanate from them. Others liked to talk to them and to do things for them. In their presence you felt perfectly at ease—as though you had been good, good friends for very long.

Juliette Fara

French Feminine Charms

The French women among my friends seemed to me more generally endowed with this ability to fascinate, than did my friends among other nationalities. In the years that I lived in Paris, I was amazed to find that most of the women I met were enchanting.

"Is it a part of the French character?" I asked my friends.

"Were you born that way?" I would often ask some charming woman.

And they smilingly told me that "personality," as we know it here in America, is *an art,* that is *studied and acquired* by French women just as they would learn to cook, or to sing by cultivating the voice. Every girl and woman possesses latent personality. *This includes you, dear reader.* There are numerous real secrets for developing *your* personality. In France, where the women have always outnumbered the men, and where opportunity for our sex is restricted, those who wish to win husbands or shine in society, or succeed in their careers, have no choice but to develop their charms in competition with others.

How Men's Affections Are Held

Lately the newspapers have been telling us that thousands and thousands of our fine young army men have taken French wives. It was no surprise to me, for I know *how alluring are the French girls.* Nor could I help conceding the truth in the assertion of a competent Franco-American journalist that "American girls are too provincial, formal, cold and unresponsive while the French girls radiate warmth of sympathy, devotion and all those exquisite elements of the heart that men adore in women."

You may have all those attractive qualities that men adore in women

And I who am successful and probably known to you by reputation through my activities on the Faubourg St. Honoré can tell you in all candor, as one woman confiding in another, that these French secrets of personality have been a very important factor in the successes of mine. But it is not my tendency to boast of myself, the *Juliette Fara* whom I want you to feel that you already know as your sincere friend, but I speak *of* YOU and *for* YOU.

French Secrets of Fascination

My continued residence in France enabled me to observe the ways and methods of the women closely. I studied and analyzed the secrets of their *fascinating powers.*

When I returned to the dear old U. S. A., I set myself at work putting together the facts, methods, secrets and formulæ that I had learned while in France

Of one thing I am absolutely convinced—every woman who wishes it may have a winning personality.

Overcoming Deterrent Timidity

I know I can take any girl of a timid or over-modest disposition, one who lacks self-confidence, or is too self-conscious for her own good, and show her how to become *discreetly and charmingly daring,* perfectly natural and comfortable in the presence of others. I can show you *how to bring out charms which you do not even dream you possess.*

Uncouth Boldness—or Tactful Audacity

If you are an assertive woman, the kind that suffers from too great forwardness, I can show you in a way that you will find delightful, how to be *gentle and unassuming,* to tear away the false fabric of your repelling and ungracious personality and replace it with another that wins and attracts. By this method, you will succeed, oh so well, while by uncouthness or misapplied audacity you meet with setbacks.

I can take the frail girl or woman, the listless one who usually feels that the good things in life are not for her and show her how to become vigorous and strong, tingling with enthusiasm and good cheer and how to see the whole wide world full of splendid things just for her.

Become An Attractive Woman

I can take the girl or woman who is ignorant or careless of her appearance, or the girl who dresses unbecomingly and instill in her a sense of true importance of appearance in personality; I can enlighten her in the ways of women of the world, in making the most of their apparel. All this without any extravagance; and I can show her how to acquire it with originality and taste. You realize, of course, that dressing to show yourself to advantage, is a *real art* and without that knowledge you will always be under a disadvantage.

For Married Women

There are some very important secrets which married French women know that enables them to hold the love, admiration and fidelity of their men. How the selfish spirit in a man is to be overcome so ingeniously that he *does not know what you are accomplishing* until some day he awakens to the fact that his character and his manner have undergone a delightful change—that he is not only making you happy, but he is finding far greater pleasure in life than when he was inconsiderate. There are secrets in my compilation that are likely to change a turbulent course of married life for one that is entrancingly ideal. And this power lies within you, my dear Madam.

Acquire Your Life's Victory Now

What we call personality is made up of a number of little things. It is not something vague and indefinable. Personality, charm, good looks, winsomeness and success can be cultivated. If you know the secrets, if you learn the rules and put them into practice, you can be charming, you can have an *appealing personality.* Don't think it is impossible. Don't think you must be born that way. Don't even think it ought to be hard to acquire it; because the secrets of charm that I have collated and transcribed for you are more interesting than the most fascinating book you have ever read.

Once you have learned my lessons, they become a kind of second nature to you. When you notice the improvement in your appearance, how you get on easier with people, how your home problems seem to solve themselves, how in numberless little ways (and big ones, too) life gets to hold so many more prizes for you, you will decide to put more and more of the methods in practice in order to obtain still more of life's rewards.

No Fad—the Success of Ages

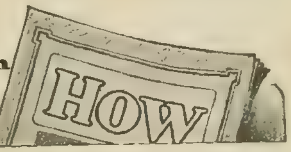
I am well enough known by the public not to be taken as advancing some new-fangled fad. All my life I have understood the value of plain common sense and practical methods. And what I have put into my course on the cultivation of personality is just as practical as anything can be.

I could go on to tell you more and more about this truly remarkable course, but the space here does not permit. However, I have put some important secrets for you into an *inspiring little book called "How"* that I want you to read. The Gentlewoman Institute will send it to you entirely free, postpaid, in a plain wrapper, just for the asking.

My advice to you is to send for the free book *"HOW"* if you want to gain the finest of friends and to possess happiness with contentment that will come to you as the result of a *lovely and winning personality.*

Juliette Fara

Mail the Coupon for Free Book



Important **To obtain Madame Fara's little book "How," free, you may fill out the coupon and send in: or you may write by letter or postcard requesting it. Address as below:**

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If your skin looks dry, rough, dingy, wrinkled or is peppered with blackheads, you may be sure you need creams that will restore skin health and beauty.

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Chart of Marinello Creams

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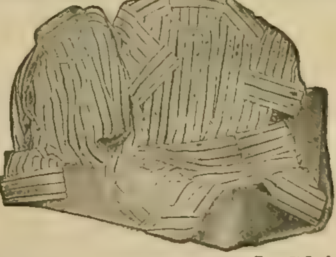

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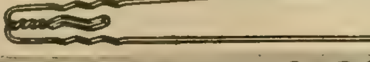

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Confessed Calumny

(*Continued from page 76*)

studying for a chair of oratory. One day he was persuaded to see E. J. Morgan for "extra" work in the latter's production of Hall Caine's "The Christian," merely for training in stage technique. The stage manager wanted a man to sing the baritone solo, "Jesus of Nazareth," and luck would have it that Oland could fill the bill. Result? A year on tour with "The Christian" company, in which he subsequently played a prominent part. After this came a two-year engagement with Viola Allen in "The Eternal City" and repertoire, followed by a season with Sothern and Marlowe in repertoire.

The next season saw him playing Peer Gynt with Hilda England, the Swedish actress—a year before Richard Mansfield appeared in the celebrated rôle. Closing, he went for a year with Nazimova, her second year in America, at the old Bijou in New York, in Ibsen's "The Masterbuilder," in which he played Ragnar, the idealistic youth, and in "A Doll's House," where he was first Krogstad and later the male lead.

And, a few weeks ago in Hollywood, he saw Nazimova for the first time in years as she was emerging from a picture theater.

"Ah, Mr. Oland," she said, "do you remember when you used to be the boy in my play? Now you are the villain!"

After the Nazimova engagement he went to Williams College to produce plays for the institution and the Cap and Bells dramatic society. Which he did alternately for three seasons, meanwhile appearing in a production of Edgar Allan Woolf's "House of the Vampire" and one with Helen Ware in "The Price."

Following the latter he put on his own production of "The Father," and followed this by superseding Robert Hilliard in "A Fool There Was" for two years. And ultimately he played the villainous chief of the Okrana in "The Yellow Ticket."

It was then pictures claimed him for the heavy with Theda Bara in "Sin." He did three more with her and others with Fox, at length joining Olga Petrova's company. Other stars he has played with include Clara Kimball Young and Kitty Gordon at the World studio; Mrs. Vernon Castle in "Patria," "Convict 993" and "The Mysterious Client"; Pearl White in "The Fatal Ring" and "The Lightning Raider"; Doraldina in "The Naulahka"; Fannie Ward in "The Yellow Ticket"; and Elsie Ferguson in "The Witness for the Defense" and "The Avalanche." And now he is deep in calumny in a Pathé serial, "The Third Eye," of which he is the star.

And when serialling is finished and he gets a vacation, Oland and Mrs. Oland will retire to their Massachusetts farm, where Mrs. Oland will put onto canvas the beauties of nature, where Warner—"Jack," as she calls him—will callous his hands chopping wood and coaxing the rich, warm milk from his herd of good old New England cows.

The Home-Made Girl

(*Continued from page* 62)

because he said to me, 'Come to the studio and I'll give you a chance.' And I went . . . and that began it.

"I'm the most fortunate as well as the happiest girl in all the world. No one else, it seems to me, ever had so beautiful a beginning, so kind a start. I only want to deserve it, that's all—and work and *work* and WORK as hard as I can. I can hardly wait to get to the studio in the morning, and I dont care if I ever leave at night. I like to play all sorts of rôles for the love of the experience, but I think the things I like to do most will be the character parts that go right into the hearts of the people and make them go away just a little bit happier, even if they dont quite know *why*."

"What did mother think of all this?" I asked of the smiling woman, rocking in her chair nearby, who had helped "Sister," as she called her young daughter, with here and there a sympathetic or a reminiscent mood. There was, it was tenderly evident, a great bond between the two.

"There was a great deal of opposition for Sister at first," her mother said; "no one in the family had ever done such a thing before, and I suppose we had the prejudice of the more or less uninformed layman against the stage and what we thought it stood for. Her brother, too, was aghast when he first saw her on the screen. We hadn't dared to tell him by word of mouth, and it wasn't until he saw her in 'How Could You, Caroline?' the first picture she did, with Mr. Thompson, that he knew anything about it. He was outraged. Wrote and said, in part, 'Mother, what *can* you be thinking of?' But now, with the kindness Alice has been the recipient of, and her own interest in her work and perhaps, too, his better understanding of the whole, he has become a very ardent and assiduous fan, even of Alice herself."

"I think," interpolated Alice, in her gentle little way, "that he really has had a throw-back to our kiddie days in Cleveland, when we played theater in the garage and charged the children of the neighborhood admission to watch us, or rather *hear* us, declaim."

"It's always been *acting* with Alice," said Alice's mother.

Then Alice served home-made grape-juice and home-made cookies and dainty little cakes and promised, upon my manifest delight in the delicacies, to invite me some night to a wholly home-cooked dinner. Alice is a home-made girl. One knows that. What she gives to the world via the screen will have had its root in the sincerity bred of home-life and home-love, of a mother who has been first of all a comrade and a friend, by her own natural domestic and womanly tendencies, practical in their demonstrations.

There is nothing in her charming head now save these things of the work and the home she loves with a sort of a blent

(*Continued on page* 88)

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The Blue Bird Alights on the Silversheet

By MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

Photograph by Mishkin

It was in the mystic twilight hour—just as the day creeps into the shadows of the night—that I met Maurice Maeterlinck, the famous Belgian poet-dramatist and philosopher.

After the formal greetings in the dusky living-room we drifted toward the open windows, from which could be seen the glory of the sunset's afterglow on the limitless expanse of Pacific Ocean before us. In the distance, deep purple shadows were obscuring the rugged outlines of the Santa Monica mountains and the waiting world seemed poised, breathless, for an instant, before letting the day become one "with yesterday's seven thousand years!"

"This shall be my inspiration," said Mr. Maeterlinck, in slow, precise English, spreading his hands to take in the magnificent view. "I could never grow indifferent to such beauty." And while I watched an inner light suffuse the calm, perfect features of the poet, I wondered what exquisite vision would come to him here.

Mr. Maeterlinck, accompanied by his youthful bride, Madame Maeterlinck, and their two good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Russell, of Monte Carlo, are occupying a lovely home on the Palisades in Santa Monica, fifteen miles from Los Angeles, during their stay in California.

He has recently signed a contract with Goldwyn Pictures Corporation to write one original picture-play a year for this company, and his coming has created a stir in the film colony, for the Belgian poet is probably the most brilliant and distinguished of the many literary lights who have fallen under the lure of the motion picture.

Before settling down to work he will spend some time studying the cinema art, and already he is deeply interested in the vast possibilities for theme development on the screen.

Genial and charming, with a serenity born of quiet hours spent in contemplation, he talked freely regarding his plans, but as he frequently reverted to French and spoke very rapidly, I was often left far behind except when Mr. Russell smilingly would halt the poet's flow of enthusiasm while he interpreted the conversation.

When I asked what phase of the picture building interested him most, Mr. Maeterlinck wrinkled his brow and, turning to Mr. Russell, inquired the meaning of *phase*. Then followed a debate between the two while the word was fully explained.

Returning to my question, he replied, "The plot or story. I find there will have to be an entire transposition of method, for previously the author has rendered thought thru the image or force of words, allowing the spec-

(*Continued on page* 89)

Top, Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian poet-dramatist and philosopher; center, the Maeterlincks outside their lovely home on the Palisades in Santa Monica, where they are spending their honeymoon among the roses; below, the little bride who looks like a fourteen-year-old schoolgirl, proving the theory that mi(gh)te makes right, while their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Russell, of Monte Carlo, enjoy the performance

The Prince Chap

(*Continued from page* 57)

wear upon your shoulders the mantle of your Glad Returning."

Peyton stared ahead of him, and something saddened the curve of his mouth. "No," he said, "there *was* no Tower of Faithfulness . . . ever, you see . . . and the returning is not a glad one . . . it is not even a returning . . . it is just a chance meeting . . . of a woman and a man who, very long ago, played at love together . . . and, somehow, lost . . ."

"Love never loses, dear," said Claudia, in her little-mother voice, "not when love is real. And if it isn't real . . ." She paused, while her young eyes clouded over with an immemorial pain . . .

"If it isn't . . ." prompted Peyton, and found himself thinking, "How young she is, how young and how lovely . . ."

"If it isn't," the girl said, "why then, it doesn't very much matter, anyway, does it? . . . no matter how much it may *seem* to . . ."

To Claudia, just at first, looking on, it seemed as tho Alice and Peyton must be succeeding, if only because they were so much together. They did, too, all the things they must have done in the fairy-tale days . . . they danced and swam and read the books they had read then and talked and took long, rambling walks . . . and it seemed to Claudia, too, just at the first, that she couldn't possibly nor conceivably stand it. Any day, now, the miracle would occur and Peyton would come to her with his shattered heart all whole and well and all his dreams come true within his eyes.

Then, just a little later, she decided to stay on and take care of him. He looked so tired, so sort of baffled and wearied. He never looked like that, she knew, when he and she played about together. His eyes had a light in them, even over the broken pieces, and his voice had a sort of Glad Returning ring . . . it came to her, suddenly, that they were trying, trying desperately, not to capture that which had eluded them, but to revive that which was coldly dead, which, even more, had never been warmly living . . . they were trying to instill into a corpse the revivifying breath of life, where life had never been . . . and if they should, each of them, know this, abandon the dream for futile, turn, each one, to face a new horizon, why then . . .

After that Claudia determined to fight. Why should she sit by, all palpitant with life, while the bleached bones of a bygone structure struggled wearily for re-erection? She, who had gifts to give . . . largesse . . . prodigal red roses . . .

It was woman to woman between them, then . . . youth fighting precedent . . . desires fighting dreams . . . and after a week more Alice, rather abruptly, left.

The morning following her departure Peyton breakfasted with Claudia. He had always told her everything and he

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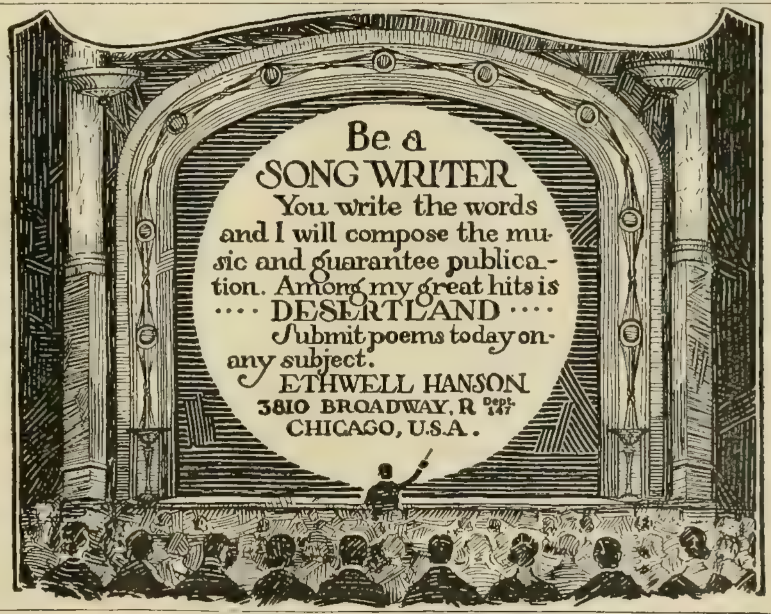

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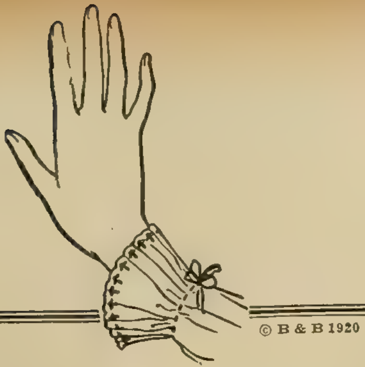

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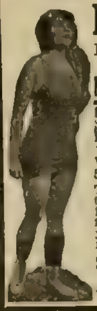

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would, she knew, tell her this. After a while, feeling his way carefully, as it were, he did tell her. Mostly, he told her what a fool he had been. He had permitted unrealities to fetter his footsteps and imprison his soul. He had bound himself round with thongs and thews and found them to be, after all, non-existent. "You see," he said, in conclusion, "I found two days after Alice had come that what you said some time ago was utterly true . . . you and I have never needed another living soul. We are complete. We are, each unto the other, sufficient. Only, I did not know that it was . . . *love.* I have dwelt so long with the semblance of love that I . . . I did not know. Dear, you who have always mothered me so, pity my ignorance, pity my blinded years, which have only been so many years of preparation for this . . . for . . . for you, if some day, some wonderful *how,* you will have me . . . Claudia . . ."

"It has been a long, long path of moonbeams, Prince Chap," the girl said, "and most of the time it has seemed to waver and shift . . . and break . . . but you have come . . . you have come . . . safely . . . at last . . ."

And then she kist him.

A Rose in the Bud

(*Continued from page* 47)

The staff of the magazines had journeyed en masse to the Grand Central Station to see her and her mother off for sunny California. It seemed fitting, somehow, that she should go there, for California is the land of roses—it would naturally be kind to this little rosebud.

Friends and officials of the Universal Company were gathered about, and she was showered with flowers, baskets of fruit and books and candy. But when "Toodles," her little white dog, ensconced in his traveling basket, set up a howl, apparently anything but pleased at the prospect of his trip across the continent, she knelt down and tried to soothe him, quite oblivious of everything else.

The station master, who, by virtue of being a movie fan, had permitted the party to go thru the gates, a thing ordinarily tabooed, asked her how she felt about the honors thrust upon her.

"I love it. Wouldn't you?" asked Virginia, with her shy little smile.

And Mr. Station Master can probably be numbered as her first fan.

Later, on the platform of the train, they posed her for the flashlights.

"Please let my flowers show," said Virginia.

All too soon came the familiar sound, "A-l-l A-b-o-a-r-d!"

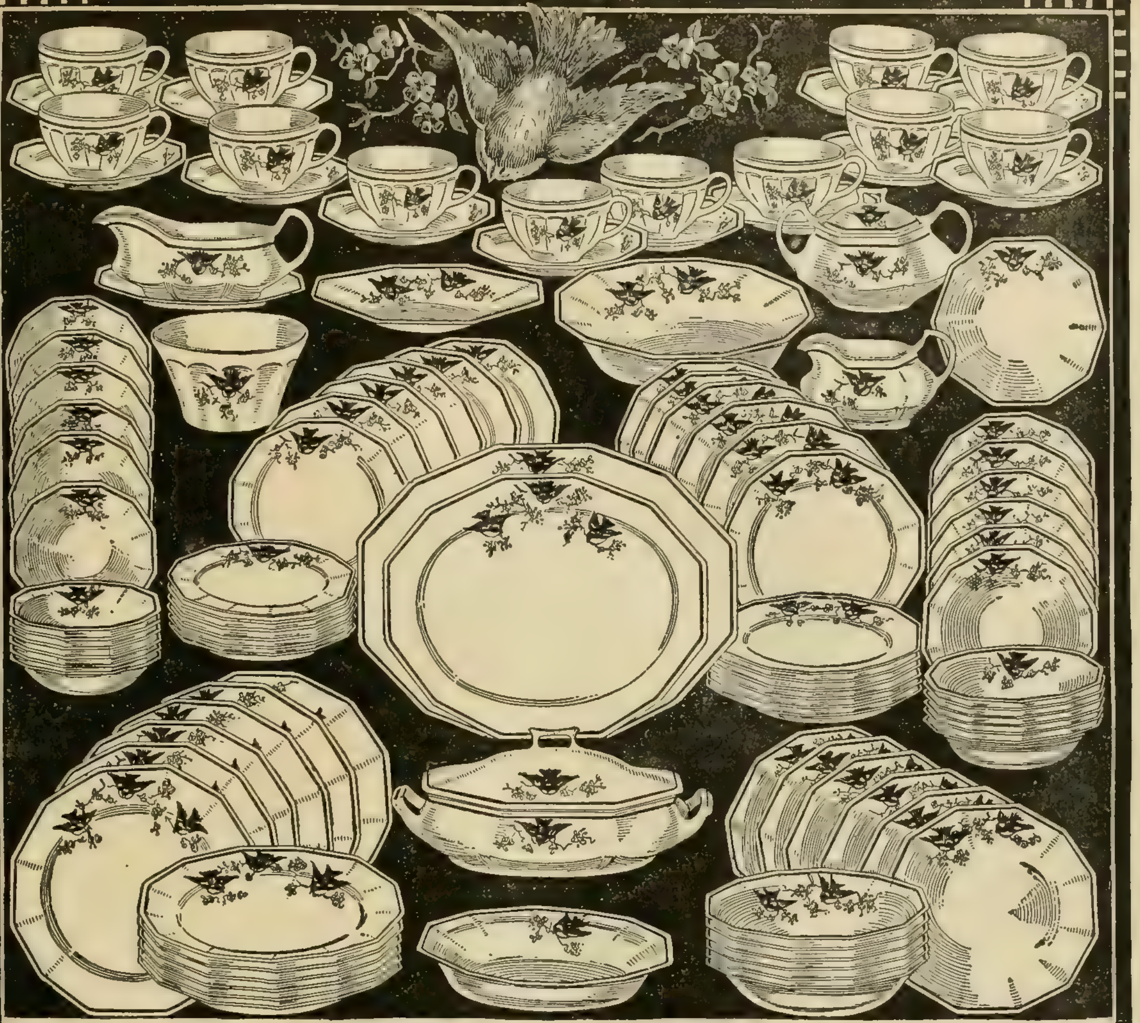
Slowly the *Century Limited* pulled out.

On the platform stood Virginia and her mumdear, arm in arm.

"Good-by! Good-by!" she smiled, waving her tiny white-gloved hand.

Virginia had started on her journey to stardom—methinks she will not find it a very long journey.

Make room in the cinema firmament for a new and brightly shining star—Virginia Faire!



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What the Fame and Fortune Contest Means

(*Continued from page* 49)

And perhaps the most interesting fact which we gathered from the overflow of pictures was that they came from all parts of the country. Some from the crowded cities, others from small middle-western towns and others from rural districts where the coming of the old, slow, plodding nag, bearing the postman and his precious burden of Uncle Sam's mail, is watched for with eagerness and expectation.

From 101 Travella Blvd., East End, Pittsburgh, Pa., there comes the portrait of Thelma Goeddel, who has never had any stage or screen experience and who faces a very pleased world with blue eyes, golden-brown hair and very fair complexion.

Anna Kelly, of 284 Clinton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., is the possessor of a large number of huge golden curls. With fair skin and dark blue eyes, she easily deserves a place on the honor roll list.

Chicago has blown us Hazel D. Reeves, of 3972 Ellis Avenue, who has never had any previous stage or screen experience and whose hazel eyes and auburn hair frame a face which 'tis not very difficult to gaze upon.

The home of Alva Ansley, who has played in amateur plays and who swims and dances, is at 217 Pennsylvania Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C. She possesses naturally curly hair of light-brown, blue eyes and fair complexion.

A girl of Manhattan is Kay Bardine, of 1324 St. Nicholas Avenue, who has studied voice with Mario Salvini, and who is a classic and eccentric dancer of no mean talent. With very fair complexion and dark-blue eyes, this little blonde is no mean competitor of the Fame and Fortune Contest.

Again Brooklyn, N. Y., comes to the front with its allotment of beauty in the person of Gertrude Crossman, of 87 Woodruff Avenue, who has done extra work in pictures and who has dark-grey eyes, light-brown hair and fair skin.

All the way from 423 Twenty-third Avenue, South, Seattle, Washington, does America Chedister send in her photograph. Her eyes are a dark grey-green, which shine under a mass of light golden-brown hair.

The Home-Made Girl

(*Continued from page* 83)

and eager impartiality. It is "mother" and the "Vitagraph." These are the two names constantly on her lips.

She has her first doll, too. I asked her whether she played with it yet. "I dont actually *play* with her," she said, "but I love her just as I always did, and I like to see her in my room when I come home at night."

And so there is a fund of tenderness, too, from which, with the mellowing of youth, many of the fragrant, lovable things of the artistry which is best may come.

Alice at dawning . . . !

The Blue Bird Alights on the Silversheet

(*Continued from page* 84)

tator's mind to form the picture, while now the picture must serve to interpret the thought without words."

"That spiritual quality that has always dominated your writings — can it be transferred to the screen?" I questioned.

After studying the red roses in a tall vase beside him for a moment, he said, "I hope and believe this will be possible. Already some success has followed efforts in this direction. It is not so difficult to express the finer thought in your picture as it is for the public to grasp it.

"The producer says, we want a play that is unusual, different, better; then when the author brings it to him, he reads it, shakes his head and remarks that it is too far away—what do you say?—too high over their heads. So we must develop the thought of the audience gradually, step by step. Therefore, the first thing to do is to select a theme that will appeal to all. It may have a strong material side, but in its treatment the spiritual significance must be retained."

"Do I like California?" and Mr. Maeterlinck laughed boyishly at my foolish question. "How can I help it when I am given such a royal welcome? Here, near the ocean, it reminds me of my home in Nice, only it is warmer. Your season is perhaps six weeks ahead of ours.

"Oh, this prohibition! No more is there pleasure in one's meals—all attraction is gone. In France I have perhaps, one, two glasses of red or white wine, not much—but just enough to bring joy. The Latin countries use light wine and beer, and there is no harm in them. The American banquet consists only of speeches and a glass of water, and sometimes I have gone to four in one day—it is indeed very sad." Smilingly, he shrugged his broad shoulders.

On the following day Maurice Maeterlinck and his party visited the Goldwyn studio, and as they drove thru the imposing entrance he declared that it made him think of a great exposition. He was surprised to find the studio built on such an artistic as well as elaborate scale.

The first point that seemed to arrest the author's attention as he watched a scene from Rupert Hughes' "Scratch My Back," in which Helene Chadwick was depicting the frenzy of fear of a man who was threatening her, were the strains of music coming from an orchestra hidden behind the set. The fine psychology of emotional upbuilding with the aid of music, and also of certain colors used in the set, interested him greatly.

Mme. Maeterlinck, who looks like a fourteen-year-old schoolgirl, danced about in an ecstasy of enthusiasm. She is hoping to play in her husband's new picture and is to have a test made within a few days. She said, "This would be my

(*Continued on page* 94)

Watch the Luster
Come Back to Your Teeth

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

The Cloud is Due to Film

When pearly teeth grow dingy they are coated with a film.

There is on all teeth a slimy film, ever-present, ever-forming. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

Brushing in the usual way does not end this film. That is why so many teeth discolor and decay. Most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Now We Combat It

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a way to combat this film. Able authorities have proved this by many careful tests. Leading dentists all over America are now urging its adoption.

For home use the method is embodie in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. An all who ask are sent a ten-day test t show them what it does.

Based on Pepsin

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, th digestant of albumin. The film i albuminous matter. The object o Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then t constantly combat it.

A recent discovery makes thi method possible. Pepsin must b activated, and the usual agent is a acid harmful to the teeth. But scienc has now found a harmless activatin method. Now active pepsin can b constantly applied.

Pepsodent is now doing for million of teeth what nothing else has done We urge you to see what it does fo your teeth. Compare it with the old time methods and judge the results fo yourself.

The test is free. Make it for you sake and your children's sake. Cut ou the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.
The New-Day Dentifrice

Druggists everywhere are supplied with large tubes

Watch the Results for Ten Days

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

296

Ten-Day Tube Free

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1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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Laundry Buttons and Grease-Paint!

By FRITZI REMONT

Charles Ogle just takes you. You dont have to acquire a liking for him; it's as contagious as the sympathy which he puts into his voice. You know he's always picking up forlorn curs on corners, and putting small kittens into his ulster pockets to take home to "the wife." Center, an interesting moment in "Jack Straw," and below, as Long John Silver in "Treasure Island"

Photograph by W. R. Scott

LAUNDRY buttons, yellow, brown and black, a frameless mirror, a modest little handglass, stacks of grease-paint and face creams, large boxes of safety matches, suspenders that fairly seemed alive with their wearer's individuality—all the trivial things which of themselves seem nothingness—until you meet Charles Ogle.

Why not some *other* star? Ah, there's the old-time connection of Charles Ogle, character man with the Chauncey Olcott Company, and the Pickford kiddies who started life in that genial Irishman's "Edmund Burke."

"Why, yes," the deep voice of M'Liss' good friend answered my question as to the Smith children. "We put Jack into his first panties in that very show. And Mary was just as winsome and as good a pal of mine then as now."

Charles Ogle just *takes* you. You dont have to acquire a liking for him; it's as contagious as the sympathy which he puts into his voice. There's a bit of comedy about his ample mouth-corners and a softness in his big brown eyes that makes you know he'd be picking up forlorn curs on corners and putting small kittens into his ulster pockets to take home to "the wife." When Mr. Ogle is not ogling for the camera, he's right by his own hearthstone enjoying domesticity to the utmost. Perhaps it is because he has to be at the studio so much of the time that he is so keen on home comforts in the few hours left at his disposal.

Just lately, for instance, Mr. Ogle took his beauty sleep in the dressing-room, in a sort of catch-as-catch-can manner. He was doing "Treasure Island" for Mr. Tourneur and working at nights with Jimmy Cruze in "Hawthorne, U. S. A." The part of the one-legged Stevenson rogue, Long John Silver, was a particularly trying rôle in the Tourneur production; in fact, the most difficult characterization from the physical standpoint yet essayed.

Mr. Ogle's left leg was strapped up behind, then the foot strapped again to the right thigh, and with loose trousers the illusion was perfectly preserved. As much of the acting was done on a rough boat, tossed about by gentle currents in the Pacific and only one crutch was utilized, Charles Ogle says he was just about crippled in reality when night came.

"But—everybody was so kind. Two of the boys would strap and unstrap me, and massage my numb muscles into action again. We've gone over the rushes of 'Treasure Island' carefully, and I defy any one to find two legs on Long John Silver," said Mr. Ogle.

(*Continued on page* 93)

She Became Famous Overnight!

VIRGINIA FAIRE

Maybe you will be as fortunate as Miss Virginia Faire. She is now a star! And one year ago, she was just a regular movie fan herself;—going often to the movies, and only dreaming about an opportunity to get on the screen.

Her opportunity came with the Fame and Fortune Contest, which was conducted by THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND last year. Miss Faire, together with hundreds of others, grasped at the chance. Knowing that she had a perfectly fair and equal chance to win, she entered the contest. There were four winners instead of one,—Miss Faire being one of the four.

They have all signed up with large companies. Their salaries are well up in five figures. Their pictures have appeared in all the magazines and newspapers with write-ups, etc.

You have precisely the same opportunity now. If you have confidence in yourself, or believe that you could make good on the screen, fill out the coupon below, and paste it on the back of your photograph and mail it in immediately.

RULES FOR THE CONTESTANTS

Contestants shall submit one or more portraits. On the back of each photo an entrance coupon must be pasted. The coupon must be from THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC, or SHADOWLAND, or a similar coupon of your own making.

Postal-card pictures and snap-shots not accepted. Tinted photos cannot be reproduced in magazine.

Photos will not be returned to the owner.

Contestants should not write a letter accompanying photo requiring a reply. Thousands of photos will be received and it will be impossible to answer each one. All rules will be printed in all three magazines.

Photos should be mailed to CONTEST MANAGER, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Send as many as you like.

The contest is open to everybody, no age limit, except those who have already played prominent screen or stage rôles.

Contest closes Aug. 1, 1920.

CLASSIC ENTRANCE COUPON

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.... (city) .... (state)

Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any ....

....

When born .... Birthplace ....

Eyes (color) .... Hair (color) ....

Complexion ....

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A delicately perfumed powder; removes hair, leaves skin smooth, white; for arms, limbs, face; 50c, also $1.00 size, which includes mixing cup and spatula.
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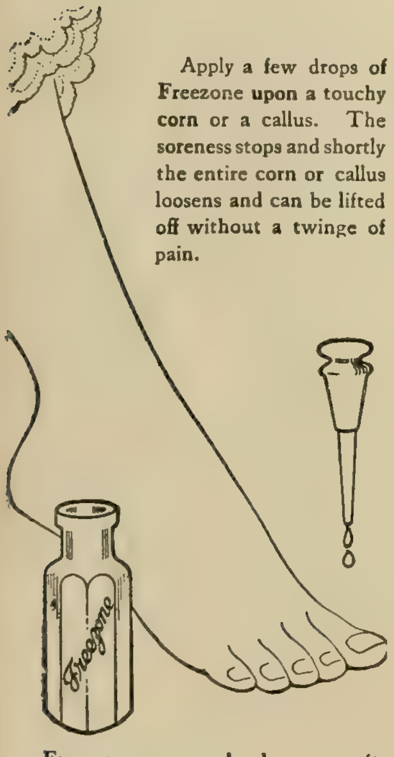
Lift Corns Out With Fingers

A few drops of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they lift off



Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a touchy corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Tiny bottle costs few cents at drug stores—anywhere

The Movie Encyclopaedia

by "The Answer Man"

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

Hello, friends! Once more we meet in the month of flowers and sunshine, after the severe snowstorms of winter. We are now back on schedule time, and if you dont get your answer when you should you are entitled to register a great big "kick."

A Soldier's Sweetheart.—I hope you're true to him. So your favorites are Sessue Hayakawa, Louis Bennison and Hallam Cooley. No, I haven't tried it yet, but I understand the Mexicans have been making whisky from cactus. It ought to have a sting to it. Cleo Madison, Universal Co., in "The Radium Mystery."

The Movie Fans.—You seem to think that the face is the most valuable requisite for a motion picture actress, yet Mack Sennett and the editor of the Classic seem to prefer pedestals. Of course, Mary Miles Minter's hair is naturally curly. Billie Burke is married. One child. Is that all?

Lily May.—Glad to hear you enjoy the department by the Sage in Shadowland. You know, he's kinda uppish on himself now since he became a papa not so long ago. Monte Blue is not married and he is in Los Angeles. King Baggot is to play opposite May Allison in "The Cheater." Yes, come in again any time.

Miss V. Saunders, Wairarapa.—Address Pearl White, Fox Company, Fort Lee, N. J.

Gertrude T. E.—So you are writing scripts. Did you read where Sir James Barrie has made over $100,000 out of one play alone? Encouraging, isn't it? Valeska Suratt is not playing in pictures now. Virginia Rich is back and she is playing in "Would You Forgive?" (Fox).

Lydia N.—I dont know that player's salary and wouldn't tell if I did, unless it was public property. Dont believe all you read about salaries. The printer, and sometimes the publicity man, add a figure by mistake, and 100 is made to read 1000. Yes, Mary Pickford will answer you if you write her. Dont know how you can see her acting in a scene unless you go to California.

Viola Dana Admirer.—So you dont believe that I am nearly 80 and that I get only $9.50 a week, and hence prefer to believe me a lyre. Alas, alack! No, you have me wrong—there's nothing romantic about me. Yes, I think 16 is about the age when most young girls want to become actresses. Ask dad; he knows.

Nade.—No trouble at all. Eric Von Stroheim, Universal Co., Los Angeles, Cal. Wallace Beery with Famous Players. Oh, about 25 cents.

Nazimovite.—You say Herpicide is an excellent hair tonic and want me to try it. Why burden myself with a lot of hair to brush and take care of? If you write direct to our Circulation Department they will be glad to supply you with back issues. Keep up the good work; you're a mighty clever writer.

A. W. P.—Your letter was very bright. The religious Russians do not eat pigeons because of the sanctity conferred on the dove in the Scriptures. The most perfect lover on the screen? Bless your heart, I'm no judge of such things. Wait until I get down to Virginia Lee Corbin and I'll be able to tell. English, you know. Yes, I liked John Cumberland in "The Gay Old Dog." It was very well done, and I dont see how the ending could have been different.

U. Die I. Bury, Undertakers.—Say, what's this all about? You're right, I haven't shaved since Noah brought me from the Ark. Well, the whiskers came in mighty handy this past winter, except on occasions when they bore icicles. You want more of Constance Talmadge in the Magazine and Classic. Come to think of it, you're right.

Fatty.—Why dont you diet? Yes, Elliott Dexter is married to Marie Doro. May Allison, Los Angeles, Cal.—Metro, of course.

M. I. Welcome.—You just bet you are. Yes, it is true; Alice Joyce is married again. She married a New York hotel man. Percy Marmont is playing opposite Billie Burke in "Away Goes Prudence."

M. S., Mobile.—Just take this little tip—the excesses of youth are drafts on our old age, payable with interest, and sometimes they are payable at sight. From one who knows. Yes, Norma Talmadge is in New York, 318 W. 48th St. Her own studio, of course.

H. V. S.—You are just a little late. Sorry, old dear, very sorry! To Dorothy Davenport. No, William Hart isn't. Mary Pickford was recently married to Doug Fairbanks in Los Angeles. Marjorie Daw was bridesmaid. Yes, Charles Pathé is still alive.

Mrs. E. De M.—Thanks a lot for the fee. I'll do all I can for you.

M. T. Garret.—There are others! Why is this thus? You say the reason telephone girls are called operators is because they cut you off in the middle of a conversation. More air!

Rogerette.—Well, yes, I walk very erect, having been straightened by circumstances. Did you think I was old and bent? Will Rogers, Goldwyn Co., Los Angeles, Cal. Well, I didn't have to worry about an income tax. That's one thing nice about this job, and one reason why I have refused better offers.

Ima Wallace Reid Fan.—Yes, Fox are reissuing "Les Miserables," "Salome," "The Honor System," "A Tale of Two Cities," "Cleopatra" and "A Daughter of the Gods." Sylvia Breamer has signed up with Mayflower. Yes, Ann Little is back with Bill Hart.

Bell del C.—Bessie Love is not married, and Tony Moreno at Vitagraph Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

Nell from Florida.—Eugene O'Brien, in viewing Niagara, called it "The Pride of Rivers." That pride certainly has a tremendous fall. Yes, I have been to Niagara—but not what you mean. Fritzi Brunette is playing with Warren Kerrigan. Rosemary Theby and Conway Tearle in "Michael and His Lost Angel." Sessue Hayakawa is married. You want D. W. Griffith to produce another "Broken Blossoms." P'r'aps he cant.

Brown Eye.—Your letter was true, all right. You know words from the mouth die in the ears, but words from the heart stay there. Yes, Charlie Ray is with Arthur S. Kane Pictures Corp., 452 Fifth Ave., New York. He is coming to New York soon.

Laundry Buttons and Grease-Paint!

(*Continued from page* 90)

"Dont you think that the study of law aided you in dissecting character, in analysis and expression?" we asked.

"Oh, I'm sure of it. You see, I studied for the ministry, because father was an oratorical preacher and dead against the stage. However, my college days gave me plenty of work in theatricals, and so I finally followed the natural bent and took to the boards.

"For fifteen years I acted—out with road companies or at home in stock. After the first few years of acting, and to please my mother, I finished college. I studied law and practiced with my brother—and I know that in those early days I was really acting for the jury, watching what effect my words or gestures had on them.

"But I returned to the stage—and later came back to the law office. I was a regular Klaw and Erlanger pay-roller. Perhaps you remember 'The Blue Mouse'? We did 'Father and Son' also. And I had a good part in Rex Beach's 'The Spoilers.' For three years I traveled with Chauncey Olcott, and altho I again practiced law, it never had any allurement for me after tasting the excitement relative to creating living, pulsating beings of the imagination. So after some years of stage life, I became interested in pictures in 1909 and have been at them ever since."

I had been told that Mr. Ogle makes his first visit in the morning to the offices of the Famous Players-Lasky, there to bury his expressive nose in the stock report of the daily paper. So I ventured another question.

"Do you make a hobby of dabbling in stocks?"

"Well, it's not a fad—I dont like fads. I suppose you might call it a hobby, *oom, hoom*," (Charles has a habit of saying "oom-hoom" in place of the generally accepted affirmative, and it makes one think of a fat, happy bumble-bee burying its proboscis in a particularly luscious blossom!), "for I have not only invested conservatively—very conservatively—but have had about six hundred students."

"Students? What sort of students?" We had not heard of any financial school of the sort around these parts.

"*Oom, hoom;* students in investing money carefully. I've tipped off at least that many on this and other lots. You see, I never advise anything—either from the legal standpoint or from my own observation, study and experience—unless I am sure it is very safe. I haven't done anything with oil stocks, for instance. If I were to invest, I should simply take Standard Oil stock and be satisfied with the returns. There are some who make a fortune out of oil—but you'll find thousands who have lost everything in wildcatting.

"Just this morning a chap called and had a lot of the boys excited over oil and tried to interest me. I wont say I never lost a cent on stocks, but the losses

June Mornings

Bubble grains on berries

Mix these airy, flimsy bubbles in every dish of berries. Use Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs. The blend is delightful. It adds what crust adds to a shortcake.

At breakfast, also, serve with cream and sugar—any of these fragile, fascinating grains.

June Evenings

Whole wheat steam exploded

For suppers, float Puffed Wheat in milk. That means whole wheat with every food cell blasted. The grains are puffed to eight times normal size.

They seem like tidbits, but every flaky globule is a grain of wheat made easy to digest.

June Afternoons

Airy, nut-like confections

For hungry children, crisp and douse with melted butter. Then Puffed Grains become nut-like confections, to be eaten like peanuts or popcorn.

Use also like nut-meats as a garnish on ice cream. Use as wafers in your soups.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice** **Corn Puffs**

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The Quaker Oats Company

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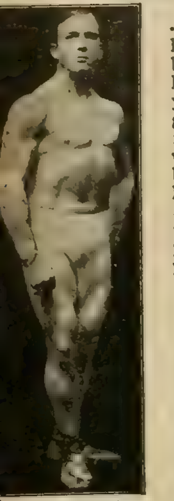
Don't Be a Sickly Grouch!


STRONGFORT
The Perfect Man

Nobody loves a grouch—nobody likes to meet him in the street, do business with him or have him around. And you can't help being a grouch if your internal machinery is running wrong; if dyspepsia or biliousness make your life miserable; if headaches and backaches take the tuck out of you; if constipation is poisoning your blood and beclouding your brain.

Get Rid of Your Ailments

You are only half a man when you stagger along under such handicaps; you can't win out, you can't make a success of anything; you are bound to be a failure—you know it, your wife knows it, and all your friends know it. Don't lay it on your stomach or liver or lungs—take hold of YOURSELF—build yourself up into a MAN again; turn over a leaf and live life as Nature meant it should be lived.

STRONGFORTISM
Will Show You How

Strongfortism is Nature's way, and there isn't the slightest doubt in the world that she can build you up and bring you back to health and strength and the enjoyment of living life again, **if you give her half a chance.**

Strongfortism has salvaged thousands of human wrecks; has put vigor, vitality, hope, happiness into men who felt they were hopelessly down and out. Strongfortism will help YOU, as it has helped them; will show you Nature's safe, simple, **sure** way back to health and strength and mental vigor. Don't delay a single day; learn about Strongfortism—the one way to happiness for you.

Send for My Free Book

"Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy" tells you all about Strongfortism. It tells how I became the strongest man in the world by practicing it, and how my pupils in every part of the world have freed themselves from the handicaps that held them back, and are forging ahead in the world.

Remember, Strongfortism is Nature's way, the one sure way; no drug store dope or patent medicines—just giving Nature a chance to dispel your ills and build you up. Send three 2c stamps to cover postage and packing and I'll mail you a copy at once. SEND TODAY, using coupon below, indicating your ailment thereon.

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Mr. Lionel Strongfort, Newark, N. J.

Dear Strongfort:—Please send me your book, "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy," for postage of which I enclose 6 cents in stamps to cover mailing expenses. I have marked (X) before the subject in which I am interested. (1264)

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..Falling Hair
..Deformity
..Insomnia
..Short Wind
..Flat Feet
..Constipation
..Biliousness
..Torpid Liver
..Indigestion
..Nervousness
..Poor Memory
..Weak Eyes
..Rheumatism
..Poor Circulation
..Muscular Development
..Heartweakness
..Bad Habits
..Weaknesses
..Skin Disorders
..Round Shoulders
..Lung Troubles
..Increased Height

NAME ....

AGE............ OCCUPATION..............................

STREET ....

CITY.............................. STATE...............

WRITE PLAINLY

were trivial—not worth mentioning at all in view of the fact that I covered them fully in larger returns on other stocks. I have made an intensive study of the stock market for over twenty years. It's not a thing for people to go into as a gamble. It is a study—like chess. If you cant see the difference, you are sure to go wrong." The sage of the stock market nodded solemnly.

Charles Ogle is a musician. He might earn his living in a half-dozen ways; shows marked versatility, has an alert mind sharpened by a college education, extensive travel and constant study.

Every director of note has employed Mr. Ogle at some time. In "The Valley of Giants," as a blind man, fans worshipped this veteran character actor. He has received thousands of letters saying that this sympathetic rôle appealed more than any other part Mr. Ogle has essayed. When asked if it were not more difficult to play a blind than a deaf or lame man, Charles Ogle replied, "No; that one-legged man in 'Treasure Island' gave me more trouble than anything I ever did in my life."

Another doubling feat which Mr. Ogle carried thru was day work in "The Squaw Man" with Cecil de Mille and all-night hustling for "The Dub," in which Wallace Reid was starred and which proved to be one of Charles Ogle's most successful parts. He's an indefatigable worker, his fine mental and physical vitality carrying him thru long sieges on the lot, where cat-naps are the rule and meals are irregular.

So that plain little dressing-room on the third tier at the Lasky lot overlooking the stages, flanked by waving pepper trees and where the sounds of saw and hammer and the strains of Max Fisher's violin blend with swishy little breezes, has become a shrine to many. When there's a business bother or a love-tangle, Daddy Ogle is the legal adviser, confidential friend and ministering angel to the perplexed photoplayer.

The Blue Bird Alights on the Silversheet

(*Continued from page* 89)

ideal of stage life—acting out in the open—the hills for the setting, the audience—the world."

The little bride is called Selysette by her husband in memory of the artistic portrayal of her rôle in his famous play, "Aglavaine and Selysette," in Paris.

"We are on our honeymoon," she confided demurely, clasping a huge bouquet of roses in her arms. "I think California is the land of 'The Blue Bird,' and I do not like to think of the time that we may leave—after a while."

With this new romance in his life, who can doubt that the famous poet-philosopher, Maurice Maeterlinck, in his sheltered nook among the roses and with the rhythm of the great Pacific in his ears, will produce an inspirational masterpiece which shall set a new mark in the ever rising tide of the art of the motion picture?

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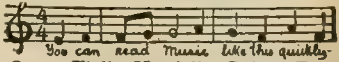

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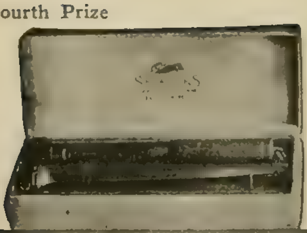
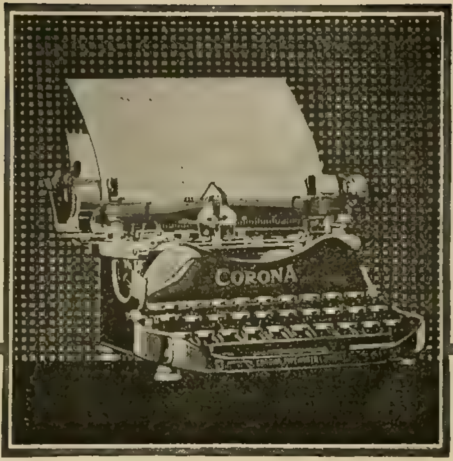
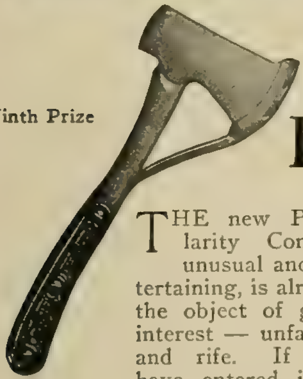


Third Prize



Second Prize

Ninth Prize



Sixth Prize

Popularity Contest Awards

THE new Popularity Contest, unusual and entertaining, is already the object of great interest — unfailing and rife. If you have entered it or have read the announcements which have appeared, and will appear, from time to time, containing the rules and regulations, you know it is actually a double contest—a contest in which both the public and players are equally interested.

The prizes depicted above and below were selected after much careful thought and attention and each one is destined to make some one happier, from the beautiful Crescent phonograph which suggests a twilight hour with the gems musical genii have given to the world, to the Marble nickel-plated axe which brings to mind a jolly time in some invitingly green woodland.

Perhaps you have not yet decided to enter the contest—if not do so *now.* Dont lose an opportunity of enjoying the unique entertainment it affords or of capturing one of the lovely and useful awards.

FIRST PRIZE

Crescent Phonograph, piano mahogany finish (value $160). Plays all makes of disc records: Victor, Columbia, Pathe, Edison, Emerson, etc., without the use of extra attachments or intricate adjustments; a simple turn of the sound-box is all that is necessary in changing from a lateral cut record to playing a hill and dale cut record.

A Crescent owner can enjoy a repertoire of the greatest opera singers, popular songs, dance music or anything that is turned out of the disc record. The tone of the Crescent is full, round, deep and mellow. It has a large compartment for records.

First Prize

SECOND PRIZE

Movette Camera and three packages of films (value $65). Compact, light, efficient, easily operated. Think of the possibilities during your vacation trip — your canoe trip—in pictures —pictures of your family or friends—living pictures that you can project at any time in your home. A priceless record of your life.

THIRD PRIZE

Corona Typewriter with case (value $50); an all-round portable typewriter, light enough and small enough to be carried anywhere, and strong enough to stand any possible condition of travel. It is trim and symmetrical and does not give one's study the atmosphere of a business office. Fold it up and take it with you anywhere.

FOURTH PRIZE

Sheaffer "Giftie" Combination Set, consisting of a Sheaffer Fountain Pen and a Sheaffer Sharp-Point Pencil, in a handsome plush-lined box. Gold filled, warranted twenty years. Cannot blot or leak. A beautiful and perfect writing instrument.

FIFTH PRIZE

Bristol steel Casting Rod agate guide, cork grip, strong and durable. Packed in linen case. Can be easily put in traveling bag.

SIXTH PRIZE

Loughlin Safety Self-Filling Fountain Pen. No extensions to remember, no locks to forget.

SEVENTH PRIZE

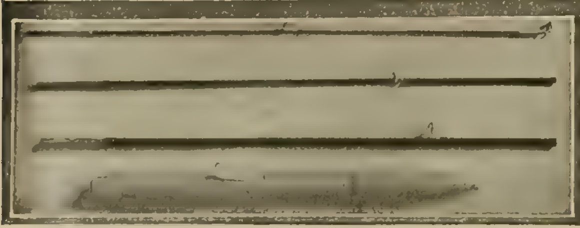
Star Vibrator, handsomely finished in nickel-plate with three attachments. Alternating current. Excellent for massage. Use it in your own home.

EIGHTH PRIZE

Same as Seventh Prize.

NINTH PRIZE

Marble nickel-plated pocket axe of tool steel, carefully tempered and sharpened. Indispensable in camp or woods.



Fifth Prize

Seventh and Eighth Prizes

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WHO IS THE ONE GREAT STAR OF THE SCREEN?
Is it CHARLIE CHAPLIN or ELSIE FERGUSON?
Is it RICHARD BARTHELMESS or WILLIAM S. HART?

Concerning this matter there is great difference of opinion. Every fan, in fact, has his own idol. The Wall street broker swears by MARY PICKFORD; his wife thinks TOM MIX is the best actor the cinema has produced; the office boy has a "crush" on THEDA BARA and the stenographer collects photographs of DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.

What do **you** think? If you had a vote would you give it to NAZIMOVA or to LILLIAN GISH? Would you vote for a man or a woman or for little BEN ALEXANDER?

SHADOWLAND, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC—the three great magazines of the Motion Picture world—have decided to refer this question to their readers by taking a popular, world-wide vote. In regard to matters concerning the stage and theater their audience is the most intelligent and discerning; the most wide-awake and well-informed in the world today. If any picture patrons can pick out the leading star, it will be those who read SHADOWLAND, the MAGAZINE, and CLASSIC.

The coupons will show you how to enter your own name and the name of your favorite player. But you may vote on an ordinary sheet of paper in Class Number 2, provided you make the ballot the same size and follow the wording of this coupon. We prefer the printed coupons for uniformity and convenience in counting.

There will be prizes for voters and prizes for stars.

Votes registered in Class Number 1 will probably be cast by favor. Votes registered in Class Number 2 will call for a wide knowledge of the Motion Picture business, keen powers of perception and skill at detecting the trend of popular favor. You cannot guess the winner offhand.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. The contest began on December 1, 1919, and will close on September 30, 1920.
2. There will be ten ballots as follows:

December	1919	ballot
January	1920	ballot
February	1920	ballot
March	1920	ballot
April	1920	ballot
May	1920	ballot
June	1920	ballot
July	1920	ballot
August	1920	ballot
September	1920	ballot

3. The result of each month's ballot will be published in each one of our magazines the second month following such ballot.
4. No votes will be received prior to the opening date or after the date of closing.
5. Each person entering the contest and observing the rules thereof shall have the privilege of voting once in each class, each month, for each one of our magazines. You may send us one vote in each class for SHADOWLAND every month, and the same for MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and yet again the same for CLASSIC. Thus, you will have three votes in Class No. 1 each month, and three votes in Class No. 2 each month.

Class Number 1

SHADOWLAND, MAGAZINE and CLASSIC:
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I consider ....
the most popular player in the entire field of Motion Pictures.

Name ...
Street ...
City ...
State ...
Country ...
(Dated) ...

Class Number 2

SHADOWLAND, MAGAZINE and CLASSIC:
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I believe that ....
will win the Big Three Popularity Contest with ... votes.

Name ...
Street ...
City ...
State ...
Country ...
(Dated) ...

Remember! This is the greatest player contest in history.

It Pays to Read Advertisements

Advertisements are news. Goodnews—timely news—helpful news.

News of the great world of business. Heralds of the world's improvements—builders of factories—makers of homes.

News of the latest styles.

News of comforts unknown when father was a boy.

News that is handy to your eye.

News that you cant afford to hurry by.

News that will save you money.

Dont miss the advertisements

in

Motion Picture Classic

Reel Realities

Mary and Doug, here are our sincerest and deepest congratulations!

The announcement that the honeymooners will make a tour of Europe, doing a photoplay or two en route, arouses all sorts of fancies.

Here is an event well calculated to stir the imagination, for the coming of the two will be unparalleled in history. We can already see Little Mary, almost deified by the cinema, being received by royalty, (what royalty the war has left behind), moving thru crowded streets, for Doug and Mary are known and loved in every land, and are being fêted as no one has ever been.

A picturesque honeymoon, indeed.

Not so long ago theatrical producers used to weep and gnash their teeth when their stars "lowered their prestige" by going into the lowly movies. Who would pay two dollars to see a player after being able to observe her for a quarter or less, they reasoned.

It remained for the present theatrical season to really prove the utter fallacy of this reasoning. A. H. Woods decided to present Theda Bara in a footlight play, "The Blue Flame." Miss Bara promptly shattered records in Washington, Philadelphia and Boston and started her New York run with a smash. Had the play been at all worthy, she would still be breaking records. Instead of detracting from Miss Bara, the screen has built up an enormous following anxious to see her in real life.

Again, consider Elsie Ferguson in her return to the stage after two years' absence. Her vehicle, "Sacred and Profane Love," is attracting capacity New York audiences. Out on the coast, in Los Angeles, to be specific, Wallie Reid has been playing in a stage piece, "The Rotters," with striking success.

And now the stage producers are falling over each other to persuade screen stars to make a theater return.

The times *have* changed!

Recently American producers offered George Bernard Shaw a million dollars for the film rights to his works. The canny Mr. Shaw sat down and began figuring. Then he rejected the offer, figuring that he would not only not make a million on the deal, but would actually lose $17,000.

Mr. Shaw arrived at his conclusion after considering just what British, United States and New York State taxes would do to such a settlement. So "Arms and the Man," "Candida," "Cæsar and Cleopatra" and the other gems of biting Shavian humor wont reach the films—for a while, anyway.

Despite the fact that New York's newest *de luxe* house of the films, the Capitol, goes in for extremely long, all evening programs, the trend everywhere in the country is towards shorter bills.

The general impression—and there is no denying its existence—is that theaters have gone the limit in working up *de luxe* entertainments of music, singers, dancers, short films, etc., to the detriment of the feature. Result, audiences have departed tired and even bored. Naturally, the feature, buried beneath the elaborateness of the program, has suffered severely.

It is an interesting commentary that one of New York's biggest money-making theaters is the New York, an old, out-of-date house, but one presenting *only* pictures.

Our comments upon program length must not be taken as a slap at the short film, whether dramatic, comic or scenic. Tremendous and most praiseworthy strides are being made in this field of motion picture endeavor.

In short comedy the American motion picture is particularly advancing. We venture to say that Harold Lloyd, for instance, is as popular as any feature star of the cinema, with possibly an exception or two. Remember the way the late Sidney Drew was beloved? On every side these days we see the short comedy, which Mr. and Mrs. Drew so ably pioneered, making splendid advances.

And now London, just as did New York, welcomes "The Miracle Man," following the hit of David Griffith's "Broken Blossoms." There is no doubt that these two productions stand out as milestones in American film progress.

George Loane Tucker is acclaimed as one of the great directors of the cinema. It is interesting to note the enthusiasm of the London press over Betty Compson.

More than 50,000 miles of motion picture film were exported from the United States in the calendar year 1919, or enough to stretch more than twice around the world at the equator, says the New York National City Bank in a circular just issued. To be exact, says the National City Bank, in a discussion of this growing feature of our export trade, the films exported aggregated 273,270,120 linear feet, of which the exposed film was 153,237,260 feet and the unexposed film 120,041,012 feet; the value of the exposed film being $8,066,723, or an average of 5.5c per foot, and of the unexposed film $2,680,000, or an average of 2.2c per foot.

This is by far the largest total, says the bank's statement, of motion picture films exported in a single year, whether measured by quantity or value. In 1918 the total length of films exported was only 151,000,000 feet; in 1917, 166,000,000; 1916, 125,000,000; in 1915, 199,000,000 feet, and in the year prior to the war, 1913, 146,000,000. It was only in

(*Continued on page* 100)

Our New Spring Suit!

Isn't it a joy to throw away that old and shabby winter suit you've been wearing so long that you felt it had become a part of you? Isn't it a g-r-r-rand and glorious feeling to see how everybody turns around to look at you as you pass, and to know that they are all admiring—and, perhaps, envying you a little? We know just how you feel, for we, too, are coming out in our new spring suit—and it's great to shake off the troublesome clothes of the past winter — all full of patches made by the printers' strike, and the paper shortage, and the late schedules.

We have a stunning new cover for our June number of SHADOWLAND, and the latest thing in pictures, and the newest stories about every one on the stage and screen that you like. It will be the best and most interesting number ever issued.

There's Walter Pritchard Eaton's first contribution to SHADOWLAND. One of the foremost writers of the day, he offers a brilliant article on the theater.

Adolph Bolm, Master of Terpsichore, tells Frederick James Smith, in an unusual interview, of the development of the dance in America.

Have you ever thought of the political power of the cinema? Lynde Denig, in his "Will Motion Pictures Elect a President?," gives you much food for meditation.

There are the wonderful color plates of the most popular stars; very clever reviews of the plays and cinema features for the month; the latest offerings of fashion from Paris; the newest novelizations; and, as an added feather in our cap, we have made arrangements with all the leading photographers of America for first use of their best work!

The publication date of the June Shadowland is May 23

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Reel Realities

(*Continued from page 98*)

1912 that this class of exports was considered of sufficient importance to justify a separate statement in the record of exports, the total for that year being 62,241,000 feet, valued at $5,502,000. The value of the films exported since the beginning of 1912 is nearly $60,000,000.

A very large proportion in the earlier years went in the unexposed form for use in making photographs in other parts of the world. At present, as above indicated, considerably over one-half, (153,000,000 feet), of the films exported are of the "exposed" class—those films bearing photographs made in the United States—while considerably less than one-half, (120,000,000 feet), are blank films for use in making pictures in other parts of the world.

These 52,000 miles of motion picture films exported in 1919 went to all parts of the world. While the details of 1919 distribution are not available, those of 1918 show that motion picture films of the "exposed" class ready for presentation on the screen went to no less than fifty-three countries and colonies of the world. Thirty-three per cent. went to Europe, 29 per cent. to North America, exclusive of the United States; 14 per cent. to South America, 14 per cent. to Oceania, a little over 7 per cent. to Asia, and 3 per cent. to Africa. Of the unexposed films, of course, a very large proportion went to Europe, 85 per cent., in fact, while the remaining 15 per cent. was distributed to the North American countries other than the United States, Asia, Oceania and South America.

While our exports of motion picture film have mounted, the importations have quite naturally declined, the total number of feet imported in the calendar year 1919 having been but 17,000,000 feet against 26,000,000 in 1918 and 76,000,000 in 1917, which was the high record in importation of films from abroad. The average import price of the exposed film was about 5.5c per foot as against 5.3c per foot of the exposed film exported. Of the 153,000,000 feet of exposed film exported in 1919, 39,000,000 feet went to the United Kingdom, 15,000,000 to Canada, 13,000,000 to Australia, 9,000,000 to France, 7,000,000 to Argentina and nearly 6,000,000 to Brazil. The character of the views presented on the exposed "ready to use" films is quite similar to that of the films in use in the United States, probably three-fourths being photoplays and the remainder travelogs, "news service" and comedies.

While no exact figures are available on the quantity of films now produced in the United States, says *The New York Morning Telegraph*, an estimate, based upon the known quantity exported, suggests that the entire domestic production nearly exceeds 2,000,000,000 feet, with a value of approximately $75,000,000 per annum when "exposed" and ready for use in the projecting machine.

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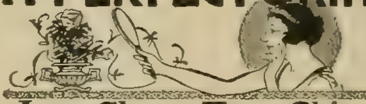

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The Celluloid Critic

(Continued from page 45)

No, "The Virgin of Stamboul" is not particularly impressive. It is too long, for one thing. The direction of Tod Browning is cumbersome and H. H. Van Loan's story but trite melodrama. It does, however, reveal the effect of the shimmie upon Turkish life. Miss Dean nowhere achieves the note of spontaneity.

Charles Ray can invest any screen opus, no matter how banal, with the life of reality, which, to our way of thinking, closely approaches something popularly called genius.

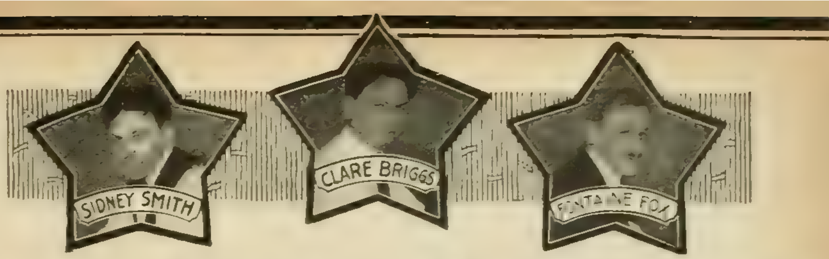
Consider "Alarm Clock Andy," (Paramount), the romance of a bashful clerk who develops into a success. It is obviously a made-to-order story, (by Agnes Johnston), but Ray takes it, gilds it here and there with sincerity, and—lo and behold! the thing seems a human document in which the tear is close to the smile. Jerome Storm has directed the theme adequately.

Constance Talmadge makes "In Search of a Sinner," (First National), a piquant and highly diverting comedy. John Emerson and Anita Loos have cleverly adapted Charlotte Thompson's story to the films, giving it a tinge of the risqué. Miss Talmadge seems to be centering upon this note of late. We do not say this in a spirit of censure, for she has the verve to dash with the lightness of thistledown over thin ice thru which most other screen comédiennes would crash disastrously.

"In Search of a Sinner" presents a young widow, one Georgianna Chadbourne, who has been so bored by her first and very moral husband that, upon his demise, she sets out to find a wildman. When her quest thru New York unearths just one possibility and all sorts of difficulties ensue, Georgianna realizes that wickedness doesn't pay and is quite glad to accept the possibility, even tho he turns out to be a head of the Purity League. David Kirkman's direction is spirited and Rockcliffe Fellowes at least looks the caveman-purity leaguer.

"Mary's Ankle," (Paramount), was adapted from May Tully's stage farce for the use of Douglas MacLean and Doris May. A youthful trio, headed by a young doctor in search of patients, is in desperate financial straits. Finally the near-physician sends out wedding announcements in the hope of drawing down a check from his wealthy uncle and possibly salable gifts from here and there. Then a young lady of identically the same name as that of the fictitious bride sprains her ankle in front of his office. Thus begin the complications. It is very broad slapstick farce of the footlight type and not comparable to the MacLean-May gem, "23½ Hours' Leave." When will movie producers discover that stage farces do not lend themselves to the screen?

If it were not for the fact that Dorothy Gish is the star of "Mary Ellen Comes to Town," (Paramount), we'd say something rude about it.



"Andy"

"Min"

"Sis"

"Skinnay"

"The Toonerville Trolley"

"Powerful Katrinka"

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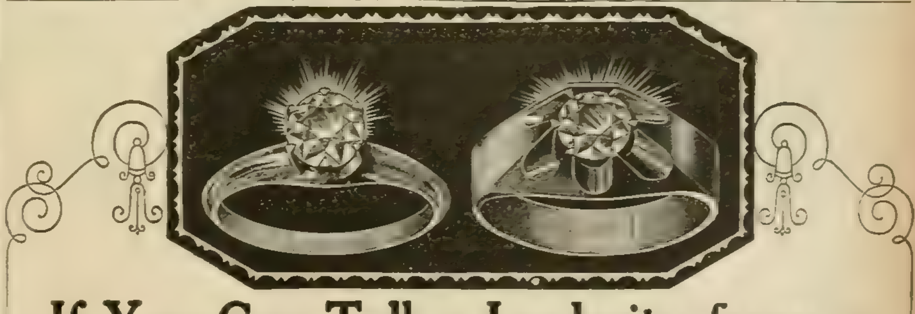

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Behind the Screen

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks were married in Los Angeles, Cal., on Sunday, March 28th, by the Rev. J. Whitcomb Brougher, pastor of the Temple Baptist Church. Robert Fairbanks, a brother of the bridegroom, was best man, and Marjorie Daw was bridesmaid.

John Barrymore's sudden illness—a nervous breakdown—caused the abrupt termination of his engagement in "Richard III" in New York. The revival had scored a sensational success. Mr. Barrymore's illness is said to have been caused by his hard work while rehearsing "Richard III" and doing the film production of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

Billie Burke has postponed her stage revival of "The School for Scandal," in which William Faversham was to have appeared, and will devote her time to the photoplay.

Agnes Ayres is to be starred by Albert A. Kaufman.

William Faversham's forthcoming screen vehicles, starting with "The Man Who Lost Himself," will be released by Myron Selznick.

Constance Talmadge has secured the film rights to the stage success, "Wedding Bells."

Realart's first starring vehicle for Wanda Hawley is a film version of Jerome K. Jerome's "Miss Hobbs," originally played behind the footlights by Annie Russell.

C. Gardner Sullivan, Thomas H. Ince's scenarist-in-chief, has departed on his world tour. Genoa is the first stop.

Thomas Meighan is back on the coast, making a film adaptation of Leonard Merrick's "Conrad in Quest of His Youth" for Paramount.

Ethel Clayton has renewed her Famous Players-Lasky contract. She will make two pictures in London.

Jack Mulhall has been signed under a long-term contract by Paramount-Artcraft.

The Andrew J. Callaghan Productions, Inc., is to star Bessie Love, her first picture being Charles Tenney Jackson's "The Midlanders."

Myron Selznick has signed Louise Huff as one of his stars.

J. Stuart Blackton is doing a story of spiritualism, "The House of the Tolling Bell," by Edith Sessions Tupper. The cast is headed by May McAvoy and Bruce Gordon.

Tsuru Aoki is visiting in Japan.

Pacific Coast Gossip

By FRITZI REMONT

Los Angeles, Cal., (*Special*)—One of the very best *raconteurs* in the film world is William Duncan. Unlike most Scotchmen, Bill is a good talker and loves to swap anecdotes on the lot.

He related an amusing incident of his early experiences in pictures. Before going on the stage, Mr. Duncan was an exponent for the Bernarr MacFadden exercisers, as well as a good boxer. His younger brother had put on the gloves while in his teens and become a lightweight champion. Thru Bill's early associations, he was able to put his brother "next," and the youngster soon became engaged for well-advertised bouts.

Mr. Duncan's parents were orthodox Scotch, averse to publicity and quite upset over William's theatrical experiences. One day, the newspaper held glowing accounts of the younger Duncan's successful fight, as well as of William's serial. The family read the paper and silently laid it down for Father Duncan to peruse at night. There would be no use in hiding it, for the elder Duncan would merely buy another copy and scold over the carelessness of women who mislaid the publication.

That evening, Father Duncan read his paper after dinner as usual. He said nothing for an hour or so, then suddenly turned to his wife. "Misthress Duncan, dont ye think we should be *prood* of our bairns? I think we should praise the guid Lord daily for gi'in us sic a fine family. It's not many that be blessed with lads and lassies like ours—nought but d—— prize-fighters and actors!"

Some years have passed since that sarcastic outburst, and now that William Duncan is famous thru serials, his father is a first-nighter every week to see the current episode. Moreover, his son has just signed a new contract with Vitagraph and reluctantly Father Duncan admits that after all there is "some guid in play-acting."

Wandering over the Famous Players-Lasky stages, I happened on "Bob" Warwick's set. He is doing "Hunting Trouble," which is an adaptation of "The Man from Blankley's," and is supported by the nineteen-year-old Bebe Daniels.

Of course, Bebe and her stunning evening gown got me. She was wearing a combination of white satin, silver lace, handsome jewels, high-piled coiffure with Spanish combs and silver slippers. As we gossiped, Miss Daniels' jewels attracted attention. One of the men asserted that he could tell the difference between the imitations and her own valuable pins, rings and bracelets, all worn at one time. She laughingly defied him.

She was wearing a long bar pin of diamonds and platinum right over another of different pattern. I happened to view a safety catch under the lower pin, so decided on its worth at once.

"Oh, I forgot that would give me away!" Bebe Daniels laughed, merrily.

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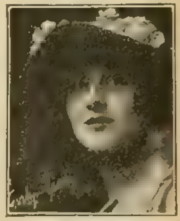

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Running over to the Christie studio, I found that Chic Sale is now doing "The Smart Aleck," by Irvin Cobb, a *"Satevepost"* story. Mr. Sale has a vaudeville reputation which is national, so, with Coleen Moore playing leads, the comedy drama should make a hit. There is a new star in the shape of Lucile Ruby, a seventeen-year-old recruited from the Famous Players.

Strange to say, "Smiling Bill" Parsons' comedies will be finished by "Smiling Bill" Jones, said to be a former English grand opera singer. Billie Rhodes has been resting, but has resumed production, now that the Lenten season has passed. A big photograph of the late "Smiling Bill" Parsons hangs over the mantel at the National studio sitting-room, and it seems as if the jolly husband of Billie must come back any day. It has been very hard for the little star alone, and so her absence from the screen is due to her inability to settle down to work since her bereavement.

Henry Walthall, of the National, has been playing at the Community Theater, Hollywood, in a one-act play based on the life of Napoleon.

APOLOGIA

By CHARLOTTE BECKER

Altho I garnered no wealth nor fame,
Nor played a hero's gallant part,
Nor bore a sage's honored name,
Nor any place in song or art:

Not all unworthy have I proved,
Life of her joy should make me free—
For I have suffered, I have loved,
And one good woman has loved me.

THE STORM

By CHARLOTTE BECKER

The East Wind rides to war tonight—
I hear his eager steeds,
With rustling panoplies bedight,
Come plunging thru the reeds.

Deep in the wood, where Captain Oak
Commands the valiant trees,
The fearsome little primrose folk
Are crouching on their knees.

The gaunt weeds hide in ambuscade
Behind the garden wall,
The hollyhocks are sore afraid
Lest Major Sunflower fall.

* * *

Now, hark, the battle has begun—
The East Wind's trumpets blow,
And soldier branches, one by one,
Fall on the ground below.

The hollyhocks drop thick and fast,
Their petals stained and torn,
Where Major Sunflower breathes his last,
Of all his glory shorn.

And overhead the doleful sky
Is weeping tears of rain,
Because the flowers that shattered lie
Will never bloom again!

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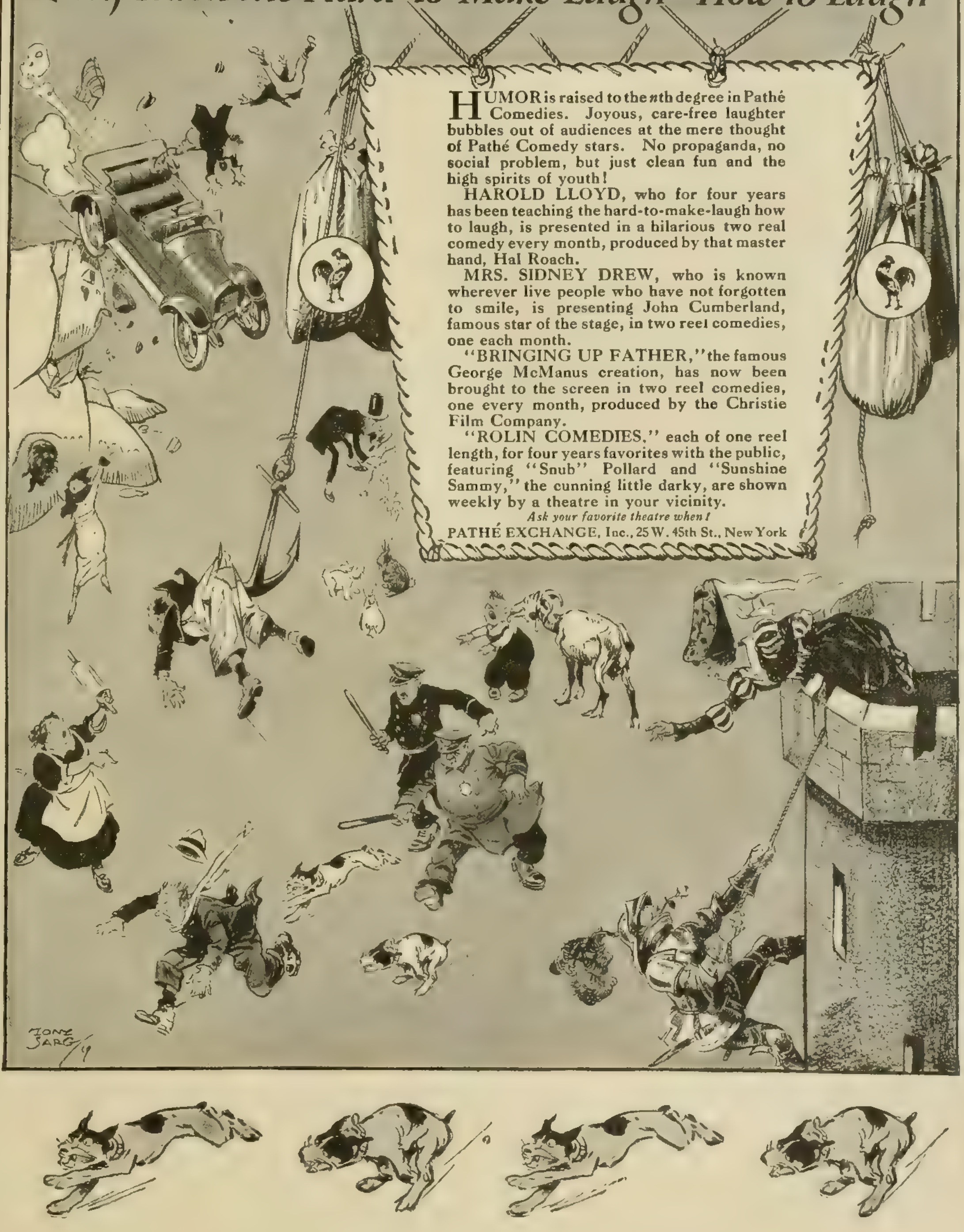

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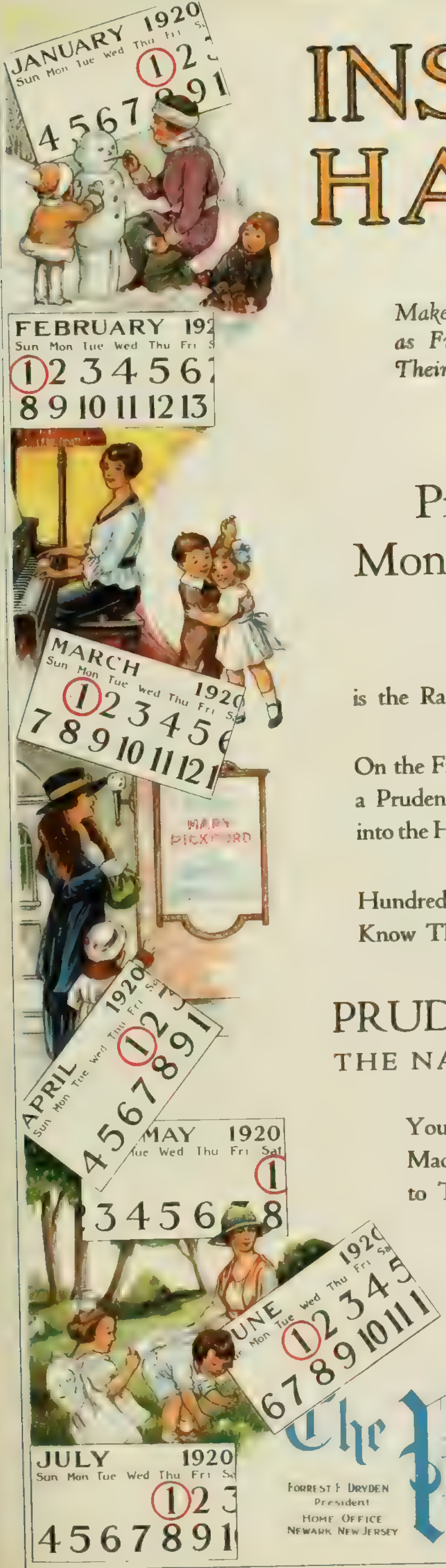

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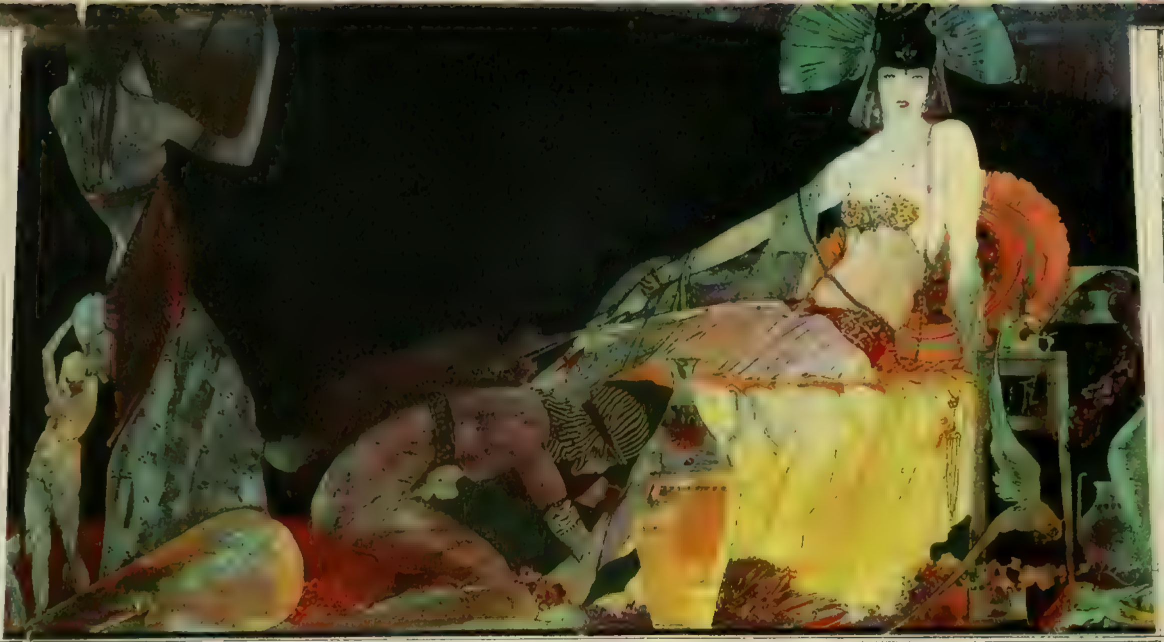

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The beauty secret of Cleopatra hidden in every cake

How washing your face makes rouge and powder harmless

YOU should not blame your skin imperfections on the rouge and powder you may use. Modern cosmetics are usually harmless enough if applied to a *clean skin*.

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Then they combine with dirt, oil secretions and perspiration in an impervious coat. This clogs and poisons the delicate network of pores and glands we call the skin. Coarse texture and ugly blotches are the result.

Wash your face thoroughly once a day with a pure, mild soap and you needn't fear rouge and powder.

Most actresses know this secret, which keeps their complexions fresh, clear and young in spite of the make-up used. It is really the oldest of beauty secrets, discovered by Cleopatra.

But—it all depends on the soap

If you say "but soap is too harsh for my skin," you either haven't found the right soap or have used it the wrong way. This essential cleanliness must be obtained with a mild, soothing cleanser, such as is yours in Palmolive. And the way you use it must be governed by the kind of complexion you have.

For this modern combination of the palm and olive oils Cleopatra used as cleansers is as bland as a lotion. Its profuse creamy lather leaves the skin soft, supple and smooth.

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Thus we are able to keep the price of Palmolive to a very moderate sum—no more than ordinary toilet soaps.

You can therefore afford to use Palmolive for every toilet purpose. Keep it on the washstand for the sake of smooth white hands. Use it for bathing—it is the luxury bath soap.

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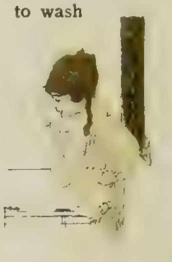
to wash



For an oily skin

For a dry skin

When the skin is inclined to oiliness wash thoroughly with Palmolive. Use warm water for the actual cleansing, rinse with cold. Apply a little Palmolive cold cream, removing all surplus.

If the skin is dry apply Palmolive cold cream *first*. Then wash thoroughly with Palmolive soap, using warm water followed with cold. This supplements the natural oil needed to keep the skin smooth and supple. An additional touch of cream may also be applied after washing.

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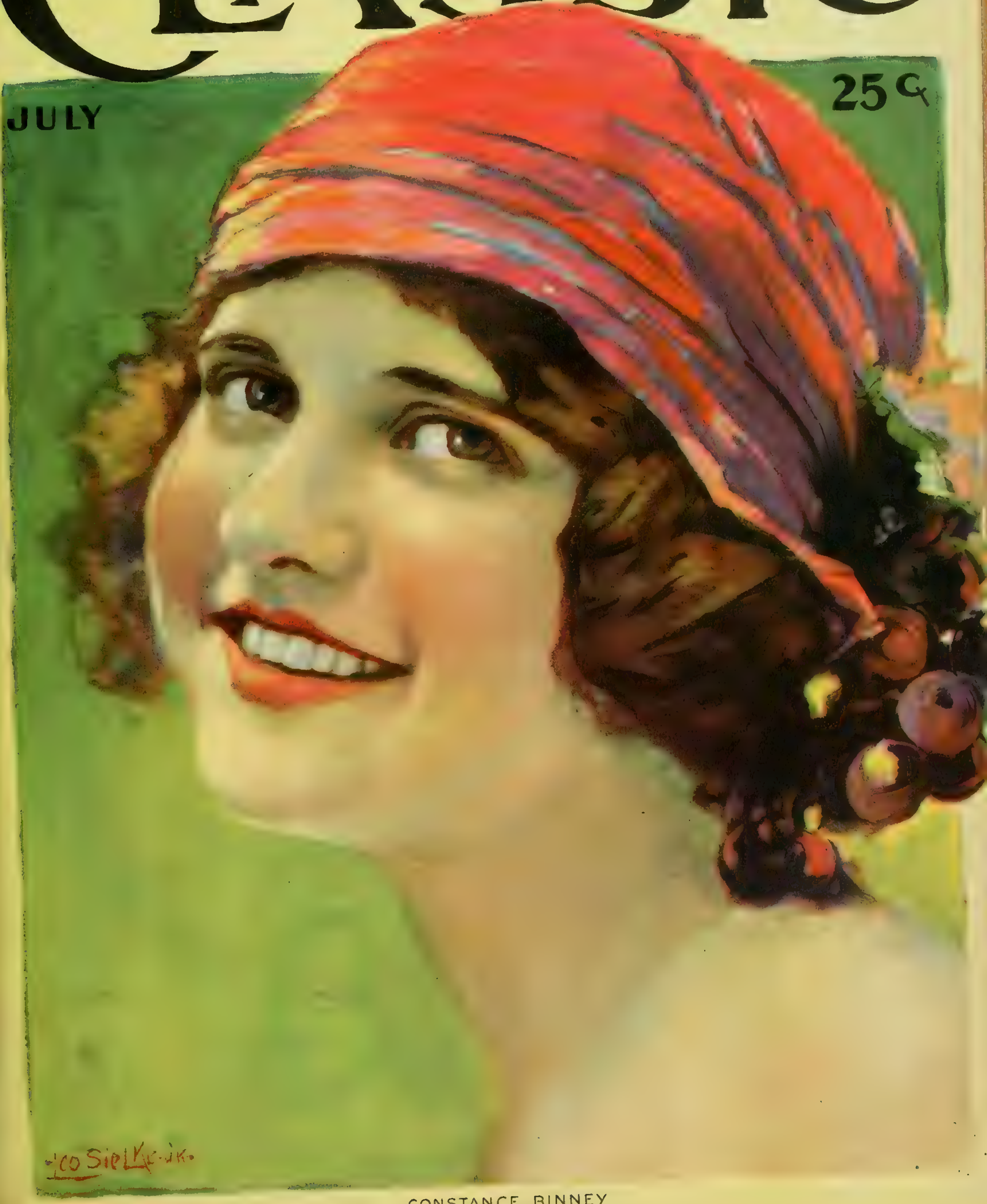
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How You Can Have a Charming Personality

To Women! Dear Friends of my Sex:—Truly, I have good reason to be one of the happiest women in the world. For every mail brings me so many letters of appreciation. If you were in my place, you would be delighted to know that you were a real help to so many, to feel that you could be a sort of fairy godmother to someone in need of just the kind of knowledge you had stored up and just the kind of sympathy you have in your heart.

Oh, the letters! How I love them all. They fairly breathe appreciation and friendship for the good things they attribute to me and my work. Here is one from a little woman in Allentown. I remember the first time she wrote me. Such a pathetic little letter it was, a sigh from beginning to end, mingling with a sort of forlorn hope that I, Juliette Fara, might be able to help her.

Yes, to help her. To show her how she might attain success, how she might throw aside the mantle of a gray, uninteresting and even repellant personality and be just what the Creator intended her to be, a glorious, magnetic little woman radiating charm and personality, captivating hearts of men and women alike with a new found power sparkling with the attraction that draws friends like a magnet, compels admiration, respect and all the other things in life worth having.

That's what my little friend wanted and that is what all of us want. Now she writes and tells me that she has attained the desire of her heart, and that to me—think of it, to me—she owes the credit of her success. Can you blame me for being elated and happy?

But hers is not a new story to me. I have dedicated my life to helping women overcome their imperfections, my whole being is wrapped up in a desire to enable you, dear Reader, as well as others of my sex, to attain the success that comes to those who will acquire the exquisite and charming ways which are so necessary if we women are to achieve the feminine success so dear to our hearts.

Perhaps you know that I spent years of my life in Paris, watching, studying, and analyzing the captivating ways of the French woman, she whose fame has spread to every land, she who holds in her hand the destiny of her country and her men, she to whom the power of attraction is an art and a science to be cultivated just as one would learn to play the piano or sing. What secrets have been revealed to me! What amazing things I have found in the French woman's treasure box of personality!

Photo by Abbe

CONSTANCE TALMADGE

THIS esteemable young lady has won a place in the hearts of millions. Study her picture well; it will make you think.

What man, woman or child has not been charmed by her superb acting, her magnetic personality, even as she has captivated you.

Note the tilt of her head, the sweet, quiet unassuming dignity in her easy, graceful pose. Remember—you have never heard her utter a word. She has no opportunity of portraying her thoughts and emotions in vivid, eloquent speech. By pose, motion and facial expression, she holds your attention, thrilling you, amusing you, leaving you with a lingering memory of her charming mannerisms.

All that Juliette Fara teaches, Miss Talmadge employs to her direct personal advantage, so much so that a prominent director said: "Mentally and physically she is able to adopt any attitude with the greatest ease and to express any emotion or shade of feeling. That is why she attained such nation-wide popularity."

Miss Talmadge has heartily indorsed the instructive knowledge which Juliette Fara imparts to women, and what Miss Talmadge indorses you should know. "How" you also can use the secrets which she uses to such advantage is explained to you in the free book "How" which the Gentlewoman Institute will send for the asking.

There was Mademoiselle Polaire, for instance, one of the most fascinating little bits of femininity I ever knew. Beautiful? Dear me, no! Mademoiselle was positively ugly of feature. But people raved over her.

JULIETTE FARA

But Mademoiselle Polaire had personality, she understood the very things that I would like to teach to you who are far from being ugly, you,—an American Girl—equipped as no other girl in the whole world is equipped, to cultivate a charming personality, to use the secrets I am ready to impart to you so that you can be just the wonderful, admiration-compelling woman you would like to be.

How often have you wished you could reach out your arms and draw close to your heart the devotion, the luxuries of life, the tender love that you see others enjoying! How often have you envied the woman who seemed so supremely happy in the shelter of a wonderful home and perfect love, the woman with scores of admirers at her feet, or another with an enviable position!

You have wondered why, gifted to no particular degree with beauty of either face or form, or endowed with but ordinary intellect or education—why some women attain their desires so easily.

I will answer you. They have personality, the winsome charm that all women can have, once they know the secrets.

Now, dear Reader, I do not want to seem the least bit mysterious, but you who wish to acquire a winning personality should know the secrets which I have found out. These I would like to whisper in your ear, to tell you confidentially, woman to woman, how I have achieved my success, and how I have helped so many of my sisters achieve theirs.

How many women there are who in some way or other find it desirable and even necessary to use every bit of honest persuasion they can summon to control the love and hold the interest of the men of their hearts! Sometimes they win over the thoughtless, indifferent or erring ones by weeping or arguments. But more often do they fail when they do not understand the true secret of winning personality for women.

Yes, if they only knew. If they would but work with head and heart instead of only the latter, using the knowledge, the secrets which would make the task so easy, the results so wonderful and everlasting. How I have longed to go to these women and say: "Let me teach you," instead of which I must stand aside and await the time they must realize that I have what they want.

Of course, there are all types of women in the world. Among those who have yet to attain a charming personality is the loud, aggressive, rather forward girl. Then there's the woman who is too shy and retiring. If you are either of these types, or if some other imperfection stands between you and your desires, I am sure I can help you. As the beautiful butterfly issues from the homely cocoon so should you emerge from the darkness and obscurity with a new found power at your command, with the alluringly beautiful personality of a woman whose hand is firmly on the throttle of her own destiny.

I want to make you sought after by both men and women. I want you to be the real center around which revolves every social function you attend. I want you to rise in business and make yourself so independent that you can choose your own pathway through life, gain and hold the love of the man of your heart, dispelling your troubles like fog before the bright sunshine. So I want you to learn what I have learned, to share with me the secrets of a winsome manner.

But this is not all I have to tell you. I would like to know you better and have you know me better. So first I suggest that you write for a little book into which I have written some of the wonderful secrets I know.

Juliette Fara

FREE—"HOW," a Book of Secrets—FREE

I have called this book "How," because it really tells how you may start upon the right road to a career of contentment and happiness.

This little book, "How," is published and given free by the Gentlewoman Institute. I know you will be surprised and delighted when it comes to you—in plain wrapper, of course.

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Jesse L. Lasky presents
CECIL B. DEMILLE'S production
WHY CHANGE YOUR WIFE?
by William DeMille
A Paramount Artcraft Picture

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TO be able to pick a good show every time is magic—until you know how. But millions are doing it right along, experiencing this luxury of being certain. How? Simply by looking for the *key* word in the theatres' advertising—the brand name, *Paramount.* No theatre that has the entertainment-sense to book Paramount Pictures lacks the advertising-sense to mention it.

▲

Listed alongside, alphabetically, are some of the latest Paramount Artcraft features. Don't miss them.

JOHN BARRYMORE in
"DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE"
Directed by John S. Robertson

"THE COPPERHEAD"
With Lionel Barrymore
Directed by Charles Maigne

CECIL B. DeMILLE'S
Production
"MALE AND FEMALE"

CECIL B. DeMILLE'S
Production
"WHY CHANGE YOUR WIFE?"

"EVERYWOMAN"
Directed by George H. Melford
With All Star Cast

GEORGE FITZMAURICE'S
Production
"ON WITH THE DANCE!"

WM. S. HART in
"THE TOLL GATE"
A Wm. S. Hart Production

GEO. H. MELFORD'S
Production
"THE SEA WOLF"

WILLIAM D. TAYLOR'S
Production
"HUCKLEBERRY FINN"

MAURICE TOURNEUR'S
Production
"TREASURE ISLAND"

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The Slave

With all her strength she fought to get away from it all—the vulgar cabaret—the mysterious beauty parlor—the underground drinking-hell. Fiercely she had refused every bribe—resisted every temptation. And yet, when there came the chance to escape, she turned her back to it and stayed.

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The American Sherlock Holmes
ARTHUR B. REEVE
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BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS

CONTENTS OF MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

Vol. X JULY, 1920 No. 5

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

(Painted by Leo Sielke, Jr., from a Still Photograph)

The silversheet has no more promising young star than Constance Binney, who first came to the films in Maurice Tourneur's production of "Sporting Life."

While Miss Binney owes her cinema discovery to Mr. Tourneur, she had an unusual measure of stage experience crowded into her two or three years behind the footlights. She first attracted attention as a dancer in the musical comedy, "Oh, Lady, Lady!" After that came screen fame and finally stardom with Realart.

PAGE

Rotogravure Gallery of Players. Full-page studies of Alma Rubens, Louise Glaum, Christine Mayo, June Caprice and May Allison.......11-15

Bashful Bobbie. Robert Harron is persuaded to relate some experiences of the early days in films.........*Frederick James Smith* 16

Players of Yesteryear. The good old days compared interestingly with the photoplay of 1920.........*B. F. Wilson* 18

Side-tracked. Lewis Stone came very near being a sailor, but the stage finally won him.........*Elizabeth Peltret* 20

Katherine MacDonald, A.B. Which means American Beauty, rather than Bachelor of Arts.........*Emma-Lindsay Squier* 22

The Classic Visits the Mack Sennett Studios. James Abbe takes some striking pictures of the pretty maritime belles......... 24

The Prince Approves. Mildred Harris Chaplin was the particular instance of the royal favor......... 26

Remodeling a Husband. Dorothy Gish's latest comedy told in piquant short-story form.........*Faith Service* 27

Bennett and Co., Inc. The constructive domestic team work of Enid Bennett and Fred Niblo.........*Maude S. Cheatham* 32

Summer in the New York Theater. Plays and personalities now behind the metropolitan footlights......... 34

Shorty. Antrim Short began acting as a kiddie before he could lisp and he's acted ever since.........*Fritzi Remont* 36

Screen Impressions. Impressionistic word portraits of the cinema favorites.........*Louise Fazenda* 38

For the Soul of Raphael. Clara Kimball Young's latest photoplay of the Southwest told in fiction form.........*Dorothy Donnell* 39

The Climax. The latest honor roll in the international Fame and Fortune Contest of 1920......... 44

A Dreamer of Dreams. As a boy Cullen Landis delivered milk in Nashville and he has fought every inch of the way since.........*Elizabeth Peltret* 46

The Celluloid Critic. The latest photoplays in review...*Frederick James Smith* 48

Gossip of the Pacific Coast.........*Truman B. Handy* 50

The Last Interview. A tribute to Clarine Seymour.........*Harrison Haskins* 51

Little Sister, Huh! Eva Novak, sister of Jane, has ambitions of her own.........*Truman B. Handy* 52

Double Exposures.........*Conducted by F. J. S.* 54

The Yellow Typhoon. Anita Stewart's picturesque new screen vehicle presented as an interesting short story.........*Pearl Malvern* 55

A New Cinema Beauty. Otherwise Emily Chichester......... 60

The Movie Encyclopedia.........*The Answer Man* 77

Look for the last minute features among the advertising pages

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This magazine, published monthly, comes out on the 15th. Its elder sister, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, comes out on the first of every month. SHADOWLAND appears on the 23rd of each month.

Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these spoken plays appear in their vicinity.)

Astor.—Fay Bainter in "East Is West." The story of a quaint little Chinese maid who falls in love with a young American. Racial barriers seem insurmountable, but there is a happy and surprising ending. Has all the ingredients of popular drama.

Belasco.—"The Son-Daughter," with Lenore Ulric. George Scarborough and David Belasco's highly colored Chinese melodrama with the vivid Miss Ulric. One of the big hits of the season.

Bijou.—"The Ouija Board." Crane Wilbur's thriller built around spiritism. Real spooks invade a fake séance, solve a murder mystery and provide plenty of surprises. Guaranteed to keep you on edge. Excellent cast includes George Gaul, Howard Lang and Edward Ellis.

Booth.—"Not So Long Ago." A fragile and charming little comedy by a newcomer, Arthur Richman, telling a story of picturesque New York in the early '70's. Genuinely delightful. Finely played by Eva Le Gallienne, Sidney Blackmer and an excellent cast.

Broadhurst.—"Smilin' Through," with Jane Cowl. An odd, but effective, drama which purports to show how those who have gone before influence and watch over our lives. Miss Cowl is exceedingly good as a piquant Irish girl and also as a spirit maid whose death occurred fifty years before. "Smilin' Through" will evoke your smiles and tears.

Casino.—"Betty, Be Good." Lively summer musical show with a tuneful score by Hugo Riesenfeld, the director of the Rivoli, Rialto and Criterion screen theaters. Josephine Whittell is the life of the entertainment, Frank Crumit scores and Worthington Romaine makes his rôle stand out.

Central.—"As You Were," with Irene Bordoni and Sam Bernard. A delightful musical show in which Miss Bordoni dazzles as the various sirens of history. Pleasant music and a pleasant chorus lend effective aid.

Century.—"Florodora." The much-heralded revival of the widely popular musical show of some twenty years ago. Done with charm, distinction and humor. Eleanor Painter's singing stands out vividly and George Hassell's humor is highly diverting. Then, of course, there is the famous "sextette." Here is a revival that really revives.

Cort.—"Abraham Lincoln." You should see this if you see nothing else on the New York stage. John Drinkwater's play is a noteworthy literary and dramatic achievement, for he makes the Great American live again. "Abraham Lincoln" cannot fail to make you a better American. Moreover, it is absorbing as a play. Frank McGlyn is a brilliant Lincoln.

Comedy.—"My Lady Friends." Highly amusing entertainment adapted from a Continental farce. Much of the humor is due to the able work of Clifton Crawford in the rôle of the guileless young publisher of Bibles whose efforts to spend money get him into all sorts of difficulties. June Walker scores in Mr. Crawford's support.

Eltinge.—"Martinique." A colorful romantic tragedy of the French West Indies, revolving around the exotic *Belles Affranchies*—mulatto belles—of a certain part of the tropics, the women poetized by Lafcadio Hearn. The cast includes Josephine Victor, Vincent Coleman, Arthur Hohl and Emmett Corrigan.

Forty-Eighth Street.—"The Storm." A well-told melodrama of the lonely Northwest with a remarkable stage effect of a forest fire. Helen MacKellar is admirable as the piquant French-Canadian heroine.

Forty-Fourth Street.—"Look Who's Here," with Cecil Lean. A passable musical entertainment that entertains when Mr. Lean and Cleo Mayfield hold the center of the stage.

Henry Miller's Theater—"The Famous Mrs. Fair." Able drama dealing with the feminine problem of a career or a home. Skilfully written by James Forbes, with unusual playing by Blanche Bates, Henry Miller and Margalo Gilmore.

Hudson.—"Clarence," Booth Tarkington's delightful comedy, built about the way a returned soldier reunited a disturbed but typically American household. Superb performances by Alfred Lunt, Glenn Hunter and Helen Hayes give the comedy a fine verve.

Little Theater.—"Beyond the Horizon," by Eugene O'Neill. This powerful drama was produced at a series of special matinées and proved so successful that it won a theater all its own. A gripping study of a human being crushed by environment, told with compelling force. One of the biggest native dramas of years. Richard Bennett heads a remarkable cast.

Lyric.—"What's In a Name?" The most beautiful musical entertainment, with the possible exception of the Ziegfeld revues, yet seen on Broadway. Colorful new art stage designs, remarkable use of lights and gorgeous costumes lift it into the realm of the exquisite. Intelligently written and put together, too.

New Amsterdam Roof.—Ziegfeld 9 o'clock and midnight revues. Colorful entertainments unlike anything to be found anywhere else. Mlle. Spinelly, a Parisian favorite, is now in the cast of the two revues. Mary Hay stands out and the entertainers include Fanny Brice, Carl Randall and W. C. Fields.

Nora Bayes Theater.—"Lassie." A charming and pleasantly tuneful little musical comedy of Scotland and London in the picturesque sixties. Based upon Catherine Chisholm Cushing's "Kitty MacKay." Tessa Kosta sings pleasantly and Mollie Pearson and Roland Bottomley are prominent. Dorothy Dickson and Carl Hyson contribute some delightful dance interludes.

Playhouse.—"The Wonderful Thing." A human play built around a poverty-stricken but blue-blooded English family into which Jeanne Eagels comes as a wealthy heiress and wife of the eldest son. Pleasant if conventional.

Plymouth.—"Three Showers." A musical comedy of Dixie, staged by the Coburns, who produced "The Better 'Ole." Rather dull and not very inspired. Anna Wheaton is the featured member of the cast.

Thirty-Ninth Street Theater.—"Scandal." Cosmo Hamilton's daring drama which Constance Talmadge played on the screen. Francine Larrimore and Charles Cherry have the leading rôles in the excellent footlight production.

Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show of 1919." A typical girly garden show in which the famous runway gets plenty of use. The revue presents a number of travesties upon current attractions, particularly colorful being that of "The Jest," with Charles Winninger doing a clever burlesque of Lionel Barrymore.

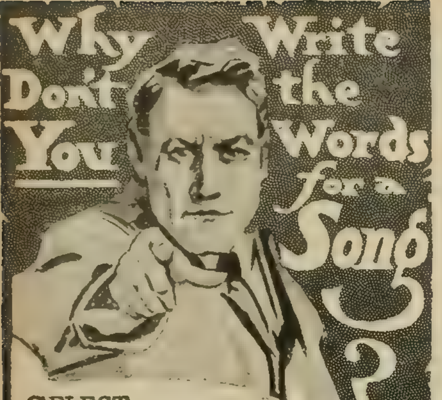
ON TOUR

"The Purple Mask," with Leo Ditrichstein. A stirring, romantic melodrama of the days of the First Consulate in France; tense, colorful and highly interesting. One of the best evening's entertainments of the season. Mr. Ditrichstein is delightful as the royalist brigand, the Purple Mask; Brandon Tynan is admirable as the republican police agent, Brisquet; Lily Cahill is a charming heroine, and Boots Wooster makes her bit of a peasant girl stand out.

"The Sign on the Door."—A very good melodrama which boasts many instances of the unexpected—and Marjorie Rambeau in highly emotional scenes.

"The Blue Flame," with Theda Bara. A lurid melodrama with the famous Theda in the dual rôle of an ingénue with and without a soul. It is breaking box-office records, proving that every one wants to see Miss Bara "in person."

(Continued on page 8)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In "The Wonder Book for Writers," which we will send to you ABSOLUTELY FREE, these famous Movie Stars point out the easiest way to turn your ideas into stories and photoplays and become a successful writer.

Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really *can* and simply *haven't found it out?* Well, come to think of it, most anybody can *tell* a story. Why can't most anybody *write* a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality to-day.

"The time will come," writes the authority quoted above, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are The Writers of Tomorrow.

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. *Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest writer?* Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet if, by some lucky chance, they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!

LETTERS LIKE THIS ARE POURING IN!

"I wouldn't take a million dollars for it."—MARY WATSON, FAIRMONT, W. VA.

"It is worth its weight in gold."—G. MOCKWITZ, NEW CASTLE, WASH

"Every obstacle that menaces success can be mastered through this simple but thorough system" MRS. OLIVE MICHAUX, CHARLEROI, PA.

"It contains a gold mine of valuable suggestions." — LENA BAILEY, MT. VERNON, ILL.

"I can only say that I am amazed that it is possible to set forth the principles of short story and photoplay writing in such a clear, concise manner."—GORDON MATHEWS, MONTREAL, CAN.

"I received your Irving System some time ago. It is the most remarkable thing I have ever seen. Mr. Irving certainly has made story and play writing amazingly simple and easy" - ALFRED HORTO, NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

"Of all the compositions I have read on this subject, I find yours the most helpful to aspiring authors" — HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR, LITERARY EDITOR, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

"With this volume before him, the verlest novice should be able to build stories or photoplays that will find a ready market The best treatise of its kind I have encountered in 24 years of newspaper and literary work" - H. PIERCE WELLER, MANAGING EDITOR, THE BINGHAMTON PRESS

"When I first saw your ad I was working in a shop for $30 a week Always having worked with my hands, I doubted my ability to make money with my brain So it was with much skepticism that I sent for your Easy Method of Writing. When the System arrived, I carefully studied it evenings after work. Within a month I had completed two plays, one of which sold for $500, the other for $450. I unhesitatingly say that I owe it all to the Irving System."—HELEN KINDON, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

BUT two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard often turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. Many of the greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they *really learn to write* from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you might be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't *I* learn to write?" *Who says you can't?*

LISTEN! A wonderful *FREE* book has recently been written on this very subject a book that tells all about the Irving System—a Startling New Easy Method of Writing Stories and Photoplays. This amazing book, called *"The Wonder Book for Writers,"* shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't *dream* they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest Ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own Imagination may provide an endless gold mine of Ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you *ARE* a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. How to *WIN!*

This surprising book is *ABSOLUTELY FREE.* No charge. No obligation. *YOUR* copy is waiting for you. Write for it *NOW. GET IT. IT'S YOURS.* Then you can pour your whole soul into this magic new enchantment that has come into your life—*story and play writing.* The lure of it, the love of it, the luxury of it will fill your wasted hours and dull moments with profit and pleasure. You will have this noble, absorbing, money-making new profession! And all in your spare time, without interfering with your regular job. Who says you can't make "easy money" with your brain? Who says you can't turn your Thoughts into cash! Who says you can't make your dreams come true! Nobody knows—*BUT THE BOOK WILL TELL YOU.*

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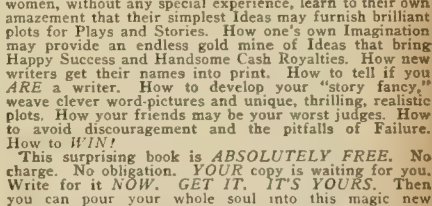
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in

Motion Picture Classic

Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(*Continued from page 6*)

"My Golden Girl."—A passable musical entertainment with a score by Victor Herbert. A chorus girl, Jeannette Dietrich, scores the hit of the show.

"Shavings."—A pleasant bucolic entertainment based upon Joseph C. Lincoln's familiar Cape Cod stories. Harry Beresford is featured in a gentle, whimsical characterization.

"Mamma's Affair."—Rachel Butler's admirably written comedy—a study of that deadly human specie, the hypochondriac who fancies herself suffering from all sorts of ills. Done with distinction and fine discernment. Ida St. Leon scores and important members of the cast are: Effie Shannon, Robert Edeson, Katherine Kaelred and George Le Guerre.

"The Little Whopper."—Lively and amusing musical comedy with tuneful score by Rudolf Friml. Vivienne Segal pleasantly heads the cast, which also numbers Harry C. Browne, who does excellent work, Mildred Richardson and W. J. Ferguson.

"Wedding Bells."—A bright and highly amusing comedy by Salisbury Field. Admirably written and charmingly played by Margaret Lawrence and Wallace Eddinger. One of the things you should see.

"Aphrodite."—Highly colored and lavish presentation of a drama based upon Pierre Louys' exotic novel of ancient Alexandria. Superbly staged adaptation of the play that caused a sensation in Paris. Dorothy Dalton, the screen star, returns to the stage in the principal rôle of the Galilean courtesan, Chrysis, and scores. McKay Morris is admirable in the principal male rôle.

"The Frivolities of 1920."—G. M. (Broncho Billy) Anderson's girl revue. Lively, speedy musical show with a large measure of vulgarity, but many pretty girls.

"The Royal Vagabond."—A Cohanized opera comique in every sense of the words. A tuneful operetta plus Cohan speed, pep and brash American humor.

"The Girl in the Limousine."—A decidedly daring boudoir farce by Wilson Collison and Avery Hopwood, in which a pink and white bed is invaded by every member of the cast during the progress of the evening. John Cumberland is very funny and Doris Kenyon, fresh from the screen, is both pretty and pleasant as the heroine.

"Nightie Night."—Described by the program as a "wide awake farce," "Nightie Night" lives up to its billing. It has plenty of verve, ginger and some daring. There are scores of laughs. Heading the very adequate cast are Francis Byrne, Suzanne Willa, Malcolm Duncan and Dorothy Mortimer.

"The Magic Melody."—A "romantic musical play" with a tuneful score and a picturesque Willy Pogany setting. Charles Purcell, Julia Dean, Earl Benham and Carmel Myers, the last two well known to the screen, head the cast.

Elsie Janis and "her gang."—Lively entertainment built about the experiences of the A. E. F. on the other side. Well put together by Miss Janis, who shines with decided brightness. A pleasant entertainment.

E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe in Shakespearian repertoire.—These artists represent the best traditions of our theater and their revivals of "Twelfth Night," "Hamlet" and "The Taming of the Shrew" are distinguished in every sense of the word.

Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.—Photoplays; first runs. Daily program.

Loew's Metropolitan, Brooklyn.—Feature photoplays and vaudeville.

Capitol.—Photoplay features plus a de luxe program. Superb theater.

Rivoli.—De luxe photoplays with full symphony orchestra. Weekly program.

Rialto.—Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

Strand.—Select first-run photoplays. Program changes every week.

Mary Pickford and Wallace Reid Head Popularity Contest

The contest with the twofold interest rushes on. If you have not already sent in votes for your favorite player, you have two more months in which to do so. Join the ranks of the photoplay students who are showing themselves cognizant of who is who in movieland.

Here are the last-minute results at the time of going to press: Mary Pickford, 30,004; Norma Talmadge, 15,850; Pearl White, 13,051; Nazimova, 7,950; Constance Talmadge, 5,749; Viola Dana, 3,302; Elsie Ferguson, 2,014; Lillian Gish, 1,552; Shirley Mason, 1,500; Theda Bara, 1,452; Dorothy Gish, 1,351; Ruth Roland, 1,210; Mary Miles Minter, 1,210; Anita Stewart, 1,148; Gloria Swanson, 1,102; Marguerite Clark, 1,000; Baby Marie Osborne, 1,000; May Allison, 948; Dorothy Dalton, 948; Ethel Clayton, 901; Olive Thomas, 901; Irene Castle, 901; Geraldine Farrar, 751; Clara K. Young, 751; Marion Davies, 701; Bebe Daniels, 651; Pauline Frederick, 651; Mae Murray, 600; Margarita Fisher, 549; Mme. Petrova, 549; Marie Prevost, 500; Edith Johnson, 500; Alice Joyce, 500; Alice Brady, 453; June Caprice, 453; Vivian Martin, 453; Priscilla Dean, 402; Marie Walcamp, 402; Dolores Cassinelli, 350; Juanita Hansen, 350; Ann Little, 350; Betty Compson, 300; Madge Kennedy, 300; Billie Burke, 249; Wanda Hawley, 249; Doris Kenyon, 249; Katherine MacDonald, 248; Jane Novak, 248; Doris May, 201; Lila Lee, 149; Mae Marsh, 149; Dorothy Phillips, 149; Fannie Ward, 149; Enid Bennett, 102; Virginia Lee Corbin, 102; Mildred Harris, 102; Constance Binney, 102; Mary Garden, 102; Mildred Reardon, 102; Mary Thurman, 102; Winifred Westover, 102; Kathlyn Williams, 102; Peggy Hyland, 102.

Wallace Reid, 9,750; William S. Hart, 9,202; Richard Barthelmess, 8,550; Douglas Fairbanks, 6,600; Eugene O'Brien, 3,801; William Farnum, 2,398; Charles Ray, 2,101; J. Warren Kerrigan, 1,952; Douglas MacLean, 1,602; Tom Mix, 1,602; Charles Chaplin, 1,349; Rodney La Rocque, 1,102; Tom Moore, 952; Antonio Moreno, 900; William Russell, 900; Jack Pickford, 850; John Barrymore, 800; Ralph Graves, 748; Earle Williams, 748; Thomas Meighan, 748; William Duncan, 700; Kenneth Harlan, 700; Bert Lytell, 700; George Walsh, 700; Bobbie Harron, 647; Harry Northrup, 647; Marshall Neilan, 550; Harrison Ford, 501; Eddie Lyons, 501; Eddy Polo, 449; Henry G. Sell, 449; Lewis Stone, 449; Tom Forman, 350; Cullen Landis, 300; King Vidor, 300; Francis McDonald, 300; Robert Gordon, 251; Bryant Washburn, 251; Emery Johnson, 204; Will Rogers, 204; Monroe Salisbury, 204; Robert Warwick, 204; Louis Bennison, 204; Elliott Dexter, 204; Lon Chaney, 204; Monte Blue, 151; Raymond Hatton, 151; Harold Lloyd, 151; Charles Meredith, 151; Lee Moran, 151; Francis X. Bushman, 100; "Fatty" Arbuckle, 100; Lew Cody, 100.

MISS ANETHA GETWELL
1919 FAME AND FORTUNE CONTEST WINNER

You Will Admit That This Is a Rare Opportunity!

You have often thought of what you would do if you could only have the chance.

Well, here it is!

The Fame and Fortune Contest being held by **The Motion Picture Magazine, The Motion Picture Classic** and **Shadowland** is offering you the realization of your dreams.

It brought success to four young ladies last year; it brought them country-wide publicity thru their appearance in "A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN," a two-reel feature produced for the purpose of testing their histrionic ability. This feature, which is being released by the Fine Arts Pictures, Inc., of 130 West 46th Street, New York City, proved so interesting that it has been sold to every State in the Union.

"LOVE'S REDEMPTION" is the title of the five-reel feature play that is being produced by us, which will include many of the contestants of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest. Blanche McGarity, winner of last year's contest, has been chosen to play the leading part of "Peggy." Dorian Romero has been selected as the "heavy," and he has a big and strong part to play. Edward Chalmers, Alfred L. Rigali, Mrs. Mayer, Bunty Manly and Erminie Gagnon have also been assigned parts. Among the distinguished men who will probably take part in the play are Edwin Markham, the great poet; Hudson Maxim, the famous inventor, and Judge Frederick E. Crane of the Court of Appeals of New York State. Most of the scenes will be filmed in and around the Brewster place at Roslyn, L. I., and the making of the picture will be continued well into September. Each issue of every one of our several publications will hereafter contain interesting news of the progress of the play.

Put yourself to the test. You have exactly the same chance to make good as any of the very best known stars on the screen today have. Send in your photograph and let us decide whether or not you have screen possibilities.

RULES FOR 1920 CONTESTANTS

Contestants shall submit one or more portraits. On the back of each photo an entrance coupon must be pasted, or a similar coupon of your own making.

Postal-card pictures, tinted photographs and snapshots not accepted. Photographs will not be returned to the owner.

Contestants should not write letters regarding the contest, as it will be impossible to answer them. All rules will be printed in all three magazines.

Photos should be mailed to CONTEST MANAGER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Send as many as you like.

The contest is open to every one, except those who have already played prominent screen or stage rôles.

Contest closes August 1, 1920.

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Name..
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Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any.............
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Eyes (color)..................Hair (color).....................
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Do you want to take part in the Five-Reel Feature Drama?......

The Possibilities in every Woman's Face

THE soft, appealing charm of a fresh, lovely skin—*of course*, you want it. Every girl does. Every girl wants to be attractive, lovable, admired—

And unless your skin is right, *nothing is right*. Haven't you often felt that? What use to wear the prettiest frock, if your skin is pale and lifeless, marred by blackheads or ugly little blemishes?

You *can* make your skin so noticeably soft, so exquisitely fresh and clear, that at first glance it will awaken admiration and delight. By studying it—learning its possibilities—then giving it every day the kind of care that suits its particular needs, you, too, can win the charm of "a skin you love to touch."

Is your skin pale, sallow, lifeless? Begin tonight to give it the special steam treatment and see how quickly you can rouse it to freshness and color.

One or two nights a week fill your wash-bowl full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the bowl and cover your head and the basin with a heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds.

Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this, wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into your skin with an upward and outward motion. Then rinse your face well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. Dry carefully.

The other nights of the week wash your face thoroughly in the Woodbury way, with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold water.

A special treatment for each different type of skin

This is only one of the famous Woodbury treatments for the care of the skin. You will find special treatments for each different skin condition in the little booklet that is wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake to day—begin, tonight, the treatment *your skin* needs. Woodbury's Facial Soap is on sale at all drug stores and toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada. A 25 cent cake lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment, or for general cleansing use.

"Your treatment for one week"

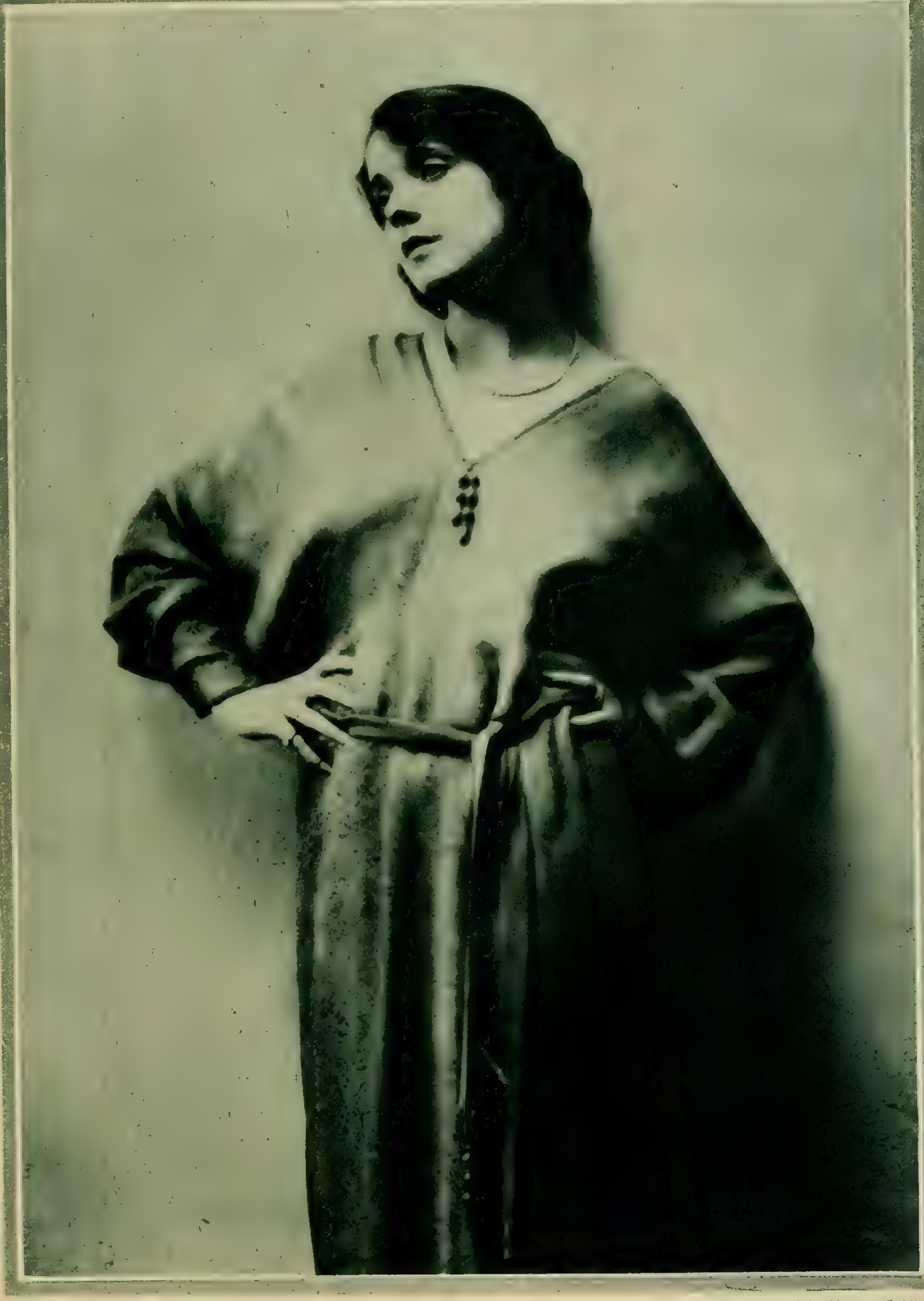
A beautiful little set of the Woodbury facial preparations sent to you for 25 cents.

Send 25 cents for this dainty miniature set of Woodbury's facial preparations, containing *your complete Woodbury treatment for one week*.

You will find, first the little booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," telling you the special treatment your skin needs; then a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap—enough for seven nights of any treatment; a sample tube of the new Woodbury Facial Cream; and samples of Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Powder, with directions telling you just how they should be used. Write today for this special new Woodbury outfit. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 907 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited 907 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

Motion Picture Classic



Photograph by Maurice Goldberg

ALMA RUBENS, International Star.

Photograph by Witzel, L.

LOUISE GLAUM

You would never guess what Miss Glaum's pet hobby is. Well, to relieve the suspense, it is raising chickens! Nevertheless, she has vamped her way into stardom, and her latest picture, "Sex," has caused quite a flutter in filmland.

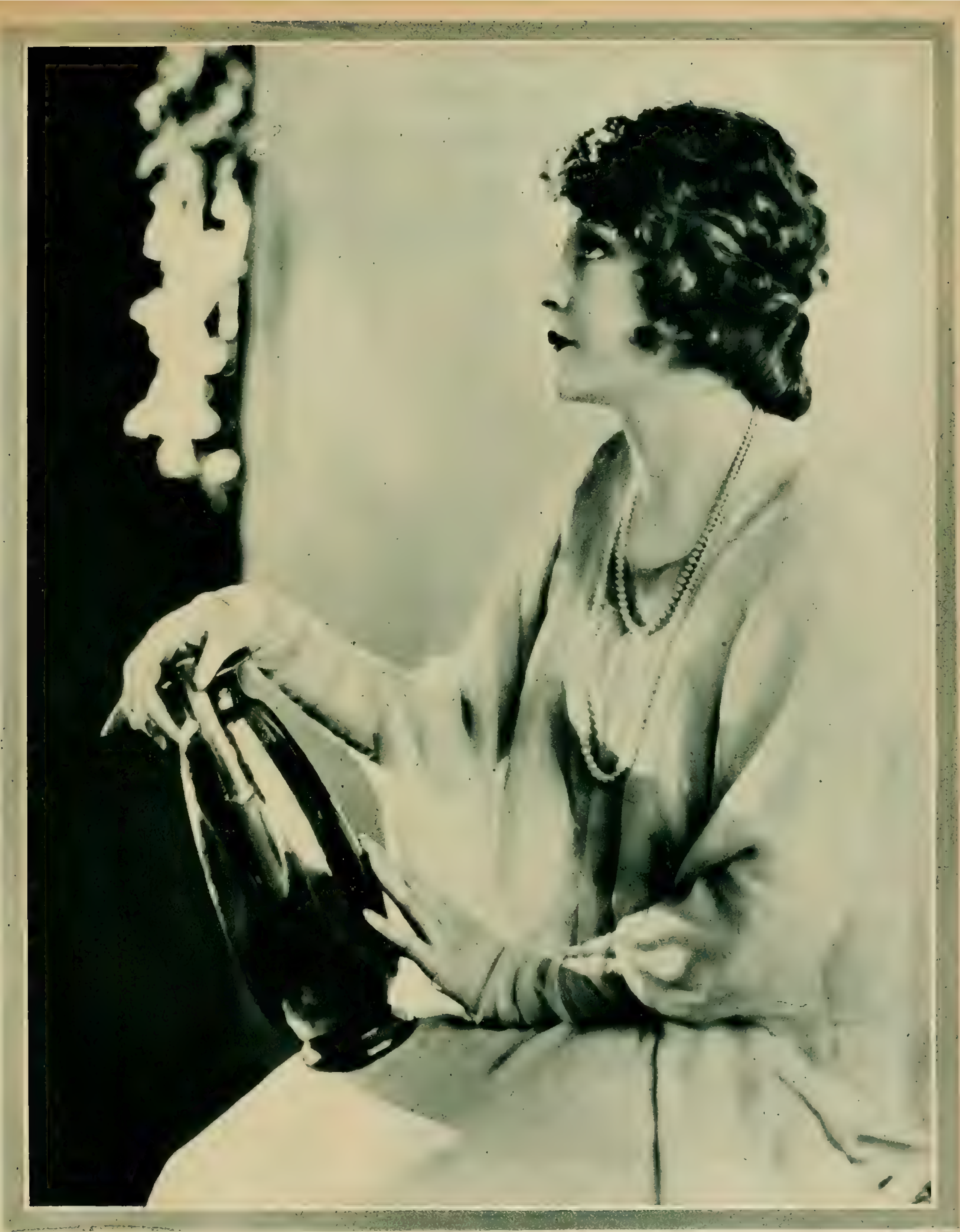
CHRISTINE MAYO

Now of Goldwyn, but who has recently been seen in that five-reel comedy of Marshall Nielan's, "Dont Ever Marry." Miss Mayo gave an unusual characterization a much-hackneyed semi-vampire in this feature.

Photograph by Hixon-Connelly Studios

JUNE CAPRICE

To be known as "The Sunshine Girl" is quite a pleasant thing, dont you think? But to be able to fulfill an obligation of this sort is something of an achievement. Miss Caprice has been working under the direction of Albert Capellani in her most recent pictures.



Photograph by Evans, L. A.

MAY ALLISON

One of the stars on the Metro banner, Miss Allison's ability as a comédienne is as unusual as her blonde beauty. She has just completed "Held in Trust," in which she is said to have done her best work.

Bashful Bobbie

Above, a new portrait of Bobbie Harron and, right, a glimpse of Bobbie clamming on the beach close to the Griffith Mamaroneck studios. When Harron becomes a star he will stand unique in the cinema world. He has never sought success—it literally came to him uninvited

BOBBIE HARRON is soon to be a star. We are violating no confidences in telling, we believe. When the unassuming Bobbie goes into the electric lights it will be the ultimate step in a singular career. For Bobbie has never sought success in the films.

Dame Fortune has literally pounded upon the Harron doors and, finding no response, climbed in a window. Harron has no profound silverscreen ambition.

Do not misunderstand us. Harron does not look down upon the photoplay. He does not belittle the films. He is not unforgetful of their favor. Far from it. "Harron isn't a typical actor," some one who knows him well told us. "He is a regular boy. He will go to a football or a baseball game and have just as keen an interest about it as about a scene at the studio. He will be just as absorbed over the mechanism of an automobile as over the script of his next picture. Probably much more. Harron has too many interests to be what you call an actor. An actor has only one interest—himself."

Harron takes himself far from seriously. They tell an interesting story at the Griffith studios anent this quality. The press agent had put over a publicity stunt about Harron and, armed with the newspaper clipping, came in triumph to show it. Harron took the clipping. The back of it caught his eye and he began laughing over a comic story of a police court case. Finishing it, he calmly dropped the clipping and walked back before the camera. Never a thought about himself!

Harron is a difficult subject to interview. He simply wont talk about Bobbie Harron. And yet his story is a fascinating one—for he is a veritable prodigy of the photoplay.

Years ago—we wont be too exact—but it was before the film play of today, Griffith was a struggling playwright-actor who had never heard of the Biograph studio, then located at No. 11 East 14th Street.

Harron was a student at St. Joseph Parochial School close by. The

By
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Biograph Company secured its minor employees by applying to the academy. In the course of events, Harron and a lad named Jimmie Smith were sent over to the Biograph studio, by the good fathers. That was in 1907. They went to work in the film cutting room. Jimmie Smith is now Griffith's chief cutter.

Harron moved on to doing all sorts of odd jobs around the studio. Acting, however, was far from his thoughts.

"Then Griffith came," he says. "I remember those first days very well. At the start, he wrote scenarios and played as an extra. Then he developed to 'heavies' under the direction of Wallace McCutcheon's father, at that time a Biograph director. Soon he was given a chance to direct and, with his first picture, 'The Adventures of Dolly,' he established himself. That first picture was staged up near City Island, not far from the new Griffith Mamaroneck studios."

From the entrance of Griffith, fortune began to shape Harron's career. He was literally pushed into success. "That boy," as they called Bobbie, was pressed into service in tiny roles. Lillian Gish once told us that her earliest memory of Bobbie was of a queer lad acting a bit and devoting the rest of the day to sweeping up and doing odd chores around the Fourteenth Street studio.

Harron takes himself far from seriously. He is a difficult subject to interview, for he simply wont talk about himself. Yet his story is a fascinating one, for he is a veritable prodigy of the photoplay

Thus it comes about that a mere boy can speak like a white whiskered patriarch about the screen's palmy days. For instance, he remembers when he "delivered films to a man named Loew running a little place over on Second Avenue." The man named Loew turned out to be Marcus Loew.

He remembers one decidedly interesting incident. It seems that the outer portals of the old Biograph studio were then guarded by an iron-willed feminine tartar who never relented an inch.

One day, David Griffith was coming down the studio steps when he heard the dragon saying in sugary tones, "But, honey, I cant!" Griffith paused in amazement and listened. Then another— and very girlish voice—protested. "How is he ever going to know whether or not he wants me when he isn't allowed to see me?" And then the dragon responded: "Well, dearie, I'll do what I can."

Right then and there Griffith says he decided to engage the unknown.

(Continued on page 71)

Players of Yesteryear

Top, Clara Kimball Young and James Young in Vitagraph's famous old production of Barrie's "The Little Minister"; left, Harry Northrup and Helen Gardner in "Vanity Fair"; below, a Paris street scene in "A Tale of Two Cities," with Florence Turner and William Shea

The room was dark; here and there the dimly white figure of a marble statuette, the polished corner of a mahogany chair, and a soft fold of velvet curtain, glimmered in the half-light. A white screen reflected the high-light at the back of the room. A deep silence of thick, luxurious carpets, of heavy draperies, of perfect understanding between the inanimate and animate objects of the room, quieted the tense nerves of the man seated in the armchair. Silently he gazed upon the screen before him, and to an invisible observer there could be seen a sort of puzzled, half-wistful, half-humorous look in the deep-set eyes.

On the large, white sheet there moved in a magnificently furnished queen's drawing-room figures of unusual beauty, marvelously gowned and displaying the brilliancy and charm of a fairy tale. Glorious ladies and handsome courtiers of dashing animation danced and flirted and loved and sighed to the silent strains of a half-hidden orchestra.

The most glorious of all the glorious ladies and the most dashing of all the courtiers faded slowly from sight, clasped in each other's arms and gazing most deeply into each other's eyes. 'The End" was written — and then—the blank white screen. A faint click almost broke the heavy silence and still the figure of the man in the armchair sat quietly, his head resting on his hand. The last word in motion picture production had just been reviewed, and another leaf had been added to the laurel-wreath of fame which he wore as the great director.

The room was still in darkness as a shadowy figure slipped noiselessly behind the armchair and softly closed the door on the luxurious projection-room and on the back of the man who sat lost in the maze of the road which leads back into the past. He gazed long and deeply upon the white sheet, and suddenly the tiny shutter of memory clicked in his

By B. F. WILSON

[For the facts in this article the writer is indebted to Van Dyke Brooke]

brain, and he looked upon a curious picture which now appeared on the screen.

There was a small group of quaintly garbed people moving stiffly about a room so ludicrous in its attempt to imitate with pasteboard, *papier-mâché* and tinsel the splendor of a queen's drawing-room that it brought the tears of laughter to his eyes. He saw himself, made up as a senile old man, tho at that time he had staggered under the mighty weight of twenty-five years; dashing to and fro on the set, acting, directing and reading from his own manuscript, all at once.

Another picture from the camera of memory flickered across the screen: he saw himself at his desk, writing far into the night, and yet on the following morning, bright and early, he would be down at the studio and, standing before the heads of the company would read his scenario, receiving their approval or disapproval. If the scenario was at all passable, instructions would be given him to start that day the picture which was to be finished the same afternoon, it being an established rule that all pictures must be finished by the afternoon of the same day on which they were started. It was almost incredible! Where on earth had he been able to find all the energy necessary for the work that he had been able to accomplish in those days? Seven and eight costume and make-up changes during the day; trying out new and strangely awkward aspirants for the recently created ladder of fame; directing the scene, which creaked both in its acting and in its furniture.

A smile crept into the corner of the tired mouth. There appeared a title on the screen of his memory. It read, "Five Minutes to Twelve," and he remembered that it held the record for being the shortest picture that had ever been

Top, Maurice Costello as he appeared at the height of his celluloid career in "A Tale of Two Cities," one of the best-known of Vitagraph "palmy day" productions. Right, Clara Kimball Young as Anne Boleyn, in "Cardinal Wolsey." Below, Harry Morey, Florence Turner and Norma Talmadge, then a minor player, in the same production, "Cardinal Wolsey"

Left, a scene from Kalem's well-known old production, "From the Manger to the Cross." Center, a glimpse of "Vanity Fair," with John Bunny and Tefft Johnston, at the extreme right. Lower left, Robert Gaillard, Maurice Costello and Leo Delaney in "Thomas à Becket"

made; it only covered one hundred and fifty feet of film, and living up to its title, by twelve the showing of it was finished.

He recalled one bright morning when he had hurried across the crowded studio to a large open window and had called out some directions to a group of more or less indifferent carpenters down in the yard who were building Solomon's Temple for the last set, which had to be taken that afternoon. As he turned quickly back, he knocked down a small, dark-eyed child who wore a heavy pigtail of hair down her back. She had been gazing intently at a group of actors, and had been so absorbed that she had failed to notice the director as he hurried past her. The child quietly picked herself up and continued her earnest inspection of the players. Her mother was standing nearby, and the director, attracted by the beauty and interest of the child, asked the mother if the child could be used in the picture. The mother consented, and the little girl put her foot on the first rung of the ladder, on the top of which she now sits in undisputed possession and gladdens the world with her talent. The little-girl-of-the-pigtail was Norma Talmadge!

A succession of the old pupils whom he had started on the rocky road to success flashed across the screen. The mobile face of Florence Turner smiled wistfully from the screen, followed by the queenly Julia Swayne Gordon, the intrepid Edith Storey, the blonde head of Claire Williams, the wonderful dimples of Lillian Walker, the agile Mabel Normand, the great-eyed Clara Kimball Young, the unusual beauty of Anita Stewart and the prettiness of little Zena Keefe, all challenging a not-indifferent world with the first flush of their glorious youth. What tremendous screen personality they had possessed! He sighed as he recalled the universal adoration which they had received from all parts of the world.

The sigh vanished promptly as the immortal huge figure of John Bunny ambled across the screen, followed in close pursuit by the angular form of Flora Finch. Every appearance of these two was the occasion of untold mirth, and they had truly caused a grin to circle the globe. He thought of the opportunities which they would have had today and sighed again.

It was pay-day. Florence Turner, who represented the entire stock company of one and also the star cast of one, doffed for the moment her histrionic character and, assuming a much more responsible and important one—that of cashier for the company—laid into eager hands the weekly envelope containing the munificent salaries of the players. A curious look appeared on the face of the man as he remembered the $5.00 per day he himself

(*Continued on page 82*)

Side-tracked!

By ELIZABETH PELTRET

Lewis S. Stone has two little girls, one eleven and the other three, and neither one of these children has ever been inside a theater, either to see a play or a moving picture.

"Because," said Stone, "I dont believe in it! I want them to be children while they can. There is time enough for them to learn the things plays will teach them. I want them to grow up as children should grow up: wholesomely interested in their lessons and their games and free from foolish notions. My oldest girl sometimes takes part in little school plays. But she knows nothing of the real theater, and I have nothing about the house that could suggest it to her."

We were standing on a stage at the Goldwyn studio, at Culver City, and Stone wore the costume of John for the first episode of "Milestones." He had just finished a delicate little love scene with Mary Alden as Rose, and now, oddly at variance with her hoop skirts and the quaint house-furnishings of two generations ago, Rose sat gracefully in an old-fashioned arm-chair and puffed at a Melachrino, while her lover sat on a carpenter's "horse" and smoked Fatimas. It was, perhaps, a little disillusioning if you wanted to look at it that way. But if you didn't want to look at it that way, everything was entirely as it should be.

Lewis Stone's stage career was the result of the merest caprice of Fate. He dramatized a story from a magazine which he was casually reading one day, and while trying to dispose of it in a booking office he was offered the leading part in a melodrama named "Side-tracked." Center, Mr. Stone in an interesting scene with himself from "The River's End," his biggest success

There is, around a studio, an air of comradeship . . . a sort of all-this-is-in-the-family tone that is in every way delightful. Little remarks, made jokingly, that have no meaning whatever unless an outsider hears them, when they suddenly become absurdly important. But to the players themselves scarcely anything is real. It is all a little game they are playing with themselves and with each other. Some even drift so far away from reality that they lose touch with it entirely. Others, more wise, tie themselves to something so genuine that the breath of artificiality can never touch it. This is what Stone has done in keeping the theater out of his home. Otherwise, he would inevitably see his profession become the principal interest in the lives of his two little girls. He would never, for an instant, be away from its atmosphere . . . nor would they . . . and he would hear talk about it constantly. He knows because he himself came from a theatrical family.

"I was born to the profession," he said.

Lewis Stone is a man of medium height, with greenish brown eyes and brown hair. His voice has a splendid tone, naturally resonant and entirely free from "staginess." His walk, however, a graceful, perfectly even stride, gives evidence of his profession. He is of Scotch-English ancestry. This, perhaps, accounts for the stern, grim expression he is able to assume so well.

"Actually, I have a very cheerful disposition," he said. "In spite of my tin-pan exterior."

He has two houses, one in Los Angeles and the other at Venice. Whenever he finishes work early, he goes to the beach

(Continued on page 66)

Katherine MacDonald, A.B.

Photograph by Hoover Art Co.

Her Japanese fans think the slogan of "The American Beauty" an honorary title, so their fan letters arrive, "Katherine MacDonald, A. B."

I WAS looking over fan mail in the publicity office of the Katherine MacDonald studio, waiting for some one to ascertain if the lovely star was on the lot, and among the envelopes whose postmarks I perused was one addressed to "Miss Katherine MacDonald, A.B."

"Ah, the fair Katherine is a college graduate, and this letter is from a classmate," I Sherlocked to myself, and so sure was I of the accuracy of my deductions that almost the first question I asked of Miss MacDonald, whom I found dressed in negligée in the semi-privacy of an elaborate bedroom set, was, "And where did you take your degree of A.B.?"

Miss MacDonald looked blank. She denied having taken such a thing.

"But it was on a letter!" I insisted. "Right after your name, the initials, 'A.B.'"

The beautiful Katherine—she's exactly the kind of a girl that Shakespeare would have called "my bonny Kate"—threw back her head and laughed merrily and unaffectedly. And the line of her throat when she did it!

"Oh, that!" she said, sobering enough to explain her outburst of mirth; "that was from a Japanese fan. You know, they use my pictures with a rose and the slogan of 'The American Beauty.' My Japanese admirers seem to think it's an honorary title, so they use the initials after my name."

I wanted to tell her that the Japanese were evidently a people of rare discernment, but I didn't want to gush. Interviewers are supposed to be blasé and beauty-proof, but I defy any one to look upon the perfect oval of Katherine's countenance, with its serious eyes of grey shaded by the longest and thickest lashes imaginable, a mouth shaped like Eros' bow, for the subjugation of human hearts, and not get a thrill somewhere deep in the left ventricle. Even in the hideous glare of the deceitful Klieg lights she was beautiful. My own face, as I was acutely conscious, was a dyspeptic green, set off with purple lips and magenta eyes. But hers, protected from the spiteful lights by a coating of cosmetic, was a creamy white, and her grey eyes were only deepened in color. Her hair, which is soft and brown, fell about her face in enchanting little waves and lay caressingly on her shoulders in unpremeditated curls. When she turned her face in a certain way, I caught a fleeting resemblance to her sister, Mary McLaren.

"I hope you dont mind my receiving you in my *boudoir*," she shivered, as she gathered her negligée closer around her and huddled up by a tiny gas stove which was doing its best to dispel the chilly atmosphere of an un-California-like day, while the studio electricians shifted lights on the set.

"We are making 'The Guests of Hercules,'" she went on, tucking a satin-shod foot under her for warmth, "and this is one of the guest rooms of the ancestral castle which is willed to me."

Her voice, I noticed, had none of the inflections or broad *a's* which characterize so many screen stars—whether b

By
EMMA-LINDSAY
SQUIER

nature or cultivation I am not prepared to say. There is a quiet sincerity about her, an absolute naturalness, that precludes any idea of pose. In fact, she gives you the impression that she is what she is and that if you do not like her it makes not the slightest bit of difference. I found her attitude refreshing and altogether charming.

"Pictures?" she echoed, as I broached the time-worn but necessary question as to how she "got in."

"Well, to tell the truth, I was pushed in. I never had the slightest idea of going into the movies; in fact, I considered them quite common and altogether unattractive. Of course, I was interested in Mary's work, but for myself—why, I was going to be a school-teacher." She finished with a reminiscent smile.

"That's hard luck for some school," I observed, but she shook her head and gazed into the fire.

"Oh, I dont know—maybe I'd have failed miserably as a teacher. One never knows. But anyway, I came West to straighten out some legal tangles for Mary, and stayed to keep house with her and her mother. The manager of the old Horsley studio asked me if I wouldn't work in some pictures, and he offered me thirty dollars a week. Well, I had nothing else to do, so I started in. For many weeks I played 'atmosphere' bits and held up the back curtain while the real actors emoted in front, but the studio was rather poorly equipped with help, so I was a sort of general property woman. I helped 'dress' the sets, arranged the flowers for all of them, and when extra 'props' were needed, I'd take my car and run over to the house and bring back a load of vases, rugs, curtains and everything you could think of."

Photograph by Hoover Art Co.

I could not help looking about the ultra-modern studio with its elaborate sets, perfect in construction and detail, and reflecting that they were for her very own productions. From thirty a week to umpty-steen thousand a week—well, the Lord must love the Scotch as well as the Irish. Katherine is Scotch.

"Then Max Linder offered me one hundred a week to play opposite him in his comedies," she went on. "Of course, it sounded like an immense amount of money, but Mary advised me if I was going to start in pictures, not to break in thru the comedy route. (That was before Gloria Swanson and the rest of the comedy queens broke into drama)," she explained parenthetically. "So I turned down the offer and took a part in Mary's company. I did parts of no special importance for some time, and my first lead was with Douglas Fairbanks in 'Headin' South.' I also played with him in 'Mr. Fixit,' and did two pictures with William Hart, 'Riddle Gawne' and 'Shark Monroe.'

"I never thought I'd have my own company," she smiled, glancing around the studio with a pardonable pride, "but I have—and it's like a dream. I'm afraid I'll wake up."

The first feature in which Katherine MacDonald made her producer's bow to the public was "The Thunderbolt," and the next were "The Beauty Market" and "The Turning Point."

(*Continued on page 72*)

Interviewers are supposed to be blasé and beauty-proof — but there wouldn't be any golden rules if it were not for the exception. And Miss MacDonald is certainly all of that!

The ingénue affecting the coy pose on the pedestal is a Sennett newcomer, Peggy Floyd. She is just making her first appearances in seagoing farces.

Photographs by Abbe

The "Classic" Visits

Abbe, exclusive photographer
has caught some unusual

The young lady introducing the new style in musical attire at the left, is Ruth King, still another new Sennett — er — face. Ruth just loves her daily music exercise

Remodeling a Husband

Fictionized from the Dorothy Gish-Paramount Photoplay

By FAITH SERVICE

"YOU'RE making a mistake!" chorused the flushed femininities after having showered Janie Wakeman with all the extraordinaries in the way of aluminum they had found purchasable if not practicable; "a terr-i-ble mistake," they intoned.

"Not me!" snapped Janie Wakeman. She had a snappy way, had Janie.

"He's a devil with the ladies!" went on the chief mourners, dolorously.

"He'll have a devil for a wife," came back Janie, with pursed lips; "that'll cure him."

"Not Jack . . . there was the blonde down at the beach summer before last . . . he had a fierce time over that. She"—the fair informant lowered her voice meaningly—"she was *married!*"

"Old stuff!" said Janie.

"There was the girl on the Pullman car," suggested still another; "*her* father stepped in . . ."

"There was the girl who waits on the table in Wild's," vouchsafed another; "Jack cant eat *there* any longer. Oh, Janie, *darling*, you'll have a fearful life, simply *fearful!*"

"All this," observed Janie, stirring her chocolate coolly, "was before my time and does not concern me."

"But, Janie," they protested, *en masse*, "what makes you suppose you will be any different than the others? He *is* a flirt. He's fickle. He's inconstant and unsteady. *Everybody* says so."

"*Everybody*," said Janie, "does not have to marry him. Nor, I might add, has he married everybody. *I* am the first. *I* shall be the last. All that is necessary, my dears, is efficiency in the marital relationship. I am young, but oh, how I am wise," she added, softly, "when it comes to Jack." She said, aloud, "Jack shall neither break my heart nor my home. Wait and see!"

They waited. Then they waited some more. It was unbelievable. Jack Valentine had never been known to walk a straight line on the street when a pretty girl was on the other side. After his marriage to Janie he seemed to be of the nature of a sleep-walker; his eyes were fixed. It was magic, they said.

Janie took it calmly and rather irritatingly to many of her prenuptial well-wishers. She had the air of "I told you so!" Some went so far as to say that they pitied poor, dear Jack . . . his home life must be something awful! They began to remember the autocracy of Janie with her humble parents. After Janie's advent, it was recalled, the parents, well-meaning always, had had little if anything to say. Of course, they had seemed to like it, but then, they had been parents . . . that is different . . .

The well-wishers had to admit to an idyllic state. There was every sign. Janie in her pretty room, *en negligée*, waiting for Jack to run in for early tea . . . which he always did.

Janie undoing her husband's shoe, petulantly pretty. Janie on her husband's knee before the open fire. The pictures were complete.

When the first difficulty came the well-wishers were wholly in the dark. That was Janie's way.

Jack came home for supper one evening half an hour late. He entered with

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glib excuses and many kisses. He was greeted by an apparition that made his amative blood congeal. His wife, his Janie, stood on the threshold of the living-room and her blue eyes blazed in her head like twin coals. She was sobbing hot, indignant tears and her small fists were beating the air in a thoroly efficient sort of manner.

"Dont you dare . . . d-d-dont you d-d-dare!" she sputtered, effectively. "I saw you! I did! You w-wretch! You . . . . oh, *you!* No, dont speak, dont dare to speak. You'll lie. I know you'll lie. Of course, you will. You always do . . . husbands always do, I mean. I feel it coming. You'll say that the subway was held up, or you were held up . . . at the office, or . . . or something of the sort. It isn't so . . . no, it isn't so . . . no, I wont stop talking. I've only just begun. I saw you, I tell you. I saw you. With my own eyes. O-o-o-o-h!"

Jack waved a limp hand. It was no use.

"I was on top of a Fifth Avenue bus," stormed on Janie, "riding along and thinking how I'd get down pretty soon and buy you some ties I saw in Budd's. Then, all at once, I saw you go up to a girl on the avenue, a *blonde* girl, John T. Valentine, and help her into a taxicab. A taxicab, mind you! *You* know you did. Dont tell me. As if I didn't know what a *taxicab* means! Haven't I been in 'em?"

"E-r-r-r-r . . . a-a-a-a-a-h . . ."

"John Valentine, if you say another word I'll hurl every single bit of bric-à-brac in this miserable, violated, desecrated, once-holy home at your infidel head. I will! You just *dare* to come in here and talk to me like that, to my very face! Oh, you brazen thing, you . . . you . . ."

Janie choked, but waved her fists fiercely to caution the ghastly John to a complete silence.

"You got in after her," she went on, "and I got down and got into another taxi and *followed* you. You took her to her very door, and at that door, you . . . you . . ."

Something between a groan, a squeak and a whine emanated from the nearly collapsed Valentine. He swayed weakly and rested his palm on the nearest support.

"You *kist* her," shrieked Janie, "you did! Before my eyes! *Kist her!* I call heaven to witness if a falser wretch ever lived or breathed! I call on all the gods! I am wronged! I am a wronged woman! Heavens!" Janie gave three tremendous sobs, then she, too, crumpled up and fell into the chair behind her. "John T. Valentine," she said, "what are you going to *do?*"

John T. Valentine made a desperate endeavor to appear as tho he filled at least *some* portion of his clothing. During the tirade he seemed perceptibly to have wilted. He felt of his collar, of his hair, even ran his fingers over the outline of his features to make certain they had not altered; then he said, with great adequacy, "Janet, you know I l-love you."

This produced an emotional Niagara, terrific in its onslaught, to the eye and to the ear. Another hour and Janie demanded, albeit more weakly, "John T. Valentine, what are you going to *do?*"

John T. Valentine crept over to the couch upon which the sharer of his bosom was, by now, drooping. He tentatively touched the hem of her flowing garment. The night was creeping on apace. He was cowed; he was subdued; he was convinced that he had trod down and splintered the ten commandments and that, no doubt, he would have done damage to ten more had there been that number; but he was also sleepy and he knew that he hated with a frightful and bloodthirsty vengeance the blonde on the Avenue who had seemed to him, at that moment, unable to carry her suitcase, and to whom, probably because she was blonde, he had tendered his assistance, and he knew as clearly that he was violently sleepy and that he adored Janie. If she could know these things, too!

He began to tell her. He began to conjure up their imminent and tender past.

The result was horrific. It produced dolor not unmixed with temper and resulted, all told, in four smashed vases, rather jolly vases at that; the complete destruction of the family album, with all the grandmas and grandpas; three pictures; two glass trifles and various carefully selected books. With each crash Janie would wail, "You've broken my heart, you have! You have, you've broken my heart!" until John T. felt, with a shudder thru his spine, that he could hear the agonizing splintering of Janie's beloved and agonized little heart.

He suffered.

Around morning they fell asleep.

The result was breakfast at noon, with considerable marmalade, a chastened husband, a weepy but picturesquely forgiving little bride.

Of course, a second honeymoon ensued. It was altogether blissful. It had a savor the original one had not. They had, they knew, suffered together and had "come thru." Jack had sinned, had strayed from the fold. It gave him, Janie half admitted it, very secretly, to herself, a sort of glamor, a new, if dangerous, garment of illusion. Janie, on the other hand, had forgiven. In reality, she had fallen asleep, but pshaw! What is reality when one is twenty and very much in love?

There followed another interlude.

"Have you *ever*," said everybody, "known such an ideal couple as the Jack Valentines? They were made for one another."

Then, abruptly, it became known that Janie Valentine had gone home to mother. Had picked up every belonging she owned and gone clean back.

That was all that did become known. Janie was mum. She took her efficiency and her silence into her father's business offices and proceeded to be successful. The only mail she did not read were the letters she received in John's handwriting. These she tore up into little, vicious bits, lit a match and completely removed from being. The only 'phone messages she did not personally receive were those made by John. These she either did not receive at all or transferred to another line upon recognition of the voice.

Gossip said that Janie Valentine had "changed." There was a little glint in her eyes that had not been there before. There was a slight tightening of her mouth. When she walked, now and then her shoulders drooped as tho she were carrying a burden ever so slightly too much for her strength.

When she awoke in the mornings her pillow was always damp. No one but Janie knew that.

It had all been about a manicure girl. A rather opulent creature with a hearty laugh.

Janie had been in the habit of having the girl come to the house to do her nails every Saturday morning. One day Jack suggested that he rather needed a manicure himself. Janie suggested that her Mabel do them for him. Jack assented. After the first manicure, Jack took to having them as regularly as Janie. At first, Janie was unsuspicious. Jack had been, since the taxicab catastrophe, so completely uxorious. Then, one day, while he was being "done," Janie had caught a look in his eyes. It was the old battle light. At once she was on her guard.

Jack was a transparent person. The next time he had an appointment for a manicure, Janie had occasion to go out . . . for a while . . . When she returned, rather suddenly and very quietly, her husband was not being . . . *manicured* . . .

One hour later, to the minute, Janie went home to mother.

This time, her methods were very different.

There was no weeping, no wailing, no gnashing of teeth. There was no reviling, no accusations, no protestations. Jack wished, tragically, that there were. Just silence. Grim silence. Glacial. Totally unforgiving. Her small, white face . . . how stern! Her hurried, yet precise preparations, how final! Jack bit his manicure away and cursed the fragile sex! His advances, his pleas, his self-condemnations were met with a frigid aloofness, not so sad as it was sweet, nor so sweet as it was sad. Jack was minded of the lines, "But, sweet, for me, no more of you, not while I live, not tho I die, good-night, good-by!"

His soul was swept and scarred and seared by a knowledge, a revelation, of his torrential love for Janie! Gods, how he loved her! It ached!

Janie became exceedingly businesslike. She took to wearing severe-looking garments and talking like a profiteer. The

Janie undoing her husband's shoe, petulantly pretty. Janie on her husband's knee before the open fire. The pictures were complete

worse her heartache and the damper her pillow in the morning, the more she talked and the more severe she grew. Her parents led a rather terrible life. They had always been somewhat in awe of Janie, single; now that she was come home in her new state, she was truly terrible. They had not an inkling of the quaking heart within the firmly girded breast.

It took John T. two months to gain admission to the rather important place Janie had made for herself in her father's importing house. He had, finally, to see her by appointment.

It was an ordeal he did not soon forget.

Janie talked to him as his grandmother might have talked, as some remote and distant great-aunt might have talked to a foolish nephew who had foolishly strayed from the safe and beaten way. She didn't talk one bit like his Janie, who had lain, with tumbled curls and love-flushed face, within his cradling arms. He had to focus his vision and pinch himself to make sure this new Janie was also his old Janie, the Janie he loved . . .

". . . are the paths of righteousness which, alone, bring peace and eventual happiness," Janie was ending up. She had been going it in such a wise for the better part of an hour.

Jack gulped mightily. He had not many resources, had Jack. He was lovable, but not subtle. If, now, he could only have taken the terribly stern young person and cuddled her and kist her absurd frown away and called her oogly-googly and such like familiar-sounding things, he could have won out. He was, he felt, deprived of his weapons and left defenceless. He could only say, with thinly shredded adequacy, "Janie, I . . . I l-love you!" Under the stern appraisement of her eyes his own fell and he fidgeted.

"Love, young man," said Janie, "is a science. It should be treated as such. One does not toy with science, lest one toy, inadvertently, with a high explosive. Love, young man, is such an one. Love . . ."

"Oh, Janie," burst forth Jack, "Janie . . . please . . . remember. Janie, that's all I ask of you. Just sit there for five, for ten minutes, and *remember*. Remember just as hard as ever you can. Our first meeting, Janie, our second, our . . . our third. You *do* remember our third, dont you, dar . . . er . . . dont you, Janie? We took a walk . . . we . . . we didn't keep on walking . . . you do, Janie, I see it in your face . . . then, that night, you kist the ring I slipped on your hand . . . . you were all . . . well, go on, Janie, just for five minutes."

After precisely three and three-quarter minutes Janie had crumpled in her official chair, the crisp attire was flooded with tears and there was none of Janie to be seen at all. She was completely engulfed by John.

An hour after that she had severed her business connections, dispensed with home and mother and was busily rehabilitating herself in her husband's home.

There was, of course, a third honeymoon. There would have had to be. They had become a man and a woman of sorrows. They conducted themselves as such. It was tinged with melancholy, this third honeymoon. There was much talk of the frailty of human nature and, on Janie's part at least, very much talk indeed of the consummate greatness of a woman's enduring and all-forgiving love.

Still, Jack knew, it had been a capitulation on Janie's part. He was only human. He began to give himself airs and, as it were, to look about him. He began to believe that he was, after all Janie's taunts and threats, the master in his own domain. Twice now, with just a little coaxing, Janie had crept back into the fold. She probably always would.

"You kist her!" shrieked Janie. "You did! Before my eyes! Kist her! I call to heaven to witness if a falser wretch ever lived or breathed! I call on all the gods! I am wronged! I am a wronged woman!"

Jack began to strut about. He felt more like other men. His wife, so he attitudinized, was only a woman . . . tish, tosh!

He attitudinized in such a manner for six weeks. One day, presto, change! he found himself a bachelor again. He had a habit of so doing. His Janie was gone off. This time she did not do so temperate a thing as to make it home and mother. She went off, vaguely, but she might, from her sinister notes, have gone 'most *anywhere*.

Jack had the most hideous nightmares. Now, at last, he *had* gone and done it. This—this was beyond expectation! He thought of his Janie in all sorts of terrible situations, almost always with a blond man with a Greek-god torso and melting eyes. He *had* done it this time!

He took to wearing flowing ties and affecting a tragic air. He wrote to the general delivery address Janie had left him the most impassioned, the most desperate, the most suicidal notes. He soared as neither Janie nor he had ever supposed he could soar before. He even quoted poetry and finally got so bad that he composed some. He took to playing the piano and hinted at the harp. At this, Janie came home.

Of course, a fourth honeymoon ensued.

On this occasion Jack adopted the attitude, or felt it—who knows—of the desperate lover. He languished at his lady's feet and mooned into her eyes. They talked of their past and of the more than earthly thing their love had become, that it should lead them, as it did, thru the still waters and the dark valleys unto, as always, each other's arms . . .

They impressed upon each other the fact that this was the ultimate reconciliation, inasmuch as only those who had been thru the fires of the crucible of love could really know its deepest meaning. They pledged each other thru the medium of beautiful, fervently sounding phrases, prodigally borrowed for the occasion from the "six best sellers" of the day. They outdid each other; capped each other's highest-flown phrases without even the faintest semblance of a blush.

"Love like ours," chanted Jack, cured and cowed, "has never been . . ."

Janie nodded, solemnly. "Love like ours," she repeated, fixing him with her eyes, "has nev-er been . . ."

Above them, the ancient moon sailed thru the ancient sky.

It took John T. two months to gain admission to see Janie. He had, finally, to see her by appointment. It was an ordeal he did not soon forget. Janie talked to him as his grandmother might have talked, as some remote and distant great-aunt might have talked to a foolish nephew

REMODELING A HUSBAND

Fictionized from the scenario by Dorothy Elizabeth Carter. Produced by Paramount, starring Dorothy Gish. Directed by Lillian Gish. The cast:

Janie Wakeman	Dorothy Gish
Her father	Downing Clarke
Her mother	Marie Burke
Her chum	Mildred Marsh
Jack Valentine	James Rennie
His father	Frank Kingdon
A flirtatious lady	Barden Daube

Bennett & Co., Inc.

THE popular little screen star, Enid Bennett, and her director husband, Fred Niblo, have solved the great problem of how to combine careers and marriage, making a success of both.

In this day of unrest and confusion it is a joy to find a couple so thoroly congenial and happy in each other as are the Niblos. Their tastes and ambitions are essentially the same, while both seem endowed with a definite optimism that keeps their lives moving along peaceful paths. In their quiet, wholesome married life there is nothing of the theatrical or ultra-pretentious, only an atmosphere of good fellowship, of ideal companionship.

"It all depends upon the husband," laughed Miss Bennett, when I spoke of this. "You see, Fred happened to be the *right* one and I happened to *know* it before I said 'yes!'"

"Oh, no; it depends upon the wife," gaily challenged Mr. Niblo, smiling at her. "So I refused to accept Enid's 'no,' and she had to say 'yes!'"

"Seriously, it depends upon both husband and wife," went on Miss Bennett, looking like a little girl as she curled up in the corner of the big davenport. "No one's life is complete without love, and marriage should so enrich one's nature that a new dramatic power and a deeper sympathy would be developed thru great happiness. Fred and I share both our work and our play; in fact, we have an absolute understanding and, after all, that is the only basis for a happy marriage, whether there is a career or not."

We were sitting in the drawing-room of the Niblos' beautiful home, situated on a palm-shaded avenue in picturesque Beverly Hills, which lies midway between the ocean and Los Angeles. It is here they are found whenever the duties at the Ince studio will permit, for they have successfully incorporated

An ideal married life is that of Enid Bennett and Fred Niblo. "You see, Fred happened to be the right one and I happened to know it before I said 'yes!'" says Miss Bennett. At the bottom are Mr. and Mrs. Niblo in their library

Photograph, left, by Evans

By MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

their own artistic and hospitable ideas, and it is a real home where they spend their leisure in resting, studying and entertaining their friends.

As she talked, I found myself watching the little star's expressive face, with its delicate coloring, deep blue eyes and lovely blonde hair. She suggests a refined womanliness which gives her a distinct charm.

"I came from a great big country, but a wee little town, for I was born in York, Western Australia," said Miss Bennett, a little later, over tea and cinnamon toast. "Rather a coincidence that Fred was born in York, too, but York, Nebraska, U. S. A., and, much to our chagrin, both Yorks are so small that they are absolutely unknown.

"I went on the stage as soon as I finished school, and I'm sure that I played in every town and hamlet in our country. Among my first important rôles was Modesty in the big production of 'Everywoman,' over there. Mr. Niblo came to Australia, presenting a repertoire of American comedies, and for three years I played in his company. Later, I realized that the opportunities at home were limited, so I made a bold dash for the front and came to the United States. I am glad I came, for happiness and success have reached me here." And the blue eyes smiled into the glowing fire.

"My first engagement was most fortunate, for I was with Otis Skinner in 'Cock o' the Walk' for a whole year. He is wonderful, and every one in his company receives their full worth!"

While appearing with Mr. Skinner, Thomas Ince met Miss Bennett and, seeing her possibilities, he engaged her to play in his pictures, with such success that she is now one of this producer's brightest stars.

Then, two years ago, after a romantic courtship, Fred Niblo came West to marry Miss Bennett and found her in the middle of a picture. While waiting for its completion, Mr. Ince

(Continued on page 67)

Photograph by White

Above, a new study of Mr. Niblo; center, the Niblo "chamber of horrors" and, below, Miss Bennett spending a quiet afternoon in her Beverly Hills home

Photographs by Northland Studio

Summer in the New York Theater

Photograph by Apeda

Photographs by Abbe

At the upper left appears Helen MacKellar, one of the best of our younger actresses, who is featured in the melodrama of the Northwest, "The Storm," at the 48th Street Theater; at the left is pretty Marcella Swanson, an attractive member of the sextette of "Florodora," now revived at the Century; and, above, Ernest Torrence and Louise Groody, principals in "The Night Boat," the Dillingham musical show at the Liberty Theater

Photograph by White

Irene Bordoni is a fascinating figure in the charming and amusing musical entertainment, "As You Were." At the lower right she appears in her Ninon song, while above, is seen the Watteau chorus in the same number

Photograph by White

Photograph © by Ray Hupp

Alice Eis is a popular dancing headliner in the Keith varieties

Shorty

Antrim Short is a cousin of Blanche Sweet. He made his screen début at old Biograph when she was a member of the company, altho he had been on the stage from a kiddie. At that, he's just eighteen

Photographs by Evans

REAL consciousness and acting were simultaneous with Antrim Short. In fact, his mother says he was *born* acting.

Antrim was always up to tricks. When his name is mentioned nowadays in cinema circles, people begin to smile and tell you that he is "the cutest kid in the game, a sure *comer!*" He is as full of life and boyish nonsense as if he still were a schoolboy—and fearless? Whew! About the first story I heard of him was the way he frightened the folks at Metro studio by swooping around in his airship, shooing sparrows and linnets off the telegraph wires in front of the new administration buildings.

Being a generous soul, Antrim Short invited some of the clerical force up for a ride, but, with one accord, they pleaded "important business," and one timid individual said his life insurance policy had not yet arrived from New York.

This chat really should be Short and Sweet, for Antrim is first cousin to Blanche Sweet and has appeared with her frequently on stage and screen. His present release with Miss Sweet is in "Fighting Cressy" and, having watched his clever work during the "shooting," I looked with a pleasurable thrill for the first showing.

What he hasn't essayed in his young life! As I said, he was born acting and, with sister Gertrude, became a stage child almost before he could lisp. In 1906, he was a stock actor at the Liberty Stock, in Oakland, California, where he played prattling little *girls* and stage infants in long clothes, a thing he hated.

To be truly appreciated, Antrim Short should be heard. He is inimitably droll, a born mimic and farceur, quick as a flash at repartee, with a mobile mouth.

"Some one said, Aha, the kid is clever—let us take him to New York that he may be appreciated!' So mother packed the family jewels, meaning Gertie and me, into a tourist car and came to the city of big happenings and miserable failures.

"I had some seasons with Tom Jefferson—regular tank shows. What I dont know about ten, twent', thirt' houses isn't worth chronicling," continued the lively Mr. Short, as he tried gymnastics on a swivel-chair. "Regular tank shows, I said--and they were. We carried a tank for the

By FRITZI REMONT

water scenes, which were very thrilling. I was in 'Salvation Nell' with Minnie Maddern Fiske, being three seasons on the road with her. Gertrude went over to Mary Mannering, and mother traveled with her, while father held the slipper over *me* as our paths separated. Fond parent-act, and all that, you see.

"Then the idea of pictures struck us very hard. They were doing cameraphone photoplays then, and during a summer season I worked in two 'talkies.' That was before David Griffith began to show the possibilities of the screen.

"The Biograph followed, because Blanche Sweet, who's my first cousin, was with Griffith. I had two months of the movies, then we moved to San Antonio, Texas, and——"

"You must have seen a lot of our country at a very early age," we interrupted, rudely.

"Yep, followed old motto—see America first—one hundred per cent. stuff, youthful patriotism and so on," laughed Antrim, gaily. Then, continuing modestly, "But there's a deal I've not yet seen. Anyway, where was I? Oh, yes, in San *Antone*. Let's see—why"—registering great surprise and delight at a brilliant discovery—"that will be eighteen years the eighteenth day of this month. Watch your step, Shorty; you're growing ancient."

Photograph by Evans

Antrim Short, despite his youth, has had worlds of cinema experience, principally with Metro and Universal. He's something of a crack aviator on the side, making flights three times a week. At the left is a glimpse of Mr. Short in "Please Get Married" with Viola Dana

Such sunshiny blue eyes as he has! It's no wonder they look for his hide-and-go-seek smiles. There is an attraction about this unspoiled, wholesome American boy, born of his broadminded outlook, which gets over on the screen every time.

"At last I came to California with the Biograph, Wilfred Lucas directing. Then back to the New York Biograph. I returned to Mr. Morosco's stock, playing at the old Belasco, Los Angeles, and Gertrude had a simiiar engagement. Later she played at the Alcazar in 'Frisco. I was cast in 'Mother' with Emma Dunn, with whom I'm now doing 'Old Lady Thirty-One'—it's great to renew old friendships. Helen Leslie had me playing opposite her, and I also did the juvenile in 'The Littlest Rebel' for months and months.

"When the Biograph returned West, I worked with them two years, then left to free-lance, as they were going to New York."

The boy did a season in stock at Universal, then

(Continued on page 68)

Screen Impressions

By LOUISE FAZENDA

Photograph by Monroe

Photograph © by Evans

ALMA RUBENS—A red lily—Messages d'amour in an old prayer book—Rubies—Moonbeams on the Alhambra

MAY ALLISON—Corn-flowers and daffodils—Turquoise—Sunshine after rain—White rabbits

MARY MILES MINTER—Dickens' Little Nell—Daisies—Lavender and old lace—Valentines

VIOLA DANA—Johnny Jump-Ups—Peter Pan—A baby-cloud against a purple mountain—Wisteria

OLIVE THOMAS—Forty-second Street and Broadway—"Lalla Rookh"—Pink satin and pearls—Mignonette

ENID BENNETT—Easter lilies—Mendelssohn's "Spring Song"—White moths—St. Cecilia

EUGENE O'BRIEN—Sir Walter Raleigh—The Barcarolle from "Tales of Hoffman"—Old-rose drawing-room

TOM MEIGHAN—Gorse-covered moors—A shepherd on a lonely hill—Shamrocks in Central Park

Photograph by Charlotte Fairchild

Photograph by Evans

Photograph by Evans

Photograph by Hartsook

Photograph by Northland Studio

CLARINE SEYMOUR—Fireflies—Night, the scent of orange-blossoms and thrumming ukuleles—Bloom of apricot

For the Soul of Raphael

Told in story form from the Clara Kimball Young Photoplay

By DOROTHY DONNELL

From the noisy merriment of the wedding breakfast, Marta slipped away presently with a sense of escape. Almost without knowing what she did she stepped through the low windows to the balcony; ran along it to the steep stone stairs and then down

THE Arteagas had land and gold and jewels, great ranches sweeping to the far foot-hills, money to buy drink and velvet jackets and jewels wherewith to adorn their proud ladies so that they flashed in a multicolored and cold flame. The last of the Arteagas had today won a jewel, more precious than emeralds and diamonds.

Marta Estevan, slim and white as one of the candles she had burned before the Virgin's shrine, sat in the great chamber while the maids arrayed her for her marriage with Raphael Arteaga, the bridegroom whom she had seen once only, and then red-eyed, purple of face, reeking of the wine he had drunk in honor of his convent bride whom his mother was bringing from the Sisters of the Holy Heartbreak that afternoon.

"Yesterday," Marta murmured, wonderingly, "how strange! I have lived a long time since then." She thought of her shrinking disgust at the vinous kisses of her affianced, of old Doña Luisa's burst of anger at the sight of the slim golden slipper under the refectory table, and then the terrible sequel.

Marta shuddered so that one of the girls who sat twisting the veil of the Arteagas above her soft, straight, high-piled hair felt the movement and crossed herself. Mary pity a bride who shudders upon her wedding day! Yet, *per Dios*, she did not wonder that the poor white lamb feared that black wolf, Raphael. She could tell her tales——

But Marta was not thinking of Raphael. Instead, her brain kept repeating over and over the words that she had whispered after Doña Luisa's stiffening lips in that room of death where the red light of the sunset lay like an angry stain across the counterpane but could not tinge that cold grey face with its glow. "I swear by the Holy Cross and the Sufferings of Our Lord to stand guard over the soul of Raphael while he lives!" A cold wind, with the dank odor of open graves, seemed to blow across her, tho the room was stifling with the odor of roses and lilies, and again she shuddered.

"See, the bride is ready!" the Mexican girls cried, fluttering away like a flock of gaudy parrakeets, to admire their work, "but," they whispered, "she is pale—pale as a corpse! Perhaps, who knows, her heart is dead for another——"

Raphael, handsome as a great, black, full-blooded animal, gaudily arrayed in a suit of wine-colored velvet and wearing a huge ring on one finger that flashed with a hard light in the sun, strode up and down the colonnade of his ranch-house, awaiting his bride. A gratified smile twisted one red lip-corner, despite the fact that his mother lay in state within the darkened room in which he had been born. She was dead, but one must die when one is old, of a certainty—when one is young—ah! One lives! Lives hard, hotly—drinking deep of the wine of pleasure.

The smile grew broader. He was remembering Marta, the convent girl who had stepped from the cloisters into his arms, untaught of the meaning of life or of love—a flower unpicked, almost unseen. "*Dios!*" swore Raphael, licking his curving, glossy lips, "my mother was right. The Arteagas should choose women who have never been handled when they come to wed. The others—they are well enough for loving, but one wants to be sure of one's wife. And Marta has never even seen another man . . ."

Convent walls are high, convent walls are thick, but no walls have ever been built that can keep the eyes of a maid from those of a man. In her girl soul, on an altar among her saints, Marta had enshrined a face with blue eyes like the sky when the sun shines and skin as fair as the waxen faces of the images in the chapel. There had been only one moment for her to remember, a single flash of wonder in two meeting glances, a something that seemed to spring up laughing in her soul. But since

Her voice broke, "Today he marries a great lady like himself, and—and if I had not the wee one to care for I should want to die. Oh, Raphael—Raphael mio—"

then Marta had known what life could be.

The wedding-bells rang across the hacienda with a brassy sound, as tho they sang of the joy that would be hers with false tongues. She walked among the flowers and the faces, trembling thru all her small, slender frame, with look downcast and cold hands that were displeasing to the man who clasped them at the altar. He liked women with life in them, blood in their veins; women who could laugh loudly and swear a bit. This girl was strangely aloof. She made him feel too large, too clumsy. She reminded him of the chilly saints with their disdainful lips in the sacristy. Even before Marta had worn the name of Arteaga an hour her bridegroom was already looking at another woman, a tall, ripe, blonde thing—a tourist spending the summer in town who had come to the wedding from bold curiosity and who stayed to smile with eyes that held hot blue flames into the eyes of the handsome savage who had married the little grey nun.

From the noisy merriment of the wedding breakfast—the dead woman listening rigidly in that darkened chamber upstairs—Marta slipped away presently with a sense of escape; laid off her sheer gown and the lace veil, light as gossamer, that seemed so heavy a weight on her head. For a time she brooded alone, gazing down into the hot sunshine of the gardens where the roses, steeped in the glare, swung like great censers, flinging off rich incense. Then, hearing an uncertain footstep on the stairs, she sprang to her feet with a sudden sense of suffocation—her husband—Raphael——

Almost without knowing what she did, she stepped thru the low windows to the balcony, ran along it to the steep stone stairs at the end and down. Then crouching in the shadows, the bride of an hour waited until her husband's wine-thickened voice had ceased to call her name. Along the gallery came other footsteps, light ones but dragging. Marta moved from her retreat and came face to face with an Indian girl, almost a child in years, whose slender body was bent sidewise under the weight of the heavy baby she carried on her hip.

There were tears rolling slowly down the olive cheeks, dripping on the stolid little face below, and as Marta looked the girl leaned heavily against the pillar and gave way to a low wailing in her own tongue.

"Is there anything I can do?" she asked her, gently. "You seem unhappy, suffering——"

"No, señorita," the girl answered humbly. She spoke the liquid Spanish gutturally but understandably. "No one can do anything for my baby or for me. Its father"—and she touched the tiny face with tender fingertips—"great gentleman. He love me once. Now he ride by and does not see me in the dust of his horse's feet. Today"—her voice broke—"today he marries a great lady like himself, and—and—if I had not the wee one to care for I should want to die. Oh, Raphael—Raphael *mio*——"

"Raphael!" Raphael's bride spoke the name in a voice that seemed very far away. She turned, held out her hands and sank to the stone pavement, a crumpled little figure amid the ruins of her life. They lifted her, carried her to her chamber and presently she opened her eyes and shuddered at the sight of the dark face bending over hers.

"Go away!" she begged him; "go away! I would I lay yonder dead beside your mother before I had made that cruel pledge. The Indian girl is your real wife—for she has borne you a child——"

Raphael laughed, with great, square white teeth. "Pah!" he spat. "*Wife*—that carrion wife to an Arteaga! You are insane, or a fool! Come, get control of yourself and come down to my guests."

Marta rose from her pillows. Her skin had the transparent look of a lily that has been broken. Her eyes were great dark bruises under the tumbled wealth of her hair. "Raphael Arteaga," she said quietly, "I have sworn an oath that your mother's soul carried up to God with her to guard you soul while you lived. I shall keep that pledge, but I call on God to witness that if you try to force me to be your wife, as that Indian girl was your wife, I will kill myself with the dagger that all the convent girls wear always here " and she struck at her bosom with clenched hand.

In that moment, Raphael, bully and braggart that he was, felt the cold touch of fear on his coward soul and turned away and left the bride whom he would not own now or hereafter. But the golden-haired Americano was waiting below stairs, with the other guests, and there was plenty of wine, and so he quite forgot his grievance—for the while.

And all the night after her wedding Marta knelt with the moonlight bathing her feverish face like cold, clear water, and prayed to the Virgin that she would teach her how to use her broken life and give her the courage to forget the leaping light in two sunny blue eyes.

The days thereafter were blurred, long, aimless stretches of sunshine that made the eyeballs ache, interrupted by velvety black nights, smothering the flat ranchlands with sooty shadows. Marta gradually, because she was young and strong and hopeful, even tho she thought that hope was forever gone, came to accept her life, even to begin to fill it with little, gentle, useless tasks. She gathered the roses in the garden, wove garlands of paler blooms for the chapel and embroidered altar cloths with tiny, invisible stitches, to send to the convent in Mexico from which she had come.

Raphael did not trouble her. He was sullen in his manner toward her, sneered at her tasks—but he did not claim any of the rights she had denied him. On her part, Marta made conscientious efforts to fulfill her pledge to the dead woman who had adopted her when she was a child and placed her in the convent to be reared for her son.

She saw to it that the table was spread with the food he liked, that his silver spurs were always polished until they struck out sparks and that he drank no more wine than she could help. She prayed for him, too, in the long, wakeful hours of the night, that the good saints would touch his soul and that he might be saved from the fires of hell. Of the other, whose face was as an image with a candle burning before it, she tried not to think, yet thought often, wondering where he might be now and whether he ever remembered her.

And then one strange day, that ever afterward remained a sacred one in her calendar of life, Marta Arteaga looked out of the window of the house of a friend in the village, straight into the eyes she had seen once only, yet had seen so many times in dreams. Ana Mendez, her hostess, hearing her stifled exclamation, came to her side and waved her hand.

"Señor Keith Bryton, an Americano!" she exclaimed. "He is a friend of my husband. He is in Southern California buying mules for the army. Is he not handsome, think you, Marta? With his skin so white as milk and his eyes——"

But Marta heard no more. Both her small hands had crept to her breast, pressing close as tho to prevent some secret thing from escaping. Her face was the waxen white of the magnolia blooms beside it, but then a tinge of rose wakened it to life. For the man who stood in the plaza outside had moved toward them and Ana had hurried to admit him to the room. And now he stood before her, and his hand, big and firm and warm, held hers an instant in formal greeting. She lifted her glance to his, and their eyes met, steadily, as those of friends.

"At last," Keith Bryton said, with a slow breath. "I have waited long for this, Little Nun."

And all the night after her wedding, Marta knelt with the moonlight bathing her feverish face like cold, clear water and prayed to the Virgin that she would teach her how to use her broken life

She had a vision of their first and only meeting, she a big-eyed, grey-clad girl looking thru the open gate of the convent wonderingly at the unfamiliar world, at this tall, straight figure striding along the pavement as tho he owned the world. Then when he came opposite her he had stopped, as if she had called him, and looked at her, long—long—until old Sister Margaret had come up behind and snatched her in and swung the gate to, shutting him outside. She had had to do hard penance for her sin, but she had forgotten the penance and only remembered the wonder of the sin.

"I, too," Marta answered him now. "I have often prayed for you, señor, and prayed that the good God would let me see you again some day."

He laughed, a big, healthy sound. "Some day is here, Marta," he cried, "and so am I and you."

But she had drawn away, suddenly trembling. "I had forgotten," Marta whispered desolately, "I am married. I have taken a vow up to God," and for the first time since her darkened wedding day the slow, hopeless tears rolled down her cheeks. And, with a frightened movement like some wild thing, she turned and ran from the room. But deeper than the tears was the sound of singing, for she knew that she would see him again.

The next time was at the church. Marta, with Raphael beside her, felt his gaze before she dared look for him, but when at length she raised her dark, frightened eyes from her rosary, her heart leaped until she felt that her husband must be aware of its tumult. This time there was no chance for words, yet she went back to the hacienda with the sense of having listened to mad love-making. And that night she prayed to the Virgin that she might never see Keith again and that she might remember always her promise to Doña Luisa and to God.

The next morning she stood, waist deep in June, the great waving heads of the roses in the garden tossing their petals over her dark, uncovered hair, when Keith Bryton strode thru the wicket.

"I have come, Little Nun, to say good-by," he told her, standing before her in the sunshine that dazzled her eyes as she lifted them to his face; "I dont dare to stay any longer. It's too hard to be near you and still so far away. From the moment I saw you in the convent gate I've loved you, but I couldn't touch you then, and"—his great hands clenched—"I cant touch you now."

Marta looked up at him, then down at the crimson rose by her hand. As long as she lived, the scent of red roses was to make her faint and dizzy as she was then. "She was an old woman, and she was dying," she said, as tho pleading an excuse; "she had been good to me . . ." The words caught raggedly on a sob. She looked up at him again, piteously. "You say—you love me. Then promise you will think of me every evening when the first star shines, and I will try to go on living. But if I thought you would forget—I should pray the Virgin to take me to Her, for I, too—I, too——"

"God bless you and keep you, Little Nun!" the man said hoarsely, and suddenly the roses blurred in the wind of his going and fell in a shower of bloody petals at her feet, and the world was empty and the saints had turned their faces away.

Across the fields Marta saw a fleck of black that was Raphael and a fleck of blue that was the habit of the Americano with golden hair, but they meant nothing to her mind, numb with its grief. They were very close together, these

The next day Keith Bryton was brought, wounded well-nigh unto death, into the hacienda. A party of vaqueros had found him lying beneath his dead horse on the mountain trail

"And if you come nearer I'll kill you as certainly as I stand here hating you." They faced each other in silence, and again as once before the man's spirit yielded to hers

flecks, but Marta did not notice. He was gone. He was *gone*——

That night, as she was brushing her dark, thick hair, the door was flung suddenly open and her husband stood swaying on the threshold, his eyes, glazed with wine, resting covetously on her uncovered arms and neck. "Damn it!" cried Raphael, "I've a right here—dont look so astonished! I married you, didn't I? And I'll be put off no longer with your pious talk." He lurched toward her, smiling thru glistening lips. "You're—you're devilish pretty, Marta. Did you know it? C'mon, give 's a kiss! What! You hell-cat!"

He leaped backward as something flashed in her upraised hand. Her eyes, too, glittered with the hard light of the steel. "Keep away," warned Marta, in a low, tense voice. "I swore to your mother to marry you, but I didn't swear—anything more. And if you come nearer I'll kill you as certainly as I stand here hating you!"

They faced each other in silence, and again, as once before, the man's spirit yielded to hers. He laughed spitefully. "Have your own way! After all, why should I care! There are others who aren't quite so—particular——"

The next day Keith Bryton was brought, wounded wellnigh unto death, into the hacienda. A party of vaqueros had found him lying beneath his dead horse on the mountain trail, stripped even to the silver mounting of his harness by brigands. "He will die," mumbled the old physician, bending over the splendid chest of the wounded man to count the slow heartbeats; "nothing can save him."

"He will live!" Señora Arteaga flamed. "One thing can save him." But she did not say that that one thing was love. In the days of terror that followed she seemed to keep Death at a distance with the bare strength of her beating hands. She literally fought for the life that was dearer to her than her own life. It was as tho she re-created him, until, one day in the late summer, he opened sane eyes on a room filled with the clear wine of sunset, with a woman's face—or was it an angel's?—bending over him. "Marta," he whispered, "beloved——"

But she was gone. And tho he begged the old Mexican nurse who took her place for her, she came no more. The strain of the last weeks had almost sapped her. She was hardly able to walk in the garden, or even to make her daily pilgrimage to lay fresh blooms before the image of the Holy Mother in the chapel. But every evening when the first star twinkled out of the dark blue overhead, she closed her eyes and said a little prayer for the man who was creeping back to life in the great ranch-house.

On a night of late August, sultry, throbbing with stars, she stood in the decaying garden and heard the voice of her husband beyond the wall, speaking passionately. "Your golden hair—a man could drown in it, *cara mia!* Have mercy! Tell me when you will go with me——"

And then, cold as ice, a woman's reply. "When you bring me the jewels you have promised, Raphael—the jewels of your house."

"Now! Within the moment!" the man cried hoarsely. "They are in *her* room, but I will get them if I have to draw the necklace around her throat and strangle her! Wait here! I'm mad for you, Anita—mad enough to wade thru blood to seize you in my arms!"

(*Continued on page 69*)

FOR THE SOUL OF RAPHAEL

Fictionized from the scenario by Dorothy Yost based upon the novel of the same name by Marah Ellis Ryan. Produced and directed by Harry Garson. Starring Clara Kimball Young. The cast:

Marta Raquel Estevan	Clara Kimball Young
Raphael Arteaga	Bertram Grassby
Doña Luisa Arteaga	Eugenie Besserer
El Capitan	Juan de la Cruz
Keith Bryton, the Americano	J. Frank Glendon
Ana Mendez	Ruth King
Angela Bryton	Helene Sullivan
Polonia	Paula Merritt
Teresa	Maude Emery
Ricardo	Edward M. Kimball

The Climax

Photograph by Lumière

THE judges' committee will sit on July 1st and 2nd between the hours of ten and four at 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., to interview personally all contestants who can make it convenient to appear at this time.

Tests will be taken before the motion picture camera at Roslyn, L. I., N. Y., on the following Saturday, Sunday and Monday of all those contestants who seem qualified to be chosen for the final honor roll.

We have now arrived at the most exciting part of the Fame and Fortune Contest being held under the auspices of THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND. The climax is, of course, the most interesting and thrilling part of the play, and the audience always thrills to the rising of the curtain on the third act. We have reached the big moments in the contest. Entries are growing more and more excited, (as is shown by the number of photographs submitted, anxious letters pouring into the office, wires, etc.). Indeed, the photographs have doubled in number and flood the office daily.

Evidently the possibilities of the contest have reached, in many and various ways, the ears of the entire feminine contingent of the country, for there seems to be no village or county in all the land which hasn't been heard from. A peculiar fact attracts our attention—photographs of the prettiest girls frequently come from the most obscure places. More than once we are reminded of the poet's saying that "many a flower is born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air." This, of course, is the primary object of the contest. To give an opportunity to a girl who, shut away from the world and all that it offers, would otherwise have no chance at all ever to get away from her narrow enclosure. To offer to this girl, if she is one of the winners, every means by which she will arrive at the goal of success.

And not only have the contestants responded from every village and county thruout the country, but we have received pictures from our readers who desire to enter the contest from many foreign countries. This is, perhaps, what is the most interesting factor of the contest. The variety of types of beauty and charm is overwhelming. And not only is it the young girl who dreams about the glory of stardom, but there has been a number of entries from men and women beyond their first youth who desire to try their fortune and who feel that they may make good in the cinema world. This shows the increasing importance that is being attached to the cinema by old and young alike.

We are quite flattered with the results of the contest so far. As you doubtless know, the winners of the contest and also the members of the honor roll took part in a two-reel feature which was aptly named "A Dream of Fair Women," and which proved so successful a film that the Fine Arts Pictures, Inc., of 130 West 46th Street, New York City, has distributed it thruout the entire country. Encouraged by the

Photograph by Betts, K. C.

Above, Helen M. Bates of New York City; center, Pauline Anderson, also of New York City, and, below, Margaret Peggy Ford of Washington, D. C.

Photograph by Hartsook

The Fame and Fortune Contest Reaches Its Most Interesting Point

success of this feature, we have decided to produce a five-reel drama.

"Love's Redemption" is the title of the five-reel feature play that is being produced by us, which will include many of the contestants of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest. Blanche McGarity, winner of last year's contest, has been chosen to play the leading part of Peggy. Dorian Romero has been selected as the "heavy," and he has a big and strong part to play. Edward Chalmers, Alfred L. Rigali, Mrs. Mayer, Bunty Manly, Erminie Gagnon and Johanna Huschle have also been assigned parts. Among the distinguished men who will probably take part in the play are Edwin Markham, the great poet; Hudson Maxim, famous inventor; and Judge Frederick E. Crane of the Court of Appeals of New York State. Most of the scenes will be filmed in and around the Brewster place at Roslyn, L. I., and the taking will be continued well into September. Each issue of every one of our several publications will hereafter contain interesting news of the progress of the play.

The judges of the contest will be Mary Pickford, Mme. Olga Petrova, Howard Chandler Christy, Thomas Ince, J. Stuart Blackton, Maurice Tourneur, Samuel Lumiere, Carl Laemmle, Jesse Lasky, David Belasco, Blanche Bates and Eugene V. Brewster.

We have the privilege to announce the seventh honor roll winners of the Fame and Fortune Contest:

Martha Carleton Baker, 571 West 139th Street, New York City, has never had any professional experience. She has blue-grey eyes and brown hair. Her complexion is fair.

Photograph by C. Bennette Moore

Photograph by Symsack

Top, Lady Gay Carrara of New Orleans, La.; center, Nan E. MacAllister of Baltimore, Md., and, below, Martha Carleton Baker of New York City

Another Manhattan beauty is Helen M. Bates of 430 West 119th Street. Miss Bates has appeared in amateur theatricals and is very unusual in appearance. She has blue eyes and dark-brown hair and a very fair complexion.

From 2751 W. Lafayette Avenue, Baltimore, Md., comes a picture of Nan E. MacAllister, who has played minor rôles on the screen. She is an English girl and has dark-brown eyes and hair, while her complexion is olive.

Pauline Anderson of 561 W. 141st Street, New York City, has blue eyes and dark-brown hair and fair complexion. She played a small rôle on the stage last season.

Margaret Peggy Ford, 312 C Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., has a fair complexion, blue eyes and dark-brown hair. Miss Ford has played small rôles on the dramatic stage.

From P. O. Box 1428, New Orleans, La., comes a beautiful photograph of Lady Gay Carrara. This Dixie beauty has been playing a small rôle with the New Orleans French Opera Co. for two months. It is a well-known fact that New Orleans has many beautiful girls—Lady Gay Carrara proves this with her hazel eyes, dark-brown hair and fair complexion.

A Dreamer of Dreams

Photographs by Evans

Cullen Landis has worked at everything. He started in Nashville as a milkman and drifted to the coast. There he started at the bottom in the studios, worked up to property man, assistant director, and assistant camera-man to "stunt actor." Finally he landed as a regular player

No one who saw Rex Beach's "The Girl from Outside" could forget "the Curly Kid."

All the way thru the picture you felt Cullen Landis' sincerity, a sincerity that seemed to come out of the screen and grip you. "Why," you thought, "this kid is real; there is no pretense here." And when he stood, frightened and miserable, by the bedside of the sick girl, he made you realize his misery as keenly as tho he were there in person in the place of his shadow.

He was, it seemed, Youth incarnate; impulsive, reckless and on fire with enthusiasm at every new discovery. And this is exactly the impression you get when you meet Cullen Landis in person. He is splendidly, boyishly alive to everything that is romantic in life.

There are people who believe that all day-dreaming is a waste of time. And then there are others who will tell you that all thoughts have an existence of their own, with power to help or harm their creator. That your success depends on your outlook on life and on the way you think more than on anything else. It is on this philosophy that Cullen Landis is molding his life.

"I have always had big dreams," he said; "even when I was property man I used to imagine my name in electric lights above the door of a theater." And now, at twenty-four, his dream seems well on the way to fulfillment. He is under a five-year contract with Goldwyn.

I saw him at the studio on a cold, rainy afternoon in late winter. We sat in one of the little upstairs office rooms. The rain beat an endless tattoo on the roof and occasionally was blown against the windowpane.

"I used to believe," he went on, "that thoughts were of no material help, but I have grown to look on such matters differently. I think now that my day dreams have helped me and that they are helping me every day. I know that having visions of a future makes me more careful with my work. Even when I get a part that I dont like, it is impossible for me not to do my best with it.

"There is a man, a Russian Jew, named Auerbach, who has talked with me a great deal about the importance of training my mind to be as mentally efficient as possible. He is one of the most brilliant men I have ever seen. He has been everywhere and he speaks half a dozen languages, among them Sanskrit. I think that he has had more influence on my life than any one else with the exception of Uncle Ed, (Edward Job-

By
ELIZABETH PELTRET

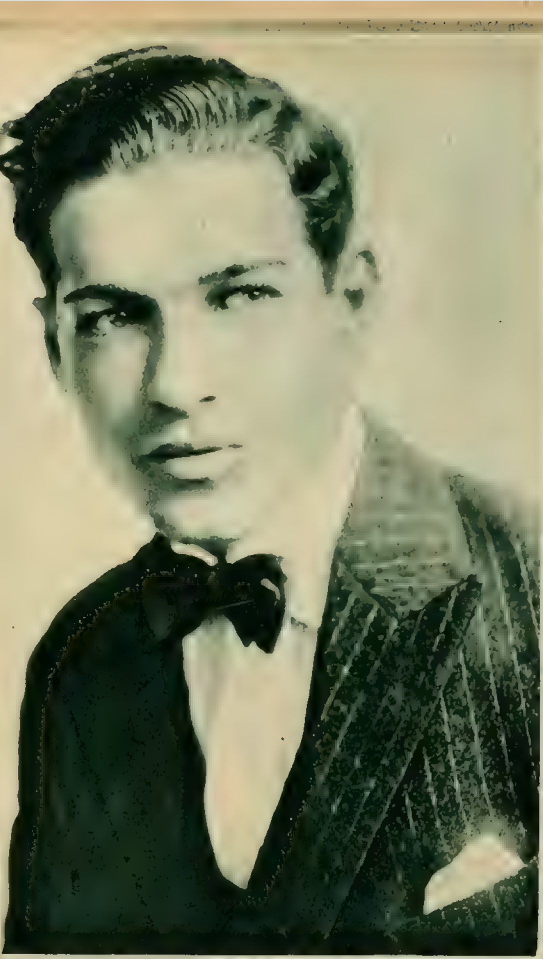
son, a much loved character actor). Uncle Ed taught me how to be patient.

"I first met Uncle Ed at the Balboa studio in Long Beach. I was doing a little of everything then, driving a bus, running errands and minding the switchboard. He had lost a boy of about my age, and I suppose that is why he took an interest in me. I used to lose my patience with practically no provocation at all."

Cullen Landis is the romantic type of Irishman. His skin is pale, his eyes a deep blue and his hair black and wavy. He talks in a direct, matter-of-fact way, with just a slight edge to his voice to tell of his natural restlessness. He doesn't like cities. You would notice that his few gestures are always large ones and that they are upward and outward, away from himself.

When I saw him he had just returned to Los Angeles from his first visit to New York, which he made in company with his director, Victor Schertzinger, and Mrs. Schertzinger.

"I had a good time," he said, "but I didn't like New York, really. I like to have lots of room."



Photographs by Evans

Cullen Landis is a young Irishman—and, with all his hard struggle—a dreamer of dreams. "My day dreams have helped me," he says, "and they are helping me every day"

He lives in Long Beach, about twenty miles from Los Angeles. James Cullen Landis, to give him his full name, was born in Nashville, Tenn., in 1895. There it was that he got his first job. It was as a milkman, and he only kept it for a very short time. After that he bought a newspaper route and rose promptly at three o'clock every morning so that subscribers to *The Nashville American* would have no reason to complain of their service. He was so successful that he soon rose to the dignity of a regular position in the circulation department. He gave that up when, at the age of sixteen, he came to California.

"My first job here," he said, "was driving a sightseeing bus, so I am quite fitted to point out the beauties of Los Angeles to admiring friends." And then he began doing a little bit of everything at the Balboa studio in Long Beach.

No one can say that he didn't begin his career in moving pictures on the first rung of the ladder, or that he missed any rungs going up, even tho he is climbing so rapidly.

He was a property man, an assistant director, an assistant camera-man and, with it all, a "stunt" actor, but the type of stunt actor who never gets any credit. He was, in other words, a double for stars where the scenario required them to do a stunt so risky that the company

(Continued on page 76)

The Celluloid Critic

Next month Mr. Smith will review the entire screen year, selecting the twenty leading photoplays of the twelve months and discussing in detail the progress—or lack of progress—of all the leading players and producing units. This annual review has been a CLASSIC *feature for three years and is of unusual value as a record of cinema achievement.)*

WE have long intended commenting at length upon Charles Ray and his unquestioned genius of the silversheet. Yet there is something so matter-of-fact, so every-day, so humanly devoid of the spectacular about Ray that each month we express our brief appreciation—and pass on.

Ray is deserving of much more. You and I have come to look upon his bashful, awkward, small-town boys as regular incidents of photoplay releases. Yet they are far more. Ray takes the most colorless sort of rôle and galvanizes it into life. There is nothing of the theater or studio about him. He is small-town youth—the sort of youth upon which America depends. He is a master player because he is able to reflect this so humorously, so tenderly, so sincerely. We know the customary phrase: "He is just playing himself." In answer, we say that Ray is the greatest of all artists, a player who projects himself into a rôle minus all the histrionic trappings and gildings of the actor. Great artists are the simplest. Witness Mary Pickford. Or Charlie Chaplin. Or Ray.

Ray is a genre player of genius. He is typically American. No mere heroic manikins are his screen creations. He turns the characters inside out and shows you the affectations, the weaknesses, the boyish foibles, the very thoughts of his creations, along with the outer shell.

Consider Ray's latest vehicle, "Paris Green," (Paramount). Here he plays a country boy, just back from France and out of khaki, who finds that his sweetheart at home has not waited for him. Just when life seems greyest, along comes a little French girl he met during his forty-five minutes in Paris and to whom he gave his address "in case she ever needs it." With the aid of a French dictionary the boy finds the happiness he seeks.

A creaking skeleton of a story it is. But Ray makes you believe in it. If there is anything more human in recent pictures than his homecoming to the old homestead, we want to see it. Bert Woodruff makes the father stand out, altho he exaggerates the rôle, while Gertrude Claire is effective as the boy's mother.

One other production of the month strongly impressed us. This was "Humoresque," (Paramount), a visualization of Fannie Hurst's short story of a little Jewish boy who finds wealth and acclaim thru his genius in music, who gives up everything to go to France in the uniform of the land his parents adopted, and who returns with one arm crippled. In the end he recovers and his ability to play upon the public's heartstrings via his violin returns. Miss Hurst writes with an unusual understanding of East Side life and the story offers innumerable opportunities for fine naturalistic direction.

Frank Borzage's handling of the theme is

Above, Bert Lytell in "Alias Jimmy Valentine," in which he gives a very likable performance; right, Violet Heming in "The Cost," which is too scattered a tale to make an effective photoplay; and, below. William S. Hart and Anna Q. Nilsson in "The Toll Gate," another typical Hart de luxe dime novel

The Newest Photoplays in Review

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

unusual enough to make his future work of vivid interest to students of the photoplay. Here is another forerunner of the slice-of-life silent play of tomorrow. True, this striving for human detail becomes apparent here and there thru "Humoresque" and the play drags seriously at times. But, on the whole, it is far and away ahead of the average shallow melodramatic film drama.

The cutting of "Humoresque" is puzzling at times. For instance, there seems to be a deliberate effort to keep the featured player, Alma Rubens, in the background. As the young violinist's sweetheart she should have been a vital link in the story. Here she is a mere inanimate lay figure. A character player, Vera Gordon, who contributes a singularly fine and well-rounded portrayal of the Jewish mother, walks away with the honors of "Humoresque." No mere silversheet shadow is this touching presentation of the immigrant woman whose son, by one of those odd freaks of genius, lifts her from a tenement room and a fire-escape landscape to Riverside Drive and limousines, but who never once loses her primitive balance, her store of mother-love, her unswerving faith. Dore Davidson, too, is excellent as the father. Gaston Glass is quite adequate as the boy.

David Graham Phillips always wrote vigorously. But his "The Cost" is too scattered a tale for a strong film story, unless handled from a more naturalistic view-point than Director Harley Knoles produced it. Herein a young girl overrides the hopes of her parents and marries a young rounder. She soon discovers the downright moral worthlessness of the man and that she really loves another. But she drifts thru years of disillusionment and pain until the death of her husband opens the way to a belated sort of middle-aged happiness. There is really no climax, for Mr. Phillips' characters are very human in their drifting.

Violet Heming is fairly sympathetic as the girl, while Ralph Kellard is actory as her unfortunate selection. "The Cost" is one of those photoplays in which the characters never really age, altho years dash by in the subtitles.

Somehow or other we find ourselves unable to take the very heroic heroics of William S. Hart very seriously. Somehow his *de luxe* dime novels never impress us as being a significant contribution to either life or literature. "The Toll Gate," (Paramount), is an instance in point. "The Toll Gate" presents Hart as another kindly bad man, Black Deering, who once again encounters regeneration and a cutie at one and the same time. In this opus, Black Deering foregoes the ingénue and rides away alone thru the mountain "toll gate." Hart is himself as the good bad man and Anna Q. Nilsson is an attractive figure as the heroine.

We confess dire disappointment in Marshall Neilan's feature comedy, "Dont Ever Marry," (First National). For Neilan has a fresh Irish sense of humor. In "Dont Ever Marry" he has taken a slender farce idea and tried to develop it into feature length. The result: a tiresome hour and a quarter with only occasional flashes of laughter. It concerns the efforts of a young

(*Continued on page* 94)

Charlie Ray is a genre player of genius. Above, he appears in "Paris Green," a slender story galvanized into life by his rare artistry. Left, Irene Castle, who lends a certain pleasant personality to "The Amateur Wife." Below, Thomas Meighan and Lila Lee in "The Prince Chap"

Gossip of the Pacific Coast

By TRUMAN B. HANDY

Los Angeles, (*Special*)—The back-to-the-stage movement is hitting the movies hard these days. That and the fact that the producers, such as Metro, Goldwyn, Lasky, *et al.*, are having to pay upwards of dozens of thousands of dollars for star vehicles, such, for instance, as "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath." After having been in pictures for some years, our cinema favorites are feeling the call to return to their first love, the stage, and one by one they are leaving the film Mecca.

Dorothy Dalton, of course, was the first to depart in order to star on Broadway in "Aphrodite." Theda Bara left the camera for "The Blue Flame." And now Bert Lytell has announced his intention of going back to the boards in a play to be staged exclusively for the purpose of letting Broadway theatergoers hear his voice. Lytell has actually wanted to go back to the "legit" for some time. In fact, after each picture he'd say he was thru with films—temporarily—and that he wanted a chance to hear his own voice again *en scene*. But now, having finished "The Temple of Dawn," he has left for New York to make one more picture before the fatal appearance *per se*.

And even that champion little child-wife of the screen, Mildred Harris Chaplin, left the camera, very temporarily, however, for the speaking stage. She made her début here at the Little Theater in a very intricate farce, "Sick-a-Bed," and, even tho she looked beautiful in her stage dresses, her voice was not quite powerful enough. The première fling at spoken dramatics, however, has put the bug into Mrs. Chaplin's ear; she says she'd really like to consider the stage seriously. And, who knows? She's had a very good offer to do so, it seems, but, nevertheless, she's quite busy making a picture which is to be released under the more or less prosaic title of "Old Dad."

The Los Angeles film colony was plunged into sudden sadness on receipt of the news of Clarine Seymour's death. Miss Seymour was one of the best-liked members of cinema-land's younger set. A year ago, before she left for New York with the Griffith players, Miss Seymour was one of the brightest social lights here. Her sparkling personality was in evidence at all of the more exclusive dansants and teas, while her graceful dancing and genial good-fellowship won her a host of admirers. And, by the way, she was one of Eileen Percy's closest friends and, I believe, "stood up" with Eileen at her marriage to the son of Adolphus Busch. When word was received here of her death, a huge portrait of her which stood in the lobby of the Kinema Theater, at which her picture was showing, was draped in crêpe and an especially written obituary was flashed on the screen immediately after the announcement of her name on "The Idol Dancer" cast sheet. For Los Angeles was her home, and it was here that she was filmed in the two productions which literally "made" her—"The Girl Who Stayed at Home" and "Scarlet Days."

Remember Tom Chatterton, who made such a startling impression a few seasons ago as a

(*Continued on page* 75)

Photograph by J. C. Milligan

Photograph by Pathe Exchange

Top, a stellar reunion at the First National coast studios: left to right, Florence Vidor, King Vidor, Katherine MacDonald, Charlie Ray and Anita Stewart. Center, Charlie Chaplin and little Mary Pickford Rupp. Right, Ruth Roland displaying literary discrimination

The Last Interview

By
HARRISON HASKINS

Photograph by White

"CLARINE SEYMOUR died at the Misericordia Hospital, New York, on Sunday evening, April 25, following an illness of only four days."

So spoke the cold, impersonal newspaper columns. Yet in those few lines lay a drama of real life—swift, flashing, tragic—of striving, of success close at hand, of death.

For the screen had no more promising young actress than Miss Seymour. Recall her pathetically brave little jazz girl in David Griffith's "The Girl Who Stayed at Home." Remember her little harum-scarum wife in "True Heart Susie." And her piquant little Mexican girl in "Scarlet Days." But, most of all, her half-caste girl of the tropics—vibrant with the love of life—in "The Idol Dancer." Here Miss Seymour touched a new note—a note that meant quick stardom.

She was at work in Mr. Griffith's visualization of "'Way Down East" when the fatal ailment—intestinal trouble—asserted itself. An operation was found necessary. For five days she fought a brave fight against impossible odds—and then the end.

It is hard now to transcribe even a bit of our last talk with Miss Seymour, which was, indeed, her last interview. For the talk was so full of hope, of gladness, of dreams coming true.

Miss Seymour was born in Brooklyn, altho New Rochelle became her home town. Comparatively close by was the Thanhouser studio. It was inevitable that she should try for screen success. But an opening did not come easily. She went day after day for weeks before she was given a tiny rôle. Heartened by it, Miss Seymour kept on. Small rôles came now and then and finally she was offered a contract with the Rolin Company to play in Toto comedies.

Miss Seymour went to the coast, but a disagreement followed soon after. She sued, charging a broken contract, and won her case, altho not until she had played briefly with the

(Continued on page 83)

At the top of the page is Clarine Seymour's last photograph, taken two weeks before her fatal illness developed. Above, is a snapshot of Miss Seymour taken last winter with her mother and little brother. At the right is another snapshot

Little Sister, Huh!

by TRUMAN B. HANDY

Photograph by Hoover Art Co.

This question of having to live down the reputation of an already famed member of your family is a serious one. In the first place, old ladies inclined to deafness are wont, upon an introduction, to murmur about how much you look like your noted relative and then to give you a dissertation on the various seven cardinal virtues possessed by him.

Or they'll start in to patronize you by saying that so-and-so has done such perfectly splendid things and has a beautiful soul, and that you have the same sort of eyes and therefore have the same beautiful soul and all that. Or else they'll perhaps merely sniff the air, take practically no notice of you at all and insist upon mouthing all the famous doings of the famous one which have already been done.

But Eva Novak, the ever-so-blonde sister of Jane, isn't the sort of person whom doddering old ladies are going to classify as—

"Heh? Jane's sister—oh my, yes!"

Not at all. Eva has a personality quite her own; a vivacity that her demure older sister seems not to affect; a way of burring her "r's" that Jane doesn't have; a liking for athletics and the great out-of-doors, while Jane prefers to stay at home, to sew or to read a book.

Jane likes to go to tea and the theater. Eva doesn't give a whoop about the uplift of the "drammer." She'd rather ride a horse. But——

Sister Jane, nevertheless, drives the family omnibus. Eva declares that Jane's the better chauffeuse and knows how to fix the darned thing when it's "busted." The omnibus in question is a small limousine, black with yellow wheels. Jane sits at the steering gear like a regular cabby, while Eva rides in state in the back seat.

Photograph by Evans

Eva is a blonde . . . one of those pink-and-white creatures lovers of the æsthetic rave about. Her ever-present smile is contagious; and it impresses one that she is something of a vamp—one of those harmless kind a mere male simply cant help adoring

Inasmuch as Eva was leaving on the 5:30 train with the Bill Hart company for a location in northern California, the meager details of this interview were gleaned in a hasty and none-too-easily-ridden trip to the studio from the Novak bungalow in Hollywood.

Jane at the wheel of the aforesaid *limo*, Eva and yours truly in the back seat, Mrs. Novak, the girls' mother, in the front seat with Jane—and all of us permeated with that atmosphere of hurry peculiar to the time previous to boat sailings and the flights from the city of motion picture companies and bank panics.

Eva, as I have hitherto noted, is a blonde—one of those pink-and-white creatures lovers of the æsthetic rave about. Her ever-present smile is contagious, and echoed by the faint, wistful registration of sisterly appreciation as evidenced by sister Jane.

It impressed me that Eva is something of a vamp—one of those harmless kind a mere male simply cant help adoring. I asked her if she thought she was sirenish.

"I dont see why not," she remarked perfunctorily. "Just because you happen to have a taffy thatch isn't any sign that you cant compete with your raven-locked sisters, is it?"

Quite so. Jane admitted it for Eva—and for herself. And she also volunteered the information, in response to my query, that Eva's ambition is not to vamp; that, in fact, her little sister as yet seems to have manifested no particular ambition other than becoming as famous as Mary Pickford.

In Hollywood the pecu-

Eva Novak Refuses to Twinkle in Jane's Reflected Brilliance

liar ambition of every one of the photo-famous seems to be to "take off," —weight in some cases and in others aviation. "Taking off," aviatorially speaking, may I explain, means to go up in a plane. Pauline Frederick has "taken off" considerably. So have Mary Pickford and those prime factors of the film colony, the Hayakawas. Eva, however, declares that she knows aviating wouldn't even give her a thrill. She's never figured on buying an aeroplane, nor even considered the matter of Locklearean volplaning.

But, however, her ambitions are in themselves like aviation.

"They go in leaps and bounds," she announced.

"Um-hum," agreed Jane, laconically, "she makes up her mind sometimes that she's a mountaineer. After she's bought a new set of hiking attire, the streak's worn off and I use the stuff in a picture."

"I wouldn't!" exclaimed Eva, vehemently, a little bit ungrammatically, but, nevertheless, vehemently. "I adore the mountains. I'd rather be in the mountains than eat, so there!"

Photograph by Hoover Art Co.

Miss Novak, the younger, has gone into the serious stuff for keeps. Temperamentally, she's been created for the emotional line. Physically—well, she should just be merely seen by Flo Ziegfeld!

Photograph by Evans, L. A

"Once in a while she gets ambitious to fix up the house," added Mrs. Novak. "She sends me out of the kitchen and insists upon cooking all the meals. She knows how to cook if she wants to."

At this juncture our little Eva in true younger-sisterly fashion, registered a protest.

"Jane," she said, "I have to follow you every place, and they say, 'Oh, there's Jane's sister!' It's an awful stigma to be the younger relative of somebody who's well known. I wish I were a boy—no, I dont, either. Boys always have shiny noses and want to fight."

But what is weighing very heavily on the younger Novak mind right now is her attempt to stabilize her memory. She forgets so many things she ought to remember, she declares, that she's simply *got* to do something.

"We get so used to not remembering that we just forget to remember. The studio writes everything down for us—what we wore in Scene 144 and even how we looked in a close-up. Now, ever since I first started——"

"Which wasn't so long ago," interrupted her sister.

Precisely. She was a schoolgirl in St. Louis

(Continued on page 70)

Double Exposures

Conducted By F. J. S.

"Look where you're dancing," said Ben Turpin. "Dance where you're looking," responded the Sennett Spirit of Nature

Photograph by Abbe

THE OUIJA SPEAKS—"OUIJA!" said we the other night—we always consult our ouija board upon editorial matters of importance—"Ouija," we repeated, "how about it?"

Suddenly the ouija galvanized into movement, dragging our hands along.

"I-m h-e-r-e," it spelled, indicating that the spirit of Ab, the famous caveman-novelist and the Robert W. Chambers of the Stone Age, was at work. Ab, who is our spirit control, claims to have been the originator of the Cinderella type of story, (having dictated it to a stone mason in 80892 B. C.), and is consequently intensely interested in motion pictures.

"What," we asked profoundly, "will be the big photoplay developments of the coming year?"

The ouija glided to "No." Ab is whimsical like that.

Sternly we repeated the query.

The ouija slowly began spelling out the psychic reply: "F-i-f-t-y-o-n-e b-l-o-n-d-e i-n-g-é-n-u-e-s w-i-l-l b-e s-t-a-r-r-e-d."

"Yes, yes," we prompted breathlessly.

"F-o-r-t-y-e-i-g-h-t B-r-o-a-d-w-a-y f-a-i-l-u-r-e-s w-i-l-l b-e p-u-r-c-h-a-s-e-d f-o-r t-h-e m-o-v-i-e-s a-t a h-u-n-d-r-e-d t-h-o-u-s-a-n-d e-a-c-h."

"Go on," we demanded.

"G-e-o-r-g-e J-e-a-n N-a-t-h-a-n w-i-l-l a-t-t-a-c-k t-h-e p-h-o-t-o-p-l-a-y."

"No, no!" we exclaimed, incredulously. The ouija went firmly to "Yes."

"W-i-l-l-i-a-m H-a-r-t w-i-l-l p-l-a-y a b-a-d m-a-n w-h-o r-e-f-o-r-m-s."

We noted the startling information.

"W-a-l-l-i-e R-e-i-d w-i-l-l b-e s-e-e-n a-s a d-a-s-h-i-n-g m-o-t-o-r-i-s-t."

We started with surprise.

"C-h-a-r-l-i-e C-h-a-p-l-i-n w-i-l-l m-a-k-e a-n-o-t-h-e-r p-i-c-t-u-r-e!"

We could no longer contain ourselves. Indeed, we expressed our incredulity in no mean language.

But the spirit Ab persisted.

"C-e-c-i-l d-e M-i-l-l-e w-i-l-l p-r-o-d-u-c-e a p-h-o-t-o-p-l-a-y w-i-t-h a b-e-d-r-o-o-m a-n-d a b-a-t-h."

We laughed at the preposterous idea. The ouija rattled angrily.

"Y-o-u-r-e g-e-t-t-i-n-g t-h-e r-i-g-h-t d-o-p-e," the ouija was fairly speeding now.

"Are you positive?" we asked.

"Y-e-h," responded Ab. He often drops into colloquialisms like that.

We were just about to put several more significant questions when Ab interrupted.

"H-e-r-e i-s w-h-e-r-e I f-a-d-e o-u-t," he spelled out. "I a-m o-f-f t-o t-h-e w-e-e-k-l-y m-e-e-t-i-n-g o-f t-h-e A-n-t-i-S-p-i-r-i-t R-a-p-p-i-n-g A-s-s-o-c-i-a-t-i-o-n. W-e a-r-e o-r-g-a-n-i-z-i-n-g f-o-r a-n e-i-g-h-t-h-o-u-r n-i-g-h-t."

LET'S GIVE EVERY ONE CREDIT

A. T. FLICKER
presents
"THE BRIDE'S REVENGE"
featuring
LETTY LIMP.
A Mammoth Picture

From the novel by C. O Writer
Scenario by Imso Goode
Directed by A. Loudshouter
Photographed by Q. Ick Shutter
Art Director, Harry Highbrow
Pphlicity by S. Um. Lyar
Lithographs by Stone & Co
Developing and Printing by Gigantic Laboratory
Complexions by Peach Cosmetic Co.
Shoes, Fittem Bargain Store
Distributed by Cinema Sales Co.,
Lemuel O Wiseguy, President
Oscar Slicktongue, Sales Manager
Wigs by Natural Hair Co.
Hats, Nifty Millinery Shop
Miss Limp's gowns by Maison Mignonette
Other gowns, Novelty Bargain Store
Railroad scenes, Courtesy
T. N T Railroad Co.
Summer home scenes, Courtesy
Mrs. Oso Riche

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Willie Weary	Marmaduke Nothing
Mrs. Weary	St. Clair Smythe
Tramp	Archibald Finephace
Alicia	Hortense Palindrome
The Little Stranger	Letty Limp

Extras Glawdys Brown, Oscar Muchfeete, Olive White, Charles Bungler, Susanne Zero

Property Man, Nick Screen
Autos by Onelung Auto-Co.
Casting Director, I. Knowitawl
Studio Manager, Acost Kutter
Scenarioist's typewriter by Remington
Raw film stock by Eastman
Novel originally published by Unique Pub Co.
Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.

WHY?

When a liner sinks, does the ocean seem to

(*Continued on page* 83)

The Yellow Typhoon

Told in story form from the Anita Stewart Photoplay

By PEARL MALVERN

It was not until the blare of publicity had died and been decently interred that Hilda could bear to speak of The Yellow Typhoon. It was not until her own honeymoon was on the wane, and life had assumed, once more, normal proportions, a normal perspective. Then, one evening, before an open grate she began to tell her husband of the twin sister, known to the world, sinisterly, as The Yellow Typhoon. For, looking into the flames, she had begun to see pictures and the impelling need of speech descended upon her. She saw herself and Berta at play, twin sisters, with, at first glance, no appreciable difference save the shade of hair. Her own the dark, somber brown it still was, Berta's a mop of belligerent yellow, which had given to her face a curious stalking look, the look of *prey*. She could recall little fragmentary odds and ends out of their childhood. Their mother saying, in a worn voice, "I am sure I dont know what will *ever* become of Berta!" Adding, always, "Hilda is so *entirely* different, it is difficult even for me to believe that they are twins." Or, vividly, Berta demanding from her the doll she most cherished; the part she most wished to play in her favorite game; the desk in school she herself coveted; the share of candy, or fruit, always the major share. Her own remonstrances, gradually weakening under the insidious and generally terrifying threats Berta would make . . . And then, as they grew apace, little by little, the divergence of their interests, the intolerance of their mutual points of view. It was all, seen now, in the still red glare of the recent tragedy, painful in the extreme.

She could recall little fragmentary odds and ends out of their childhood. Their mother saying in a worn voice, "I am sure I dont know what will become of Berta"

Still, she had always known that the story of The Yellow Typhoon must some day be told, and to one so important as the man at her side, in whose life The Yellow Typhoon had dipped her vulture-like fingers before the end.

And so she began by sketching, in graphic bits, their twin birth, their early apparent dissimilarity of character and disposition, the slow but very sure way in which Berta had broken their mother's heart and ended her gentle and terrified life.

"Mother gave us a complete absorption," Hilda said; "she had, she felt, failed personally in a great many ways. Her vital hope was that we might atone, might shrive that failure. From the beginning, I see it now, and mother, being so wise, must have seen that from the first, Berta gave omen of her end. There was, I know not how, something wicked in Berta. Wicked is the only word for it. The sort of wickedness that, in a woman or a good man, congeals the blood, and in a bad man fires it."

Mathison interpolated: "Hallowell wasn't bad—"

Hilda nodded. She knew Mathison's deep devotion for the man who had been his friend as well as his chief. She savored the resentment he must feel for The Yellow Typhoon because of Hallowell. So many people dear to her had suffered because of The Yellow Typhoon! Over that desecrated grave the tears that dropt were said with self-pity.

"No, he wasn't bad," she said, gently, compassionately; "he wasn't. He was *good*. But I think, dear, that of all who crossed her path in that way, he was the only good one. He was a victim to her, then, untried capacities for evil. Some of the fresh untouchedness of her youth must have lingered about her, with promise, not of evil, but of good. She had a great magnetism, Berta. Poor Hallowell felt that. And feeling that, he was wilfully blind to the other potentialities. The human animal is so frail when its emotions are aroused!"

Mathison turned to study the fire-etched profile. But there was no substratum of meaning in Hilda's words. She was thinking solely of her sister and the havoc she had wrought. She was thinking of the beautiful, cruel, forever unpowered hands, that had taken so many lives and strangled them at will; nothing more.

"Berta ran away with Hallowell, as you know," Hilda went on more briskly; "and two weeks thereafter a body was found in the river dressed in Berta's clothes, wearing Berta's jewels, with Berta's light hair, and, what we could see of her, a general resemblance to Berta in form and feature. Hallowell had dropped from the face of the earth—and we identified the body as Berta's. Mother and I surmised a tragedy, of desertion, probably, or merely an outcome of one of Berta's horrible rages when thwarted. Hallowell had not known how to

Still, she had always known that the story of The Yellow Typhoon must some day be told, and to one so important as the man at her side, in whose life The Yellow Typhoon had dipped her vulture-like fingers before the end

handle her, we reasoned, and the suicide, in a moment of red rage, had been the result.

"It broke mother's heart. The thought of that unsanctified body preyed on her night and day. She got to the point where she forgot the woman, Berta, and kept harking back to the yellow-headed, beautiful baby whose worst fault was to rip the paper off the walls in a childish gust of passion, unrestrained. She kept holding her, in her imagination, or slapping her tiny, undeveloped hands. Very soon after that, she died. Berta had killed her."

A log separated, split, fell apart, sending into the reduced light of the room a spray of angry gold, not unlike the vanquished head of The Yellow Typhoon. The man and the woman, sensing it, shuddered.

"I began my work in the Washington headquarters of the Secret Service," said Hilda; "I d the power, I believe, of hurling myself into obliteration of other things by work, more work, arduous, concentrated work. By work I lived, and by work I was able to preserve my sanity in the balance, if I had had time to think of those two lives of which I was so integral a part.

"After awhile the work of the Secret Service gripped me. I thrilled to it, every nerve. And . . . I made good at it, as you know."

Mathison squeezed the deliberately relaxed hand hanging over the side of her chair.

"There came my mission to Manila," said Hilda, "as protection for Hallowell on his anticipated trip home with the plans for rendering submarine warfare inutile . . . Do you remember that day?"

"Do I?" Mathison gave a short laugh. "Do you remember the things that I said to you? Oh, my child!"

"The most acute thing, of course," said Hilda, "was the fact you presented to me, indubitably, that Berta was alive. You said, so coldly, John, 'You bear a remarkable resemblance to The Yellow Typhoon,' and you studied my credentials with even more than customary scrutiny as you spoke.

"I said, 'Why; what do you mean? Who is The Yellow Typhoon?' And then you told me of the yellow-haired woman with the cruel mouth and the defiant eyes who was suspected of being in Manila for no good purpose. 'We are of the impression,' you said to me, watching me with sort of lynx eyes, 'we are of the impression that The Yellow Typhoon is in Manila with the express purpose of becoming better acquainted with Mr. Hallowell's general plans.' How cleverly, and with what meaning you said that, dear! I asked you more about The Yellow Typhoon, and you told me of the woman who had, at one time, some connection with Hallowell; who had run a large, a very notorious, a very horrible gambling house in the Orient and who had eloped with one of her patrons, a man called Lysgaard, after staking herself and her place against a priceless diamond necklace—losing. You told me that you did not doubt but that The Yellow Typhoon, having left on her transcontinental trip with Lysgaard, a lurid pathway, was in Manila for huge stakes. 'She has got,' you said, 'to slake her blood with hotter fevers than even the Orient, which she has lapped up, can supply. She has come here for the fevers. You told me other things, little things and big things, and in the telling you etched Berta as perfectly for me as tho you had presented her to me in the flesh. I felt faint, and showed it, and you thought that my being, as it were, found out, had caused the temporary illness. You should have known, dear, that it would take more than a tentative recognition to shake the aplomb of The Yellow Typhoon."

Mathison again interpolated: "And then, again, you showed your credentials from Headquarters at Washington, such bona fide credentials, and I recall thinking what honest hands you had, what steady eyes, what a sweet, reliant mouth. I remember thinking of you as a woman who should not play big stakes, but for whom big stakes might well, might justifiably, be played. I recall a pang of pity that you were, in any capacity, right or wrong, involved in intrigue. We couldn't, of course, ignore your credentials, neither could we ignore the amazing resemblance to the woman who was causing us the uneasiness, and so we accepted your service . . . and waited . . ."

Hilda, tensely now, took up the thread. She knew that Mathison would hesitate to supply the piece that fitted in here.

"That night Hallowell found Lysgaard and Berta rifling his trunk," she said, "and Berta . . . no, not Berta, The Yellow Typhoon, shot . . . and killed him . . . the man who had been her husband, whom she had ruined once . . . then deserted . . . she killed him. She got away, just before I arrived, too late for me to hold her back, soon enough for me to recognize her. When you appeared upon the scene there was Hallowell . . . dead . . . and there was I!"

There was a little silence. The split log dwindled to grey ash. Mathison said, "My first thought was personal rather than professional. I was ashamed, but it was so. I thought, involuntarily, 'God, dont let her be guilty!'"

"You dear," said Hilda.

"Shall we go on with this?" asked Mathison, tenderly. "I am afraid it is too much for you. Is it necessary?"

Hilda nodded. "Yes," she said, "let's talk it out, get it, as it were, out of our systems, and then . . . then, perhaps, The Yellow Typhoon will lie still, will not be restless any longer, any longer insatiable . . . oh, I want her to rest; I want rest *from* her!"

She had a great magnetism, Berta. Poor Hallowell felt that. And, feeling that, he was wilfully blind to the other potentialities

"We couldn't prove anything, of course," Mathison resumed, "but we couldn't prove anything *either* way, and there we were. I couldn't believe that you were The Yellow Typhoon, but neither could I deny the irrefutable fact of likeness taken in conjunction with the uncanny circumstantial evidence piling up about you and against you. The next day we sailed, leaving poor Hallowell's last rites to be performed by strangers . . . You had the stateroom next ours. I had secreted Hallowell's plans and was taking them to Washington in his stead . . ."

"And all the while," broke in Hilda, unsteadily, "The Yellow Typhoon and Lysgaard were in the steerage, disguised, watching us . . . how far gone Berta must have been, John, her own sister . . . the man who had been her husband . . . what a terrific way she must have gone!"

"Then the attempt on the way over," Mathison filled in the silence that seemed almost to palpitate between them with the strange personality of the dead girl, "and the way you, every time, dear, intervened. And the fight I fought with myself! Against the fascination, the dear warm fascination you held for me, and my shrinking fear of your identity. If Berta had not been, in fact, your sister, dear, I should not be able to forgive myself. Since she was, I feel that my suspicion must necessarily be somewhat condoned. Small wonder that I thought as I did!"

"I used to feel sometimes," said Hilda, rather dreamily, "as tho, even now, Berta was holding from me the thing I wanted most even as she had done in childhood. I knew, too, on that sea voyage, dear. I knew so surely, so sweetly, with such a pang of pleasure and of pain. And I thought that the best and the worst of it would be that I would have to hug my knowledge to my breast, solitarily. I thought you could never care for me . . . because of The Yellow Typhoon."

They sat in silence for awhile, and it almost seemed to them in that hushed hour as tho the tumultuous, restless spirit of The Yellow Typhoon breathed between them—was it compassionately?

"Then we landed," whispered Hilda, "and I followed you to your hotel. I took the suite above you. I was not sure but I had every reason to believe that Berta and Lysgaard would also go to the same place. I had a twofold reason then for wishing you to reach Washington safely. My love of my country and my love of . . . my man. I determined that no vigilance ever known should surpass mine. Waking and sleeping you should be under my surveillance. And you were. I knew that night, that red and terrible night, that the sounds I heard in your room beneath my own, were not the sounds you made in preparing for bed. I had come to know your every movement, dear. To anticipate, to follow. I had come to thrill to each sound you made after the key turned in your latch. On that night, things were different. There was no deliberate dropping of two shoes . . . how I used to smile at the same deliberation, my own. There was no soft whistling following the short sharp shower in your bath. There was no shuffling and ruffling of innumerable newspapers before the light was snapped out. I followed the régime that night . . . and it was not the same.

"I knew it was The Yellow Typhoon at work.

"My love of you formed for me, then, a sort of protective barrier against the thing I had to do. If it had not been *you* I was going to protect, perhaps to save, there might have come to me the chill that I was giving my own sister, my nearest of flesh and blood, over to the law. I might have been halted in my rigorous duty, for the sake of a softer tie. But that night nothing mattered—only you. I thought of your deep friendship for Hallowell—now dead. I thought of the courageous sea trip you had made, guarding those plans, his plans, with your life, for honor's sake. I thought of . . . oh, love, forgive my heart talking to me in that hour . . . I thought of

"And you told me of the woman who had eloped with one of her patrons, a man called Lysgaard, after staking herself and her place against a priceless diamond necklace . . . losing"

the moon-flooded nights at sea when your dear heart spoke, in your eyes, to me, and your dear mute mouth was still.

"There they were! Berta and Lysgaard, over your trunk, mulling up your papers, throwing your things aside. Berta, my sister, and the man who was the aider and abetter of the crimes that were making her infamous . . . It was a bitter sort of moment, if it had not been for my love of you!"

"And you held them at bay," the man whispered, half inaudibly, "there, in the night, alone, splendidly, until I came with the police who had called me to the desk in order that I might disprove the lies Lysgaard had been spreading about me. The police were with me at a fortuitous moment. They saw The Yellow Typhoon and her mate. They caught them with the papers . . . and I think, dear, oh, I feel certain that after Lysgaard started the firing it was the police who shot them down. Your revolver and mine had nothing to do, Hilda, with the two who are no more.

"It is hard to evolve out of a chaos of shouts and groans and threats and pleas any sort of clear conception, and yet, oddly enough, something told me, some instinct, that I should know just what was transpiring, precisely what was transpiring. The same instinct told me that I should need it. After this is over, ran thru my mind, after this is over I shall need to make some sort of explanation. I think it must have been your valiant courage in holding your own flesh and blood at bay for the greater sake of a greater cause. That fired me, dear. The last doubt, too, had fallen from me. I saw the likeness and I saw the difference . . . the same flesh and the same blood, the same features, the same lines, the color of The Yellow Typhoon that drove men mad for love of her and the spirit of a brooding Madonna in you that made a man worship *you*. I know that. An instinct deeper than I can fathom tells me that this is so. It *is* so. Dear . . ."

"It is all over with her now, poor, passionate soul," Hilda murmured. "I hope she is at rest . . . she never was in life. I like to think that that little smile on her mouth was one of commiseration for all the pain she had caused on earth and one of hope for the salvation she was going to find in Heaven."

"Amen to that," said Mathison; "hers was a consummate expiation."

The fire fell away and the room was in darkness. Mathison stooped over and replenished the logs. When he had done, the flames leaped forth again and fell athwart the walls in broad bands of scarlet and gold.

THE YELLOW TYPHOON

Adapted by Monte M. Katterjohn from Harold McGrath's story of the same name. Directed by Edward Jose. Starring Anita Stewart. Released by First National.

Hilda Nordstrom Berta Nordstrom, (The Yellow Typhoon)	Anita Stewart
John Mathison	Ward Crane
Robert Hallowell	Donald MacDonald
Karl Lysgaard	Joseph Kilgour
Monsieur Andre Duval	George Fisher
Morgan	E. J. Brady

"I knew, too, on that sea voyage, dear. I knew so surely, so sweetly, with such a pang of pleasure and of pain!"

Hilda lifted her head with the old confidence, the old gladness.

"And then," she said, "we took the plans to Washington and delivered them, just, I know, as Hallowell would have wished us to do. You were so still on that trip. You had seen The Yellow Typhoon. You knew the relationship that had so confused you with its likeness, yet still you kept silence . . ."

"I was so ashamed," whispered the man, "of my doubt of you . . . of you . . ."

"The committee commended you for your loyal services," his wife went on, "and then they asked you my identity. You turned to me, and I must have answered you with eyes and lips and touch, for you bowed and said: 'Gentlemen, my future wife!' and I said, 'Yes,' . . .

"With the staid Washingtonians not quite sure what it was all about, and I at a loss to reply . . . and then . . ."

"But you *did*," he said, "you *did* reply."

A New Cinema Beauty

Photographs by
Clarence S. Buel

Emily Chichester has just come into prominence in Goldwyn productions. She scored something of a hit with Pauline Frederick in "The Woman in Room 13" and the discerning screen observers predict all sorts of good things for her

Your hands express your real self. Be sure you manicure them the right way

How you can have hands as well groomed as these

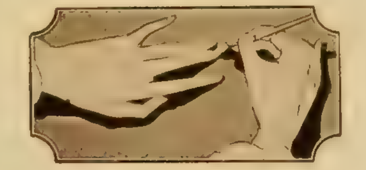
THE consciousness of unbecoming or unattractive clothes may hurt—but it cannot strike deep down as can the fear that you are judged wanting in real refinement. That you are judged unmistakably lacking in personal nicety.

How uncomfortable this fear can make you! How many times magnified any shortcoming which may cause it becomes in your own eyes!

Of all the indications of personal refinement the most significant, next to personal cleanliness, is well-kept nails. To many, ill-kept nails indicate more than carelessness, they indicate actual vulgarity.

A few minutes of the right kind of care, once or twice a week, will keep your nails and cuticle always exquisite. The most important part of the manicure is the care of the cuticle. You must never cut it, for cutting ruins the cuticle. But with the Cutex way you can always have perfect nails and cuticle.

Wrap a little cotton around the end of an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package). Dip it in the bottle of Cutex and work around the base of the nails. Then wash the hands, gently pushing back the cuticle with a towel. The surplus cuticle will disappear, leaving a firm, even, delicate base.



Cutex quickly and harmlessly softens and removes surplus cuticle

If you like snowy white nail tips apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nail. Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish. For an especially brilliant lasting polish, use Cutex Paste Polish first, then the Cutex Cake or Powder Polish.

If your cuticle has a tendency to dry or grow coarse, apply a bit of Cutex Cold Cream each night. This cream was especially prepared to keep the hands and cuticle soft and fine.

Give yourself a Cutex manicure regularly, once or twice a week, and you can have nails that you are always proud of.

Cutex is on sale at all drug and department stores. Cutex Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Nail Polish and Cold Cream are each 35 cents — the Cuticle Remover comes also in 65-cent bottles.

Six manicures for 20 cents

Mail this coupon below with 20c and we will send you a complete Introductory Manicure Set, not as large as our standard sets but containing enough of the Cutex products to give you at least 6 manicures. Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York City.

If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept 907, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.

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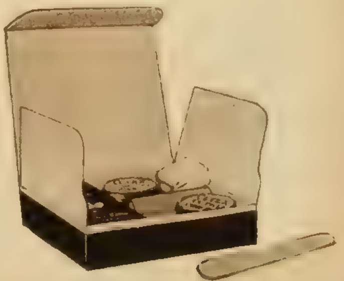

Mildred, Descendant of William

By FRANCES GRAY

Photograph by Witzel, L. A.

Mildred Davis, who plays opposite Harold Lloyd, is a descendant of William Penn, and she herself comes of a Quaker family. Altho she is but nineteen, she has had much screen experience with Mutual, Metro, Bluebird and Pathé

"WOULDN'T William turn over in his grave if he could see me as a movie actress?" demanded Mildred Davis, Harold Lloyd's petite leading woman, with a giggle that revealed two piquant dimples at once.

"William—Shakespeare?" we hazarded vaguely, really knowing nothing about Mildred's forebears.

"William Penn," she corrected me. "Why, yes, I'm a Quakeress—all my people came from Pennsylvania, and I'm a lineal descendant of the dear old Bill who sold the State to the Indians, ~~or~~ bought it from them—or something. I never *can* remember history."

The famous Quaker probably did turn over in his grave just then; but ancestors cannot expect to be taken seriously by nineteen-year-old descendants with curly gold hair, baby-pink skin and bluish-green eyes. Mildred, supplied the optical adjectives, or I shouldn't have dared. No, she doesn't take her illustrious lineage seriously at all. The past does not concern her—just the present.

In spite of the fact that she has played with Mutual, Metro, Bluebird and Pathé, and has risen to the dignity of co-featuring with Harold Lloyd, she is just a little girl, with the likes and dislikes of young girlhood.

"I began as a movie fan when I was twelve," she said, with her little-girl smile. "I had the walls of my room just plastered with pictures of movie actresses, and I liked the ones who wore curls and ruffly dresses—like Mary Pickford and Viola Dana. So you can imagine how thrilled I was when I found I was going to play in the same cast with Miss Dana.

"We went to Washington to live when we first came out here from the East, and we came to California from Tacoma, Washington. But the Seattle newspapers claim that I'm from there, too. That's like the crook who said that Minneapolis and St. Paul were in an awful argument over where he came from. Only in his case Minneapolis said he was from St. Paul and St. Paul insisted that he was from Minneapolis.

"How did I happen to go into pictures?

(*Continued on page* 73)

How Famous Movie Stars Keep their Hair Beautiful

NORMA TALMADGE
"You may use my testimonial [illegible] the value of WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO."

ALICE BRADY
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Sidetracked

(Continued from page 21)

house and he often spends his Sundays there, that is, of course, when he works in Los Angeles. Working at Culver City, half way between Los Angeles and the beach, he can make his choice, tho from there the Venice house is the more easily reached. He absolutely refused to let me describe either place.

"The Venice house is just a camp," he said. "There isn't a thing in it, or in the Rampart Street house in Los Angeles, that belongs to me; all my things are in storage."

"Mine too," said Mary Alden, who had joined us.

"But," I argued, "you can impress your own personality on even a rented house if you live in it long enough. The same is true of motor-cars . . ."

"And of wives," said the irrepressible Rose.

"For instance, you might marry me tomorrow . . . as a matter of fact, he is going to marry me tomorrow, aint you, John?

"I am if Fate doesn't step in again and prevent," said Stone with very little evidence of enthusiasm. The wedding . . . for picture purposes only . . . was to have taken place that day on "location" in Pasadena, but had been postponed because it was raining steadily and blowing big hurricanes.

"Anyway," Rose went on, "we might be walking down the street and some one might see us and say: 'Isn't that so-and-so's wife? She looks like him!'"

"I think that's a myth," said Stone. "I dont believe that association ever changes one's physiognomy. Environment might, but not association.

"For instance, I might have been very different in appearance if I had followed my first ambition. I thought that the biggest thing I could be was a captain on an ocean-going liner. I worked on a ship for seven months without pay, only asking to be taught something of navigation. I worked harder then than I have worked at any other time before, or since, in my life.

"Finally, I considered myself qualified, only to learn that I could not get a pilot's license until I was twenty-one years old. As I was then about sixteen, life looked very hopeless to me. Shortly after this, the Spanish-American war began, and I marched away with a crowd of boys as young as myself, all of us feeling very heroic indeed.

"Of course, all of that seems like a very comic-opera sort of little fuss, remembering it in comparison with the war we have just been thru. But it was all very exciting to us then. Incidentally, it was while I was in the army that I went broke for the first time. We had been stationed in Cuba for four months and during that time none of us had been paid. As a result, I hadn't seen anything of the nearby town. At last a regiment arrived from Massachusetts and I went down to look them over and see if I knew any one. (Stone's home is about thirty miles from Boston.) I soon made friends among them and one of the boys asked me what I thought of the town. I said that I hadn't been there. 'Why?' he asked. 'Because,' I said, 'there's no use going there without any money.' He said that he would let me have some money and, in support of his word, let me have an American ten-cent piece. I changed it for centavos, getting ten centavos for every American cent. Then I took my three tent mates with me to town and we had a wonderful time.

"We could get a glass of peculiarly hectic drink for one centavo, and a guava fruit sandwich, which was quite delicious, for the same price. Cigars were two centavos each. So we not only had a feast, we had some money left when we got thru.

"This is in sharp contrast," he remarked, "to the profiteering one has to put up with today.

"For instance," he said, "last Sunday I bought two Los Angeles newspapers in Venice and was charged twelve and a half cents each for them. With Los Angeles only fifteen miles away, this is absurd; I could have gotten the *London Times* cheaper! It is this type of small profiteering that is so peculiarly exasperating. One is practically helpless to do anything about it." It is characteristic of Stone's lack of self-confidence that he did not choose the stage as his profession, but followed it with splendid success after another man had chosen it for him. This was A. Q. Skannon of New York and the whole incident was, apparently, the result of the merest caprice of Fate.

"I had just left the army," said Stone, "and was looking for work. I visited the navy yard, hoping to find something there, but the only demand was for carpenters, skilled mechanics, etc. I made a list to show to the boys in camp and bought a magazine for myself to read on the way back.

"At this time, vaudeville sketches were just beginning to be shown. Among the stories in the magazine I was reading, was one that I thought would make a good vaudeville sketch. Without knowing anything about dramatic construction, I dramatized it and showed it to an uncle of mine who was in the profession. I suppose he thought it bad enough to be really funny and decided to pass his laugh along. Anyway, he gave me a letter of introduction to a booking agent in New York. While I was in this man's office, Skannon came in. He looked me over. 'What's your line?' he said. I didn't know what he was talking about. 'Juvenile, leads, heavies or what?' he added. I explained that I wasn't an actor." (But here is where the advantage of belonging to a theatrical family comes in.)

"You can read, cant you?" Skannon asked.

(Continued on page 70)

Bennett & Co., Inc.

(*Continued from page* 33)

made him an offer, and as he had become fascinated with this new art, he promptly accepted. So, instead of carrying his bride back to New York, as he had planned, he remained to direct her pictures and the successful combination of Bennett & Co., Inc., was effected!

"I came to stay two weeks and have remained two years," said Mr. Niblo. "I sent for my belongings, we bought this house, and for the first time in my life I have a real home."

"See what you got by marrying me!" teased Enid.

"The home is only the frame for the picture!" gaily retorted Fred, with his grandest bow.

"Fred's weakness is prowling about the book-stores, and he is on intimate terms with all the book-collectors in the vicinity," remarked Miss Bennett, as we entered the cosy library opening off the drawing-room.

"This room is the heart of the house, for this is where we really live," proudly announced Mr. Niblo. "Here we study our scripts, work out new bits and plan many of the scenes that finally reach the screen."

The mahogany book-cases lining the room contain an extensive and rare collection which is a veritable treasure-house and makes one long for unlimited hours in which to dip into its riches. Above the books are a number of autographed portraits of famous actors, suggesting many happy stage associations.

The third floor of the house is one long room, which they have merrily dubbed the Chamber of Horrors, for here are the remarkable souvenirs and relics which Mr. Niblo collected during his extensive foreign travels.

"Fred and I had such fun arranging these things," said Enid, as we examined the treasures, representing many nations, tribes and peoples, "for he told me the interesting story connected with each one and how and where he secured it."

"*Wanderlust!*" I exclaimed. "How does he escape its grip?"

"Oh, he doesn't," began Enid. "He longs to be up and away whenever he hears of a boat sailing."

"When we finish our contract we are going on a long, long trip," continued Mr. Niblo. "We will take our cameras and weave one or two reel stories against a background of travel. I was the first to take motion pictures into Africa, and I want to cover the same country again—with Enid."

At the far end of the room is a pool-table, and tho Miss Bennett admits that husband defeats her with tantalizing regularity, yet the lure will not be downed and they indulge in a spirited game every night after dinner.

"And *your* fads?" I asked the little star, as we returned to the drawing-room.

"I have none except—Fred!" she answered. "I love my work, my home, my garden and my two dogs—here they are now!"

Mae Murray
One of the many beautiful stage and screen stars, who use and highly recommend Maybell BEAUTY AIDS.

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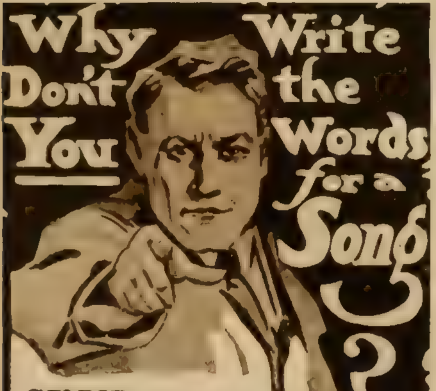
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Shorty

(*Continued from page 37*)

almost two years with Harry Pollard, enjoying comedy, since humor appeals to Antrim Short, and finally with Bob Vignola, his close friend and a man whom he fairly worships. I liked his enthusiasm when describing Mr. Vignola.

"There will be a lot of *good* directors, tho, now that the country has gone dry," Mr. Short said, sagely.

With Vivian Martin, Antrim Short appeared in "The Petticoat Pilot" and "The Third Kiss," later with Constance Talmadge in "Romance and Arabella," and in a propaganda story which came into being a little late, as the armistice was declared—that was "The Yellow Ticket," you remember.

"With Bert Lytell, in 'The Right of Way,' I play a good part. I like 'em to change from crooks to sweethearts, drunken younger brothers to dudish chappies with monocles, boys—like in 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm'—and all that stuff, you know," he volunteered.

"Seems to me you have hit Universal City quite often in your travels," I suggested.

"Always glad to get back home and to mother's cooking," he smiled cheerily again. "Funny how we all hike again to Universal, isn't it? Well, you're sure of a square meal when you belong to that outfit, anyway. I'm welcome at Daddy Laemmle's table any time—quite comforting, that!"

"Do you fly often?" we ventured.

"Three times a week I go to Crescent Junction and Wilshire Boulevard, to the Mercury Field, and it's the one big hobby of my life—nothing on *earth* can compare with flying," answered the young man, as he described enthusiastic circles with his arms. "I am a speed-crank—and you cant get up speed on earth. I have to *walk* to the studio every day, because I am so afraid of the speed cops."

"Automobile racing ought to suit you!"

"I want to awfully—I mean race. I think there's less danger of smash-ups in the air than on the track, so, for my part, the ship is good enough for speed. Mother hasn't much time for auto races!"

"And I suppose you're a very obedient son?"

"I should say. Mother says I run a very good average—as boys go."

AN ORIENTAL LOVE SONG

By James Franklin Mullaney

Your absence turns the light of day to dusk;
The sun that laughed to see you bides and grieves:
Your garments hold their lavender and musk,
And scent of sandal leaves.

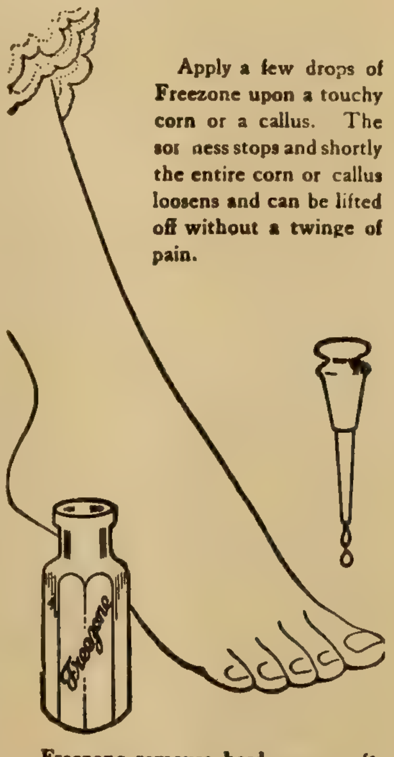
When you are near, my heart that was as cold
And sad as winter, sings, and gladly sings,
For happy sunlight kisses fields with gold—
The joyous poppy brings;

The fragrant tube-rose stars your glistening hair,
And perfumes hours, and freely beautifies:
Your eyes reflect like pools of silence where
The lotus, sleeping, dies.

As with a cord, thick-twisted, of bamboo,
My life is bound to yours till its last breath;
E'en then my soul will rise and follow you
Across that stream called "Death!"

Lift Corns Out With Fingers

A few drops of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they lift off



Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a touchy corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

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For the Soul of Raphael

(*Continued from page* 43)

Then the sound of his footsteps hurrying into the hacienda. Marta lifted her face to the sky. Perhaps—yonder Doña Luisa was peering down, reminding her of her vow—"to save the soul of Raphael——"

She stepped out into the moonlight, facing the hard look of the golden-haired American. "You do not love him—love saves. You would destroy him, body and soul," Marta said steadily. "I will not let you have his soul!"

"What are you going to do about it?" sneered the other woman, secure in the knowledge of her power. "You talk like a third-rate melodrama!"

Marta came close to her. Her eyes flashed, but her voice was low and controlled. "I have made a vow to the Mother of God to stand guard over the soul of Raphael."

A snarl behind them drew their eyes to the figure of Raphael Arteaga, face convulsed with anger, strange-colored fires flashing from the jewels he held in his hand. "You! I have had enough of you! Take your vow back to God!"

The golden-haired woman laughed softly. After all, marriage would be more of a triumph; then she screamed. For a tall figure, head swathed in bandages, had stepped from the window and seized the arm raised above Marta's head. Raphael whirled, stumbled, tried to save himself and fell, the knife still in his hand. On the ground a shadowy figure writhed once or twice with a hiccoughing sound and then lay quite still. The golden-haired woman screamed again and began to laugh insanely as she bent over the dead thing that had been Raphael.

In the bright starlight Marta and Keith Bryton faced one another. "A judgment of God," shuddered Marta, "a judgment——"

"Beloved!" Keith cried, "oh, beloved, thank God I came in time!" And he would have taken her into his arms, but she shook her head.

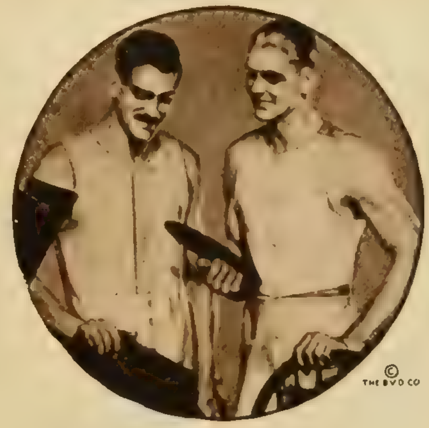
"Not—yet," she whispered; "we must not think of ourselves now." Her face, pure like that of some waxen saint in a sacristy, was turned upward to the sky. "Mother of Sorrows," prayed Marta, "intercede with Thy Son for the soul of Raphael——"

Movie Encyclopedia

Louis Desirable.—Yes, the Talmadge girls will write to you. That was a real octopus in "Girl of the Sea." Lillian Gish in "The Tiger Girl." It was originally called "The Lily and the Rose." How do I know whether or not Mary Pickford is afraid of toads? Ask her yourself.

J. M. H., Jr.—Dont know how you can get in touch with Dorothy Dalton unless you write to her personally. She is very busy, you know. Some one said they were going to put Aphrodite in overalls. No, I wasn't in that overall parade.

Marguerite.—No, my name is that, and you cant bribe me, either. You write a mighty clever letter. Alan Forrest is playing with Lottie Pickford. Surely Mary is a Canadian. Cant give you the name of the Minter picture taken in Ottawa.



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Marie Antoinette
SKIN BLEACH

Side-tracked

(*Continued from page* 66)

"Yes," said Stone.

"Then read this!"

"This" proved to be the leading part in a melodrama named "Side-tracked."

Stone read it . . . cues and all.

"That will do," said Skannon.

He then explained that he had a company on the road, playing Canada, and that the manager was taking the place of the leading man who was too ill to finish the season. "When can you leave?" he added.

"I had been trying to find work for several weeks and was feeling somewhat at a loss as to what I should do," said Stone. "Here was a decision apparently made for me by heaven. I accepted, and joined the company at Belleville, Canada.

"At first, the company treated me royally. One by one they buttonholed me and told me how much they liked my work and how glad they were that I could finish the season with them. Then one by one they told me what theater I had been playing in when they last saw me and what type of part they were certain suited me best. At last, when I could stand it no longer, I got them all together and informed them that I had never been on the stage before in my life. After this, it was thumbs down. They treated me like the outsider I had announced myself to be."

There was a moment's pause:

"Do you think that luck is the biggest factor of success on the stage?" I asked.

"I think that it is an important factor of success not only on the stage, but everywhere," he said.

"Certainly an actor of no very great ability is often exceedingly successful because he happens to be given exactly the right part under the best possible conditions. But isn't the same thing true of non-professionals? How many men have been given credit for foresight and sagacity when, if the truth were known, all of the credit would be given to luck!"

After finishing his first season, Stone returned to New York, where he appeared in "Bunny" at the Hudson Theater. He came West in 1906 and was leading man at the Belasco Theater in Los Angeles for six years. It was in 1907 that he married Margaret Langham, and she retired from the stage, never to return to it again. Her death occurred three years ago while Stone was at Plattsburg, training to "do his bit" in the world war. Some of Stone's best-known stage parts were in such plays as "The Bird of Paradise," with Laurette Taylor; "The Misleading Lady," "Inside the Lines," and, more recently, "Where Poppies Bloom," with Marjorie Rambeau.

His first picture, made with Thomas H. Ince, was "Honor's Altar." Others are: "The Havoc" and "According to the Code," for Essanay; "Man's Desire" and "The Man of Bronze," from stories which he wrote himself; "The River's End," for Marshall Neilan; "Held by the Enemy," for Lasky, and Goldwyn's "Milestones."

Little Sister, Huh!

(*Continued from page* 53)

when her mother journeyed West to be with Jane, who had been playing in pictures for some time. On graduating, Eva joined her family in Los Angeles, and the day following her arrival was engaged as an extra by the Lois Weber company at Universal for the production "Shoes." She had gone to the studio to visit Jane, who was playing in the "Graft" serial, and the fascination of it all prompted her to register at the employment desk.

She "suped" for some time. Finally she became an ingénue in L-KO comedies, where she supplied the requisite feminine pulchritude for nearly two years. Then, one day, she visited the Vitagraph plant and met Tom Mix, who was also paying a call on Larry Semon. Tom liked her looks and engaged her for the lead opposite him in "The Daredevil," "The Feud," "The Speed Maniac" and "One-Quarter Apache."

House Peters about this time was returning to the screen at the Garson studio, to appear in "Silk Husbands and Calico Wives." Eva was cast opposite him. And finally in a rôle opposite Hart.

Strangely enough, Eva has never had any great difficulties in making strides of progress on the screen. The hardest thing for her to do, she remarks, was learning to do the comedy walk—that little tripping, snappy perambulation indigenous to the custard-pie cuties of the black-and-blue drama. And now, since she's doing legitimate dramatic stuff, she's had to unlearn it for the stately, gownly stride of the tragedy queen.

"Oh, Eve," implored sister Jane, "dont get a dramatic walk! It's worse than a comedy wobble."

But, just the same, Miss Novak, the younger, has gone into the serious stuff for keeps. Temperamentally she's been created for the emotional line. Physically—well, she should just be merely seen by Florenz Ziegfeld. She's overflowing with that concomitant known as "pep," in her mode of doing things, of speech, in her very piquancy and her incisive, keen wit.

She's a unique person. She has a striking personality all her own, and a naïvely unaffected manner of expressing it. Little sister--huh!

SEVEN WONDERS OF THE SCREEN WORLD

By Vara M. Jones

Charlie Chaplin's walk.
Theda Bara's eyes.
Douglas Fairbanks' agility.
Mary Pickford's salary.
Bill Parson's smile.
Billy West's nerve.
"Fatty" Arbuckle's waist measure.

Bashful Bobbie

(Continued from page 17)

Any one who could have such an effect on the hardened door guardian must be unusual. And Griffith was right—for the unknown was little Mary Pickford.

Another story relates the way Mary Pickford brought the Gishes to the studio.

Lillian and Dorothy stood outside the office railing while Mary introduced them to Griffith. "Better think this over, Mary," smiled the director, "when they're on *that* side of the fence you needn't worry—once they're on *this* side things may be different."

Whereat little Mary looked Griffith in the eye and said: "I'm not afraid of any one on either side of that fence!"

But to return to Harron himself. Bobbie has an odd sense of humor—a sort of quiet appreciation. Most of all, however, he hates formality. "Hey, Griff," is the way he launches his remarks to the man who stands at the forefront of the photoplay. Neither does Harron talk pro and con about the art of the screen. "Oh, this making of motion pictures," he remarks, when the word Art is drawn into the conversation. He hates to be noticed in public. "Dont know what to do with my hands when people begin to look at me," he explains, laconically.

Imagine calling Bobbie Mr. Robert Harron!

When some one commented that Bobbie would be the last person in a crowd to be judged an actor, he sighed with genuine relief and said:

"Thank God!"

THE NAMBY-PAMBY OF A NUT: DENTISTS

By E. P. Pitzer

Dentists were brought into the world to fill a long-felt want and other cavities at so much per cav.

A dentist always feels happiest when he is down in the mouth and it does not matter whose mouth he is down.

They are generally single, for, while they can alter the face, they hate to face the altar.

Dentists always like to hear a false-set o voice.

Their favorite card game is "bridge."

They hate hypocrisy and admire an open countenance. The longer it is open the better they like it.

A dentist always likes to look you in the face and then charge you for it.

To put gold caps on teeth is his crowning glory and it angers him a bit when he knows that no charge can be made for capping the climax.

It is a well-known fact that dentistry has been practiced for many decayeds.

A dentist can stop the ache in your tooth even tho it takes nerve to do it. But it is your nerve generally.

They make good farmers, for they like to be surrounded by achers.

He is observing and detects the false of others immediately

Dentists, as a rule, do not like college boys who are good at giving their respective college yells—they prefer poor rooters.

They are generally of good extraction.

A dentist's parlor can properly be referred to as a drawing-room.

While most professions help the world generally, a dentist is always a drawback.

Most men in order to become successful need "push." A dentist needs "pull."

Scenes from the Universal Feature Film "Heads Win!"

"Heads Win!"

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- ☐ Gas Engine Operating
- ☐ CIVIL ENGINEER
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- ☐ MINE FOREMAN OR ENGINEER
- ☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER
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- ☐ Architectural Draftsman
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Katherine MacDonald, A.B.

(*Continued from page* 23)

In the one she is now making, "The Guests of Hercules," she depicts a convent-bred girl of France, whose fortunes lead her to the hectic halls of Monte Carlo, where adventure, sorrow and guile waylay her, with love triumphant in the end.

"And what do you think!" she demanded, enthusiastically. "The Prince of Monaco sent me a special invitation to bring my company over there and film the story in the halls of Monte Carlo itself, which, they tell me, have never been photographed!"

"And you are going, of course?" I urged, catching her enthusiasm and almost falling out of my chair in my eagerness.

"Oh, no; I cant. It would be too horribly expensive. Mother was crazy about the trip, and I think she got her things all packed in the expectation that I'd decide to go at the last minute. I'd have to take her along, you know—I'd spend every cent I have over the gambling tables if I didn't have her to hold me down—but then, I'm not going," she finished with a sigh. "We took the Monte Carlo scenes at the Fairmont Hotel in San Francisco, and we inveigled all the guests into working in the picture. And they were wonderful!" she said, with conviction. "Many of them worked all night long, for several nights in succession—and they made it so much more realistic than it would have been with five-dollar-a-day extras."

A studio potentate of some sort paused beside us and asked Miss MacDonald what she desired for luncheon.

"Tea and a tooth-brush," she replied promptly. "I lost mine this morning," she added, to me, in explanation of her remarkable order.

Luncheon time reminded me that food as well as art had a place in Nature's plan.

"Would you mind telling me," I said, hesitatingly, as I rose to leave, "what kind of cold cream you use?"

She laughed again, unfeignedly, but I paused, breathless, ready to jealously treasure forever the recipe of Katherine's beauty.

"I know I *ought* to say some kind of imported cold cream," she answered, a trifle regretfully, "but if you want the truth——"

In my excitement, I could feel my heart throbbing loudly—so loudly, in fact, that I was afraid I wouldn't be able to hear the glorious secret.

I did! Indeed, yes! I leaned close. She leaned close.

"Well, then," she confided, "I scrub my face and shampoo my hair with Life Buoy tar soap—it costs five cents a cake —and it was first recommended to me as fine for bathing dogs!"

So, gentle reader, I went out and bought a case of Life Buoy at five cents per tar cake. Of course, I haven't the natural scenery to work on that Katherine MacDonald, A.B., has, but still—you never can tell. I'm hoping for the best.

Mildred, Descendant of William

(*Continued from page 62*)

To be perfectly frank, it was because I was offered thirty-five dollars a week to do child parts. At first my family was shocked, being Quakers, you know, but they finally let me do a picture for Mutual, called 'Little Miss Innocence. I was *so* disappointed when I went to see it, because I was so *ugly!* I give you my word, I almost cried!

"All the actors treated me just like a child . . . and, of course, I was," she smiled, (it seemed to me she should have said "am" instead of "was"), "and I had a wonderful time. I played with William Stowell, Bryant Washburn, Robert Gordon and Antrim Short. Mother always went with me to the studio and curled my hair, and every one teased me by saying 'thee' and 'thou' to me.

"The other girls at the studio laugh at me because I take such care of my health," she went on, with youthful seriousness. "I always go to bed early, because I know that nothing in the world spoils your looks quicker than late hours. When I have a caller I 'shoo' him out by eleven o'clock, (imagine, if you can, a six-foot Romeo being forcibly ejected by a diminutive Juliet of barely five feet), because I value my complexion more than I do anything else."

"What do you do when you're not working at the studio?" I inquired.

"Why, I sew."

"Not really!" we interrupted, incredulously.

"Yes, I dressed dozens of dolls for the orphans' Christmas tree this year. You know Harold Lloyd was injured about two months ago by a hand-grenade which he thought was harmless, so we haven't been able to do a thing until he is better. It's given me a nice long vacation, tho, and that's how I happened to have time to dress the dolls. Harold will be able to go to work in about two weeks, tho, so then it will be all work.

"I ride horseback, too," she continued, with naïve pride, "so I'm just tickled to death that our next picture is going to be a Western. And I play golf and study French," she added, as we complimented her versatility.

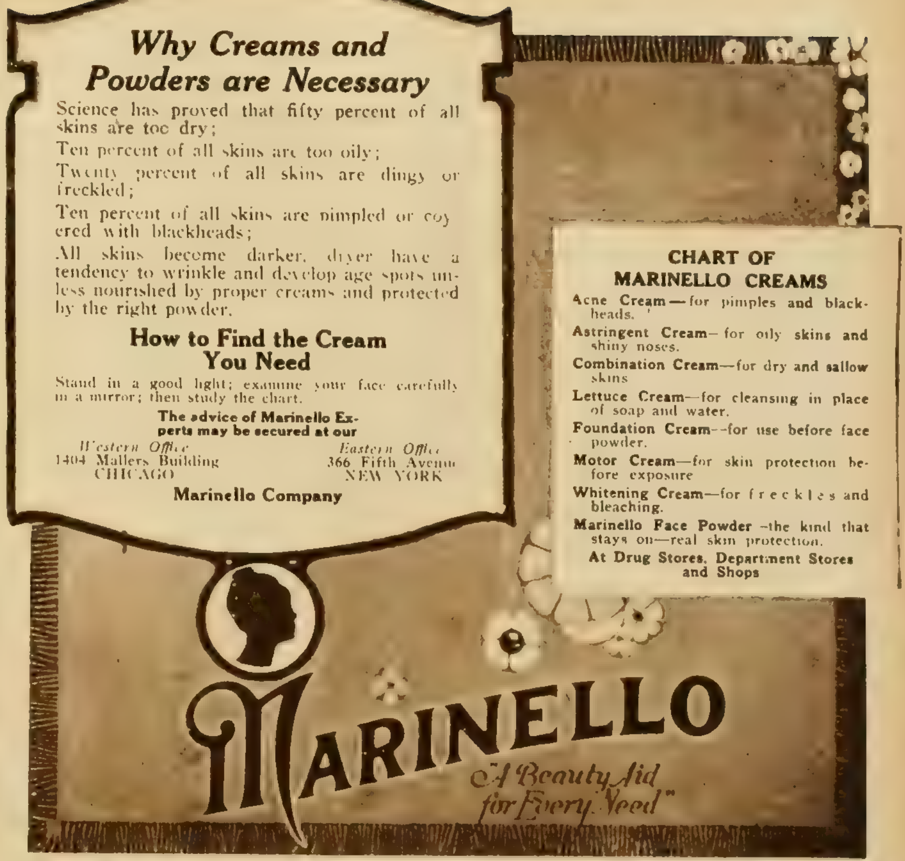
"I certainly dont believe in giving up your education just because you dont have time to go to school, do you?"

We agreed with her, but it would be hard to disagree with this magnetic young person on any point.

"But when do you find time to study?" we ventured.

"Oh, I take my books to the studio and study between scenes." (Think of trying to conjugate French verbs in the midst of the noise and bustle of a film studio!) "But that's not any worse," she added, "than trying to study with Jack in the room hurdling chairs à la Doug Fairbanks."

Jack, her small brother, was at that moment leading a parade across the lawn, composed of himself as Harold Lloyd and two playmates made up as Charlie Chaplin and "Fatty" Arbuckle.



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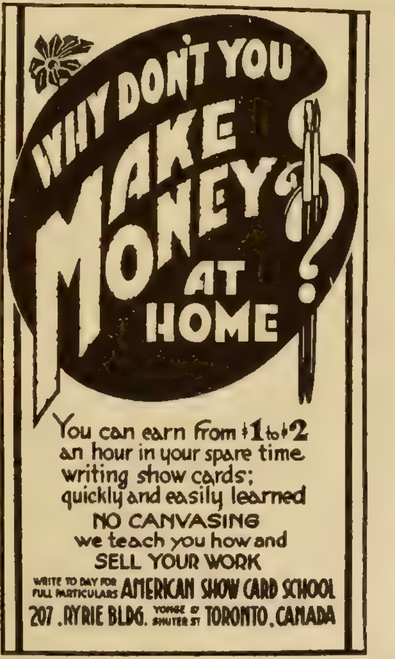

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"Jackie nearly embarrasses me to death when we go to see one of my pictures," she continued. "He gets so worked up over seeing me on the screen that he shouts so everybody can hear, 'Mother, what's sister goin' to do next?' "

"How do you make yourself cry before the camera?" we asked, hoping to learn some of the little secrets of the screen.

"Oh, that's the best thing I do," she laughed. "Just let them play some soft music on a violin, and they have to get a bucket to catch my tears. One day I sobbed so long and so hard that the camera-man got worried. I guess he thought there'd been a death in my family, or at least that I'd lost my job, because he patted me on the back and said, 'Little girl, what are you crying for?' I said, 'Nothing,' and kept right on crying. He looked at me with his face a blank, as if to say, 'Well, women are certainly Chinese puzzles.'

"Of course, it's not always easy to do what they tell you," Mildred continued. "One time I was made to walk on the edge of a roof after the director had threatened and coaxed me for about an hour. I screamed, 'I wont, I wont!' all the time I was doing it."

"Do you ever want to go on the legitimate stage?" we asked.

"No," she answered, emphatically, "unless I get too old and wrinkled to play in pictures. Then," she said, "I'll make my living dancing on the 'legit.' "

"But dont you think if you were too old for pictures, you'd also be too old to dance?" we remonstrated.

"No, indeed; I'm keeping up my dancing now for that very reason," she assured me. Imagine a nineteen-year-old slip of a girl keeping "limbered up" against approaching old age!

When we left, she walked to the front gate with us, with her arm linked in ours. Standing on the front walk was little brother's brand new one-man-power automobile in bright blue splendor, where it had been abandoned for the more interesting diversion of a Chaplin-Lloyd-Arbuckle parade. Mildred pointed to it laughingly: "Our new Stutz," she said. "Want to go for a ride?"

"Git away from our machine!" shouted young Jack, peremptorily calling the parade to a sudden halt in order to look after his property interests, and mistaking our mild interest for covetousness. "Nobody can ride in it but me and Charlie and 'Fatty'!"

You see, a film star's little brother is no different from yours and mine. And far be it from us to try to crowd "Fatty" out of any seat, so we declined with thanks and left Mildred scolding Jackie for his rudeness, just like any big sister, and not a bit like a film star—or a descendant of William Penn.

THE WILDEST WEST

FLORA—My kid brother doesn't know whether to go to Texas or Arizona to learn to be a cowboy.

FAUNA—Send him to Los Angeles. There are more cowboys in the movies than anywhere else these days.

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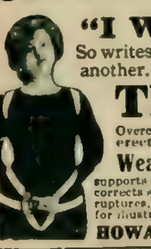

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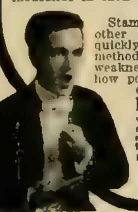

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Gossip of the Pacific Coast

(*Continued from page* 50)

matinée idol with the old Broncho company? He's back again in pictures, supporting Enid Bennett in "The Incubus." Tom happened to be the first actor who ever donned evening attire for Thomas H. Ince. He hesitates in describing the detail of that eventful day, but he *does* say that his appearance in the spick-and-span regalia caused no little consternation among the free-and-easy Western "types" which infested Inceville when cowboy and Indian thrillers were the big gag of the day and when soup-and-fish was looked upon as too élite and exclusive to ever make a hit on the screen!

And, speaking of Ince, one recalls that a coterie of New York chorus girls in William Rock's vaudeville revue which played at the Orpheum quite took the Ince studio by storm. Rock, Frances White's late partner, is an Angeleno, quite a friend of Thomas H.'s. The girls were stunning, and even the feminine stars paid considerable attention to their clothes. After wandering about the studio for some time, two of the girls became confused and could not find their party. Seeing them standing helplessly near a "set," a stage-hand volunteered the information that Rock and the rest of his entourage were just over there behind a bank of Cooper Hewitts.

Both choristers stood unimpressed, and at length, one, turning to the stage-hand, remarked, haughtily:

"Speak plainer, please. We're stage ladies and cawnt understawnd yer furrin' lingo."

That good-looking younger brother of Anita Stewart, George, is making rapid strides to stardom, having been cast to play opposite Mildred Harris Chaplin in "Old Dad." George has only been out here a few months, but already has played important parts with both William Russell and Mary Miles Minter. His "pal" at this writing is "Buster" Collier, son of the famed Willie, who has come to Los Angeles on a vacation. George is working on a "set" adjoining his sister's at the studio. Anita is filming Kathleen Norris' magazine story, "Harriet and the Piper," which includes one of the most famous casts ever assembled in a picture. Ward Crane, remembered as the vile villain of "The Luck of the Irish," is the professional devastator of virtue again, while Charles Richman is the leading man and Irving Cummings figures prominently. And Myrtle Steadman plays a vampire.

And, at the same studio, House Peters and Jane Novak are co-stars in an Alaskan tale by Curwood which Edwin Carewe is producing. Really, these Alaskan dramas made in sunny California are extraordinary. They get the snow effect by sprinkling the stage with a concoction which smells like mothballs and nearly depopulates the studio, while the sledge-dogs, which actually hailed from the

(*Continued on page* 87)

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. Deformity (describe)
..Insomnia
..Short Wind
..Flat Feet
..Stomach Disorders
..Constipation
..Biliousness
..Torpid Liver
..Indigestion
..Nervousness
..Poor Memory
..Rheumatism
..Bad Habits
..Weaknesses
..Weak Eyes
..Falling Hair
..Gastritis
..Heartweakness
..Poor Circulation
..Skin Disorders
..Despondency
..Round Shoulders
..Lung Troubles
..Increased Height
..Stoop Shoulders
..Muscular Development

NAME ....

AGE............ OCCUPATION ....

STREET ....

CITY.............................. STATE..............

A Dreamer of Dreams

(*Continued from page 47*)

wouldn't take a chance of their being laid up, even if they wanted to take the chance themselves, which very frequently they did not. He quit doubling when he was given his first part in support of Jackie Saunders. He went from Balboa to Al Christie and then became a "free-lance." He has been married for three years and has an eighteen-months-old baby girl.

"Is her hair curly?" I asked.

"Not as much so as we could wish. Her mother has beautiful hair—auburn—the baby is blonde.

"One thing I am thankful for," he said, "is that I cant imagine myself being handed a part which would be entirely outside my experience in life. I've done a little bit of every kind of work. I've been in fairly comfortable circumstances and I've been very badly up against it." His worst experience of this kind was during the influenza epidemic only a year ago.

"I was free-lancing then," he said, "and, like most actors, I used to spend everything I made as fast as I could make it. Then along came the influenza and closed all the studios. I didn't let my wife know how badly off we were. I simply suggested that she visit her mother while I spend several weeks in Los Angeles looking for some sort of engagement. Of course, there were no engagements to be had anywhere. I began to pawn things. The last to go was my dress-suit. I remember thinking, as I came out of that pawnshop, that if I did get an engagement I wouldn't have anything to wear. But the studios remained closed and I lived for three weeks on oatmeal mush without any sugar or milk to make it more palatable."

But there's no more oatmeal mush ahead of Landis.

BALLADE OF INDIFFERENCE

By CHARLOTTE BECKER

Tho Phyllis changed grave moods to gay,
  And Phœbe's smile made sorrow flee,
Tho Amaryllis' eyes of grey
  And laughing mouth were good to see;
  Tho Chloe dimpled merrily,
And Dolly's glances once were dear,
  They left my fickle heart-strings free—
What matter smiles of yesteryear?

Tho once when Gladys said me nay,
  I sighed an hour at her decree;
Tho Sybil scorned my wish to stay
  And gave no heed unto my plea;
  Tho sometimes Julia held the key
That bared my heart to hope and fear,
  For these I write no elegy—
What matter woes of yesteryear?

Tho Audrey in her blithesome way
  Would quip and jest with roguish glee,
And Alice made the dullest day
  Glow bright with wit and jollity,
  Tho Jocelyn paid hourly fee
In cleverness that I might hear,
  Tho all were charming, I agree—
What matter words of yesteryear?

Dearest, you know I'd rather be
  Discussing bread and kisses here—
Where other maids mean naught to me—
  What matter loves of yesteryear?

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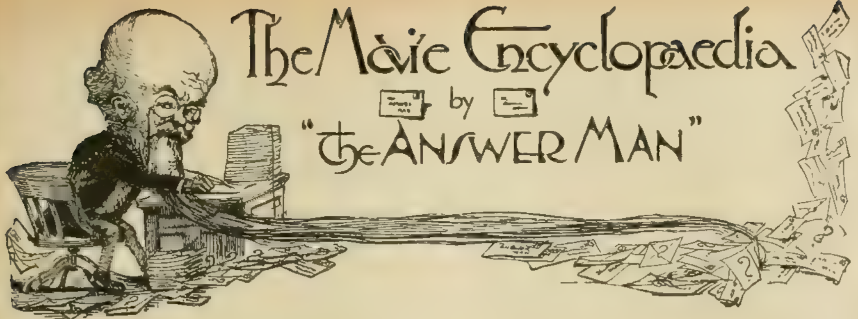

The Movie Encyclopaedia by "The Answer Man"

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

Just Agnes.—Why dont you have some good pictures taken and send them in to the Fame and Fortune Contest? There's no use talking to you, because persons in love generally resolve first and reason afterwards. Margaret Shelby is playing opposite her sister in "Jenny Be Good."

Mayove S.—Why speak of the North Pole this nice weather? Robert E. Peary, then a commander in the U. S. Navy, reached the North Pole on April 6, 1909. He survived the Arctic winters, but he could not survive ours. The U. S. Government raised him to Rear-Admiral. Is Conway Tearle married? Ha, ha, he, he, and likewise ho, ho! Yes, to Adele Rowland.

Pearl White's Double.—Yes, sure, come in any time. You say you would be willing to hide in an ashcan just to get a peep at Robert Leonard. Very well, you have my permission, but you'll have to ask Mae Murray. Yes, May Allison in "The Walk-Offs."

B. E. H.—No, Lewis J. Cody's name is not pronounced like a fish. Both at Los Angeles, Cal. I think they would. By all means enclose the quarter. You say you have named your pet kitten "Tony Lew," after Tony Moreno and Lew Cody. I'm sure the two gentlemen will feel highly honored. You dont like Tony in serials. Neither do I. He should be vamping in star dramas.

J. T. B.—Figure it out for yourself. According to "Elliott on Usury," one cent, loaned Jan. 1, A.D. 1, drawing interest at six per cent., compounded annually, on Jan. 1, 1895, would amount to $8,497,840,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000. It would take 610,070,000,000,000,000 spheres of gold the size of our earth to pay the debt.

Red Rose.—Good morning! Leave all cares behind, ye who enter here. Monte Blue is in Los Angeles now.

Toodles.—I'm listening! Yes, and one half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives—until it comes out in the divorce courts. Dot Gish is up at Mamaroneck, N. Y. It would take up too much room to print the cast of "Hearts of the World." Send a stamped, addressed envelope and I will send it to you. Mary Pickford's hair is real, and I might add, her own.

Faggaty Ann.—So you think I am a pretty good old scout. No, not *old* scout, for in spite of my 79 winters, I am still a Boy Scout. Oh, I still have my eye teeth and my wisdom teeth, and several others. King Vidor played in "The Turn in the Road" and "The Family Honor." He also produced "The Other Half" and he is now producing "The Jack Knife Man."

Little Brown-Eyed Vamp.—Once and for all, everybody join in the chorus, Richard Barthelmess is not married. You say you have "wonderful limbs and a beautiful form" in a bathing suit. Page Mack Sennett. J. Stuart Blackton produced "The House of the Tolling Bell."

F. F., Milwaukee.—A once famous city. From two to five years. Al St. John in "Trouble." He's always in trouble. Mary Miles Minter in "Jenny Be Good." "The More Excellent Way" is an old Vitagraph, but just being released with Anita Stewart.

Helen A.—Yes, so long as our hearts possess desires, our minds will foster delusions. Harry Morey was in North Carolina. Blanche Sweet in "Leona Goes a-Hunting." Robert Ellis is directing. Couldn't give you that cast here. Takes up too much room.

Alcide, Vancouver.—Yes, send it in. Mary Pickford and Harold Goodwin played in "Heart of the Hills." Universal produced "The Devil's Passkey." Please, please, do not compare my energy with that of Niagara Falls, nor with perpetual motion. They both started before I did and will not finish till centuries after I am done.

Looney.—Write it in English. Reminds me of Garibaldi, Italy's famous patriot, who once wrote a novel which was published in six languages, but never paid in any. Yes, Mary Miles Minter in "Nurse Marjorie." The expression "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush" is from Don Quixote. I'm sure she will write you.

Movie Fan.—You have Norma Talmadge's correct address. Be patient. She is a very busy little lady. Constance Binney, Realart Pictures, 469 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C. Bessie Love played in "The Midlanders."

Large.—Thanks for the fee, old chappie! Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Chaplin are not Jewish. Neither is Martha Mansfield, but Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld and Mr. Joseph Schenck are. But what difference does it make? Sure write again. Pleasant company is always accepted.

Hugh M. B., Wildsville.—Little late, but the best I could do. You can reach Irene Castle, Fort Lee, N. J. A little advice I had given to me some 70 years ago: Whenever you make an "improvement" in any direction, look out that you do not sacrifice more than it is worth, in some other matter.

Jack Holt's Fan.—Yes, it is true that Clarine Seymour died on April 25th at the Misericordia Hospital, New York City, following an operation for intestinal trouble. You will remember her in "The Idol Dancer" and on the cover of March Classic. You want to see more of Jack Holt. Ruth Roland is still on the coast, but is expected East this summer.

Kaki.—Do you know, Kaki, you are a wise little guy? He who learns what is good and embraces it, and what is bad and avoids it, is as wise as Socrates who said it, and that's you, my lad. Yes, Adele Rowland, now playing in "Irene" on Broadway, is Conway Tearle's last wife. Walter McGrail is not married. Dont believe all you hear. Constance Talmadge isn't married at this writing, and is not likely to be at the next.

Miss Curiosity.—You see our story is written from the scenario, and very often the director changes the scenes and the scenario is never corrected to conform to the scenes. William Faversham is playing in "The Man Who Lost Himself." Alice Lake is with Western Metro, Los Angeles, Cal. Howard Ralston was Jimmie.

1920
JULY
Sun Mon Tue. Wed Thu Fri Sat.
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4 5 6 7 8 9 1

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The Shamrock Girl

By FRITZI REMONT

LIKE a shuttle, weaving in and out, the fate line of Thelma Percy caused her earlier years to be spent in Ireland and America. Ireland, the birthplace of their mother, was the strongest attraction Eileen and Thelma knew. Mrs. Percy and the children were quite as well known in Dublin as New York, for the winters spent in the latter, hard at work, and the summers given over to flying trips to Erin's Isle, won them many friends in both cities.

The Percy children really never had a childhood like other kiddies, at least so Thelma relates.

"One day, mother was riding in a street-car in New York, with Eileen sitting beside her and holding me on her lap, when a gentleman moved across and begged mother to let Eileen pose for him, as he was a great artist. The next day found my sister at the studio, with mother and me looking on. And so it went on for weeks and weeks, until the time when I was barely able to lisp and trot about, when a New York theatrical manager called at the atelier and saw us. He told mother we should be stage children—and the outcome of that interview was that we both went on the stage. We really never had time for play like other children, for I soon began to pose also, and at night we were back of the footlights.

"Our lives weren't eventful; our schooling was greatly inter-

Thelma Percy, just turned sixteen, has been on the stage ever since she could barely walk. She is a Universal favorite, and is bending all her energy toward successful screen portrayals

rupted; we learnt as we could, with mother to teach and hear our lessons. I'm sorry we missed school—I often look regretfully at the girls in Hollywood, so carefree, going to high school or some finishing academy!"

Little Thelma Percy, just turned sixteen, sweet-faced, wistful—with her strong personality, the independence of her Irish forebears and the courage which one always associates with her race, looked at me very soberly. We were chatting in a quiet little office at the Universal, while from without came the sounds of neighing nags, cussing cowboys and dozens of laughing extras.

"I wouldn't regret that—you have traveled so much that you have learnt much more than most girls of your age. Reading will do the rest, dont you think so?" I comforted the ambitious little soul.

"That is what mother always said. She told us to keep our eyes open, to study people, to remember what we saw at the art galleries and museums, and to make good use of every moment spent on trains or steamers. I really am in motion pictures just to please mother, for I love the stage life best of all.

"Mother passed away four years ago. She used to pray always that I could get into pictures so that I might not have to travel about alone after she was gone. Eileen had no difficulty in getting in, but you see, I was at the age when I had outgrown childhood and was unable to take little girl parts longer, for I had grown terribly *fat!* Could anything be worse than a fat little girl of twelve?

"So after mother left us, and I was thirteen, my guardian put me into a private school back East, and I studied hard to catch up with other girls. Then, a year ago, I came here to live with Eileen, and I just simply *walked* into pictures. Mother's prayers must have made the way easy for me—I dont think mothers forget their children no matter where they are, do you?"

"And you played leads from the start, didn't you?"

"Yes, I guess it was the lucky shamrock that I always carry in my little locket which must have brought me so much good fortune—a lovely home with Eileen, new parents, the dearest little French bulldog, and all the new friends in California. Eileen's mother-and father-in-law have simply adopted me—I'm their baby, they say. We didn't have time for play when we were young, but we are all making up for it now. Eileen's home is so jolly and lively," she finished.

"But your pictures look so much older than you, how do you manage that?"

"Oh, I've tried out make-ups over and over again. The directors would suggest something, or one of the players here, and I've changed a number of times. I think in all my photographs I look at least twenty now, for I changed my hair-dressing to give me a grown-up air."

We had been talking about moods, for sundry girls strolled in to share our gos-

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siping hour. Several of them confessed to enjoying deep-dyed indigo spells. There were some who loved to irrigate the midnight pillow, others who thought it silly to weep, and so quite a discussion followed.

Thelma Percy listened interestedly. One of her charms is the sympathetic manner in which she shares one's confidences and admissions. When every one had added a personal bit, Miss Percy said, in her sweet contralto voice:

"When I am very happy, I am very quiet. When I am happiest, I cry. There is something very solemn about true happiness, I think."

We all stopped, amazed. I dont think any one had ever pigeonholed bliss in quite so original a fashion.

"Then when you are really sad, do you laugh?" It was a chorus of minds with but a single thought focused on what promised to be a contradictory mood.

"I may not laugh, but I smile. I dont like them to know when I am hurt," confessed the blonde beauty who had beguiled Sessue Hayakawa in the very first photodrama she attempted.

And the queer part of it is, that her courage doesn't extend to stunt acting. They are careful of the Shamrock Girl on the "U" lot; no daredevil riding feats or hard plunges are her share of the work. She swims, drives, plays tennis and enjoys long walks with her little dog, but she's not charmed with horsebacking.

Thelma's days are full of duties. She is not the sort of girl who would shirk any responsibility. The years of work, from the time she had her third birthday cake, have given her a serious trend of thought. At the end of each day she waits for the rushes of her picture; at night she visits motion pictures or the theater. She is studying plot construction, make-up—and most of all—*Norma Talmadge*. She even goes to old runs of Norma's plays, and has enthroned that popular star as her model actress and the screen's highest art exponent.

"The bystanders on the 'U' lot are a great help to me," broke in Thelma. "They dont bother us—oh, no. But sometimes they say things so worth while. The other day an older woman spoke to a young girl with her, and pointing to me, probably thinking I was not within earshot, said, 'How much better that little girl would look if she pushed her hair off her face.'

"I had never thought of that, but at the end of the day I tried out her idea and found she was right. In following scenes I wore my hair off the forehead, and everybody said that it looked so much improved. I think impartial observers are very helpful to the photoplayer. I'm often in receipt of very valuable advice from the fans. I dont like serials much, but they say that one becomes well known by appearing weekly, and I do know my fan letters are coming in stronger daily. I would like to do legitimate comedy."

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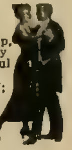

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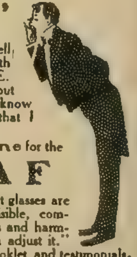

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We are quite proud of our August number of SHADOWLAND, The Magazine Beautiful, for it is replete with our best literary and artistic efforts. Among them a clever, whimsical review on current books by the inimitable Heywood Broun.

There is a beautiful playlet of reincarnation by Katherine Metcalf Roof.

The much discussed Theater Guild is brought before you in an interesting fashion by the pen of Frederick James Smith, and among the other articles of unusual interest are the "Reflections of a Gentle Cynic," by Lisa Ysaye Tarleau, and a humorous review of the theater season by Louis Raymond Reid.

SHADOWLAND
175 Duffield Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

I had been listening to Miss Percy's voice with pleasure. It's the deep, resonant contralto which one often hears in older women of the stage.

"Dont you sing, Miss Percy?"

"I sang and danced for years on the stage, but now it's just a case of singing when I have time. I want to study voice culture in a few years; as long as I'm only sixteen, I might as well let it develop a bit more, dont you think so?"

Well . . . I think a girl who has worked hard from three to sixteen ought to be free to enjoy youth, dancing, frolics . . . and if Thelma Percy is bending all her energies toward successful screen portrayals, her evenings should be work-free.

But some day, I hope she'll study singing, for she is as sure to return to the speaking stage or light opera as there are stars in a cinema heaven!

Yet the dear colleen doesn't know just how talented she is.

So the career of Thelma Percy from sixteen to twenty will be an interesting psychological study, without doubt.

IN A MOTION PICTURE SHOW

By Ted Olson

A face like yours smiled to me from the screen
One poignant, fleeting moment, and was gone.
I sank down in the seat, and all unseen
The picture changed; a new reel flickered on.

I bowed my head unheeding; thru my tears
The dim gates of the past swung wide apart;
Out of the reek and dust of lonely years
I caught your memory back into my heart.

I had forgotten you. With how much pain
I had built up a wall to bar you out;
Swearing that never could you come again
To drug my life with bitterness and doubt.

And I had won—was free—until that face
Came smiling in, laughed the gates open wide,
And brought you back, in all your old-time grace.
Your song, your youth, your beauty—and your pride.

The pride that broke my heart. And from the screen
That face like yours smiled down at me again,
And suddenly my tired heart was clean—
Purged of its weight of bitterness and pain.

After the weary years of wasted grief
So good it was to think again of you,
I banished doubt, caught back the old belief,
Forgave you, dear, and pledged my love anew.

The last reel flickered past and died. "Good-night"
Flared large upon the screen. I stumbled forth.
The rain was done; the streets were pools of light;
Between the clouds one star laughed in the north.

And in that star your smile . . . Oh, movie maid,
So much like her whom I may never see,
God grant that some day it may be repaid—
The gift you gave—dreams, and a memory.

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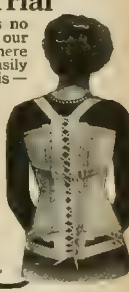

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Players of Yesteryear

(Continued from page 20)

had worked for so earnestly, and the fifteen and twenty dollars per week the star players had valued so highly. A little girl, with a mass of golden curls and eager little face reflecting each passing thought, stood in line and held out her hand for her envelope containing her weekly salary of fifteen dollars. The pride and joy on the little face was delightful to behold. A check flashed across the screen. It was the little girl's weekly salary of today, and the face of the director grew slightly pale!

How young they all had been in those days! How full of the joy of life! Obstacles were overthrown before they had really put in an appearance, and nothing had been too difficult to accomplish; with a company of one player and three directors, they were wont to produce anywhere from four to six pictures a week, and such pictures! With the audacity of youth, rushing in where angels feared to tread, they would blithely start about presenting before the public more or less authentic presentations of such plays as "Romeo and Juliet," "Rip Van Winkle," "Pickwick Papers," "Vanity Fair," "The Christian," "Thomas à Becket," "Abraham's Sacrifice," not to mention "The Love of John Ruskin" or "How Washington Crossed the Delaware," "Cardinal Wolsey" and "The Spanish Revolt of 1836." Nothing was beyond their reach! And how really greatly they had acted! Florence Turner, the first leading woman of any company, creating a sensation when her name appeared in conjunction with the name of the play, as hitherto no actor or actress had ever been mentioned by any of the film companies. And the dashing Maurice Costello, the first of the matinée idols and the most popular man in all Christendom, his homage coming from all parts of the world. And then there was the older group, the pioneer players of the silversheet, consisting of Mrs. Mary Maurice, known as the "Sweet old lady of the screen," and Van Dyke Brooke, William Shea and Charles Kent and many others who had grown to be dim shadows in the obliterating passage of time.

Many of these beloved comrades of youth's golden hours had died; many others had grown old and were scattered about the four corners of the earth. Some had disappeared completely; and some, the youngest members of the group, had now come into their own, and were world-famous.

A timid knock sounded on the door, and as a tired man stirs in his sleep, mutely protesting against disturbance, the wanderer on the Road of Memory came reluctantly back from his journey. A sigh slowly fell from his lips. He thought not upon the glory and wonder of his recent achievements, but as he rose to answer the knock and to enter again the world of realities, a suspicious brightness appeared in his eye, and his heart yearned over the gay phantom of Youth now vanishing around the Corner of the Past.

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The Last Interview

(*Continued from page* 51)

Christie forces and secured her chance with Mr. Griffith.

Miss Seymour was a firm believer in luck. "I was going down to San Diego on a motor trip with friends on the very day Mr. Griffith sent for me. In fact, I was just getting into the car when the message came. I asked my friends to drive by the Griffith studios, telling them it would only take a few minutes to see Mr. Griffith. Then, to my amazement, he signed me on the spot and had me get into make-up for my first scene. So I went out and told my friends." That is how Miss Seymour came to play in "The Girl Who Stayed at Home."

Luck again asserted itself when Mr. Griffith was filming "Scarlet Days." The rôle of the little Mexican was not in the original story at all. Mr. Griffith noted Miss Seymour standing close by, watching some of the scenes, and he said, "Do you want to play a bit in this picture?" Miss Seymour jumped at the chance, and the comedy scene, in which the fiery little native girl bumps her head against that of the goat, was devised. The episode proved so amusing that Mr. Griffith elaborated the rôle until it became the best remembered character in the photoplay.

Miss Seymour remained unaffected and girlish thru her first taste of success. Never will we forget how she said: "I want to go on working and learning for a long time yet. Then if I am worth it, I hope for stardom—like all the rest."

It wasn't to be. Yet film fans are going to keep a place in their heart of hearts for "Cutie Beautiful," who gave her all to the screen. How much that might have been we can only guess. We do know that she had won a place unique upon the silversheet.

Double Exposures

(*Continued from page* 54)

enter the ship via the grand stairway?

Do directors always introduce a New York scene with a glimpse of the metropolitan sky-line?

And where do producers find the wildly hilarious cabarets they show in their New York night-life dramas?

Gosh, we hope the overall movement doesn't hit the Mack Sennett studios!

The various magazines are selecting the prettiest girls of the screen. Here's our own particular nomination:

Harriet Hammond of the Sennett forces.

BIG MOMENTS

Bebe Daniels in "The Dancin' Fool."

Producers aren't satisfied to release the classics these days under the titles the original authors selected. Here's the

(*Continued on page* 95)

Wanted: Screen Faces for the Movies
Hundreds of All Types Needed. You May Have Perfect Screen-Features

For the first time in the history of moving pictures it is now possible for you to get consideration from the big film directors. No matter where you live, we get your photograph before the directors, many of whom are in urgent need of new "screen-faces."

Ralph Ince, famous Selznick director, says: "There are many young girls who could make good in the movies I will be very glad to take advantage of your service." Marshall Neilan, known everywhere for his work in directing Mary Pickford, says: "I am convinced that the service you render screen aspirants offers many new personalities to moving picture directors." P. A. Powers, of Universal, says: "A new crop of film stars will be needed at once to supply the insistent demand."

With the assistance of famous directors and motion picture stars we have prepared a printed guide, "The New Road to Film Fame," which tells you what to do and gives full directions.

It also contains endorsements of our service from famous people, statements from directors, portraits of celebrated stars and direct advice to you from Mollie King

This is a fascinating profession paying big salaries. Don't miss this opportunity. Send ten cents (Postage or Coin) to cover postage and wrapping this new guide. Get it at once—it may start you on the road to fame and fortune **Screen Casting Directors Service, Dept. B-4, Wilmington, Delaware.**

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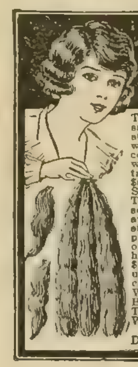
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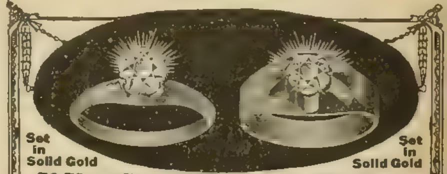
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Harold Lachman Co., 12 N. Michigan Av., Dept. B165, **Chicago**

"From Within---Without"

By LILLIAN MONTANYE

Charles Miller slumped his big form down on the leather couch in the Realart projection room and inquired, politely, if he could smoke. He also apologized for the immense smoked glasses he was wearing and for his general appearance of all-in-ness.

"Have been working steadily thirty-six hours, cutting film," he said, "and I got mad about something this morning which always makes me sick. No, it's not temperament, it's temper—just as it is when the furnace man gets mad because clinkers clog up his grates. I was not brought up to believe in temperament. It's 'The Law of the Yukon' I'm cutting, you know. My first Mayflower production for Realart."

"And what do you think of it as far as you have gone?"

Charles Miller has been "in harness" all his life. After many years in stock, he played under the management of Charles Frohman, Charles Harris, David Belasco and others. He was a very popular matinée idol at one time, and will long be remembered for his portrayal of the hero in "The Great Divide." Center, Mr. Miller and June Elvidge in an off moment up at Port Henry—while filming "The Law of the Yukon"

"Sick and tired of it. Wish I had never to hear of it again," and then he relaxed, and his face became as the face of a mother who broods over a troublesome and best loved child. Weariness forgotten, the big voice and dominant personality that made him one of the best-known characters of the speaking stage visualized for me the making of "The Law of the Yukon."

"Talk about the 'frozen North.' It was right there at Port Henry, N. Y., where we created our 'Alaskan village'; and while the blizzards worked suffering and financial loss in various

(*Continued on page* 92)

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Reel Realities

DE LUXE motion picture theaters continue to be built thruout America. Each offers its feature photoplay, its symphony orchestra, its program of smaller pictures and its incidental musical interludes. The method of better class motion picture presentation has been standardized.

So it will continue for the present. But we foresee screen theaters devoted to various kind of cinema entertainment, just as various kinds of theatrical entertainment have their differentiated audiences. There will be the smaller motion picture theater devoted to the thought photoplay, the larger house given over to the presentation of the film melodrama, possibly a home for screen comedy. One will know just the type of entertainment one is to see before one enters a theater. All this is still a fantastic bit of imagination, for the photoplay making is merely an industry—yet.

Photoplay producers are beginning to discover the advisability of aping the stage in reviving successful film plays. By *reviving* we do not mean merely re-releasing revised dramas with new captions.

Companies are purchasing screen plays from other concerns and presenting them in new form with new players. Some day we shall perhaps see "The Birth of a Nation" with a brand new cast, "The Miracle Man" re-done and "Broken Blossoms" reproduced. And, like theater old-timers, we will probably seize our cane, hobble to our feet and declare loudly that the new versions are not nearly so good as the originals—that the palmy days of the films have passed.

The theory that a screen star's average of popularity runs five years is stupid reasoning. There is no reason why players cannot grow old retaining the favor of their fans. Why not?

The photoplay is too young to point to any specific instances. Pioneers of cinema acting are still in their 'teens. Boys like Bobbie Harron can talk of the very first days of the photoplay from first-hand experiences.

The point is made that many favorites have flashed upon the screen, enjoyed their brief favor and disappeared. But there have been real reasons for each disappearance. Some of these favorites deliberately retired, some dissipated their abilities and some—let's whisper this—had no ability.

For centuries stage players have grown old while retaining their place in the affections of audiences. There are hundreds of instances. Why cannot motion picture stars do the same thing? Just as Ethel Barrymore played ingénues comparatively recently and is now portraying mature women of the world, so will Mary Pickford's art graduate and mellow. Thirty years from now Miss Pickford, Charlie Chaplin and Charlie Ray should be as popular as they are today—if they wish to be. Their rôles will be different, that's all.

Speaking of acting, the histrionic level is far in advance of ten years ago. Remember when a merely handsome hero was accepted, when any sort of fil-lem cutie passed for feminine genius? The manikin-doll days have gone.

To be sure, movie producers still seize upon every bit of feminine charm and masculine ability that asserts itself above the cinema surface. Witness the quick stardom just accorded Richard Barthelmess, Bebe Daniels and Wanda Hawley. But the ultimate fate of a star rests with the audience. More than mere photographic appeal is necessary. Fans demand acting ability these days.

The organization of motion picture publicity men—the Associated Motion Picture Advertisers—has launched a movement to interest the newspapers of the country in the publication of screen news. They reason—and reason very logically—that newspapers devote page after page to sporting gossip when, at the most, but 75 per cent. of the masculine readers are actively interested in these columns. On the other hand, most newspapers publish absolutely nothing in the way of cinema information, altho 98 per cent. of both masculine and feminine readers go to see pictures and are actively interested. Why?

It is because newspaper proprietors and editors do not comprehend the need and the demand. But it will come.

The frenzied era of the star has just ended. By this we do not mean that stars will cease to be. We do mean that the photoplay does not revolve around them as formerly.

The era of the director is here. It will probably go to the extreme of the previous star period.

The era of the author is dawning, indeed, if it has not already reached its high noon. Producers are paying up to $150,000 for stories. Thirty thousand is but an average screen price for a stage play or novel.

After these periods exhaust themselves and stars, directors and authors have retired to wealth and rest, we hope for the dawn of another era: that of the audience.

We are heartily wearied of hearing producers, stars, directors and scenarioists talking loudly and confidently of what the public wants. Too long the exhibitor has been a stone wall blocking the public on every side. The exhibitor must improve and he must take his audience into his confidence; the present powers-that-be in the film world must cease to think that the photoplay depends wholly upon them individually; and the audience must have an active voice—or we fear for the photoplay of, say, 1925.

The Motion Picture Magazine *for* August

Will supply the urgent need of a companion for the long afternoons of summer—

For the idle, languorous moments of intense heat—

For the daily siesta—

The hot nights—

For any of the periods of time in which the body is resting while the mind is wide-awake and keenly alert.

Every reader of this issue will be delighted with the interview which Adele Whitely Fletcher had with Alice Brady not so long ago. Alice has confided to Miss Fletcher her innermost thoughts upon certain interesting phases of life.

There have been so many demands for an interview with Monroe Salisbury that we had to wire our Elizabeth Peltret to see him at once. She did!

Jerome Lachenbrach has written an unusual article on the association and influence of music on the silversheet.

The gloriously vivid Doris Keane, heroine of "Romance," has been interviewed by Gladys Hall.

And the latest follower in the footsteps of the irresistible *Anatol*, Eric von Stroheim, has been pinned down to a series of unique confessions by James Fredericks.

It goes without saying that the novelizations will be the best to be had—and the photographs likewise.

The Motion Picture Magazine
175 DUFFIELD ST. BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Gossip of the Pacific Coast

(*Continued from page* 75)

region of the Yukon, puff and pant in the noonday sun and occasionally have to be cooled off in an ice-box.

Anita Stewart, on the completion of her next picture, is going to vacation for three months. Probably she'll journey to Palm Beach, Fla., for a rest, ending up in New York at dressmakers' establishments.

All the Metro stars got a thrill the other day when the daughter of a real ex-President visited them. She was Helen Taft, daughter of the famous Bill, who is herself president of Bryn Mawr College. She came in an effort to raise an endowment fund for her university and was royally entertained during her stay here. May Allison conducted her on a Cook's tour thru the studio, while Viola Dana hurriedly picked a bunch of daisies—Bryn Mawr's flower—and presented it to Miss Taft. It was Miss Taft's first glimpse of a picture studio.

It pays to be vamped! At least, it paid Rosemary Theby $250 for one day's experience with Lew Cody. There was a difficult part in the Cody story, "The Butterfly Man," which called for an experienced leading lady. Miss Theby had journeyed to the studio to see a friend. Cody was wondering whom he could get for the "ruination" experience and Rosemary said she'd play the part—which she did at the rate of $50 a kiss.

The widely read story, "The Jackknife Man," by Ellis Parker Butler, has been filmed by King Vidor.

Page a profiteer! Louise Glaum has driven 'em so successfully away from Culver City that there isn't one to be found. Reason? Overalls! By the simple expedient of making the matter of attire a civic function, Miss Glaum has thrown a bombshell into the profiteer ranks. In fact, she threw a bombshell into the community in general when she appeared at luncheon one day clad in overalls. Chief in her support of the mode were James Kirkwood, her leading man; Wesley Ruggles, her director; Joseph Kilgour, and even J. Parker Read, Jr., producer of the Glaum plays. It started quite a fad, and now Mabel Normand asserts that she's gonna wear overalls, too.

Cecil B. de Mille has given us "Something to Think About"—a new picture, different from anything he has ever done before—and also a chance, once again, to view Elliott Dexter. Dexter has been ill and off the screen for more than a year. Nobody seemed to forget him, however, for his "fan" mail deluged the studio continually at the rate of 2,000 letters a week. In the new De Mille picture no one would ever know that Elliott has been an invalid. He's as handsome as ever and the screen love he makes to Gloria Swanson is quite as ardent as of yore.

Everybody is either just going to make a trip to Europe or has just returned from Europe. Anna Q. Nilsson will bid

(*Continued on page* 96)

A Beautiful Complexion

and a soft, smooth, colorful skin can easily be had by: keeping the pores thoroughly clean and open, keeping the skin tissue well nourished and soft, keeping the skin protected from the hot sun and winds.

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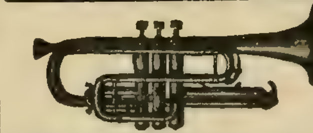

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Destroys permanently the heaviest growth on face or body, ***because it eradicates hair and root.***

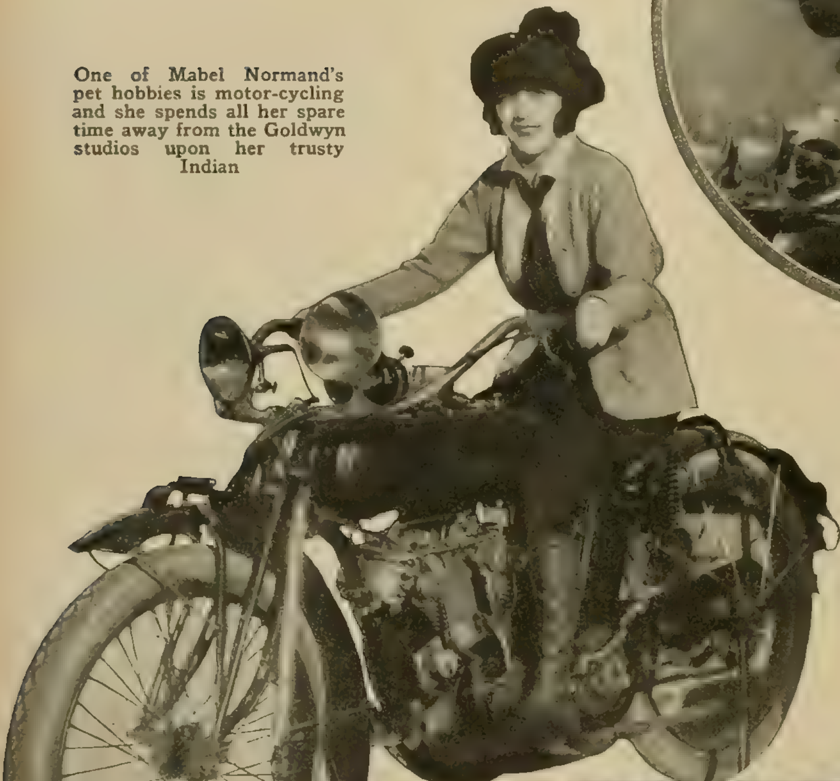
No caustics. No electricity. ZIP is the rapid, safe, painless, reliable and fragrant compound used by leading actresses, debutantes, beauty specialists.

At better class stores or direct by mail. Write for FREE Booklet. Call to have FREE Demonstration. Correspondence confidential.

MADAME BERTHE, Specialist
Dept. M 12 W. 40th St. New York

Motor-Cycle Mabel

One of Mabel Normand's pet hobbies is motor-cycling and she spends all her spare time away from the Goldwyn studios upon her trusty Indian



Stunts mean nothing in Miss Normand's life. Isn't she a graduate of film farce, where one took one's life in one's hand—as it were—every day in the week?

"The continuity of this machine is all wrong," mutters Miss Normand. "Let's give it a close-up. . . . Here's where I fade out to the book of instructions!"

Those Pretty Teeth

No Cloudy Film-Coat on Them

This is How Millions Now Get Them

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Millions of people have found the way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth. This is to urge that you accept a ten-day test. See how it changes your teeth, then decide about it by the visible results.

They fight film

Modern research shows that the cause of most tooth troubles is a viscous film. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. So brushing has left much of it intact. And night and day, on countless teeth, it may do a ceaseless damage.

It is this film-coat which discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So few escape the troubles caused by film.

The way to end it

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a way to combat film. Able authorities have proved its efficiency by clinical and laboratory tests. Now leading dentists everywhere advise it.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And this new-day tooth paste, in all ways, complies with modern dental requirements.

To make it known quickly to the millions who need it, a 10-Day Tube is being sent to everyone who asks.

Based on pepsin

The film is albuminous matter. So Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The object is to dissolve the film, then to constantly combat it.

Pepsin long seemed impossible. It must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But dental science has now found a harmless activating method. Now pepsin can be every day applied, and forced by the brush where the film goes.

It complies with all modern requirements. So in three great ways this dentifrice surpasses all the former methods. Now every family should at once find out how much this method means.

You can see them everywhere

This new method is used on millions of teeth now. Wherever you look you see the results of it. You see glistening teeth—teeth you envy, probably. And you know they are well cared for.

You can learn the way, without cost, by a simple ten-day test. And we urge you to make it now. There are few things more important.

The results are quick and apparent

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

Pepsodent needs no argument. You will see the results when you try it. And the book we send explains the reason for them.

Compare your teeth now with your teeth in ten days. The facts will be a revelation to you. Decide by those results then between the old ways and the new. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, combining two other newly-recognized essentials. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere. Druggists supply the large tubes.

10-DAY TUBE FREE 378

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 572, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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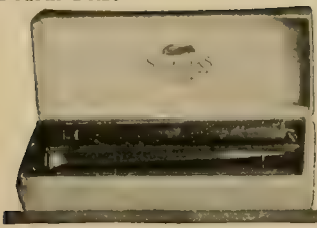
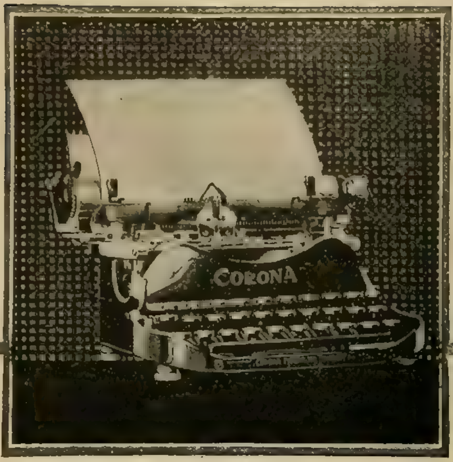
ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

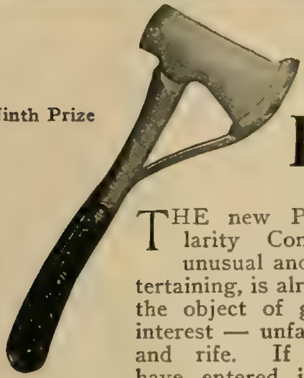


Fourth Prize

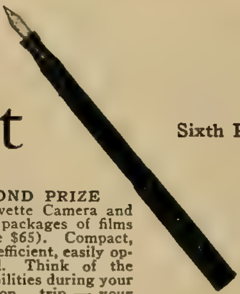


Third Prize

Second Prize



Ninth Prize



Sixth Prize

Popularity Contest Awards

THE new Popularity Contest, unusual and entertaining, is already the object of great interest — unfailing and rife. If you have entered it or have read the announcements which have appeared, and will appear, from time to time, containing the rules and regulations, you know it is actually a double contest—a contest in which both the public and players are equally interested.

The prizes depicted above and below were selected after much careful thought and attention and each one is destined to make some one happier, from the beautiful Crescent phonograph which suggests a twilight hour with the gems musical genii have given to the world, to the Marble nickel-plated axe which brings to mind a jolly time in some invitingly green woodland.

Perhaps you have not yet decided to enter the contest—if not do so *now.* Dont lose an opportunity of enjoying the unique entertainment it affords or of capturing one of the lovely and useful awards.

FIRST PRIZE

Crescent Phonograph, piano mahogany finish (value $160). Plays all makes of disc records: Victor, Columbia, Pathe, Edison, Emerson, etc., without the use of extra attachments or intricate adjustments; a simple turn of the sound-box is all that is necessary in changing from a lateral cut record to playing a hill and dale cut record.

A Crescent owner can enjoy a repertoire of the greatest opera singers, popular songs, dance music or anything that is turned out of the disc record. The tone of the Crescent is full, round, deep and mellow. It has a large compartment for records.

First Prize

SECOND PRIZE

Movette Camera and three packages of films (value $65). Compact, light, efficient, easily operated. Think of the possibilities during your vacation trip — your canoe trip—in pictures —pictures of your family or friends—living pictures that you can project at any time in your home. A priceless record of your life.

THIRD PRIZE

Corona Typewriter with case (value $50); an all-round portable typewriter, light enough and small enough to be carried anywhere, and strong enough to stand any possible condition of travel. It is trim and symmetrical and does not give one's study the atmosphere of a business office. Fold it up and take it with you anywhere.

FOURTH PRIZE

Sheaffer "Giftie" Combination Set, consisting of a Sheaffer Fountain Pen and a Sheaffer Sharp-Point Pencil, in a handsome plush-lined box. Gold filled, warranted twenty years. Cannot blot or leak. A beautiful and perfect writing instrument.

FIFTH PRIZE

Bristol steel Casting Rod agate guide, cork grip, strong and durable. Packed in linen case. Can be easily put in traveling bag.

SIXTH PRIZE

Loughlin Safety Self-Filling Fountain Pen. No extensions to remember, no locks to forget.

SEVENTH PRIZE

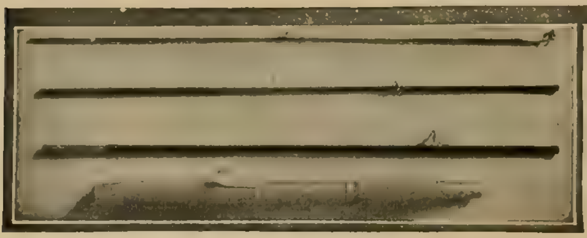
Star Vibrator, handsomely finished in nickel plate with three attachments. Alternating current. Excellent for massage. Use it in your own home.

EIGHTH PRIZE

Same as Seventh Prize.

NINTH PRIZE

Marble nickel-plated pocket axe of tool steel, carefully tempered and sharpened. Indispensable in camp or woods.



Fifth Prize

Seventh and Eighth Prizes

Delicious
ADAMS
California Fruit
Gum
A CHICLE A
Tutti Frutti Flavor

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CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

Man alive—
Listen!

You can smoke Camels till the cows come home without tiring your taste!

CAMELS bring to you every joy you ever looked for in a cigarette! They are so new to your taste, so delightful in their mellow mildness and flavor, and so refreshing, you will marvel that so much enjoyment could be put into a cigarette!

To the most fastidious smoker, *Camels are a revelation!*

Camels quality is as unusual as Camels expert blend of choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos which *you will prefer to either kind of tobacco smoked straight!* No matter how liberally you smoke, Camels never will tire your taste!

You will marvel at Camels smooth "body" And, your delight will also be keen when you realize Camels leave no unpleasant cigaretty aftertaste nor unpleasant cigaretty odor!

For your own personal proof, compare Camels with any cigarette in the world at any price.

Camels are sold everywhere in scientifically sealed packages of 20 cigarettes for 20 cents; or ten packages (200 cigarettes) in a glassine-paper-covered carton. We strongly recommend this carton for home or office supply or when you travel.

Camel
CIGARETTES

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Greatest of All Popularity Contests

Unique Competition in Which the Voters Share in the Prizes

WHO IS THE ONE GREAT STAR OF THE SCREEN?

Is it CHARLIE CHAPLIN or ELSIE FERGUSON?

Is it RICHARD BARTHELMESS or WILLIAM S. HART?

Concerning this matter there is great difference of opinion. Every fan, in fact, has his own idol. The Wall street broker swears by MARY PICKFORD; his wife thinks TOM MIX is the best actor the cinema has produced; the office boy has a "crush" on THEDA BARA and the stenographer collects photographs of DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.

What do you think? If you had a vote would you give it to NAZIMOVA or to LILLIAN GISH? Would you vote for a man or a woman or for little BEN ALEXANDER?

SHADOWLAND, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC—the three great magazines of the Motion Picture world—have decided to refer this question to their readers by taking a popular, world-wide vote. In regard to matters concerning the stage and theater their audience is the most intelligent and discerning; the most wide awake and well informed in the world today. If any picture patrons can pick out the leading star, it will be those who read SHADOWLAND, the MAGAZINE and CLASSIC.

The coupons will show you how to enter your own name and the name of your favorite player. But you may vote on an ordinary sheet of paper in Class Number 2 provided you make the ballot the same size and follow the wording of this coupon. We prefer the printed coupons for uniformity and convenience in counting.

There will be prizes for voters and prizes for stars.

Votes registered in Class Number 1 will probably be cast by favor. Votes registered in Class Number 2 will call for a wide knowledge of the Motion Picture business, keen powers of perception and skill at detecting the trend of popular favor. You cannot guess the winner offhand.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. The contest began on December 1, 1919, and will close on September 30, 1920.
2. There will be ten ballots as follows:

December	1919	ballot
January	1920	ballot
February	1920	ballot
March	1920	ballot
April	1920	ballot
May	1920	ballot
June	1920	ballot
July	1920	ballot
August	1920	ballot
September	1920	ballot

3. The result of each month's ballot will be published in each one of our magazines the second month following such ballot.
4. No votes will be received prior to the opening date or after the date of closing.
5. Each person entering the contest and observing the rules thereof shall have the privilege of voting once in each class, each month, for each one of our magazines. You may send us one vote in each class for SHADOWLAND every month, and the same for MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and yet again the same for CLASSIC. Thus, you will have three votes in Class No. 1 each month, and three votes in Class No. 2 each month.

Class Number 1

SHADOWLAND, MAGAZINE and CLASSIC:
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I consider ....
the most popular player in the entire field of Motion Pictures.

Name..

Street..

City..

State..

Country..

(Dated)....................

Class Number 2

SHADOWLAND, MAGAZINE and CLASSIC:
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I believe that ....
will win the Big Three Popularity Contest with .... votes.

Name..

Street..

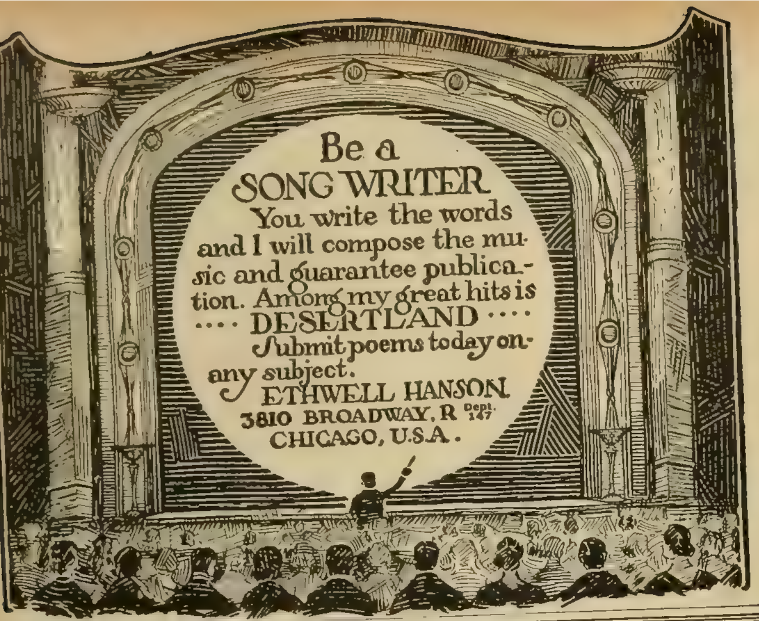
City..

State..

Country..

(Dated)....................

Remember! This is the greatest player contest in history.


Be a
SONG WRITER
You write the words and I will compose the music and guarantee publication. Among my great hits is
.... DESERTLAND ....
Submit poems today on any subject.
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JUST OUT

What's What in America

By EUGENE V. BREWSTER
Editor-in-Chief of
MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC
and SHADOWLAND

¶ Includes chapters on Christian Science, Osteopathy, Dreams, Phrenology, Stage Tricks and Occultism, and a section on Strikes, Profiteering, and the High Cost of Living. Cloth bound, 230 pages, mailed prepaid to any address on receipt of $1.25.

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC.
175 DUFFIELD ST. BROOKLYN, N. Y.

You Have a Beautiful Face
BUT YOUR NOSE?

IN this day and age attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. PERMIT NO ONE TO SEE YOU LOOKING OTHERWISE; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new nose-shaper "Trados" (Model 24) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct Ill-Shaped Noses without cost if not satisfactory.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist, 1039 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

"From Within—Without"!

(*Continued from page* 84)

cities they were certainly of incalculable value to us in obtaining the Yukon effects we wanted for our picture. We left orders to be called when a storm broke at night and every one would tumble out with enthusiasm, and what wonderful shots of driving storms we did get! Our village was snowed under at one time and we had considerable trouble with the lights. We were up there three months—seventy of us, most of the time in Port Henry's solitary hotel. It is usually a fact that such an experience tries the nerves to the breaking point. But we didn't have a bit of trouble. We were just a big happy family and got along much better than most families!

"And the townspeople — they were more interested in us than we were in ourselves. They entertained us in their homes and clubs. They extended us every assistance and coöperation and when we left, the Chamber of Commerce sent us a letter telling us how pleasant an experience it had been to have us there. I found many types among the natives, too, for the extras I needed in the picture. I used them in the courtroom scenes and in the many dance-hall scenes. They made exactly the right atmosphere, and they didn't act all over the place either!

"The story, you know, is based for a theme on those lines of Robert W. Service's immortal poem:—

"This is the Law of the Yukon, that only the
strong shall thrive;
That surely the weak shall perish, and only
the fit survive.
Dissolute, damned and despairful, crippled and
palsied and slain,
This is the Will of the Yukon—Lord, how she
makes it plain!"

"It's a powerful story," said Charles Miller, reflectively, "and, thanks to our wonderful camera men and the coöperation of our splendid company, I dont think anything just like it has ever been caught for the camera before."

Charles Miller has been "in harness," as he expresses it, all his life. He began his career in stock, continuing for many years, playing every rôle from comedy and character parts to leads, and was (altho he did not tell me) one of the popular matinée idols of his day. After his stock experience, he played under the management of Charles Frohman, Charles Harris, David Belasco and other big managers. He is singularly reticent about speaking of his success on the speaking stage, but did admit that "The Great Divide," in which he was starred, was his favorite of all the plays in which he appeared. Following his acting experience he became a stage director of note, having directed many of our best-known stage artists.

Five years ago, he entered the motion picture field. The first year he acted in pictures, playing a part in "Civilization" and one or two other pictures. "Not that I wanted to be a screen actor," he said, "I wanted to direct; but how could I direct pictures until I had first acted in them?"

"Are you one who thinks that previous stage experience is necessary in order to do your best work for the camera—both in acting and directing?"

"That is a broad question," he smiled. "There are directors who have made a success of pictures who never directed a stage play. Generally speaking, I will say that to succeed on the screen, one should have stage experience—whether acting or directing. Not that this experience is vital, but the artist of the speaking stage has poise, self-confidence and brings to the screen the art and understanding bred of an intimate knowledge of the technique of acting. Of course, there are a number of successful screen stars who never were on the stage—but they had a great deal to learn and a harder road to travel to success than their brethren who stepped from the stage to the screen. And it's the same with directing. There are directors who have made a success of pictures who never directed a stage play. But—usually, it has been a pictorial success rather than a dramatic success.

"Theories? No—I have none. You know how it is with bringing up a family. Before you have any, you have all kinds of theories. But after you get one, you just worry along as best you can and the theories—well, you find out how little *theory* amounts to. It's doing that counts. There is one thing, tho, that has gone with me since I went into the theatrical business. It's the one thought I have worked with: 'From *within, without*.' If it's in, it will come out—do you see? When I was on the stage, I had always that thought in mind and tried to work out of myself what was within. In directing, I do the same. And if I can get no response from the actor, I know there is nothing within.

"That is why I am so insistent upon rehearsals. On the speaking stage, the carefully trained and modulated voice has more to do with success than many, not in the profession, realize. But in pictures the voice is out of it and that's where art comes in. The expression of one's face, the eyes, the smile, the use of the hands, one's very walk before the camera must be studied for effect. There are no sound effects, nothing off stage to help along the action. The artist must put it over. And there's such temptation to overact! And so, I rehearse my players over and over, making them speak regular lines too—until they forget they are 'acting' and go thru the scene naturally. My people always know the story thoroly and I encourage them to use their intelligence and make any suggestions that may occur to them as we go along. I never follow a story in cut-and-dried fashion—it's the little bits of spontaneity that add heart interest and often make a corking picture out of a mediocre story.

"Motion pictures have such infinite possibilities. They are going to do what the stage *might* do but *cant* do—they

(*Continued on page* 95)

June Mornings

Bubble grains on berries

Mix these airy, flimsy bubbles in every dish of berries. Use Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs. The blend is delightful. It adds what crust adds to a shortcake.

At breakfast, also, serve with cream and sugar—any of these fragile, fascinating grains.

June Evenings

Whole wheat steam exploded

For suppers, float Puffed Wheat in milk. That means whole wheat with every food cell blasted. The grains are puffed to eight times normal size.

They seem like tidbits, but every flaky globule is a grain of wheat made easy to digest.

June Afternoons

Airy, nut-like confections

For hungry children, crisp and douse with melted butter. Then Puffed Grains become nut-like confections, to be eaten like peanuts or popcorn.

Use also like nut-meats as a garnish on ice cream. Use as wafers in your soups.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice** **Corn Puffs**

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

3369

The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page* 49)

couple to keep their marriage a secret from an irascible father, anxious friends and all sorts of other human "complications." Nobody stands out in the farce. Matt Moore and Marjorie Daw play the newly married couple.

If we may judge by the early "Edgar" stories of Booth Tarkington, these short Goldwyn releases are going to be genuinely delightful. "Edgar's Hamlet," for instance, is a decidedly amusing presentation of the youthful Edgar's efforts to produce the Bard's tragedy in the family barn. Tarkington knows youth and enough of Tarkington gets to the screen in these film stories to lift them into the unusual. E. Mason Hopper is directing them very competently.

"A Fool and His Money," (Selznick), is based upon a George Barr McCutcheon romance—one of those things that are a thousand miles from real life. A successful American novelist buys an Austrian castle and forthwith discovers a persecuted American girl living in a deserted wing of the structure. Certain mild adventures launch themselves at once. Eugene O'Brien's whimsical left eyebrow is just as whimsical as ever in this cinema effort. Rubye de Remer is much better as the heroine, to our unsophisticated way of thinking. By adroit camera work, Robert Ellis attains some effects of seemingly limitless baronial castle halls.

Norma Talmadge's most recent vehicle, "The Woman Gives," (First National), is no better or no worse than her recent vehicles. Indeed, they are all bloodless. We understand that an imperial ukase in the Talmadge fold requires highly emotional rôles, stories in which the heroine is absolutely untarnished in thought and action. No wonder Miss Talmadge's vehicles are weak dramas. How can one be emotional about nothing? In "The Woman Gives" she plays a sweet, guileless art model who loves and is beloved by a struggling painter. She chances the loss of this love—the young chap is very jealous—in order to befriend and help a genius who has slipped to the depths thru his wife's infidelity. Then she returns to the man of her heart and to happiness.

The story reveals no signs of life anywhere. Miss Talmadge photographs as charmingly as ever—but that is about all one can say. There is no plot development and no characterization anywhere. Neither Edmund Lowe nor John Holliday awaken any interest as the lover and the derelict genius.

Nazimova is always vivid enough to lend a certain interest to any screen play. Thus "The Heart of a Child," (Metro), has a measure of appeal. But the whole thing will be quickly forgotten. She plays a little cockney gutter child of the London slums who attracts the eye and love of an English nobleman. Thru his aid she attains stage success and eventually marries her benefactor. The old Cinderella tale is still popular, isn't it?

We are still waiting for Nazimova to equal her unforgettable "Revelation." We can easily understand why she has not. She needs a strong restraining hand—a producer or director with courage and will enough to apply her genius in the right sort of stories. At present she is running rampant.

Geraldine Farrar, being a most popular operatic Carmen, must needs go on playing fiery Spanish cigaret girls in the films. In "The Woman and the Puppet," (Goldwyn), she flirts with a conceited fop who is adulated by less desirous señoritas, taunts him and snaps her fingers in his face until, enraged, he develops into a caveman. Then he slaps her face—and no mild slaps are they—until the tears come. After which she willingly gives him her lips. We must admit that the audience which observed "The Woman and the Puppet" with us laughed outright at Lou-Tellegen as the lover. It has no sympathy for the sickly sentimentalist who was willing to literally—as well as figuratively—kiss the señorita's feet. To our mind, "The Woman and the Puppet" is weak screen stuff.

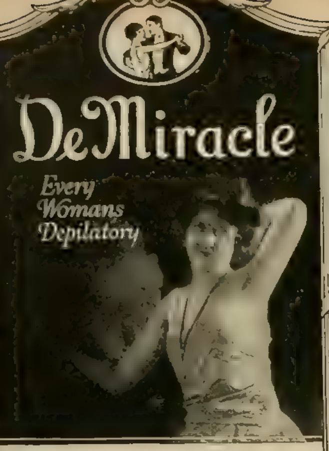
Scenarioists seem to be fascinated by the idea that the ocean bottom is studded with treasure as a result of U-boat activities in the recent war. "Below the Surface" and "Terror Island," (both Paramounts), revolve around the identical idea.

The first concerns the machinations of a scoundrel and his paramour, who plot to win over a daring young diver that they may use him to recover some of this lost treasure. The diver retains his faith in the adventuress even after her mysterious death in a steamship disaster. But, after he looks thru a porthole of the sunken vessel and sees the woman dead in the arms of the villain, he realizes all, and after the proper period of brain fever, comes back to the village maid who has loved him all along. She is a young woman who was foolish enough to pin her faith in pies rather than rouge.

We call "Below the Surface" unpleasant stuff. That is, unpleasant without any real reason for existing; *i.e.*, pointing a cinema moral.

"Terror Island" exploits Houdini. It is a five-reel drama done with that deep insight into life displayed by a constructor of serial thrills. In other words, it is a series of palpably absurd incidents intended to be ultra-startling. It isn't.

Bert Lytell does not equal his splendid work in "The Right of Way" with his portrayal of the reformed safe opener in "Alias Jimmy Valentine," (Metro). Of course, you remember the stage Valentine, whose nerves were attuned so sensitively that he could open any safe by sandpapering his fingertips and running them over the vault knobs. Lytell, who is steadily advancing, makes a highly likable Jimmy and Vola Vale is a pleasant



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The Perfect Hair Remover

WHEN you use DeMiracle there is no mussy mixture to apply or wash off. Therefore it is the nicest, cleanliest and easiest way to remove hair. It is ready for instant use and is the most economical because there is no waste. Simply wet the hair with this nice, original sanitary liquid and it is gone.

You are not experimenting with a new and untried depilatory when you use DeMiracle, because it has been in use for over 20 years, and is the only depilatory that has ever been endorsed by eminent Physicians, Surgeons, Dermatologists, Medical Journals and Prominent Magazines.

Use DeMiracle just once for removing hair from face, neck, arms, underarms or limbs, and if you are not convinced that it is the perfect hair remover return it to us with the DeMiracle Guarantee and we will refund your money. Write for free book.

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At all toilet counters or direct from us, in plain wrapper, on receipt of 63c, $1.04 or $2.08, which includes War Tax.

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You Write the Words for a Song and I'll write the Music!

YOU, yes, you, write the words for a song and submit to me. If I find the subject or idea suitable for use in a song, will agree to give your poem a musical setting and have the complete song printed according to the plan of the

Metropolitan Studios

You Can Succeed—make no mistake about that! You may be interested in knowing that I received my musical education at the Moscow Royal Conservatory of Music, Moscow, Russia, and later became the royal court pianist. I have appeared in concerts in all the leading cities of Europe and this country. Among my greatest song successes are:—"If I were a Rose," of which a million copies have been sold, and the national hymn, "America, My Country."

Do not let another day go by without submitting a poem to me. Who knows—you may be the song writer of tomorrow.

Address me as follows:
Edouard Hesselberg
METROPOLITAN STUDIOS
914 S. Michigan Ave., Suite 138 Chicago, Ill.

Peggy Says—
(In the N. Y. American)
"Decidedly the Most Wonderful Nail Polish I have ever used."

Classé Supérieur Nail Enamel

Velvety; quick; lasting; brilliant; just a tint of color; delightfully faint parfum. The very latest thing in nail polish.

G. C. Woolley Company
Importers
524 E. 20th St. New York

Regular size 60c.

If your dealer is unable to supply you, send 20c for Petite size with his name and address.

GIFTS THAT LAST

FOREVER—AND A DAY

Summer clouds in an azure sky rest awhile and float away. The summer moon gleams only 'til the dawn is born again. Summer blossoms blow today and bow their heads tomorrow. But "Gifts that Last," like the love they betoken, endure forever.

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enough reason for the reformation. Wilton Taylor is excellent as the hard-boiled detective who finally relents. Why the prison stripes of ten or so years ago when the feminine styles are plainly of 1920?

We admit rather liking Irene Castle in "The Amateur Wife," (Paramount). This we attribute to Miss Castle, for the theme is that ancient one of the unappreciated wife who blossoms forth from an ugly duckling into a swan and awakens her hubby's slumbering affections. Some sordid melodrama has been dragged in to brace up the trite tale. Mrs. Castle isn't emotionally compelling, but she lends a certain pleasant personality to a part of the proceedings. Whether or not you like "The Amateur Wife" will depend upon whether or not you like the star. W. T. Carleton is the husband. We detect a certain Dick Barthelmess quality in Arthur Rankin, who appears briefly in a fearful rôle.

"My Lady's Garter," (Paramount), a Maurice Tourneur production of the late Jacques Futrelle's mystery story, long held awaiting release, is unreal stuff, with a hero who appears for nearly five reels to be a master crook but who develops to be a great detective. The detectives in this affair are as dense as the heavy-footed gentry who have been trailing the eminent Mr. Nicky Arnstein, Esq.

"From Within—Without"

(*Continued from page* 93)

are going to teach the great masses of people. They are going to bring the best of everything within reach of these people. That's why I'm glad that so many of our great stage artists are coming to the screen. And the screen is becoming our greatest educational factor. Strange, isn't it?" he mused, "when we remember that in some communities only a few years ago picture houses were not considered respectable. And now, the very churches are installing projection machines and giving over one or more services a week for the showing of motion pictures—and they are installed in our colleges for the purpose of teaching different subjects—great, isn't it, and a glorious monument to the determination and courage of the few men who saw the vision and followed it?"

Double Exposures

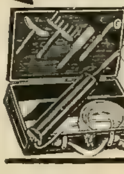
(*Continued from page* 83)

way we'd rename 'em:

"Peter Pan"—"Up in Peter's Tree."
"Othello"—"The Black Barrier."
"Romeo and Juliet"—"Passion."
"Vanity Fair"—"The Lady of Lure."
"As You Like It"—"The Forest Virgin."

It's easy, when you know how.

Why is it that motion picture magnates never merely *travel* across country? Why must they always "rush" or "dash?"



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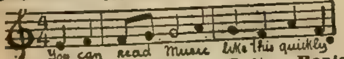

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Gossip of the Pacific Coast

(*Continued from page* 87)

us farewell for several months when she leaves New York in June for her native Sweden. Miss Nilsson has not seen her parents in nearly a dozen years, due to the war and everything, and, as soon as she finishes playing opposite Hobart Bosworth in "Bucko McAlister," she's going to skip to New York. When Anna Q. came to America she did so with the intention of becoming a school-teacher. But Fate, however, cast her as Penrhyn Stanlaws' model, and an offer of forty dollars a week persuaded her to join a company of Kalem players. In Sweden she'll be considerably fêted, inasmuch as she is the only one of her countrywomen who has ever registered a decided success on the English "speaking" stage or screen, and while abroad she will make two pictures at a reputed salary of $40,000 a production.

And a letter received from piquant Tsuru Aoki informs me that she is sojourning happily in her native Japan. She left Los Angeles immediately after completing her Universal contract. Sessue Hayakawa, her husband, was to have accompanied her, but a new contract interfered and Miss Aoki left, accompanied only by her maid. She stopped off for a week in Honolulu, enjoyed its attractions and at length proceeded to Yokohama, her home. Her uncle there, Iso Kawikami, is a theatrical producer. He tried to induce Miss Aoki to sign with his company, but she declined, inasmuch as she is to be back in Hollywood by October to start work under a new, fat contract.

Pauline Frederick has left Goldwyn. She has definitely broken into the field of the independent producers, even selecting her own stories and directing herself.

There is a move on foot in Hollywood to start a tennis club exclusively for motion picture celebrities. It is being made by Shirley Mason, who is a tennis enthusiast herself, and who has offered the spacious courts at her new home to the charter members of the organization. These include Viola Dana, her sister, Bernard Durning, Ward Crane, Alice Lake, Anna Q. Nilsson, Buster Keaton, (who, by the way, is Metro's new comedy star), Rex Ingraham and Lottie Pickford. Shirley's plan is eventually to have the film folk erect a handsome club-house in Hollywood and restrict its guest privileges exclusively to those "in the profession"—sort of place, you know, where the film famous can go without being stared at.

A premonition that her former fiancé, who had been reported killed in the war, would return to her, came true recently when Sylvia Breamer greeted Lieut. F. C. Lewis, of the army intelligence corps, upon his arrival in Los Angeles. The officer was gassed in action and believed killed. Not long ago Miss Breamer had a dream which told her he would come back to her. Three weeks later he appeared. Miss Breamer journeyed West to play the title rôle in "Athalie," and, having finished, is working in a picture for Mayflower.

Priscilla Dean got arrested shortly after the new no-auto-parking ordinance went into effect in town. Under the new law it seems that you cant park your car in the downtown district more than two minutes. Priscilla went into a theater to see herself in "The Virgin of Stamboul," and when she went to start her car she found it tagged. No, it wasn't a surprise to her, inasmuch as it was prearranged by her press agent for a front-page newspaper story.

And the marriages! Of course, now that Mrs. Mary Preston Dean, mother of the sparkling Priscilla, has announced it formally, the marriage of Miss Dean to Wheeler Oakman, her leading man in "The Virgin of Stamboul," has ceased to be an item of local gossip. But Priscilla isn't by any means the only film star to commit matrimony. Betty Blythe suddenly issued invitations to her wedding to Paul Scardon, who has been brought West by Goldwyn to direct the Arnold Bennett photoplay, "Milestones." The wedding was solemnized quietly at the Church of the Angels in Garvanza, with less than a hundred close friends of the bride and groom being present. Miss Blythe, since she came to Los Angeles to assume the lead in "The Silver Horde," has been one of the reigning favorites at the studios. She only recently finished the lead opposite Lew Cody in "The Mischief Man" and at present writing is starring in "Nomads of the North," another James Oliver Curwood story, for First National Exhibitors' Circuit. She has, in addition, signed a contract with Fox to play the title rôle in a spectacular production of "The Queen of Sheba." Her marriage, she asserts, will in no way tend toward her retirement from the screen.

Another marriage which surprised everybody was that of Jack Perrin, Universal serial star, and petite Josephine Hill, for some time a comedy star with the "U" and later the little wife in Metro's "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath."

Easterners are journeying West to work before the camera. Wyndham Standing and his wife are nicely domiciled at an Ocean Park hotel, while Raymond McKee has journeyed from New York to again play opposite Shirley Mason at Fox. McKee played Shirley's lead several years ago in a series of her early pictures at Edison and the meeting of the two on the lot was something like the reunion of brother and sister.

Monroe Salisbury, that prime emotional star, who severed connections some time ago with Universal, is back on the screen as the star of his own productions. His company is working at Brunton's on a spectacular magazine story which Metro wanted to produce, but didn't, and Salisbury has stated to me that he intends giving every member of his cast quite as much opportunity in the story as he himself will have.

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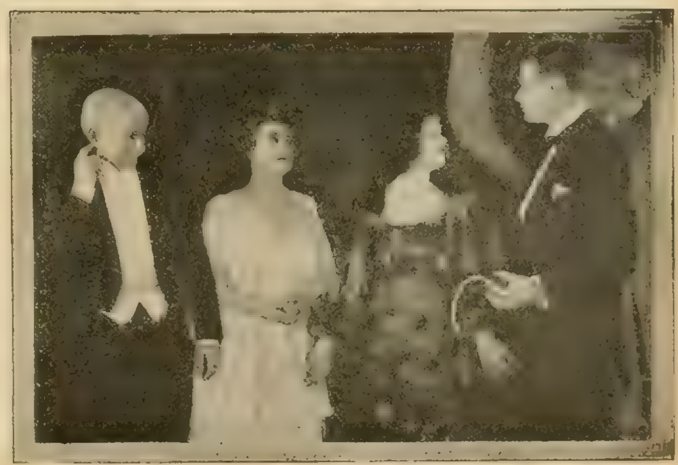
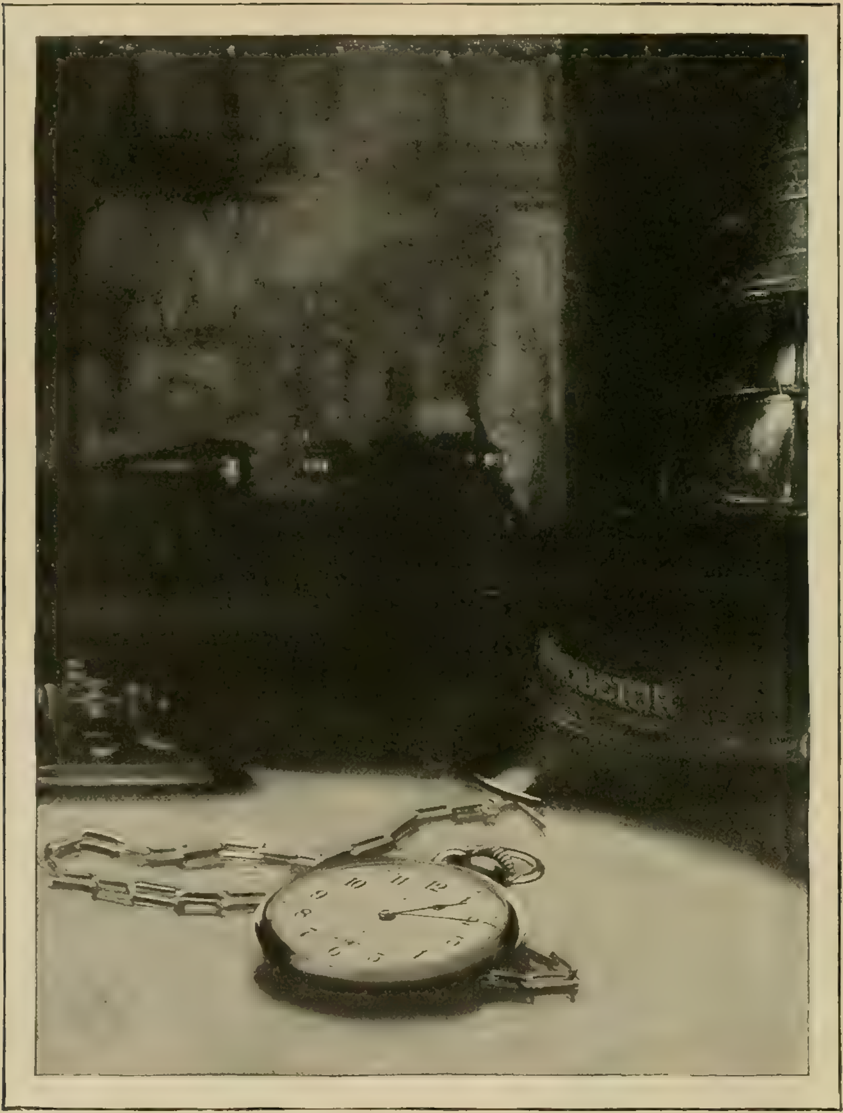


Did she flirt? Well, she wasn't disguised—just natural. What do you think?



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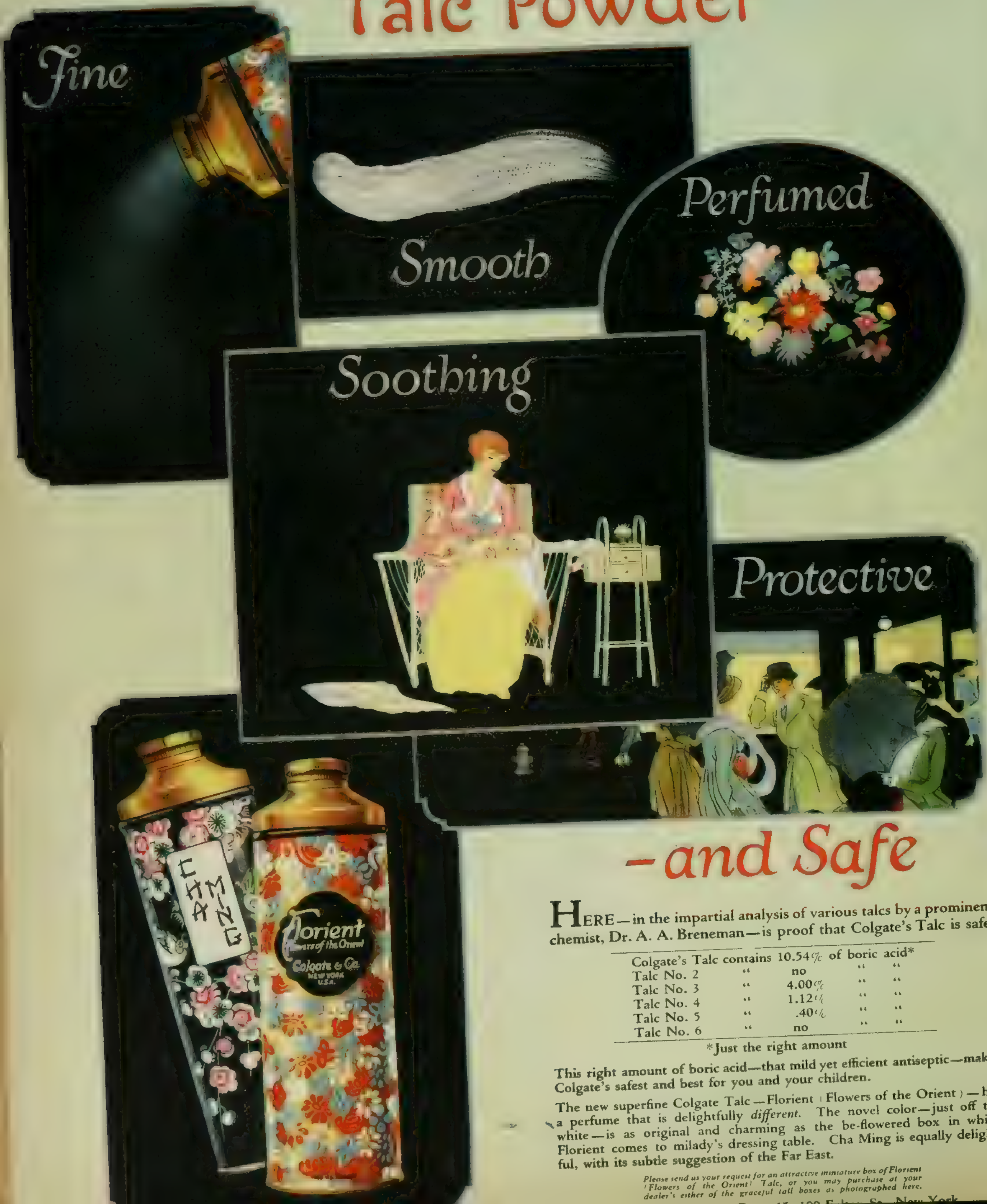
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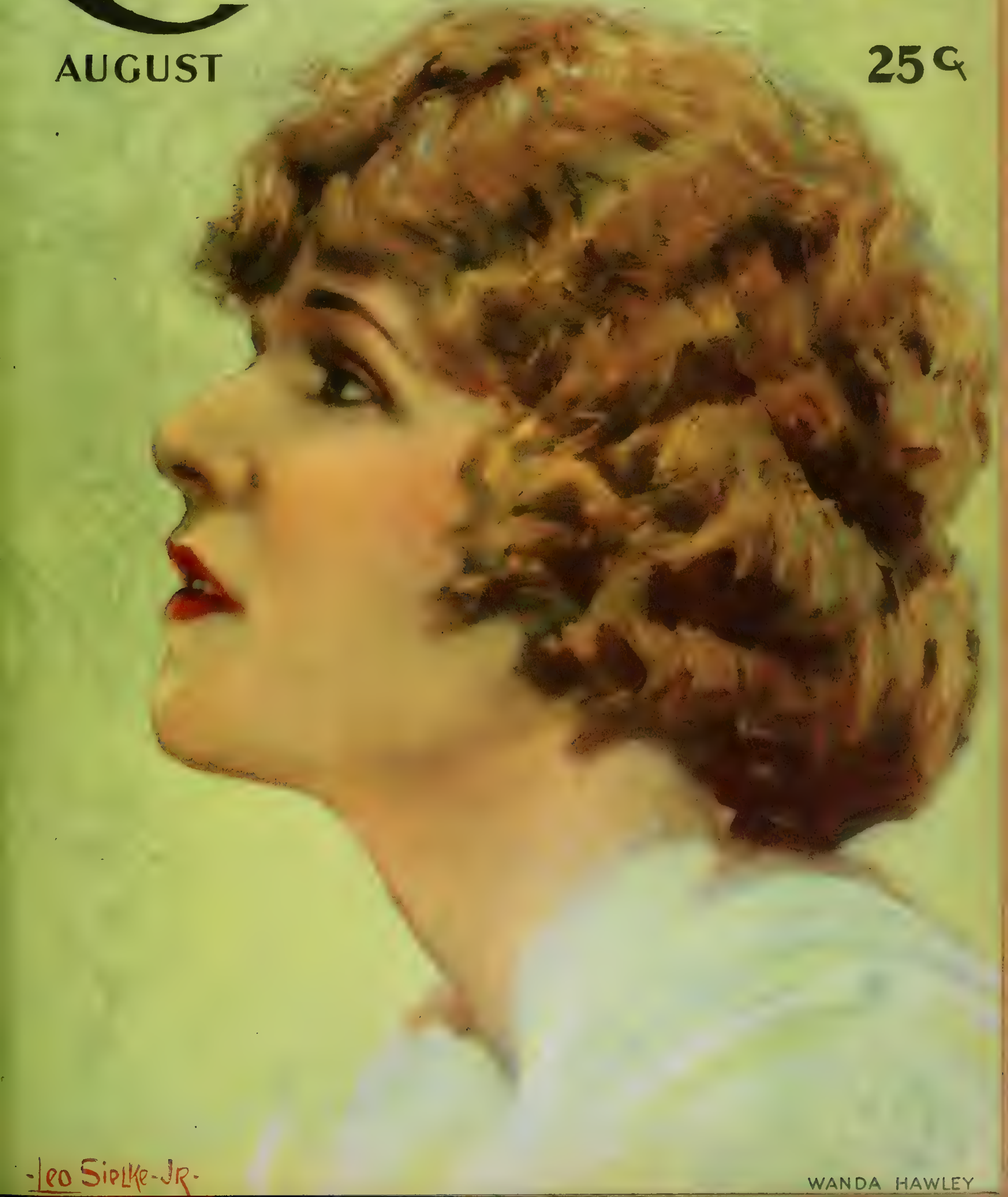
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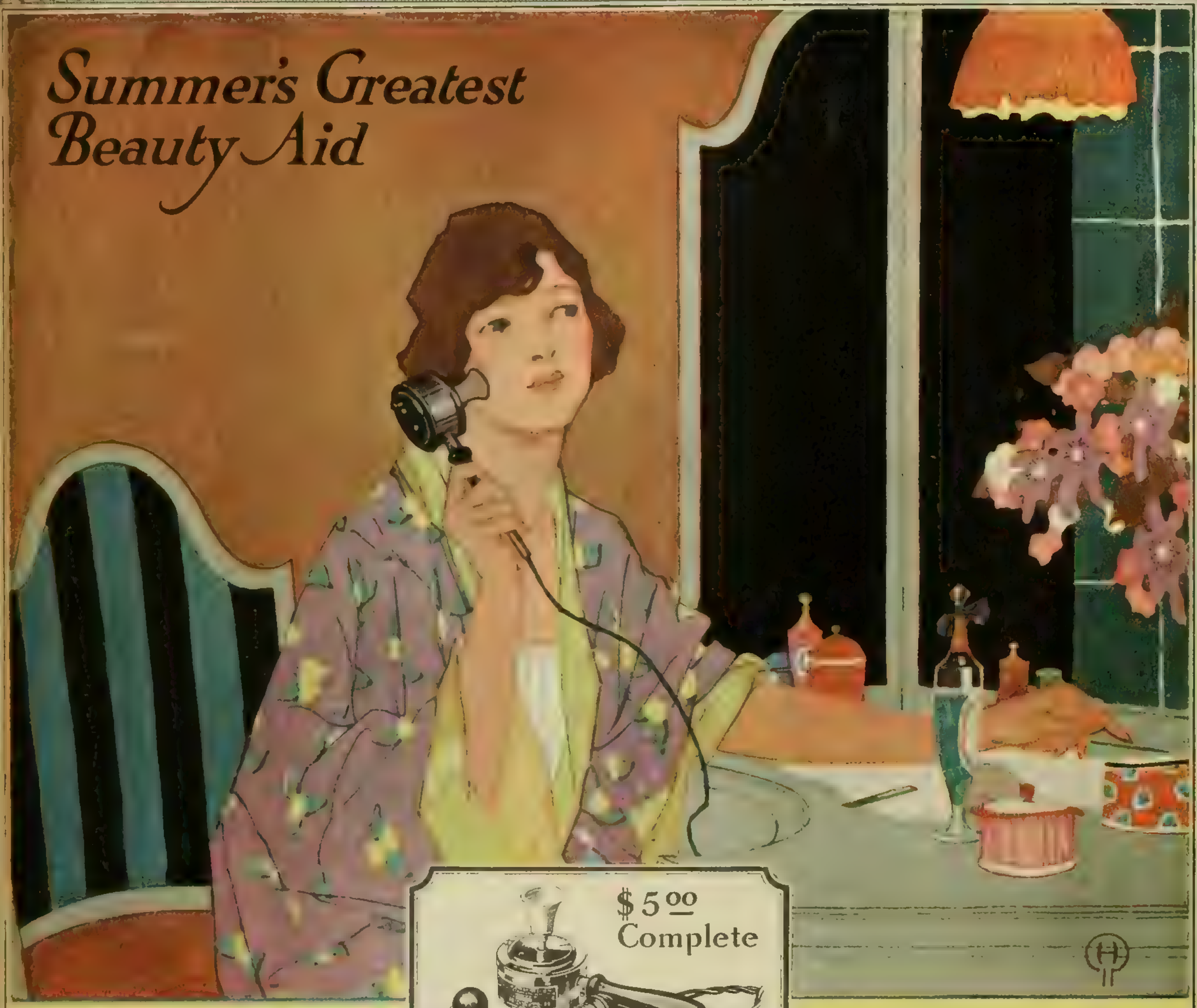

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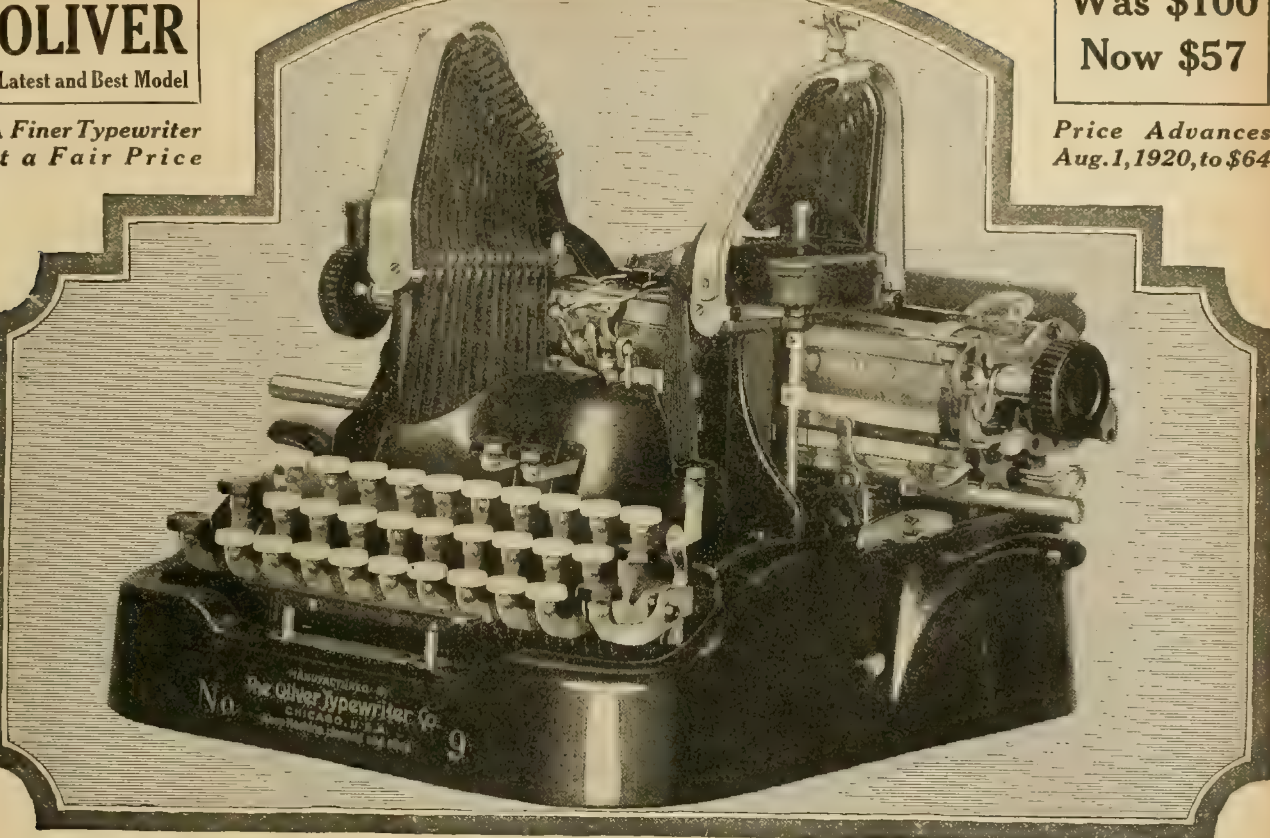

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Its purpose and object in the world is to bring beauty to every household which it reaches. It believes wholeheartedly in the development of beauty, and the cultivation of all art. It feels that there is far too little appreciation of beauty in this humdrum, prosaic world.

Therefore, it announces with much pleasure that the August issue is the best yet. Louis Raymond Reid reviews the past theatrical season in a whimsical, satirical article which will delight the reader.

There is a playlet of reincarnation by Katherine Metcalf Roof; "The Reflections of a Gentle Cynic," by Lisa Ysaye Tarleau; a review of current fiction by the always-welcome Heywood Broun, and other articles by Benjamin De Casseres, Frederick James Smith, and others too numerous to mention.

You will remember the literature; you will want to frame the lovely photographs; you will not, we assure you, forget the August issue of SHADOWLAND in a hurry!

SHADOWLAND
175 Duffield Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

CONTENTS OF MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

Vol. X AUGUST, 1920 No. 6

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

(Painted by Leo Sielke, Jr., from a Still Photograph.)

The most recent astronomical discovery to be observed on the silversheet is the blonde Wanda Hawley, who now shines with serene starry rays on the Realart banner.

When Miss Hawley first came to New York it was to sing and play accompaniments, but, not long ago she lost her voice thru some throat trouble and turned her attention to the screen. Her unusual characterizations in Cecil de Mille's "Old Wives for New," and "We Cant Have Everything," as well as other photoplays, will long be remembered by all film-goers.

PAGE

Rotogravure Gallery of Players. Full-page studies of Pearl White, Anna Q. Nilsson, Ann May, Harrison Ford and Elliott Dexter........ 11-15

Letters of Mary. Mary Miles Minter is discovered to be another Daisy Ashford........ *B. F. Wilson* 16

The Baby-Talk Lady. Louise Huff discloses some interesting facts about herself........ *Frederick James Smith* 18

A Little Bit of Bohemia. The home of Teddy Sampsŏn and Rosemary Theby is a popular rendezvous........ *Elizabeth Peltret* 20

"Some Boy, That Frenchman!" is the universal opinion of the Idol of France, Georges Carpentier........ *Ethel Rosemon* 22

"All Mankind Love a Lover." Honeymoon glimpses of Our Mary and Doug........ 23

Invading Davy Jones' Locker. Strikingly unusual submarine pictures of Annette Kellermann........ 24

The Low-brow Playwright Speaks. Bayard Veiller talks on plays and players; films and filmers........ *Frederick James Smith* 26

Miss Hobbs. Wanda Hawley's newest comedy feature release told in interesting story form........ *Faith Service* 27

Mermaid Marjorie. "A Thing of Beauty is a joy forever" and Miss Daw verifies the quotation........ 31

La Bella Sevilla. Universal's daughter of Old Spain furnishes a colorful picture of Seville........ *Fritzi Remont* 32

His Happy Rôle. The home life of Bryant Washburn and the rôle he likes best of all........ *Maude S. Cheatham* 34

A Daughter of Neptune. Irene Rich takes a day off and disports on the golden beach sands........ *Mary Keane* 36

The Human Ray. Studio snapshots of Charles Ray........ 38

Yes or No. Unique short story based upon Norma Talmadge's latest photoplay........ *Olga Shaw* 39

The Screen Year in Review. Critical commentary upon the progress of the photoplay........ *Frederick James Smith* 44

Bill Hart's Dream Home. What Bill Hart expects to do when he retires from the screen........ *Maude S. Cheatham* 46

The Turning Point. This month's honor roll winners in the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest........ 48

Summer Behind the Footlights........ 50

High Lowe! Edmund Lowe confesses his philosophy upon a wide range of subjects........ *Gladys Hall* 51

Overalls Capture the Sennett Studio........ 52

Marooned Hearts. Fictionization of the Selznick photoplay in which Conway Tearle appears........ *Dorothy Donnell* 53

Double Exposures........ *Conducted by F. J. S.* 57

The Movie Encyclopedia........ *The Answer Man* 94

Look for the last minute features among the advertising pages

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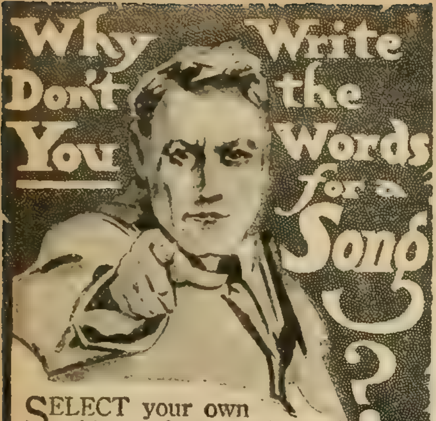
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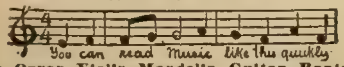

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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these spoken plays appear in their vicinity.)

Astor.—Fay Bainter in "East Is West." The story of a quaint little Chinese maid who falls in love with a young American. Racial barriers seem insurmountable, but there is a happy and surprising ending. Has all the ingredients of popular drama.

Belasco.—"The Son-Daughter," with Lenore Ulric. George Scarborough and David Belasco's highly colored Chinese melodrama with the vivid Miss Ulric. One of the big hits of the season.

Booth.—"Not So Long Ago." A fragile and charming little comedy by a newcomer, Arthur Richman, telling a story of picturesque New York in the early seventies. Genuinely delightful. Finely played by Eva Le Gallienne, Sidney Blackmer and an excellent cast.

Casino.—"Betty, Be Good." Lively summer musical show with a tuneful score by Hugo Riesenfeld, the director of the Rivoli, Rialto and Criterion screen theaters. Josephine Whittell is the life of the entertainment, Frank Crumit scores and Worthington Romaine makes his rôle stand out.

Central.—"As You Were," with Irene Bordoni and Sam Bernard. A delightful musical show in which Miss Bordoni dazzles as the various sirens of history. Pleasant music and a pleasant chorus lend effective aid.

Century.—"Florodora." The much-heralded revival of the widely popular musical show of some twenty years ago. Done with charm, distinction and humor. Eleanor Painter's singing stands out vividly and George Hassell's humor is highly diverting. Then, of course, there is the famous "sextette." Here is a revival that really revives.

Cohan's.—"The Hottentot," with Willie Collier. Typical one-man farce with the inimitable farceur, Collier, at his best. Ann Andrews lends pleasant assistance. Full of laughs.

Comedy.—"My Lady Friends." Amusing entertainment adapted from a Continental farce.

Cort.—"Abraham Lincoln." You should see this if you see nothing else on the New York stage. John Drinkwater's play is a noteworthy literary and dramatic achievement, for he makes the Great American live again. "Abraham Lincoln" cannot fail to make you a better American. Moreover, it is absorbing as a play. Frank McGlyn is a brilliant Lincoln.

Eltinge.—"Martinique." A colorful romantic tragedy of the French West Indies, revolving around the exotic *belles affranchies*—mulatto belles—of a certain part of the tropics, the women poetized by Lafcadio Hearn. The cast includes Josephine Victor, Vincent Coleman, Arthur Hohl and Emmett Corrigan.

Forty-Eighth Street.—"The Storm." A well-told melodrama of the lonely Northwest with a remarkable stage effect of a forest fire. Helen MacKellar is admirable as the piquant French-Canadian heroine.

Garrick.—"Jane Clegg." St. John Ervine's powerful drama, presented by the Theater Guild, has been running here all season. A drab but brilliant tale of middle-class English life. Superbly acted by the best ensemble in New York.

Greenwich Village. — "Foot-Loose," with Emily Stevens, Norman Trevor and O. P. Heggie. Zoe Akins' well-done modernization of the old melodrama, "Forget-Me-Not." Tallulah Bankhead scores in a difficult rôle.

Henry Miller's Theater—"The Famous Mrs. Fair." Able drama dealing with the feminine problem of a career or a home. Skilfully written by James Forbes, with unusual playing by Blanche Bates, Henry Miller and Margalo Gilmore.

Hudson.—"Clarence," Booth Tarkington's delightful comedy, built about the way a returned soldier reunited a disturbed but typically American household. Superb performances by Alfred Lunt, Glenn Hunter and Helen Hayes give the comedy a fine verve.

Knickerbocker. — "Shavings." Pleasant if conventional dramatization of Joseph C. Lincoln's Cape Cod story. Harry Beresford gives a finely drawn characterization.

Little Theater.—"Beyond the Horizon," by Eugene O'Neill. This powerful drama was produced at a series of special matinées and proved so successful that it won a theater all its own. A gripping study of a human being crushed by environment, told with compelling force. One of the biggest native dramas of years. Richard Bennett heads a remarkable cast.

Lyric.—"What's In a Name?" The most beautiful musical entertainment, with the possible exception of the Ziegfeld revues, yet seen on Broadway. Colorful new art stage designs, remarkable use of lights and gorgeous costumes lift it into the realm of the exquisite. Intelligently written and put together, too.

New Amsterdam Roof.—Ziegfeld 9 o'clock and midnight revues. Colorful entertainments unlike anything to be found anywhere else. Here, too, are the most beautiful girls in all New York.

Nora Bayes Theater.—"Lassie." A charming and pleasantly tuneful little musical comedy of Scotland and London in the picturesque sixties. Based upon Catherine Chisholm Cushing's "Kitty MacKay." Tessa Kosta sings pleasantly and Mollie Pearson and Roland Bottomley are prominent. Dorothy Dickson and Carl Hyson contribute some delightful dance interludes.

Playhouse.—"The Wonderful Thing." A human play built around a poverty-stricken but blue-blooded English family into which Jeanne Eagels comes as a wealthy heiress and wife of the eldest son. Pleasant if conventional.

Shubert Theater.—"Scandal." Cosmo Hamilton's daring drama which Constance Talmadge played on the screen. Francine Larrimore and Charles Cherry have the leading rôles in the excellent footlight production.

ON TOUR THIS AND NEXT SEASON

"The Purple Mask," with Leo Ditrichstein. A stirring, romantic melodrama of the days of the First Consulate in France; tense, colorful and highly interesting. One of the best evening's entertainments of the season. Mr. Ditrichstein is delightful as the royalist brigand, the Purple Mask; Brandon Tynan is admirable as the republican police agent, Brisquet; Lily Cahill is a charming heroine, and Boots Wooster makes her bit of a peasant girl stand out.

"The Sign on the Door."—A very good melodrama which boasts many instances of the unexpected—and Marjorie Rambeau in highly emotional scenes.

"Look Who's Here," with Cecil Lean. A passable musical entertainment that entertains when Mr. Lean and Cleo Mayfield hold the center of the stage.

"Smilin' Through," with Jane Cowl. An odd, but effective drama which purports to show how those who have gone before influence and watch over our lives. Miss Cowl is exceedingly good as a piquant Irish girl and also as a spirit maid whose death occurred fifty years before. "Smilin' Through" will evoke your smiles and tears.

"The Ouija Board." Crane Wilbur's thriller built around spiritism. Real spooks invade a fake séance, solve a murder mystery and provide plenty of surprises. Guaranteed to keep you on edge. Excellent cast includes George Gaul, Howard Lang and Edward Ellis.

"Mamma's Affair."—Rachel Butler's admirably written comedy—a study of that deadly human species, the hypochondriac who fancies herself suffering from all sorts of ills. Done with distinction and fine discernment. Ida St. Leon scores and important members of the cast are: Effie Shannon, Robert Edeson, Katherine Kaelred and George Le Guerre.

(Continued on page 8)

The Fame and Fortune Contest Speeds Ahead!

Some time ago we announced that there would be produced in conjunction with the Fame and Fortune Contest of 1920, which was being held by THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, and SHADOWLAND, a five-reel feature drama entitled "LOVE'S REDEMPTION."

This announcement has aroused the greatest interest among our readers and all those who contemplate entering the contest. The feature, a strong play of dramatic force, is now well under way, and the main scenes have already been filmed. Those appearing in the cast are as follows:

Edwin Markham, Hudson Maxim, Dr. Nichols.

Blanche McGarity, Anetha Getwell, Dorian Romero, Lynne Berry, Katherine Bassett, Wm. Talmadge, Arthur Tuthill, Cecile Edwards, Wm. Castro, Ellsworth Jones, Seymoure Panish, Joseph Murtaugh, Dorothy Taylor, Effie Lawrence Palmer, Bunty Manly, Alfred Rigali.

Erminie Gagnon, Edward Chalmers, Charles Hammer, Wm. White, Clarence Linton, Sophie De Leske, Mrs. J. A. Gagnon, Norbert Hammer, Mr. McCabe, Doris Doree, Mrs. F. Mayer, Colonel Hervey, George Costa, Titus Cello, Mrs. Dale, Marion Dale, The Schwinn Twins, Ruth Higgins, Marjorie Longbotham.

IT'S A SURE WINNER

said the spectators who watched the first showing of some of the scenes in the projection-room.

The Final Honor Roll Members and the Winners

of the contest will have ample opportunity to prove whether or not they can act in this picture, for the scenes in which they appear will be filmed as soon as possible after the judges have named them.

All photographs mailed up to and including the date of August 1st, 1920, will be entered in the contest. Send in your photograph at once.

RULES FOR 1920 CONTESTANTS

Contestants shall submit one or more portraits. On the back of each photo an entrance coupon must be pasted, or a similar coupon of your own making.

Postal-card pictures, tinted photographs and snapshots not accepted. Photographs will not be returned to the owner.

Contestants should not write letters regarding the contest, as it will be impossible to answer them. All rules will be printed in all three magazines.

Photos should be mailed, *pre-paid with sufficient postage,* to CONTEST MANAGER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Send as many as you like.

The contest is open to every one, except those who have already played prominent screen or stage rôles.

Contest closes August 1, 1920.

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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(*Continued from page 6*)

"My Golden Girl."—A passable musical entertainment with a score by Victor Herbert. A chorus girl, Jeannette Dietrich, scores the hit of the show.

"The Little Whopper."—Lively and amusing musical comedy with tuneful score by Rudolf Friml. Vivienne Segal pleasantly heads the cast, which also numbers Harry C. Browne, who does excellent work, Mildred Richardson and W. J. Ferguson.

"Wedding Bells."—A bright and highly amusing comedy by Salisbury Field. Admirably written and charmingly played by Margaret Lawrence and Wallace Eddinger. One of the things you should see.

"Aphrodite."—Highly colored and lavish presentation of a drama based upon Pierre Louys' exotic novel of ancient Alexandria. Superbly staged adaptation of the play that caused a sensation in Paris. Dorothy Dalton, the screen star, returns to the stage in the principal rôle of the Galilean courtesan, Chrysis, and scores. McKay Morris is admirable in the principal male rôle.

"The Frivolities of 1920."—G. M. (Broncho Billy) Anderson's girl revue. Lively, speedy musical show with a large measure of vulgarity, but many pretty girls.

Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.—Photoplays; first runs. Daily program.

Loew's Metropolitan, Brooklyn.—Feature photoplays and vaudeville.

Capitol.—Photoplay features plus a de luxe program. Superb theater.

Rivoli.—De luxe photoplays with full symphony orchestra. Weekly program.

Rialto.—Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

Strand.—Select first-run photoplays. Program changes every week.

THE NEWS MEN

By Walter E. Mair

We turn a cool, collected crank
Where foemen flee the furious Yank;
We scale the Himalayan peaks to snap a bunch of flowers.
Or, perching on a biplane's tail,
We photograph the Airline Mail;
Then nonchalantly spiral down to "pan" old Gotham's towers.

It may be up in Saskatoon
We point our guns to shoot the moon,
Or in some Panamanian cove we coax the gentle shark.
We leap athwart some skipper's neck
And focus on his vessel's wreck,
Then right-about to catch a glimpse of spooners in the park.

We plumb the deep and dreary mines
And risk extensive trespass fines
To spot a locomotive spinning sparks from every wheel.
Perhaps we hie to gloomy glade
Where lurk mosquitos in the shade,
To get artistic studies of the Great Brazilian Eel!

We frame a strip of Mandalay,
Then take a little fly-away
To where at sunrise ululates the Turkish muezzin.
Fingers in ears, we say amen!
Then hasten forth to crank again
A crew of Senegambians getting full o' niggergin.

Nay, friend, no gang for angel choirs
Are we: *we shine around big fires!*
And yet I have a notion, should you mount the golden stair,
You'd find a nosy movie guy
Evading Peter's watchful eye,
In hopes that yet some Newport dame might find admittance there.

The Popular Popularity Contest

The Popularity Contest is still arousing universal interest. No part of the world is absent in representation. Votes are pouring in—hundreds of them—every day. Mary Pickford still leads the women with a large majority of votes. Wallace Reid heads the men with a not-so-large majority. Others are coming forward so rapidly that it is hard to make any predictions concerning the next report. If you have not already sent in votes for your favorite player, there is still time in which to do so. All rules and regulations, together with a description of the useful and beautiful prizes are presented on another page, and here are the last-minute results of the contest at the time of going to press:

Mary Pickford, 49,600; Norma Talmadge, 29,851; Pearl White, 20,161; Mme. Nazimova, 11,748; Constance Talmadge, 6,907; Bebe Daniels, 4,748; Viola Dana, 3,555; Elsie Ferguson, 3,417; Lillian Gish, 2,801; Mary Miles Minter, 2,412; Theda Bara, 2,249; Dorothy Gish, 2,154; Ruth Roland, 2,017; Olive Thomas, 1,759; Shirley Mason, 1,519; Anita Stewart, 1,506; Marguerite Clark, 1,451; May Allison, 1,412; Ethel Clayton, 1,359; Baby Marie Osborne, 1,206; Dorothy Dalton, 1,114; Gloria Swanson, 1,106; Irene Castle, 1,017; Marion Davies, 916; Pauline Frederick, 861; Geraldine Farrar, 854; Alice Joyce, 816; Ann Little, 747; Alice Lake, 712; Mae Murray, 701; Olga Petrova, 656; Margarita Fisher, 617; Katherine MacDonald, 604; Marie Prevost, 597; Alice Brady, 558; Priscilla Dean, 552; Wanda Hawley, 519; Edith Johnson, 512; Blanche Sweet, 506; June Caprice, 461; Madge Kennedy, 458; Vivian Martin, 452; Kathlyn Williams, 446; Dolores Cassinelli, 421; Doris May, 416; Marie Walcamp, 408; Winifred Westover, 404; Juanita Hansen, 361; Betty Compson, 357; Billie Burke, 334; Violet Heming, 317; Doris Kenyon, 306; Gladys Leslie, 271; Jane Novak, 265; Dorothy Phillips, 254; Clara K. Young, 250; Mildred Davis, 231; Jean Paige, 211; Enid Bennett, 175; Louise Glaum, 167; Lila Lee, 167; Mae Marsh, 159; Eva Novak, 156; Fannie Ward, 154; Constance Binney, 144; Virginia Lee Corbin, 138; Betty Blythe, 131; Marjorie Daw, 127; Mary Garden, 124; Corinne Griffith, 123; Mildred Harris, 116; Peggy Hyland, 114; Louise Lovely, 109; Mildred Reardon, 104; Mary Thurman, 104.

While the men players are vastly in the minority in the number of votes cast, yet the leaders are steadily holding their own:

Wallace Reid, 19,954; William S. Hart, 16,321; Richard Barthelmess, 14,556; Douglas Fairbanks, 9,664; Eugene O'Brien, 4,823; William Farnum, 3,914; Charles Ray, 3,461; J. Warren Kerrigan, 2,807; Tom Mix, 2,702; Charles Chaplin, 1,958; Douglas MacLean, 1,654; Thomas Meighan, 1,362; Rodney La Rocque, 1,358; Tom Moore, 1,346; William Duncan, 1,256; Kenneth Harlan, 1,116; Jack Pickford, 1,057; John Barrymore, 1,014; Ralph Graves, 1,009;

Bert Lytell, 1,005; Antonio Moreno, 1,002; William Russell, 996; Earle Williams, 917; George Walsh, 864; Harry Northrup, 807; Harrison Ford, 801; Lloyd Hughes, 759; Lewis Stone, 755; Robert Harron, 703; Marshall Neilan, 656; Louis Bennison, 612; Elliott Dexter, 609; Eddie Lyons, 561; Harold Lloyd, 503; Tom Forman, 459; Eddie Polo, 458; Henry G. Sell, 456; Lon Chaney, 421; Bryant Washburn, 412; Wesley Barry, 368; Theodore Roberts, 359; Robert Warwick, 356; George Fawcett, 331; Webster Campbell, 319; Robert Gordon, 311; Monroe Salisbury, 307; Monty Blue, 271; Harry Carey, 264; Emery Johnson, 260; Owen Moore, 260; Joe Ryan, 257; Milton Sills, 255; Francis X. Bushman, 229; Lew Cody, 221; David Powell, 216; Will Rogers, 212; Ben Turpin, 208; Creighton Hale, 176; Raymond Hatton, 169; Frank Keenan, 156; Charles Meredith, 152; Lee Moran, 152; Sunshine Sammy, 151; Conway Tearle, 150; "Fatty" Arbuckle, 121; Francis Ford, 118; Sessue Hayakawa, 116; Thurston Hall, 114; Percy Marmont, 111.

OUR OCCUPATION

By Wright Field

Home is a curious place these days;
  We only meet and speak at meals,
Or when we go *en masse* to see
  Some thrilling thing in seven reels.
Pa at the office, Ma at home,
  Forget their work or let it go,
Absorbed in the great national game
  Of "writing a scenario!"

Sister no longer pouts and flirts
  And puts on airs to tantalize
The youth who used to waste good ink
  In writing sonnets to her eyes;
I'll say she doesn't—for she sits
  In solemn silence with her beau,
Both bent above a lengthy script;
  They're writing a scenario!

Brother, up in the barn-loft hid,
  All smeared with ink and stern of brow,
Hurls out long adjectives and spurts
  Of romance to the frightened cow.
He's trying out his fav'rite scenes:
  All het up with creative glow,
For Doug, perhaps, or else for Bill,
  He's writing a scenario!

'Tis not the Bible brings that glow
  To Grandma's cheek that once was pale;
She's reading now a book about
  "The Way to Write a Movie Tale."
Grandpa, his checkers pushed aside,
  Devotes himself to row on row
Of stilted, carefully chosen words—
  He's writing a scenario!

The chauffeur now forgets the gas
  And leaves the radiator dry:
Cook puts wash-powder in the bread
  And saleratus in the pie.
They've small regard for present jobs
  With small fortunes beck'ning—no,
They scorn to think of humbler things
  Than writing a scenario!

And so they go about all day
  With lofty brow and solemn mien,
Each figuring how his name will look
  When thrown upon the silver screen.

* * * * * * * * *

But shucks! Why fool with rhymes like this?
  For what to me is rhythmic flow?
"Fade-outs" and "irises" for me,
  I'm writing a scenario!

DEARTON VALENTINE

The Woman They Stoned

Two years before she had run away to join a traveling circus.

Now with an angry crowd at her back—driven out of her house—she beat upon her father's door, calling for help. The old man—part of his narrow and bitter village—he too cursed her—and then the greater forces that we cannot understand—put forth a giant relentless hand. Father — and daughter — heartless crowd—all were—but why tell a story better told by

O. HENRY

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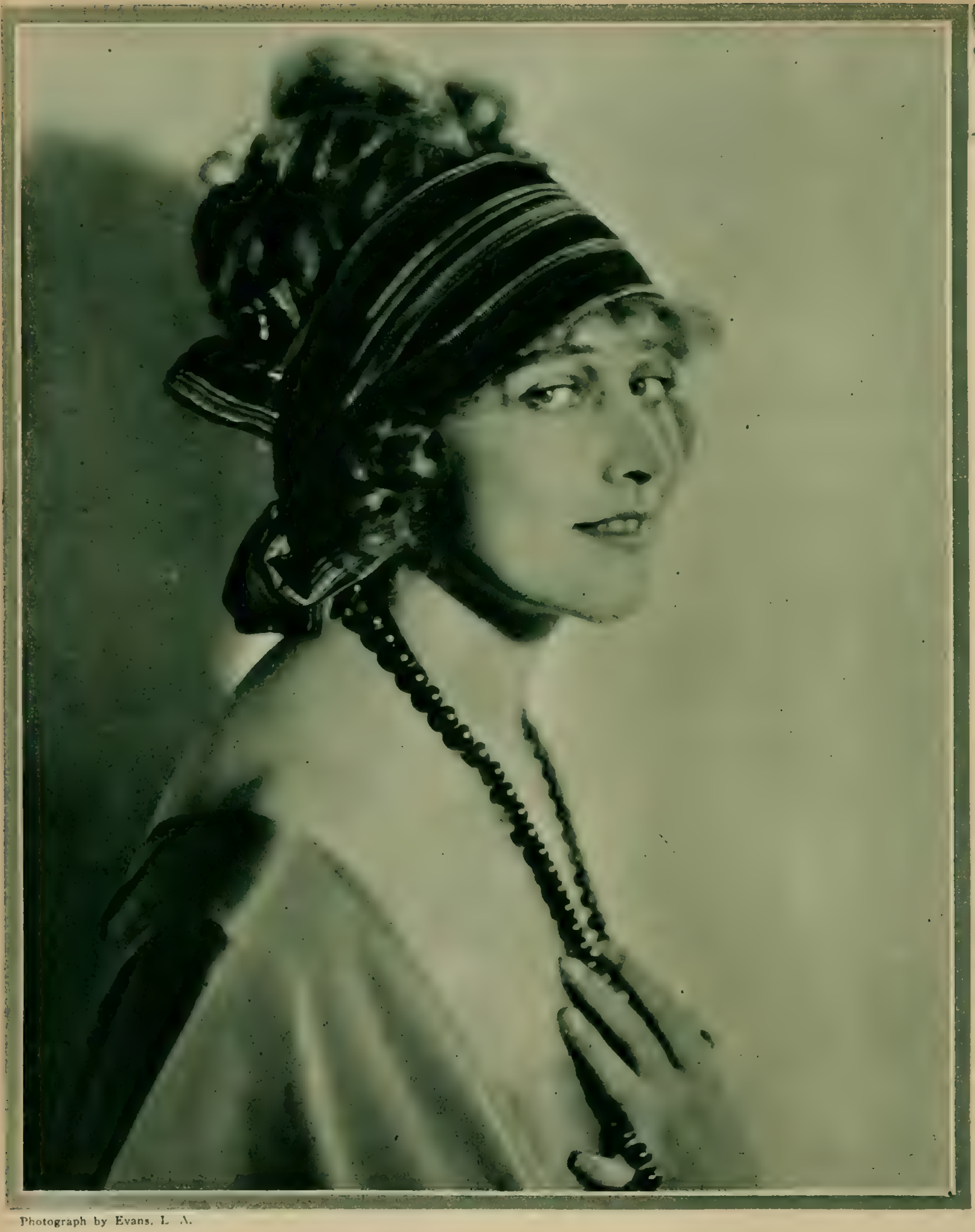
Motion
Picture
Classic

Photograph © by Alfred Cheney Johnston.

PEARL WHITE

World-famous Fox film star.



Photograph by Evans, L. A.

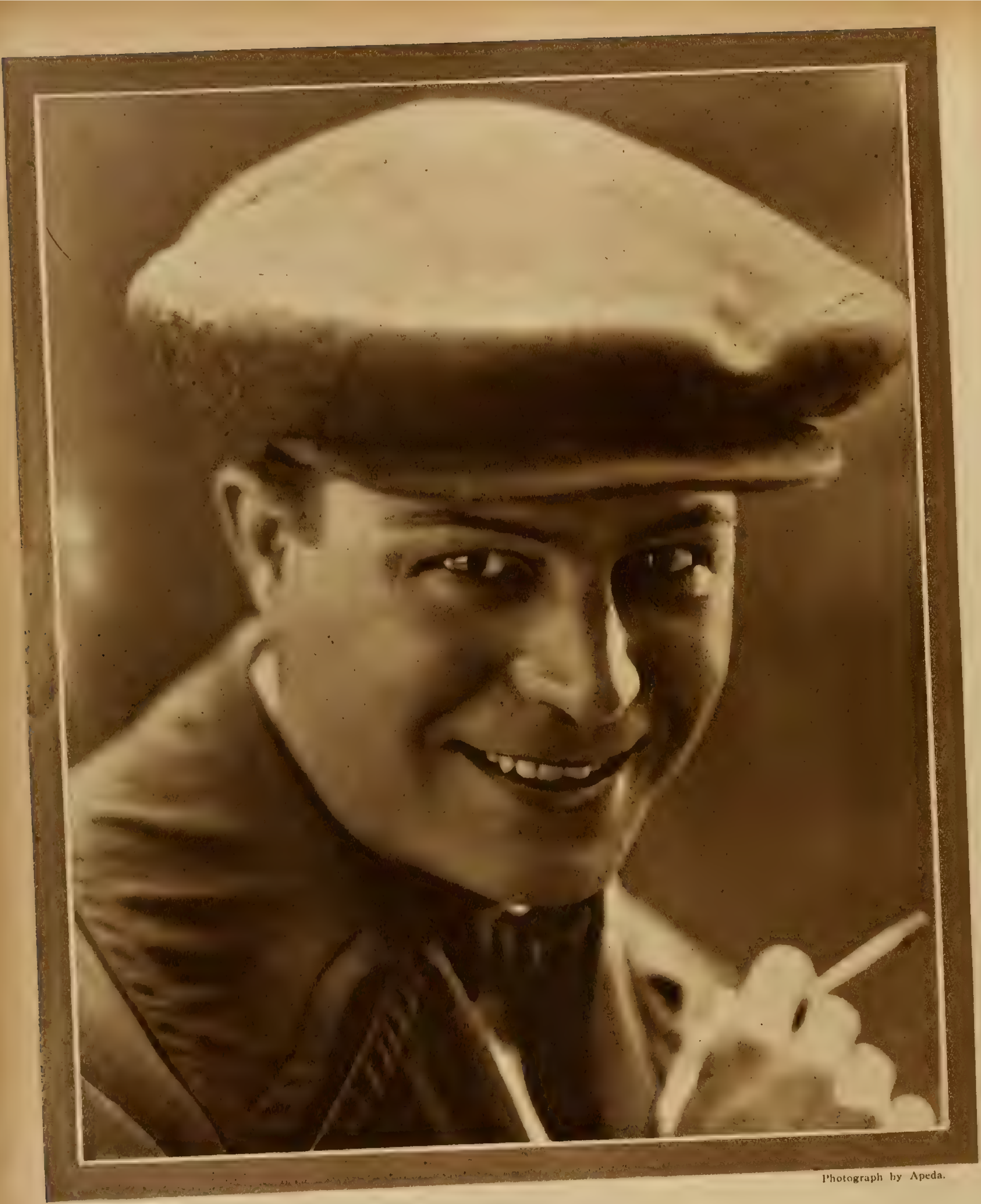
ANNA Q. NILSSON

When she was a little girl in school, Anna Q. Nilsson often "cut" class to see her film favorites. Now she has gone back to prove to her girlhood friends in Sweden that sometimes dreams do come true.

Photograph by Hoover Art Co.

ANN MAY

To be a leading lady in the celluloid world at the age of nineteen is something to wonder at; but to be the leading lady for Charles Ray convinces one that Ann May has walked off with the golden wheel of good fortune intact.



Photograph by Apeda.

HARRISON FORD

Harrison Ford has weathered many celluloid storms, and judging from the popularity he enjoys, it is no wonder he looks as if he were singing out on the quarter-deck (or whatever you call it), "All's Well!"

Photograph by Northland Studios.

ELLIOTT DEXTER

One of the most popular of the screen stars, threatened with the appellation of "Matinée Idol," the career of Elliott Dexter was broken into by a severe illness a year ago. Now that he has quite recovered and returned to the screen, his faithful admirers eagerly await the release of Cecil de Mille's "Something to Think About," in which Mr. Dexter stars.

The Letters of Mary

Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

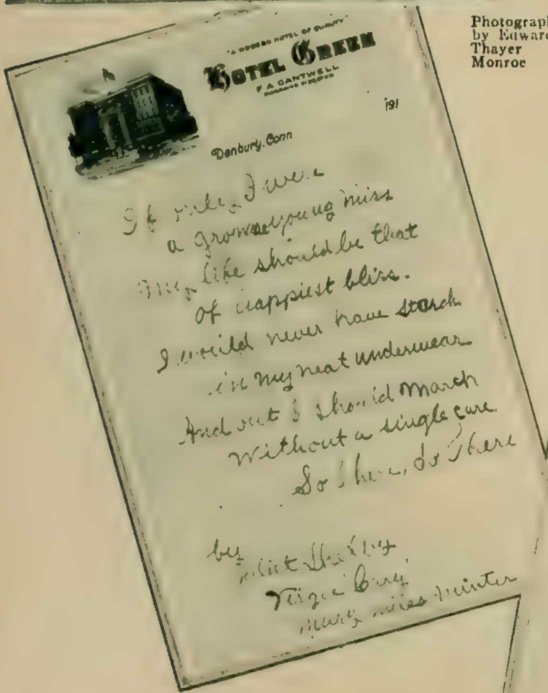
It isn't every well-known, golden-curled motion picture star who can lay claim to any great literary distinction. Of course, there is no set reason why an actress of remarkable histrionic ability shouldn't possess the great and glorious gift of literature—but just the same, it isn't being done—not often, anyway.

However, be that as it may, Mary Miles Minter, the eighteen-year-old screen wonder, is the golden (haired) exception in this case. Not content with winning the plaudits of an admiring public who watched her dramatic powers with awe, at the hoary age of eight, Miss Minter, while touring the country in "The Littlest Rebel," convinced her fond parents, and those of her friends who were privileged to enjoy her intimate secrets, that she possessed unusual literary ability. Her poems and her correspondence with her fond mother have been carefully preserved, evidently owing to unusual foresight.

Being a very imaginative young lady, her thoughts naturally were expressed thru the trusty form of poetry, and judging from the prolific results, she never labored under the handicap suffered by the immortal Tennyson—"I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me," etc. She was observant and quickly formed her own opinions on the various important phases of existence. Most of these opinions were so terrific in their static dignity that few, if any, dared question them.

She spent most of her time traveling from one place to another—touring in "The Littlest Rebel"—and gathering vivid impressions of railway stations, dusty coaches, bad hotels and her theatrical companions. All thru this period she had as an inseparable companion a tiny dog whose name was "Tad," and as he is very often mentioned in her writings, we gather that probably all her viewpoints of life were poured into his innocent ears before they were written. She kept up a daily correspondence with her mother, and it is in this correspondence that we have discovered another Daisy Ashford.

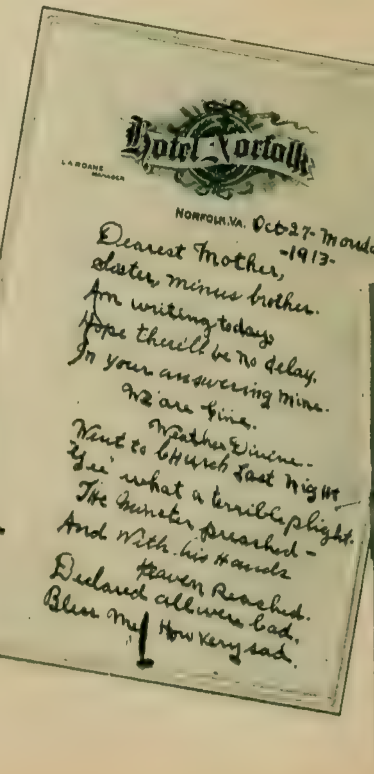
She was evidently a very versatile young person. While she was undergoing all the hardships of theatrical life, (about which you will hear more later), she decided that one name was entirely insufficient to express her individuality. So she assumed three, changing them whenever the fancy suited her, (not to mention the numerous pet names with which various members of the company and her friends labeled her). Her real name was Juliet Shelby—she decided upon the more unusual one of Virginia Houston Cary, and eventually, growing somewhat weary of this, she took unto herself the more euphonious one of Mary



"A modern hotel of quality"
Hotel Green
F. A. Cantwell
Danbury, Conn
191

If ever I were
a grown up young miss
My life should be that
of happiest bliss.
I would never have starch
in my neat underwear
And out I should march
Without a single care.
So there, so there

by
Juliet Shelby
Virgie Cary
Mary Miles Minter



Hotel Norfolk
L. A. Roane
Manager
Norfolk, Va. Oct 27- Monday.
-1913-

Dearest Mother,
Sister minus brother.
Am writing today
Hope there'll be no delay.
In your answering mine.
We are fine.
Weather Divine.
Went to Church last night
"Gee" what a terrible plight.
The Minister preached -
And with his Hands
Heaven Reached.
Declared all were bad.
Bless me! How very sad.

Photograph by Rockwood

We are greatly elated over our newest literary find, Mary Miles Minter. At the age of eight she displayed an understanding of the problems of life, equalled only by the knowledge revealed in "The Young Visiters"—that book of revelations of the past year. Above, a recent portrait of Miss Minter, and, below, as she looked at the age of six

By B. F. WILSON

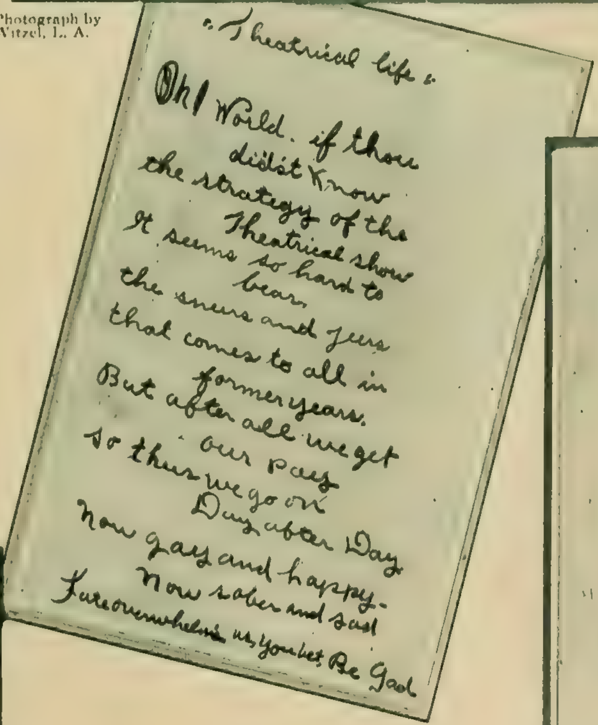
Miles Minter. The latter turned out to be the favorite, for she has adopted it for good.

Probably at the time she wrote so bountifully, Mary Miles Minter did not realize the powerful influence which the writings of the very young would have upon future literature. We are quite certain that her prophetic soul revealed no vision of Daisy Ashford. We might add that it was fortunate for all concerned that no one else foresaw the arrival of "The Young Visiters." Prefaced by a photograph of a smug-faced child who seemed to be saying, "After all, who was Will Shakespeare, anyway?" this small, innocent-looking volume dropped like a bomb upon the conservative head of literature, and, upsetting all past dignity and tradition, started a hilarious controversy between two nations which almost bordered upon the slapstick.

It became the chief topic of conversation in the subways, on the street, at dinner, in the clubs and even in the sacred precincts of the church. Between prayers, there could be heard the familiar stage whisper, "Dont you really think that Barrie wrote 'The Young Visiters'?" You were innocently introduced to a perfect stranger—before you had uttered the usual inane lie of being pleased to meet—the stranger would rudely interrupt you by eagerly inquiring, "I say, have you read 'The Young Visiters'?" And so it went, developing into an international joke, a playful dig in

(*Continued on page 72*)

Photograph by Witzel, L. A.



"Theatrical life."

Oh! World. if thou
didst know
the strategy of the
Theatrical show
It seems so hard to
bear,
the sneers and jeers
that comes to all in
former years.
But after all we get
our pay
so thus we go on
Day after Day
now gay and happy.
Now sober and sad
Fate overwhelms us, You bet, Be Gad

Photograph by Voorhees & Voe

We call the attention of our readers to the facsimile letters reproduced on these pages—and advise that each of them should be carefully perused. Above, Miss Minter in one of her lovely poses; below, left, at the age of three, and, below, right, as she appeared in "The Littlest Rebel" at eight

The Baby-Talk Lady

Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

Louise Huff is a bonbon bit of femininity who just isn't. She has very decided views upon life in general. She believes in reincarnation. "It is such a consistent, logical belief," she says. "Can you believe that the mind and personality of a Lincoln is lost to humanity? I believe that we go on developing spiritually with each existence"

If reincarnation be a truth, then we can well imagine Louise Huff as a fair royalist in the cavalier days of Merry England, as a Huguenot maid of the bloody years of the de Medici in Paris or a quaint little Evangeline of old Arcadia. For she is demure, with a touch of devil-may-care twinkling in her eyes—a bonbon bit of femininity who just isn't.

Of course, there is no tangible reason for connecting Miss Huff with the rather pleasant theory of reincarnation, except Miss Huff herself. She believes, and believes quite thoroly, in reincarnation.

Miss Huff admitted to us that she had never confessed it before. One's inner religious beliefs are perilous things to talk about. "Yet it is such a consistent, logical belief," she confided. "Can you believe that the mind and personality of a Lincoln is lost to humanity? No, I believe that we go on, developing spiritually with each existence.

"One does not admit one's real religious beliefs offhand for fear of being misunderstood. I dont believe I have talked about them even to my relatives, which, of course, is not odd, since you confide less in relatives than in any one else. A prophet in his own land, you know." And Miss Huff smiled.

"I need my religious theory to sustain me," she went on. "Without religion I could not face the every-day things. Where would I obtain poise, resistance and new hopes?" Miss Huff paused. "I hope I will not be misunderstood. With so much interest in things psychic today, perhaps we are on the threshold of genuine spiritual discoveries. I do not mean the ouija board fever, but the investigations of men like Sir Oliver Lodge.

"Let me make a confession about Sir Oliver. I was walking along Fifth Avenue with a girl friend when we saw him pass in a carriage. I dont quite know how we had the courage, but we spoke to him. It seemed just the thing to do. He bowed in response in the most courtly fashion.

"Later that very day we saw him walking meditatively thru the crowded Hotel Biltmore lobby and we hurried to overtake him. Do you know, he remembered us? He was very dear

By
FREDERICK
JAMES
SMITH

Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

and kind and took us aside to answer all our questions. We talked for an hour. I never hope to meet such a tremendous mind again. With men like Sir Oliver Lodge believing in proof of so-called psychic phenomena, I am sure we shall pull aside the curtain of the infinite."

Do not draw an inaccurate picture of Miss Huff. She is not in the least eccentric. A very human little person she is, with a very evenly balanced view of life. Perhaps you conceive her as fluffily feminine, as ribboned and becurled. Actually she has a sweet and fragile sort of sincerity.

Miss Huff can and does use her mind. She has very decided views upon things. These are not the quickly acquired ideas of others, but come of actual experience. For Miss Huff—youthful as she appears and is—has had her share of dreaming and redreaming. But from it all she has built anew. Her little girl, Mary Louise, has grown to interesting childhood. And Miss Huff but recently married again.

Now, marriages are things not to be mentioned in interviews with young and fluffy stars. But Miss Huff's marriage is so vitally a part of her, of her development and her theory of life, that we cannot neatly side-step its importance.

Miss Huff's views upon marriage are brief and to the point. "There is nothing more dangerous than the early marriage," she maintains. "What can be expected of a partnership hastily entered into when the co-partners lack all perspective of life, all knowledge of what it may bring them and all breadth of judgment? One develops, the other does not and—divorce."

Miss Huff admitted she believes in love. But she would not define it. "Unless it is the power to want another for his imperfections as well as his perfections," she ventured. "A perfect marriage?" she repeated. "I doubt its existence. Successful marriage is a matter of marital adjustments and concessions. Possibly of relinquished dreams and hopes."

We talked of the screen. Here, too, Miss Huff is frank in her beliefs. "Brains are not an essential," she theorizes. "You know filmdom from the inside and you know the percentage of

(*Continued on page 74*)

"The screen frequently creates a personality that may actually not exist," says Miss Huff. "Sometimes this is accidental, sometimes deliberate. The films have created a certain sugary personality for me, giving me the mental status of Booth Tarkington's 'baby-talk lady' in his Billy Baxter stories"

Photograph by Evans

A Little Bit of Bohemia

THERE are people who have been made believers in the "iron hand of Fate" by their misfortunes They look at life from dull, tired eyes, convinced that, for them, life can hold nothing but failure, regardless of how hard they try.

And then, again, there are people, fatalists, too, who so firmly believe that the future holds nothing but success for them that they absolutely refuse to take their misfortunes seriously. To this class belong the true Bohemians.

They trust the future so implicitly that they spend every penny they get as fast as they get it. Sometimes they cant spend it fast enough to suit themselves, so they give it away.

They dontgivadarn!

They live for today, joyously permitting the past and the future to stay where the past and the future belong. It is with just such a group as this that Teddy Sampson spends her time. She is a Bohemian from Bohemiaville—which doesn't always mean Greenwich Village! On the contrary, in this case it means a bungalow court on Wilcox Avenue in Hollywood, and all around are fresh air and beautiful new houses and the most conventional of lawns and flowers and modern conveniences.

It is only in the arrangement of the houses that this court fails to be conventional. Instead of being placed in parallel rows facing each other, as is usual,

Teddy Sampson and Rosemary Theby live together in California. Their home is a veritable bit of Bohemia, the center of a jolly crowd of young movie folk, including Viola Dana and Anna Q. Nilsson. Below is a cozy corner glimpse of Miss Sampson and Miss Theby

Photograph by Evans

By ELIZABETH PELTRET

they form a triangle with the apex on a little hill. It is in this bungalow, the highest of the bunch, that Teddy Sampson and her chum, Rosemary Theby, keep house together. And such a jolly house! Always the center of a laughing, kidding group of very young people who are famous all over the world and are confidently looking forward to becoming more famous.

In the beginning, this was going to be a nice, quiet interview alone with Teddy Sampson in her little home . . . and it was quiet . . . very much more quiet than usual. Teddy Sampson said so. Only Viola Dana dropped in and Lieut. Ormer Locklear, the famous young aviator who jumps from one plane to another in midair and does other daredevil stunts that make those watching him gasp and exclaim, "He's as crazy as they make 'em!" and Anna Q. Nilsson and Jack Dillon, the director, and Mrs. Dillon. And when it was all over, I had a long talk with Rosemary Theby, who drove me to the Christy studio in her car. As for the bohemianism, that was only suggested by a tone of light-hearted irresponsibility.

I arrived at a quarter of one, to find Teddy Sampson quite by herself, which is really a matter for record. Pat Dowling, of the Christy studio, who had also been asked for lunch, had 'phoned that he couldn't come and Miss Theby had gone to the Garson studio on the trail of a particularly good part. So we made ourselves comfortable and, I suppose because the day was particularly beautiful, talked about Christmas, which had been particularly beautiful, too.

"I dont think that I have ever, in all my life, spent a more perfect day than I spent last Christmas," Teddy Sampson said. "It was perfect in every way! I didn't get a single unwanted present. This"—exhibiting her jeweled cigaret-holder—"from Lottie Pickford. And a vanity case from Rosemary Theby, and a dozen pairs of gloves from Viola Dana and a diamond-studded wrist-watch and a necklace of real pearls . . . the last, especially, something I have wanted all my life." (There were other presents she showed me too numerous to mention.)

"And now," she went on, "I am going to have a month's vacation to spend with my people in New York."

Teddy Sampson is a native of New York; one of a family of eight, all living. Her four brothers made enviable records in the army. The youngest, Revere Sampson, entered the French Foreign Legion in 1914 and has returned with the *Croix de Guerre* and two palm-leaves.

"Yes, I certainly am proud of my brothers!" she said.

She was the only member of her family to choose the theater as a profession. Her first appearance was in vaudeville with Gus Edwards when she was twelve years old. She met with no opposition from her people.

"My father did not believe in parents trying to live their children's lives for them," she said. "He always let us do very much as we wanted to, only helping where he could." It was D. W. Griffith who introduced her to the screen.

"And it was Mr. Griffith who introduced me to my husband," she remarked, leading the way to the dining-room. (She had decided that we had better not wait for Miss Theby any longer.) It was while we were enjoying a pineapple salad that she told me the story of the romance. She is, you know Mrs. Ford Sterling.

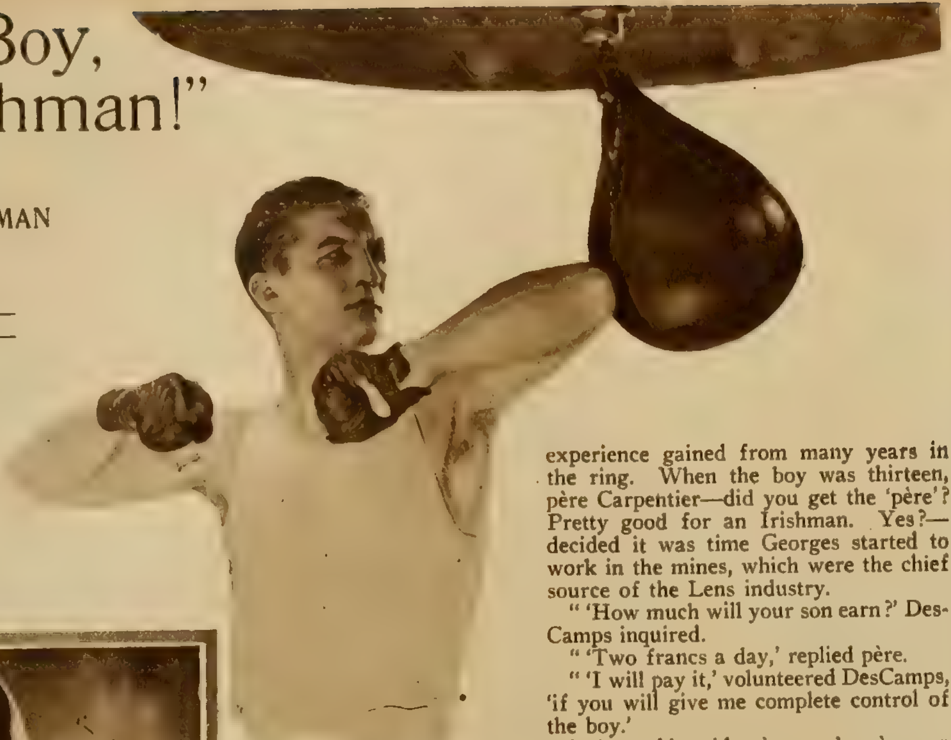
"I was at the Alexandria with Mr. Griffith and a party," she said, "when Ford Sterling came in. He was at that time at his height, and accustomed to being treated

(*Continued on page* 73)

Teddy Sampson made her first stage appearance in a Gus Edwards vaudeville act at the age of twelve. D. W. Griffith introduced her to the screen

"Some Boy, That Frenchman!"

By
ETHEL ROSEMAN



"If he can love like he can fight"—and dodge interviewers—"Oh—o—oh—oh!"

* * * * * * * *

"Get Carpentier," said the Big Chief. "He speaks nothing but French, but, of course, that wont make any difference to you."

It would, but it didn't.

"What do you know about him?" I queried the Robertson-Cole publicity department between frantic efforts to establish 'phone connection with the Carpentier apartment at the Biltmore. I figured that if I had a handy vest-pocket edition of the fighter's life, I might be able to understand his answers to my questions.

"About Georges?" the department asked.

"Have it your own way," I answered.

"He's some boy, that Frenchman!" the department chorused. "Good-looking kid, too. Wait until you see the women fall for him."

"More history and less prophecy," I suggested, politely.

"He was born—say, who took the matches off my desk? Why dont you buy a box of your own?—in Lens, France, twenty-six years ago. When he was eight years old, he attracted the attention of Francois DesCamps, former lightweight champion of France, at that time physical instructor of the Lens gymnasium. Before many weeks had passed, the little blond Georges was his prize pupil. DesCamps handed down to the little boxer all his science and experience gained from many years in the ring. When the boy was thirteen, père Carpentier—did you get the 'père'? Pretty good for an Irishman. Yes?—decided it was time Georges started to work in the mines, which were the chief source of the Lens industry.

"'How much will your son earn?' DesCamps inquired.

"'Two francs a day,' replied père.

"'I will pay it,' volunteered DesCamps, 'if you will give me complete control of the boy.'

"'Agreed,' said père and mère, so Georges entered with enthusiasm into training for the career in which DesCamps felt confident he would succeed—What's the matter? Cant you get suite 120 at the Biltmore? Dont answer? Try again—At fourteen he had his first professional fight with an opponent seven years his senior."

"Of course, he won?"

"Surest thing you know. He pulled down two hundred and fifty bucks, too. It was more money than his parents had ever seen together in one crowd and they decided that as a career picker DesCamps was all to the good.

(Continued on page 77)

Photo copyright by Lumière

Even in this age when thrills are as plentiful as blackberries in summer, the day that Georges Carpentier stepped on American soil, a shout of welcome went up that was heard from one end of the country to the other. Below, in a happy mood occasioned by the bride on his arm (taken in Paris just after the wedding), and, lower right, with Faire Binney in "The Wonder-Man"

"All Mankind Love a Lover!"

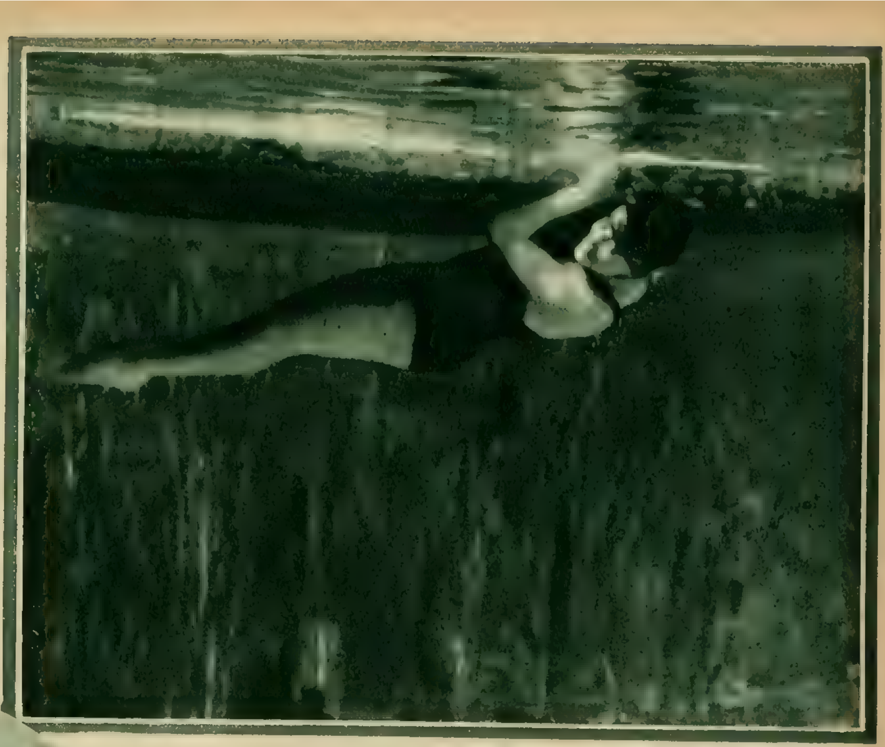
Strikes may come and governments may go—but the event which has caused more interest the whole world round than any other thing recently is the wedding of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. The lucky groom and happy bride good-naturedly pose for the benefit of the as-usual-inquisitive public

These sub-sea pictures of Annette Kellermann were secured from a submarine diving bell, thru which the motion picture scenes were also "shot"

Annette Kellermann on the beach and below the surface of the sea

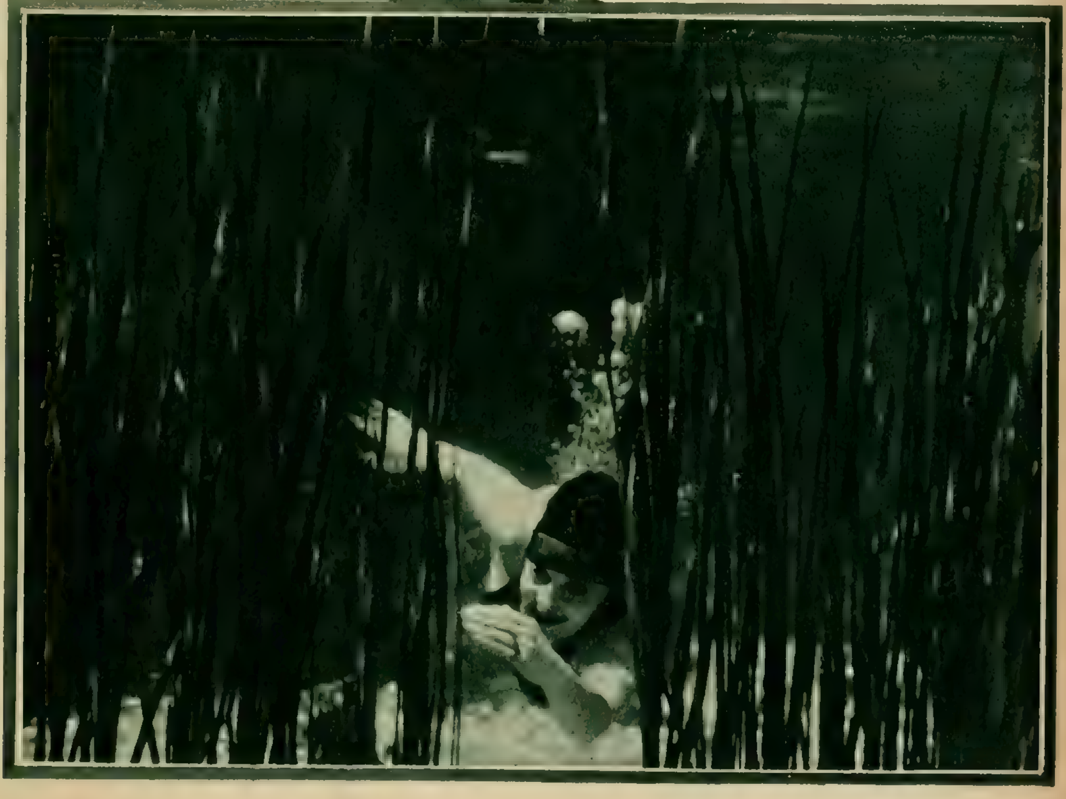
Invading Davy Jones' Locker

Some of the first dramatic action pictures ever taken on the ocean floor



A remarkable picture is just above, showing Miss Kellermann approaching the surface. The sunlight rippling upon the water is shown as it appears from beneath

These scenes, taken on the sea floor, will appear in the Sol Lesser production, "What Women Love"



The Low-Brow Playwright Speaks

By
FREDERICK
JAMES
SMITH

BAYARD VEILLER, the playwright who now heads the Metro scenario staff, is an out-and-out materialist. He has no "illusions," as he terms them, regarding art as applied to the drama or motion pictures. Indeed, he declares that the function of the stage and screen is to entertain and not to educate. But he qualifies all his statements by describing himself frankly as a "low-brow."

Mr. Veiller interestingly compares playwriting and photoplaywriting. "The screen offers a far wider scope, but its technique is more tricky. This is because there is no set way of doing things, no real technique of tradition. In writing for the footlights you know just what you can and cannot do. Seemingly there is nothing you cannot do in the films.

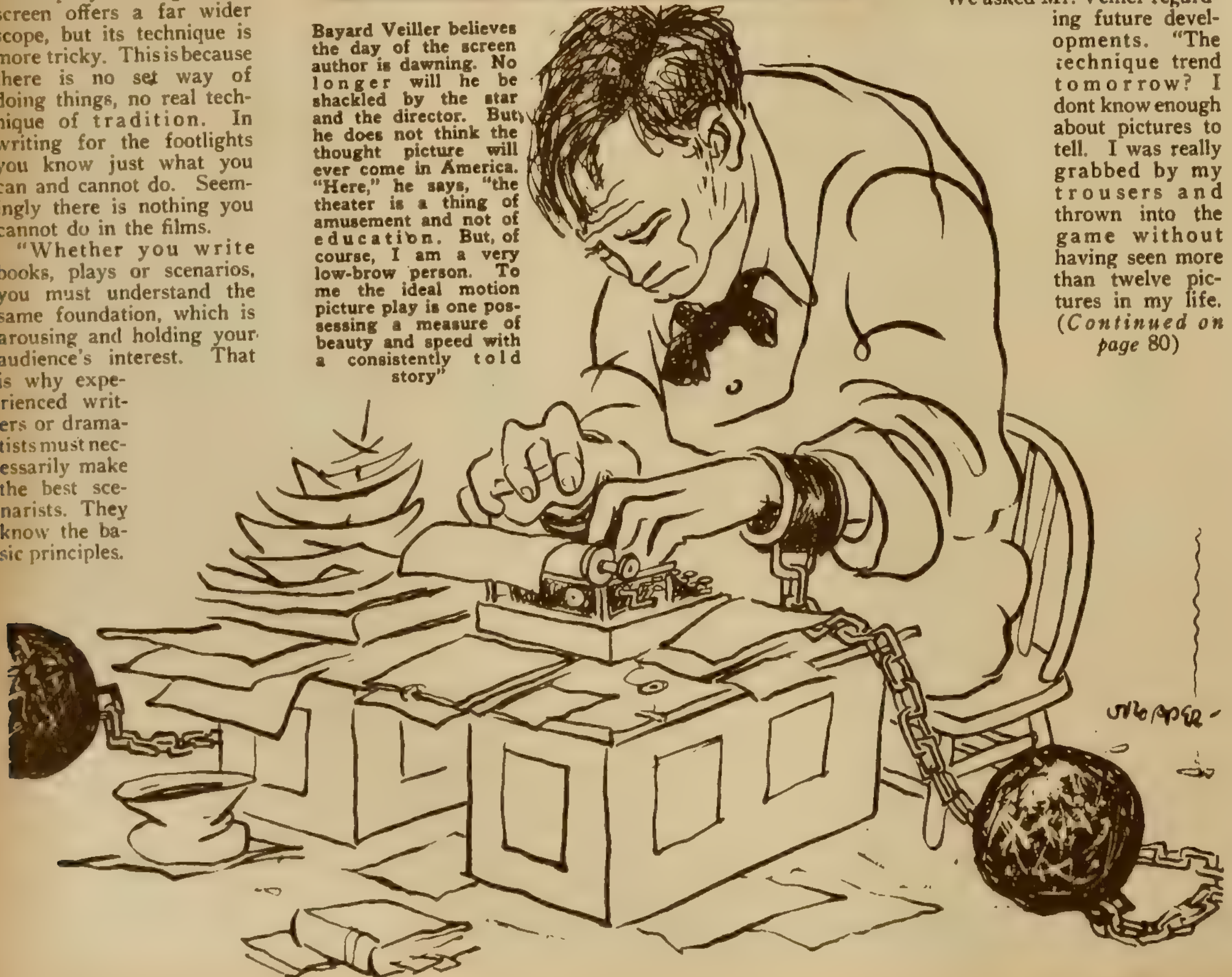
"Whether you write books, plays or scenarios, you must understand the same foundation, which is arousing and holding your audience's interest. That is why experienced writers or dramatists must necessarily make the best scenarists. They know the basic principles.

"Today the technique of the screen is more and more aping the stage. John Emerson and Anita Loos continue to increase the amount of dialog in their stories for Constance Talmadge *via* subtitles. This is necessary to present light comedy on the screen. The pictures must literally illustrate the text.

"Cecil de Mille uses a vast amount of titles to tell his sex themes. It is the only way to express thought—and these dramas are discussions of marital relations. You cannot debate in pantomime. Griffith has always tended towards the poetic caption."

We asked Mr. Veiller regarding future developments. "The technique trend tomorrow? I dont know enough about pictures to tell. I was really grabbed by my trousers and thrown into the game without having seen more than twelve pictures in my life.

(*Continued on page* 80)



Bayard Veiller believes the day of the screen author is dawning. No longer will he be shackled by the star and the director. But he does not think the thought picture will ever come in America. "Here," he says, "the theater is a thing of amusement and not of education. But, of course, I am a very low-brow person. To me the ideal motion picture play is one possessing a measure of beauty and speed with a consistently told story"

Miss Hobbs

By FAITH SERVICE

Told in story form from the Wanda Hawley-Realart Photoplay

Miss Hobbs had bobbed hair and was a vegetarian. She had theories, fads and a passionate philosophy, which dealt, principally, with the total eclipse of the male sex in, at least, the Hobbsian sphere. "Man," she was wont to say to her two friends first, disciples later, "man is a deterrent. We *must*, for our better evolution, dispense with man."

She would then relate horrible incidents in which man had served as instruments of some sort of torture. To the initiate the incidents would have savored of having been learned by rote, but the satellites would not so have abjured Miss Hobbs, whom they held in reverence and esteem.

Miss Hobbs was, indeed, estimable.

The opulent legacy left her by an opulent aunt may, and may not, have had something to do with her estimability. Who can say? Too, it may have conduced to the furtherance, the successful furtherance, of her theories.

It takes a legacy (and an opulent one) to have acreage on which to disport one's unclad limbs, far from the saddening crowd, in the dewy hours of the dawning. It takes a legacy to pluck hothouse grapes from under sunglinted glass and crush them beneath disdainful lips the while reviling the ways of man upon said dewy grass. It takes a very opulent legacy indeed to lure a wife away from a husband, a sweetheart from her love. Yet all these things Miss Hobbs did—and more.

She had an estate. She called it, probably, New Thought, or something grave and purposeful. It was her boast that she never did a *thing* without a purpose. She would disdain to. The estate was a very beautiful one, and had a little lake, and a sudden brook, and a bit of idyllic woodland and all the requirements for a faddist and two satellites to try out expensive theories.

She had two friends. One was called Beulah Hackett, a timid soul who had been married some three years to a "brute." Miss Hobbs thus indignantly named him. That he deserved the appellation I leave to you. He abjured bobbed hair—in his wife. He sneered at Greenwich Village, free verse, the new poets and all things pertaining and appertaining. He made rather conspicuous fun of Miss Hobbs, her horn-rimmed spectacles, her breakfasts of graham crackers and well water; all, indeed, save her legacy. He told her, supreme insult, that she might be "attractive to some man if she'd cut the comedy." For that last Miss Hobbs never forgave the lesser creature. As a sort of neat

MISS HOBBS

Fictionized from the scenario by Eleanor Harris from the play by Jerome K. Jerome. Produced by Realart. Directed by Donald Crisp, starring Wanda Hawley. The cast:

Miss Hobbs	Wanda Hawley
Wolff Kingsearl	Harrison Ford
Beulah Hackett	Helen Jerome Eddy
Percy Hackett	Jack Mulhall
George Jessop	Walter Hiers
Millicent Forey	Julianne Johnston
Alice Joy	Emily Chichester
Mrs. Kingsearl	Frances Raymond

retaliation she was later able to persuade Beulah not to waste her precious, purposeful years with the "brute," but to come to New Thought with her, there to live repletely in the state of beautiful, natural self-sufficiency, which is every *thinking* woman's birthright and heritage. Miss Hobbs had conviction. She was able to spread it. She caught Beulah just after the "brute" had spoken his mind on a woman smoking Russian cigarets in the company of other "unsexed beings" and the rest was easy—Beulah packed her bag and baggage, left a note on the pincushion and betook herself to the acreage of Miss Hobbs', there to discard domesticity, clothing, and reactionism at one, and almost, the same time.

Shortly thereafter, Miss Hobbs converted the second satellite. This was Millicent, a frail thing, and very much in love with one George Jessop, with whom she contemplated matrimony. Millicent was one with a plastic mind. She listened and learned from everyone with whom she came into even momentary contact. Invariably, when in Rome, she did as the Romans did.

Miss Hobbs was aware of this. She had always had a liking for Millicent, who had a mind of sorts when away from the sickening proximity of George Jessop. Now and then she had hinted to Millicent that she was committing a sort of personal hara-kiri in entering into the modern slavery of marriage. "A bondage, my dear," Miss Hobbs would say, thru smoke rings; "a bondage that irks as all bondage does. Very well indeed for the *hoi polloi*, very well indeed. But for thinking women, for self-sufficient women . . . never. A pity! So far no good." Then Miss Hobbs conceived the notion of inviting Millicent for a night at New Thought. Of course she wouldn't have said so, in so many words, but she had a sneaking notion that it would please Millicent's soul to display her really comely limbs in the dew at the dawning hour. Millicent would hardly be able to resist that.

Nor was she.

She spent the night at New Thought, during the waning hours of which Miss Hobbs and the thoroly converted Beulah reviled man and the fetters, extolled the new woman, scoffed at marriage, groaned over the yoke. In the morning they consumed hothouse grapes clad in a few yards of gauze and much dew. Millicent was enchanted. She had never, she knew, looked so charming or *felt* so charming. To be sure, she wished George Jessop could have been witness of her triumphal limbs, but then, she had heard so much of self-sufficiency that she mocked at herself for a poor thing at the very thought. No doubt she would get used to the absence of George Jessop and, like Narcissus, be content with self-worship in the mirror of the sudden brook. She said something of the kind to Miss Hobbs, who heartily concurred. Said Miss Hobbs: "The last need of woman for her lesser complement, man, will be dispensed with when woman comes to recognize the fact that she can worship her own beauty much more adequately than can man. Why not?" Miss Hobbs always ended her introspective philosophizings with a tense "Why not?" to which there seemed to be no other answer than an affirmative. It was so in this case. After all, what more could George Jessop say of Millicent than Millicent, with the aid of the brook and no clothing, could say of herself. Then, too, self-praise could be so eminently satisfactory and unfailing. This was the ultimate argument in favor of a manless state. Millicent collapsed and allowed Miss Hobbs to send George Jessop word that Millicent had decided upon a celibate career. It is another story to tell, of the receipt of this intelligence by George

Shortly thereafter, Miss Hobbs converted the second satellite. This was Millicent, a frail thing, and very much in love with one George Jessop, with whom she contemplated matrimony. Millicent was of a plastic mind, and invariably when in Rome, she did as the Romans did

It takes a legacy (and an opulent one) to lure a wife away from a husband, a sweetheart from her lover. Yet all this Miss Hobbs did . . . and more on her estate which she probably called New Thought

Jessop. That is, the immediate receipt. The upshot was an indignation meeting between George Jessop and the deposed "brute"—he who had dared greatly enough to revile the sacred matter of bobbed hair and platonic friendship and bare-foot dancing.

"She's stolen my wife," said the brute.

"She's stolen my sweetheart," said George J.

"Damn her!" they unisoned.

Then, after a pause, "What'll we do?"

Much frantic smoke, then the brute, "What about Wolff Kingsearl?"

George J. livened up. "Wolff always knows what to do about women," he agreed, with some hope.

"Still, Miss Hobbs . . ."

Yes, they agreed, Miss Hobbs was different. Damned if she was a woman at all. Damned if they knew *what* she was. They'd never seen her—but they could imagine. Angular female, with horned glasses and a huge stride. Also, a stentorian voice, no doubt. Oh, they could *see* Miss Hobbs. Her trouble, they knew, was not contempt of man, but *lack* of man. A little kiss, a moonlight stroll or two . . . Miss Hobbs would not be Miss Hobbs . . .

Appealed to, Wolff Kingsearl agreed that a man was doubtless the remedy to apply to Miss Hobbs. He had never, he said, known it to fail. Still, where to find a man was the question. The bereft husband, bearing no possible resemblance, in his meek forlornness, to a brute, and the eager lover, joined forces and bet Wolff that no man, however versed in the fairer sex, could even so much as kiss Miss Hobbs after a month's effort. They thought to apply pin-pricks and spurs to the hitherto unassailed prowess of Wolff. The prowess remained unassailed. Wolff admitted the probable efficacy of the prescribed treatment, but hinted at a svelte blonde temporarily occupying the field of his activities . . . was awfully sorry . . . hoped they succeed . . . but Miss Hobbs . . . rather acidulous, wasn't it . . . rather frigid zone . . . ?

Two days later Miss Hobbs found it necessary to call at the home of the brute for Beulah's more personal belongings. In keeping with his habitual tactics the creature had dared to retain several of her most prized possessions. Beulah was timid and knew the potency of the brute. Miss Hobbs volunteered.

Wolff Kingsearl happened to be at the house awaiting the lorn return of the brute. Miss Hobbs, seeing him, told him, haughtily, that she was the maid of Miss Hobbs, but Wolff, being versed in feminine tactics, knew that he was gazing upon Miss Hobbs. Knew it, and longed to gaze indefinitely. Knew it, and felt, suddenly, that he could not have his fill of gazing. His heart beat to suffocation and his palms were moist. Miss Hobbs . . . If he had not felt unaccountably serious he could have shrieked . . . He'd let Miss Hobbs steal his wife any day, he thought, and half a dozen sweethearts . . . Even the svelte blonde faded away from the active field and it was, again, and this time, rather definitely, without a tenant.

For, be it said, Miss Hobbs was rounded and fair. Her hair was a baby gold and escaped "in tendrils," as the novelists would say. Her eyes were blue, May-time blue, and implored—at times. Her mouth—but I cannot say what I mean about her mouth. She had a voice—oh, you know——

Wild thoughts, like wild geese, wove patterns in Wolff Kingsearl's mind.

What to do? Here he had gone and fallen in love! Really in love. And with Miss Hobbs, to whom man was *not*. *What to do?* Caveman tactics she would resent, repudiate. They would disgust her more effete mentality. Her philosophy, seeing clearly, would know them for what they were and cast them forth into a sea of oblivion. At which thought Wolff Kingsearl shuddered. Sentimentality she would laugh at. He thought he could hear that laughter—like the tinkling of thin ice. *What to do?* Where to appeal? In the next

In the morning they consumed hothouse grapes clad in a few yards of gauze and much dew. Millicent was enchanted. She had never, she knew, looked so charming, or felt so charming

room he could hear Miss Hobbs packing. Packing Beulah's things. She was doing it very definitely, very efficiently. Of course, she *would*. It occurred to Wolff, with a pang of wonder, that she was, whatever her theories, efficiency, definiteness, a woman. She was that, inescapably. And women were primarily the mothers of men. That was sound reasoning. Appeal to the mother, the mother-pity, in the most theoretical breast and you've struck the richest vein in the component make-up of the other sex. If there *were* no pity—but Miss Hobbs did not have those eyes, that mouth, that voice, those hands for nothing . . .

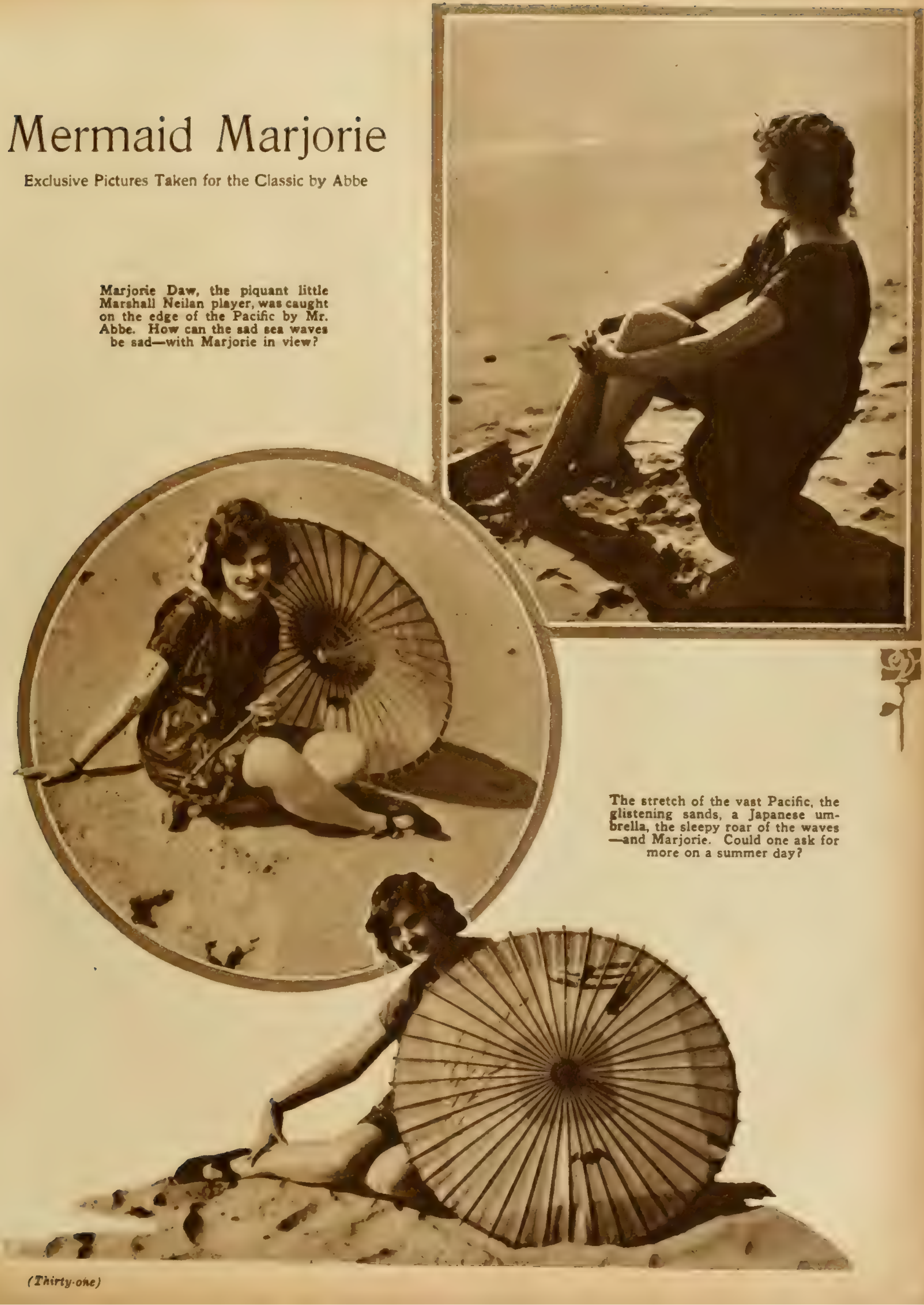
Wolff had one talent. He could play a piano. He could play a piano and make it speak for him. He had done it before on many memorable occasions, and always successfully. There had been the specific instance of the little Lalita—but that is another, and a different sort of story . . . He tried it now. He played Chopin. He *could*. He played, and as

(*Continued on page* 70)

There was a little silence then the mummer over the keys replied, rather feebly, "I have heart trouble . . . rather badly. I . . . I'm a piano tuner —by profession"

Mermaid Marjorie

Exclusive Pictures Taken for the Classic by Abbe



Marjorie Daw, the piquant little Marshall Neilan player, was caught on the edge of the Pacific by Mr. Abbe. How can the sad sea waves be sad—with Marjorie in view?

The stretch of the vast Pacific, the glistening sands, a Japanese umbrella, the sleepy roar of the waves —and Marjorie. Could one ask for more on a summer day?

La Bella Sevilla

SIGHTSEERS from all over the globe knew her—the Spanish dancer at the San Diego Exposition. Daughter of one of the oldest and most distinguished Spanish families resident in California, Beatrice Dominguez, the girl whose eyes sparkled like Burgundy, whose graceful interpretation of the folk-songs charmed thousands, has come to stay in motion pictures.

But it was not without a struggle. Her relatives wished Beatrice to become a doctor or lawyer; there had been no player-folk or dancers of professional tendencies in a long line of ancestry. Frank Dominguez, nationally known as a criminal lawyer of Los Angeles, and whom the girl calls quaintly "my second uncle," since he is grand-uncle to her, would gladly have seen her enter the law.

Dancing was in the blood of her race. Mrs. Dominguez, born in old Sevilla, never had a dancing lesson in her life—she simply danced—danced her way into the heart of a lad in the old country who brought her to California and the life of the great ranchos which covered thousands of acres. Beatrice learnt to dance from her mother, and from her, too, she inherited the priceless mantillas, combs, jewelry and embroidered shawls which she wears.

"You see," said Miss Dominguez, "Spanish dances are all symbolical. One cannot buy the music for them; it is given from one to another. One has visitors—they dance, sing, play the guitar—I say to them, 'Oh, how beautiful is that melody, how I like it!' They say to me, 'You may copy the music if you wish.' In that way, I have about thirty dances. My mother arranges the dances—always she has danced! Myself, I was educated in Sacred Heart Convent for five years—my three older sisters who have married well and who have never worked," (this with an air of conscious pride), "spent most of their lives there. My younger sister has been in a few

Beatrice Dominguez was known to sightseers from all over the globe for her dancing at the San Diego Exposition. There she appeared as La Bella Sevilla. She comes of an old Castilian family residing in sunny California for a generation

By
FRITZI REMONT

Miss Dominguez was born in San Bernardino. It was after the San Diego Exposition that she tried motion pictures. Her unusual Castilian beauty has attracted wide attention

pictures, but she does not like the life. I would not have her work at anything else—and since she is company for my mother, she does not work at all.

"We were born in San Bernardino, where it is much more Spanish than in Los Angeles now. I dislike the great, bustling crowds on the streets here, so unlike the old town of Los Angeles, or the Spanish section of San Diego, as my mother describes them."

"How did you happen to take the name of 'La Bella Sevilla'?" You should hear Miss Dominguez pronounce that "La Baya Sayveeah" in faultless Castilian. She apologized for her pronunciation, since so much Spanish is spoken in her home that she has quite as much accent as a newly arrived Sevillan señorita.

"It was to do my mother's birthplace honor," she replied quickly. "The name proved a detriment when I used it for registration at the studios. I did not realize that at the time. Always—after I left San Diego, and had danced at the Mission Inn in Riverside—I wished to act. I called at some studios and did not say that I was the première dancer of Balboa Park. I simply registered as 'La Bella Sevilla.' Mr. O. H. Davis, who was a vice-president of the Exposition, was appointed general manager of Universal. One day, when I called there, he suggested that I use my own name, because directors were rather afraid to employ a dancer because they reasoned that she could not act. I was baptized 'Beatriz,' but at the studios they have turned that into the American 'Beatrice.'"

Señorita Dominguez is true to racial type—social but aloof, proud yet gracious, always distinguished by that graceful dignity which one associates with her race.

Miss Dominguez has just finished sittings—or should one say "standings"?—for pictures depicting prehistoric cave-dwellers' habits. Since her work precluded leaving the Angel City, Beatrice posed at the studio. Later, thru double photography, Zion Canyon, Utah, backgrounds were printed in. Hundreds of photographs had been submitted showing models who wished to have the honor of a showing for the New York Art Exhibition; this country was combed from coast to coast before La Bella Sevilla was chosen. A startling photograph of the little dancer is called "The Kill," presenting a cave-woman with one foot firmly planted on the head of a wildcat she has just dispatched with a bone club.

Very beautiful is this young señorita. Remarkable eyebrows, wide at the nose, tapering off to delicately sharpened points, give individuality to her face. A large, generous mouth shaped to a Cupid's bow gives a coquettish air. Eyes with the velvet depths of black pansies change with every emotion. Beatrice's hands are fascinating—photographers are always featuring those beautifully tapered fingers. She wears an odd ring nearly one hundred and ten

(Continued on page 66)

His Happy Rôle

Photograph by Northland Studio

Bryant Washburn has emerged from the matinée idol of recent years into a popular comedian. Above, a recent photograph of Mr. Washburn; center, a happy glimpse of Mrs. Washburn and the new arrival at the Washburn domicile; and, below, the domicile itself in California

"WOULD you believe that he used to play dope fiends and heavy villains?" asked Mrs. Bryant Washburn, nodding at the film star whose rompings with Sonny had sent us into gales of laughter.

"*Never!*" I exclaimed, emphatically. "He couldn't, not with his merry smiles."

"That was before he was married, so perhaps he didn't have so many nor—such radiant ones," she replied, mischievously.

"We did have some funny old stills of me in those days," began Mr. Washburn, having deposited his happy son on the front veranda. "Once," he added, with a sly wink at his wife, "I had a nice, untidy study where I could lay my hands on everything I wanted——"

"Until one day I was seized with a desperate cleaning streak," she interrupted, "and since then neither of us has been able to find a thing. Now, just to show you what a dutiful wife I am, I'll try to find those pictures."

For a moment after she left us, Mr. Washburn and I smiled at each other as we listened to the click of the little French heels flying down the wide hall, keeping time with the gay, lilting tune she hummed.

It doesn't take very long to discover the two big interests in Bryant Washburn's life—his home and his work. When he is not at the Lasky studio, making those merry farcical comedies which we all so much enjoy, he is at his home a few blocks distant, with his pretty wife, the adorable four-year-old Sonny, whose real name is Franklin Bryant Washburn IV, and the new baby, named for Mr. Washburn's great-uncle, Dwight Ludlow Moody, the famous evangelist.

"You can imagine, with the religious strain so prominent in the family, that I received little encouragement in my desire for a stage career," said Mr. Washburn. "After leaving school, you know, I grew up in Chicago. I dubbed around at a lot of things, even sold insurance, but my heart wasn't in the work. One day my chance came. I put on a dress suit and became head usher in a local theater, and I felt that I was on my way.

"Not long after this I met George Fawcett, and he asked me if I would like a small part in his play, 'The Great John

By MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

Photograph by Northland Studio

Ganton.' Would I? *Well!* You should have seen me prancing onto the stage all dressed up in sport flannels, carrying a tennis racket—at last an actor! The thrills this brought me meant much more than the dollar I received for each performance."

At the end of the season, Mr. Washburn joined a stock company and later went to New York. After a few ups and downs, mostly the latter, and being broke, he signed with Essanay to make pictures, more as a means of getting back to Chicago than as a step upward in his career. This was ten years ago, and he has been in motion pictures ever since—seven years with Essanay, a short period with Pathé and the remainder of the time as a Paramount-Artcraft star.

Mrs. Washburn came flitting back to the drawing-room with the stills, and for half an hour we laughed over the pictures of Bryant, slim and terribly serious, in fearful make-up and grotesque costumes.

"The first time I ever saw him," began Mrs. Washburn, with her characteristic impetuosity, "was at a neighborhood movie, and I kept saying to a girl friend, 'Can he be a real Italian?' Not long after this I went over to Essanay as an 'extra' and Bryant was the first one I saw. Of course, I recognized him, and how I feasted my eyes, for he looked good to me, even if he did wear a green coat and an awful tie. I shall never forget that tie." And she sighed tragically.

"Do you remember how skinny you were? No double chins then," she added, saucily.

Once upon a time he used to be a cinema villain—and because of his influence over the feminine contingent thruout the country, a philanthropic director turned him into the hero of the play. Above, another portrait of Mr. Washburn; center, capping a flowery tribute to his wife with a bouquet of words; and, below, the happy family out riding with Sonny as driver

"Never mind; when I get fat I'll do nice old men rôles," Bryant retorted. "I was making forty-five a week," he went on, cheerfully, "when we met, and with an unexpected raise of ten dollars we decided we could be married. Every one predicted this would hopelessly ruin my career and I was urged to at least keep it quiet. This didn't suit me. I wanted the world to know I had won Mabel and I was determined to be married and publicly, too. On the contrary, I believe it helped my popularity from the first. You would be surprised to know how many romantic girls write that they are glad I acknowledge my marriage and how they enjoy hearing about the family.

"It is the dear old ladies, tho, that are my special pride, for they write wonderful letters, saying I remind them of their sons or the sons they might have had, and it tickles me to pieces.

"I often wonder if any one realizes how much these fan letters help and encourage us who are working before the camera, for it is

(*Continued on page* 68)

A Daughter of Neptune

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

IRENE RICH lifted herself out of the surf long enough to shout, "Isn't it *great!* Wish I could go on swimming forever and ever. Here is where one forgets all worry and trouble," and, with a gay laugh, she plunged into a huge breaker and was lost in the mass of green-and-white spray.

An hour earlier, Irene had said, "It's between pictures and I have a whole day to myself. Let's go down to the ocean for a swim."

"Let's," I responded, "and we can interview en route."

Quickly preparing a little picnic lunch, and gathering together our bathing-suits, we were soon motoring westward in her comfy sedan.

It was a gorgeous morning. Blue sky, bluer ocean, with its dazzling white-crested waves, the exhilarating salt air, all made one glad just to be alive.

We found an exclusive stretch of beach, with only sea-gulls as spectators, and here we splashed and rode breakers, while Irene, in the rôle of a water nymph, furnished a little exhibition of marvelous skill as she swam far out into the ocean with firm, clean strokes.

"I have always known how to swim—cant remember when I didn't," she told me, raising her voice above the ocean's roar. "It was while living in Honolulu, however, that I became so expert. Why, I almost lived in the water. It is wonderful over there. Duke Kahanamoku, the Hawaiian who has won so many honors in the Stockholm Olympic games, taught me to ride the surf boards. That is absolutely the most fascinating thing in the world, with its breathless sensations, for you seem to go a mile a minute; of course, you do go as fast as the waves, and, oh, it is thrilling!"

Blanche Ring, the well-known theatrical star, gave Irene a letter of introduction to the Lasky studio two years ago—and on the strength of it she got a part as the nurse in "Stella Maris." The part was a tiny one — that is, when you looked again, Irene was gone. Now look where she is! Above, a photographic study of Miss Rich, and, right, as a water nymph on California sands

By MARY KEANE

Miss Rich has been steadily advancing in motion pictures, and has recently won distinct applause for her splendid work as leading woman in Will Rogers' late successes. She is pretty, of that sweet, wholesome feminine type that is so appealing. She is slender, graceful and magnetic, with an active mind in close touch with the vital currents of the life of today.

Resting on the sand in the warm sunshine, she told me of the steps that have marked the way, so far, in her career.

"I have always acted, mentally—do you know what I mean? Whenever I saw a play I found myself submerged in the rôle I particularly admired, following it thru all the scenes, so you see, I am now only making a reality of my dream-acting." And Miss Rich laughed lightly. Too bad the camera cannot catch that silvery laugh.

"Several years ago," she continued, "I became acquainted with Blanche Ring, and I told her of my ambition to get into motion pictures. She's a darling, you know, always doing things for people, so she gave me a letter to the production manager at the Lasky studio, and he, in turn, introduced me to the casting director, who put me in 'Stella Maris' as a nurse. Really, it was just atmosphere, for I could see myself only between blinks when the picture was shown. I was happy, tho, for it was a beginning. That was two years ago last November, so I feel I have made some progress."

Photograph by Evans

Photograph below by Evans

Irene in two equally successful rôles; center, as a mermaid, while in lower left and upper right she improves the art of her costumier

After "Stella Maris" there followed a series of pictures in which Irene played wee bits, sometimes very wee indeed. Then, one fine day, it really happened—she made the jump from extra to leading woman. Dustin Farnum was the star, and that in itself was good luck, for think of being even the screen beloved of "Dusty" and the heroine of his thrilling Western dramas.

After this, things moved rapidly; she played opposite to Frank Keenan in "Todd of His Times," and made several pictures with William Farnum, Earle Williams, Gladys Brockwell and Louise Glaum.

"All this was such splendid experience," went on Miss Rich, "and after playing in a couple of Goldwyn films, I signed with them for two years, and it is a very happy association. I made three plays with Will Rogers as his leading woman—'Water, Water, Everywhere,' 'The Strange Boarder' and 'Jes' Call Me Jim.' I was sorry that I didn't fit the type for his new picture, for he is so wonderful to work with. They dont make men like him very often. All his pictures are clean and wholesome—he positively couldn't play any other. In 'Jes' Call Me Jim' there is a beautiful theme, and Mr. Rogers is just himself. I hope there will be others like it. His wife is just as sincere and *real* as he and they are about the happiest couple I have ever seen. There are four cunning

(*Continued on page* 69)

The Human Ray

Charles Ray is the most popular portrayer of American adolescent youth—with all of its shy, awkward appeal, its tenderness and whimsicality—on the screen. Right, Charles gazes up at the skeleton framework of his new studio being built at Hollywood. Top, left, Charles still leans on his father for support. Center, going over a scenario with Rob Wagner of S. E. P. fame, and below, "Whiskers" waits patiently while his master pays close attention to his eighteen-year-old continuity writer, Isobel Johnson

"Yes or No"

Told in story form from the Norma Talmadge–First National Photoplay

By
OLGA SHAW

Fate works so obscurely, so irrelevantly, say some of the modernistic philosophies, that it makes little, if any, difference which way one takes when one comes to a turning of the road: the destinations being identically the same. Now and then, there are individual cases disproving—for instance, I am minded of Margaret Vane and Minnie Berry. Analogous, poles apart, one when life pressed upon her saying yes, the other saying no.

Margaret was a type, a rather commonplace type, if one might term a person with the outer seeming of an exotic commonplace. She was much like an extravagant rose, fragrant and beautiful, but to be had in great varieties. The essence of her being was possessed of similarity. Her life was made up, principally, of money and what money can buy: of balls and teas and men and the admiration of men; of indifferent, anemic novels, sex plays and vaguely picturesque charities. She never took off her glove when it became necessary for her to shake hands with life. She didn't know anything about contact. She didn't dream, either, because dreaming is, of all things, the most real. She just frittered, and if the frittering palled upon her, as it necessarily and frequently did, she took it out on the person nearest at hand, petulantly imagining that it was the fault of that person. The person happened to be Donald Vane, her husband.

With the perfect inconsequentiality of the human emotion, Donald Vane loved the hothouse rose he had married. He loved her beauty and he *did* dream and he injected his own dreams into her, subcutaneously, and they sufficed him. He thought it quite reasonable that she should sleep half the day, dance half the night, flirt the few waking hours she spent, adorn her sumptuous person in the ultra-fruit of the mills and looms and charge it up to him. To make the payment of the charges possible he toiled night and day, and when it became no longer possible for him to supply these things with the toil of his brain and brawn he supplied them with his nerve forces. In the course of time his physician told him that he had gone past a limit. "You're on thin ice," he said; "you'd better tell your wife and ask her to curtail and both of you live more simply . . . the pace that kills, my lad . . ."

Donald Vane shook his head. His physician noted, with a fatherly pang, that there was grey showing in the bright gold. "I dont want to worry her," he said; "I *especially* dont want to worry her. She—she has such a good time. It's what I work for."

Donald worked harder than ever. Margaret frittered harder than ever. And when she had time to think about it, she lamented the fact that she was a "neglected wife," that her husband gave his all to his work, and took a certain doleful pleasure in the evidently greater appreciation of other men. "Donald," she decided, "was always rather

Donald Vane loved the hothouse rose he had married. He loved her beauty and thought it quite reasonable that she should sleep half the day, dance half the night, flirt the few waking hours she spent

At first it was just like a breath of salt air, that and nothing more, to have Ted come in with his laughter, his hint of outside things, the tales he told, the things he did

Things had been so hard, the children ailing actually sick, not enough good milk, not enough to pay the doctor's bill, the rent behind, coal going up, Minnie herself with a back-ache, and almost discouraged

dense, rather uninteresting. He is just a machine with no finer sensibilities."

Even when he died she did not suspect that his sensibilities had killed him.

She thought it was failure of the heart. That was, his physician decided, the kindest thing to call it. He thought of some lines of Kipling's:

> "Maybe they used him too much at the start,
> Maybe Fate's weight cloths are breaking his heart."

His death followed, almost immediately, the huge ball given by Margaret. She had really worried herself to death over that ball. It was to be a brilliant affair, with the young and popular Vanes at something of their ascendency. At the very last moment Donald telephoned that he would be delayed at the office — imperative work—and could not be present.

Margaret had been white with fury. She had told him over the wire, the most venomous things she could think of. He had, she said, disgraced her, humiliated her, made her a laughing-stock. An affair like the ball, and her husband missing — "at the office" — flimsy, absurd excuse!

Donald had been patient, exasperatingly patient. The fact of the matter was, he had had that day another warning from his physician

She said "No!" Then she said it again, "No, No, No!" She was struggling in his arms, still crying "No!" when Jack came in—and finished the struggle by all but finishing Ted

to avoid excitement at any cost, that if he wished to continue treading the mill of his domestic expenditures he must be apart, undisturbed, without noise or commotion. That the ball might be painlessly paid for, as it were, Donald remained away.

Putting up the receiver he had thought, a little wearily, that the excitement of Margaret's injustice was almost worse than the excitement of the ball would have been . . .

It was on the night of the ball that the affair with Paul Derreck began in good earnest. Paul was an old suitor of Margaret's. He was, incidentally, an old hand at an old game. When Margaret, sore to fury over Donald's imagined neglect of her, poured forth her woes she found Derreck an almost tender listener. His sympathy was as suave as oil, as gentle as silk, as unassuming as a mother's. He said that he "understood." He spoke of a rare spirit. He spoke of loneliness, of lives like ships, passing one another, unhailed . . . the pity of it . . . he spoke of contacts, of might-have-beens . . . he called Margaret "little girl" and "beautiful child." He left her with a craving for more of his talk, for his reassurances.

What she craved she had made a habit of getting. She saw more and more of Paul Derreck. The small, warm comforting of his understanding kindled and grew into a flame. And so, when he asked her to give up everything and come away with him, to another land, another life, she had no stamina of refusal.

She said "Yes."

The same night she told Donald of her decision. "I cant stand your neglect," she explained; "you neither appreciate me nor understand me. I am going away with Paul."

That same night, also, Donald Vane died.

Minnie Berry was also a commonplace type, at least to the outward eye. She was a sort of ragged sailor by the wayside, getting along with the sun when it shone, with the rain when it fell, with the winds when they blew—and they customarily did. She gave little fragrance, and the beauty she had been dowered with rarely shone forth from suds and steam and the fumes of dreary cooking. Yet within there was an essential aroma.

Ever since she could remember, life had been more or less the same for Minnie. Her mother had had many children and, with each one, increasingly bad health. The burdens had thereupon fallen to Minnie, and she, being Minnie, had accepted them. After awhile some of them married, some got jobs, her mother died, her father lived on in a sort of protoplasmic state, and then Jack Berry had come along. There had been a brief period of illusion, spent, mostly, in the movies or at Coney Island. Then marriage. A further and briefer period of illusion, and then the children, drudgery, poverty, the same reiterated thing which had composed the whole of her existence. The illusion, had, perforce, to be put away. There was too much work for very much dreaming. Which was well, for, unlike Margaret Vane, the chances were great that Minnie Berry would have dreamed. But now and then, in brief, snatched intervals, her youth and the prerogatives of her youth would raise their stunted heads and put forth faint, feeble cries for the sustenance of sun and air and recognition. Color and poesy and promise had been so dwarfed, so brief.

It was, therefore, not impossible to understand the temptation that Ted Leach began to possess for the work-worn woman, who was still hardly more than a girl.

Ted was a chauffeur who boarded with the Berrys, with the record of a more or less reckless life. Attractive, particularly to Minnie, chained to her endless toil, her endless worries, her endless disappointments and setbacks. First, it was just like a breath of salt air, that and nothing more, to have Ted come in with his laughter, his hint of outside things, the tales he told, the things he did. Then, it grew more personal. Minnie, unheedful of the meaning, began to put away the wash-tub before it should be time for Ted to return at night. The one period of idleness in her day would be the fifteen minutes of attention she gave Ted when he came in. With Jack, her husband, it was dull and different. Jack never seemed to want to talk to her—never seemed to care to tell her anything, or, in fact, to have anything to tell. He didn't find her good fun any more. She knew this, but didn't resent

Derreck, with the contempt he invariably showed for melodrama or the loss of poise, wrenched the thing out of her hand, and then handed it back, telling her to kill herself if she wished to kill anyone

it, acutely—there wasn't time nor strength. Ted was anxious about her, too. This gave her a sort of thrill, altho she didn't label it as such. It had been a long time since anybody cared whether she were tired, whether she wanted to go out, brought her, now and then, a magazine or a flower or a few candies. Ted did all these things. After awhile Ted seemed to the girl a sort of glowing bar of light across the drabness of her days, the meanness of her worries and the fears for herself, for Jack, for her children. He was something to turn to when other things pressed too heavily.

He encouraged her about Jack, too, about his inventions. Said he would make good, sure as fate! He was awfully nice and kind about everything. Best of all, it made Minnie know that she was still young, still attractive, that everything glamorous and wonderful need not be over. Somehow, she grew to need the stimulus of it, even tho she never swerved in her innermost heart from Jack, from the children she worshipped and brooded over.

He had been boarding with them for nearly six months before the real temptation came. Things had been so hard, the children ailing, actually sick, not enough good milk, not enough to pay the doctor's bill, the rent behind, coal going up; Minnie herself was backachy and almost discouraged, Jack toiling stupidly, it seemed now, stupidly and endlessly, at the invention that never "invented."

If it hadn't been for Ted—Minnie grew to shudder at the mere idea of losing Ted. The touch of his hand had grown to be the thing that made her day a day.

One of the days Ted came to her and told her that all the past six months had been a game he had played because he loved her, couldn't bear to see her working so, killin' herself, it was; he wanted her to quit the whole business, to come away with him. He could make money, he always had been able to, he would, for her. She could have things . . . pretty things . . . sleep, too, rest and books and auto rides, everything she had been going without. He had to say it . . . he had to have her . . . he . . . He came over to her and held out his arms. His eyes were ablaze and his voice shook. Drabness took hold of Minnie's soul: drabness and this other thing, this pulse-shaking, shameful thing . . . shameful, yes . . . he didn't love her . . . not soberly . . . not in a way that counted . . . Jack, working, the children, the children . . . she would go on, because she must, she must . . .

She said, "No!" Then she said it again, "No, No, *No!*" She was struggling in his arms, still crying "No!" when Jack came in and finished the struggle by all but finishing Ted

Twelve months. Margaret Vane living alone, in her country home, very much alone. People have a habit of dropping off, after the manner of leaves when the summer of contentment is fled. Margaret found that the many guests she had entertained had been entertained by her very much more for the sake of Donald than for the sake of her own society. Nor did they take kindly to Paul Derreck.

Paul had not married her. For a time after Donald's death he had played the rôle of very ardent lover. Whenever she had, tentatively, suggested marriage he had professed surprise at her eagerness as "bad taste." "So soon," he had said. She had replied that she didn't see that it made any difference—their union was so, in fact. He had been vague. He had kept on being vague. His ardor still persisted—after a fashion. It was a fashion that brought the brand of shame to Margaret's face. She knew now what manner of love the man was offering her.

After awhile she grew desperate. Donald—dead. Loyal, hard-working, honest Donald, who had married, protected her, spun a cocoon of fine silk about her, revered her. And Paul—

"YES OR NO"

Fictionized from the scenario adapted from the play by Arthur Goodrich. Directed by R. William Neill. Produced by Jos. Schenck. Released by First National, starring Norma Talmadge. The cast:

Margaret Vane	Norma Talmadge
Donald Vane	Frederick Burton
Paul Derreck	Lowell Sherman
Doctor Malloy	Lionel Adams
Minnie Berry	Norma Talmadge
Jack Berry	Rockcliffe Fellowes
Ted Leach	Gladden James
Emma Martin	Natalie Talmadge
Tom Martin	Edward S. Brophy
Horace Hooker	Dudley Clements

for whom she felt this insistent, deathly passion that gnawed at her, with redness and remorse, and would not let her be.

She had few resources. For all her super-sophistication, Margaret, like most unthinking, unintrospective souls, was a primitive. She had only a limited measure of retaliation.

She had never been unhappy before. She simply could not accept unhappiness, either philosophically or otherwise. A year after Donald's death she asked Paul Derreck, bluntly, what he intended to do. "I have all but lost caste everywhere," she told him; "my husband *died* because of this. *I* am heart-broken, and I am desperate. I advise you to think this thing over."

Derreck gave his light laugh. "There is nothing whatever to think, Margaret," he said; "I intend doing—*nothing*. Really, now, *why should I?*"

The newspapers bore varied accounts of the final tragedy, but the facts of the case were that Margaret, growing hysterical, produced a revolver and threatened to shoot if he did not reconsider and right her miserable state by marrying her. Derreck, with the contempt he invariably showed for melodrama or the loss of poise, wrenched the thing out of her hand and then handed it back, telling her to kill herself if she wished to kill anyone.

She did.

She must have lain in that darkening room for a long while after he had left. She must have thought, and for the first bitter time, strange, pitiable thoughts. Perhaps she prayed, to Donald, to God, to Heaven, to the lover who had left her, before she put the bullet thru her brain. Who knows—who knows?

Margaret, when life pressed upon her, had said *"Yes."*

Twelve months. Minnie Berry and Jack and the children in a little cottage, a sort of semi-bungalow, unpretentious but thoroly comfortable, in the woody part of New Jersey. After the apparently ceaseless efforts the washing machine had turned out successfully and there was a steady sum coming in from its wise commercialization. The children, healthy and happy, going to school, flowers growing, hope reborn, love, guarded, still burning upon the tended hearth . . .

Minnie, when life had pressed upon her, had said *"No."*

The bruise on their lives which there might have been, had the dint of poverty equalled the dent of Minnie's morale, was passed over as an obscuring spot might pass over the sun. Minnie looked back on it now, and shuddered to think that the day could ever have been drab enough for her to pause on such a brink. The children . . . Jack . . . this peace . . . this well-earned peace . . . !

She had never, she felt, been taught to *meet* things. She had just been a haphazard person, drawing on peradventurous resources for her courage to do or dare. She had it . . . or she did not have it. With the children it would be different . . . she, by reason of her moments of temptation, would make it different. There would be no game of blindman's buff for them to play . . .

The children, healthy and happy, going to school, flowers growing, hope reborn, love, guarded, still burning upon the tended hearth

The Screen Year in Review

Photo by Abbe

An infinitely interesting year it has been, one vibrant with fine promises for the future. True, the twelve months possessed their disappointments, but, upon the whole, the production average has been well sustained.

The weakness of the American cinema still remains manifestly the same; *i.e.*, a lack of literary discernment and story discrimination. Most of the stuff produced in this country is absolutely banal.

The photoplay is developing its technique slowly and painfully. Here and there may be detected indications of the film drama of tomorrow; vital, human, close to life and far from the average melodramatic screen entertainment of today.

As for direction, the American average is high—in point of treatment and studio workmanship. But, while the average is uniformly high, the men who can vivify a story into silversheet fire can easily be numbered upon the fingers of one's hands.

Before we digress further, let us name our selection of the ten best photoplays of the film year ending July 1, 1920:

1. "The Miracle Man."
2. "The Gay Old Dog."
3. "Pollyanna."
4. "Why Change Your Wife?"
5. "On With the Dance."
6. "Male and Female."
7. "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."
8. "23½ Hours' Leave."
9. "Humoresque."
10. Mrs. Drew's "After Thirty" stories.

A second list would consist of:

1. "Romance."
2. "Blind Husbands."
3. "The Right of Way."
4. "The Devil's Passkey."
5. "The Idol Dancer."
6. Harold Lloyd's comedies.
7. "Jubilo."
8. "Behind the Door."
9. "Scratch My Back."
10. "The Six Best Cellars."

Our biggest disappointment of the year lies in the fact that David Wark Griffith has contributed nothing material to the screen during the twelve months. For the first time in three years he fails to head our list of best photoplays. Just now, when the photoplay needs a courageous leader more than ever before, he has failed to follow his epic of Limehouse, "Broken Blossoms," with anything worthy of himself. "The Idol Dancer," a trite chase melodrama of the tropics, came nearest in points of poetry and beauty, but it fell a thousand miles short. Griffith had his biggest theme in "The Great Question," dealing with the psychic problem of the existence of future life, but he lost his subject in a maze of stale melodrama. "Scarlet Days" belonged to the old Biograph period of Southwest romantic melodrama.

Actually the most important development of the year has been the splitting of the screen world into two factions: independents and—but what shall we term the others? Without question, Wall Street interests are bringing the bigger producing organizations together in what may develop into a gigantic combine, controlling the film theaters of America, or possibly the world. There are indications everywhere of this movement. While this has been under way, the photoplay world has seen a steady breaking away of the bigger forces and the

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

formation of independent organizations. This has manifested itself in the United Artists, the Associated Producers, etc. It is very clear that business interests cannot easily tie the hands of artistic development on the silversheet.

But to return to our selection. But six were original stories written for the screen and eleven were photoplays in which there were no stars.

Here let us register another disappointment. King Vidor, who, since he produced "The Turn in the Road," last year, seems to us the most promising single force in films, did not repeat himself. Yet we have not lost faith in this young crusader for the close-to-the-soil drama.

Cecil de Mille continued along his luxurious primrose path of sex and divorce. There is no questioning the popularity of this director, whose eye is that of the theater and not of the sympathetic observer of life. Lavish and picturesque is his style, but the human note of tomorrow is not there. Then, too, De Mille is running rife in boudoir negligée. His dramas are as intimate as a department store window.

The one directorial surprise of the year was Erich von Stroheim, heretofore a player of Teutonic scoundrels in war thrillers. Von Stroheim put over a flashing—if soulless—thing in "Blind Husbands" and then duplicated it with another study in passionate intrigue, "The Devil's Passkey." Von Stroheim brings a new, Continental and uncannily cynical viewpoint to our screen, hence his sudden success. His is the eye of the Viennese boulevardier who adventures in romance, the Parisian connoisseur in love. He possesses surprising directorial dexterity, technically second only to Griffith. The soul of life itself is alone lacking, for his characters still fall short of the breath of reality.

Here we turn naturally to Mrs. Sidney Drew, who worked with Hobart Henley upon "The Gay Old Dog," that well-nigh perfect visualization of Edna Ferber's story. Mrs. Drew also produced a number of the "After Thirty" stories of Julian Street. These are all marked with a rare human note, a fine insight into life and a splendid ability to reflect it upon the screen. Mr. Henley's work upon "The Gay Old Dog" alone would justify careful observation of his future progress. Here let us draw attention to the fact that "The Gay Old Dog" is not rated as a financial success and that destructive conclusions regarding motion picture audiences have been drawn from it. To which we answer that "The Gay Old Dog" was released thru a channel familiar with the handling of melodramatic serial thrillers and the like. It failed for this reason and none other. We stand firm in our belief that audiences want the best—if they can get it.

It is rather late to comment upon George Loane Tucker, whose "The Miracle Man" holds first place in the screen year. If Tucker does nothing else, he has contributed much to the photoplay's progress. We judge him as possessing a fine sense of the drama, a welcome disregard of non-essentials and a remarkable ability to make players act. Many months have passed and we still await his next production.

George Fitzmaurice, master of screen light and shade, is coming along with splendid strides. He is at the very top of our directorial leaders. Frank Borzage leaped into attention with his "Humoresque," which, if long-drawn-out and tiresome at times, had a promising human touch.

(*Continued on page 78*)

Photo by Abbe

Bill Hart's Dream Home

As we talked, the gay cretonne curtains swayed in the soft breeze, heavy with the fragrance from orchards across the road. To the north, the lengthening shadows were beginning to touch the Hollywood mountains, and over the whole scene brooded the peace and quiet of the late afternoon.

"These twenty-eight pages contain all the action for a picture," remarked William Hart, flipping the closely written pages he held in his hand. "This makes the fourth original scenario I have written since July, 'The Toll Gate' being the first to be filmed. I had that story in my mind for many months before I had the time to make it. I believe a story written especially for the screen starts out with fifty per cent. in its favor. The technique of plot-building is different in novels and pictures, tho many authors have not yet recognized this fact. In writing a book you begin immediately to work away from screen requirements. I enjoy building and working up my stories, but I'll admit that it requires hard work on my part and I dig at it many hours before getting results.

"Genius? Nonsense! There is no such thing. That is the most abused word in the whole language. People who accomplish things *grind* for them. That is all the genius there is—the determination to *stick* until you succeed,' and the great exponent of Western screen drama flashed one of his rare but hearty smiles across the room at me.

Mr. Hart's study in his little green studio among the Hollywood orchards is crammed with treasures dear to his heart. With boyish enthusiasm he showed me his splendid collection of firearms, explaining the intricate workings of guns and rifles. There are several rare horsehair lariats decorating the walls, while saddles, chaps and many Indian curios, gifts from the star's devoted primitive friends, fill the room.

Putting the treasures back into their places, Mr. Hart remarked, wistfully, "Seems a great pity to me that the three most romantic and picturesque elements of this great country—the Indian, the hardy frontiersman, the buffalo—must give way to the march of civilization. I am wondering if the exchange pays."

Watching his sensitive face as he spoke, I think I came nearer comprehending the love he bears his West than ever before.

It is always interesting to consider the influences that have combined to make a man what he is. The case of William Hart presents an especially alluring study, for tho the tall, lean figure and keen features are familiar to a million picture fans thruout the world, the man himself is little known. This is perhaps due to a pronounced natural reserve,

Photo © by Hoover Art Co., L. A.

"There have been three vital influences in my life," says William Hart. "My father . . . the West . . . and the Siouх Indians." And it is perhaps the development of these three influences which make the romance of Bill Hart so thoroly convincing

By
MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

and yet once included among his acquaintances, the charm and warmth of his winning nature is irresistible. The somber eyes, with their hint of a ceaseless search of ideals, when illuminated with a cordial smile, invites the sincere homage that is showered upon him.

With this thought in mind, as we resumed our seats by the open windows, I asked the question, "What have been the vital influences in your life?"

"There have been three," came the quick reply, "my father, the West and the Sioux Indians. My mother was just—*mother*, that says it all; I worshipped her!"

"Suppose you had been reared in a small pastoral English village"—his father was English—"instead of the Dakota prairies, what do you suppose you would have been today?"

"So different—so vastly different that the two of us would not have a single thought in common. There is no question that environment is a powerful force," answered Mr. Hart. "Fate seemed to play with me, for it afforded the two elements necessary for me to produce the kind of pictures I want. First, there was the thoro knowledge of the West, gleaned during those impressionable years of youth. Then came sixteen years of active stage training under the greatest theatrical directors of the day. So I feel I came to the screen fully equipped for my work, and I am always grateful to the public who have believed in the West as I know it and am trying to present it."

"How about the new home?" I asked, presently, for he and his sister, Mary, have recently moved into a pretty little English cottage. "Your sister told me that when she inquired how you wanted your bedroom furnished, you replied, 'An iron bed, an Indian rug, that's all!'"

"Sure, what else do I need?" and Mr. Hart laughed, jovially. "For the love of Mike, what does a man want with a lot of fussy things lying around? To tell you the truth, I never feel comfortable in lavish surroundings. Mind you, tho, that isn't a *real* home; it is merely an abiding-place for Mary and me until my dream comes true. Want me to tell you about that?"

Lighting a fresh cigar and leaning back in his chair, Mr. Hart proceeded to reveal his secret dreams for the future.

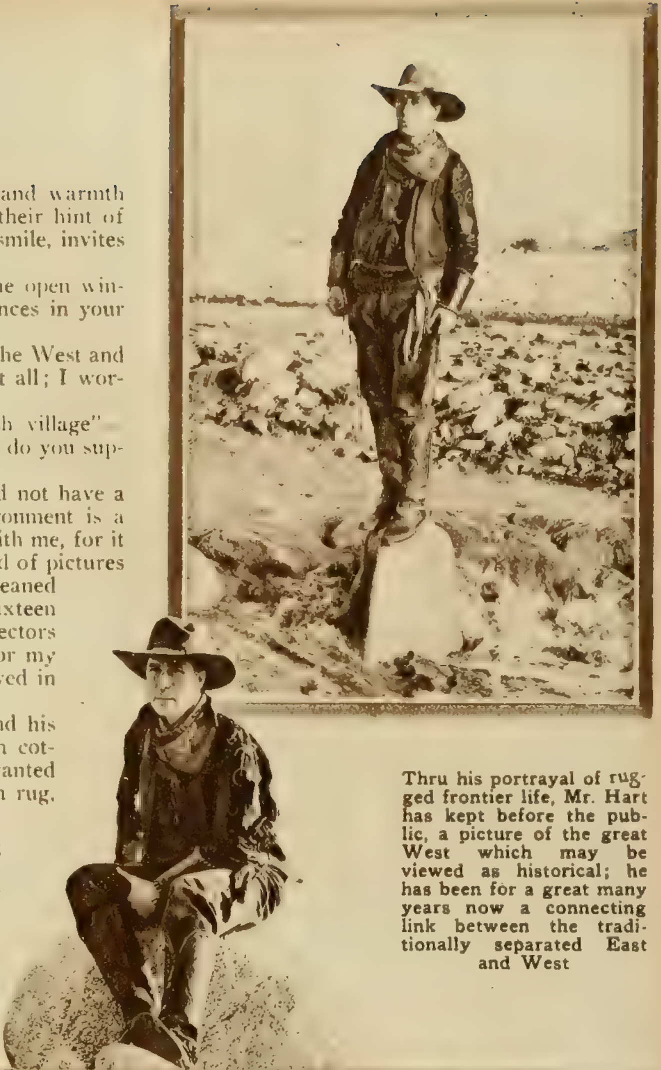
"I was fifteen when we left Dakota. Tho I was a big hulk of a lad, I remember how I clung to my father's hand—there was a wonderful bond of affection between us—and as the train pulled out, I asked, 'Dad, when are we coming back?' and he replied, 'Only God knows, son.'

"You see, I was leaving the only home I had ever known and, in my little-boy heart, the only home I wanted. Well, I'm a man now, but my heart hasn't changed. Always, *always*, my big desire has been to come back—to build the home I have dreamed about—here in the West.

"Now, with that wish ever in my mind and knowing that I am soon to leave motion pictures, I am constantly forming plans and building air castles as to just what that home shall be—oh, it is great fun.

"It is, of course, to be a ranch out in the big open, far removed from railroads and civilization. I want to transform some great desert waste and give it water—watch the soil become fertile—watch the trees grow. I want to see green pastures take the place of cactus and sagebush, and I want to see herds of cattle

(*Continued on page 83*)



Thru his portrayal of rugged frontier life, Mr. Hart has kept before the public, a picture of the great West which may be viewed as historical; he has been for a great many years now a connecting link between the traditionally separated East and West

The Turning Point

Photograph by Gollensky

Photo by Dickerson

Photo by Empire Studio

Top, Hilda B. Crawford, Philadelphia, Penna.; center, Dallas Huntley, Des Moines, Iowa; below, George Sheldon Smith, Hollywood, Calif.

Do you remember, when you were a kid, the intense excitement of the games you used to play? Do you remember an especially thrilling game in which one of the crowd hid in a secret hiding-place, and the object of the game was to discover this place, and as you drew nearer and nearer to it, some one would call out, "You're getting warmer!" The contestants are beginning to feel that way now.

This copy of the Motion Picture Classic will not reach your hands until the fifteenth day of July. On the first day of August, the Fame and Fortune Contest, which has been a unique feature in the history of our three magazines, The Motion Picture Magazine, The Motion Picture Classic and Shadowland, will come to a close, and as shortly after August first as possible, the winners of the contest will be announced. Once again we will be starting off on the road to success the fortunate contestants who have justly won their place as contest winners.

Between July fifteenth and August first lies a span of some fifteen days, in which space of time, if you have not already done so, ample opportunity is given for you to go to your photographer and have some pictures made and sent in to us. All photographs mailed before and on August first will be accepted as entries in the contest.

This will be your last notification from the Motion Picture Classic. In our next number, (the September issue), while it will be impossible to announce the winners, owing to the great amount of work involved in the final selection from the thousands of photographs, nevertheless, we shall publish several pictures of some of the leading contestants.

We ask your immediate cooperation. If you have considered entering the contest, if you have thought over it, hesitated, decided to do so, and then hesitated again, we urge your quick response to this the last call for photographs, for any photograph mailed after August first will not be entered in the contest.

We are quite sure that at this writing most of our readers have seen the two-reel feature, "A Dream of Fair Women," which we produced last year, and in which the winners and final honor roll members of the 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest appeared. This picture was especially constructed for the purpose of giving

The Closing of the Fame and Fortune Contest Draws Near

direct and immediate opportunity to the contestants to prove their acting ability. It created so much interest, however, that it was turned over to the Fine Arts Pictures, Inc., of 130 West 40th Street, New York City, and it has been released in practically every State thruout the country. If you have not already seen this picture, get your exhibitor to communicate with the above company, and it will be shown at your home town theater.

This two-reel feature will give you some idea of what we are going to do for the winners of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest. We have already started production on a *five-reel* drama in which the winners and honor roll members of this year's contest will appear.

"Love's Redemption" is the title of the picture, and the story is a strong, gripping one, dealing with the shadows and high lights of life. People of world-wide notability will appear in it; two of them being Edwin Markham, the beloved veteran poet, of international fame, and Hudson Maxim, the great inventor.

Blanche McGarity and Anetha Getwell, two of the winners of the 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest, have been cast for strong parts in the picture, and some of the others who have also been assigned rôles are Dorian Romero, Edward Chalmers, Erminie Gagnon, William Castro, Seymoure Panish, Alfred Rigali, the Schwinn twins, Mrs. F. Mayer, Titus Cello, Clarence W. Linton, Lynne M. Berry, Dorothy L. Taylor, Arthur W. Tuthill, Joseph F. Murtaugh, Wm. R. Talmadge and Ruth Higgins.

Most of the scenes will be filmed in and around the Brewster estate at Roslyn, L. I., and the taking will be continued well into September. Each issue of every one of our several publications will hereafter contain interesting news of the progress of the play.

We feel assured that this feature will be unique and unusual in every respect, and there will be no expense spared. The direction will be of the best, and the play is a strong drama with a very unusual plot which will hold the attention all the way thru. And the greatest attraction it can have for our readers is that it is being produced especially for them and will number many of them in the cast.

We are, not without reason, proud of our list of judges who will decide the winners. These will include such world-famous personages as Mary Pickford, Mme. Olga Petrova, Howard Chandler Christy, Thomas Ince, J. Stuart Blackton, Maurice Tourneur, Samuel Lumière, Carl Laemmle, Jesse Lasky, David Belasco, Blanche Bates and Eugene V. Brewster.

This month's honor roll is as follows:

From 2103 Pine Street, Philadelphia, Pa., comes a photograph of the very-easily-regarded Hilda B. Crawford. Miss Crawford has chestnut brown hair, blue eyes and a fair complexion.

Dallas Huntley hails from 25 Maury Street, Des Moines, Iowa. She

(*Continued on page 79*)

Photograph by Apeda

Photo by Evans, L. A.

Top, Ella Guerite Maxwell, New York City; center, Madeleine M. Glass, Toronto, Canada; and, below, Jean Selkird, New York City

Photograph by Ira D. Schwarz

Photo by
Ira D. Schwarz

Summer Behind the Footlights

Photograph by White

Above is a dramatic scene from "Martinique," the picturesque tragedy of the West Indies, with Helen Blair and Josephine Victor. At the upper right appear Eva LaGallienne and Sidney Blackmer in the charming comedy of New York in the early '70's, "Not So Long Ago." At the right are two of the prettiest "Florodora" sextette girls, Dana Sykes and Fay Evelyn

High Lowe!

By GLADYS HALL

You would like Edmund Lowe. He is the good fellow sort, with a genial smile and a genial hand shake and a most hospitable dressing room, in personal welcome and in point of refreshment, liquidacious and otherwise.

He is obviously in love with life, too, which is always pleasant and more or less inspirational. He's in love with work, in love with love, rather chummy, so to speak, with the world in general.

But there are other, more profound, less easily taken account of reasons for liking Mr. Lowe. To begin with:

He is a philosopher, with a philosophy beyond his years, which are not multitudinous.

I was talking, the other day, with a very famous, a very popular actor of the speaking stage, past, so to speak, the first flush. He told me that age brings with it, as its chief compensation, a philosophy of acceptance. In other words, after youth we cease to rebel against the "sorry state of things." We fold our hands, compose our features and learn to smile.

Mr. Lowe has a philosophy of acceptance *now*. He appears to be merely fun-making. He appears to be merely working, with no thought of the morrow. He appears to be in and of today, sufficient unto itself. He is doing, has done and will do considerable thinking. He has a clear and reasonable mental equipment. He is not subject to illusions, still less delusions. In the vernacular, he knows what he is doing.

We spoke of old age. I imagined it would hold terrors for this man so vividly young. "Dont you dread it?" I asked. "Dont you *hate* it?" I felt sort of surgical, sort of vivisectional, as I put the questions.

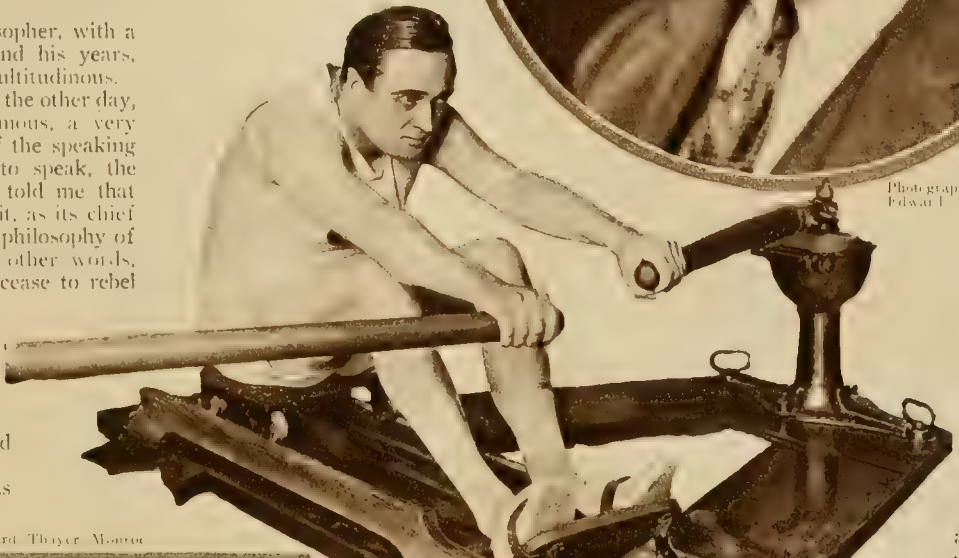
"Why hate it or dread it?" he asked, with calm. "*It comes.* We all know that. We cant do anything about it, one way or the other. Why not accept it gracefully, make the most of it, as we should make the most of this, live it in its own way, with its own peculiar flavors, even as we live youth. *Why* rebel? Waste of energy."

"What shall *you* do," I persisted, "when age comes—and 'all this' is out of the picture?"

"I shall step out, too," he said, "from the foreground to the background. I shall do it, I hope, without undue fuss and flurry. I shall give myself in the meantime, tho, a great deal to relive, a great deal to remember. I wont want to be participating—Nature takes care of that. But I shall want to be remembering, vividly, happily, fully. I shall not want

(*Continued on page 76*)

Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe



Photograph by Stagg

Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

Edmund Lowe has a philosophy of acceptance which embraces comedy as well as tragedy, age as well as youth, the movies as well as the stage, wigs, Confucius—and interviewers. He has been as successful on the screen as he has on the stage; his work with Norma Talmadge, Clara Kimball Young, Olive Tell and others giving him quite a following among movie fans

Overalls Capture the Sennett Studio

Special photographs taken for The Classic by Abbe

The overall movement has hit the famous sea-going beauty battalion of the Mack Sennett beaches. Herewith Irene Tyner, a new Sennett find, reveals just how she intends to meet the H. C. of L. What chance, we ask, has the H. C. of L against opposition like this?

Marooned Hearts

Told in story form
from the Selznick
photoplay

By
DOROTHY
DONNELL

Marion Ainsworth was, in the flesh, precisely what society reporters mean when they write the words, "one of the season's buds." Very charming flesh it was, too, pink and sweetly curved, and like warm soft velvet—so one suspected—to the touch. Any one of a dozen eligibles would have been at her tiny, three-double-A slippers—if it hadn't been for Paul Carrington.

"*On dit*," hinted the gossip sheets. "Lucky girl!" sighed the other débutantes, still worried with the necessity of getting engaged their first season. "She might have done better," grumbled the dozen, seeking confirmation from their mirrors. "How did that little featherhead ever attract a serious young surgeon like Paul?" marveled the dowagers, shaking dubious grey marcels.

Even Mrs. Ainsworth took the whole affair for granted and absolutely threw her, so Marion bewailed, at Dr. Carrington's sleek, dark, well-shaped head. And yet—the proposal was still forthcoming! Of course, Marion was not in any doubts about Paul's feeling toward her, being able to read the unwritten language of eyes, hands that trembled as they touched her in the dance, tho they were steady enough in the operating room, but still it remained a fact that the momentous words were still to be said and heard. It was, she decided, apparently addressing a bright-green grasshopper sitting on the golf-bag beside her, simply too ridiculous for anything and provoking, too.

"He would have—have—well, he *would* have in another moment when we were sitting in the conservatory at the Nutleys' dinner-dance last Friday," she told the grasshopper, plaintively, "and then, right in the middle of the most interesting part, that old message had to come from the hospital! And he forgot *what he was saying!* I must say"—the red lips pouted pettishly—"it's hard to have one's only proposal interrupted by—p-pills! Oh, dear! I wish Paul was a banker or a broker or something *pleasant*—or I wouldn't mind having him be a doctor if he'd have an office on Park Avenue, all French grey and silver, with a pretty, starchy nurse in uniform to open the door—not too pretty, of course——"

The moving flecks of red and white across the course meant the guests of Mrs. Ainsworth's house party strolling houseward across the links; the far sounds of merriment, Marion decided, sensitively, meant that they were laughing at her unmanned plight. She felt quite dangerous at the thought of the golden afternoon already beginning to fade into the limbo of the might-have-been with none of its hopes realized because some dirty little newsboy had been inconsiderate enough to break his leg or some totally uninteresting clerk's wife had taken this opportunity to have a baby.

"When I marry Paul," she declared, so vindictively that the startled grasshopper fell headlong off the golf-bags into the clover, "I shall see that he doesn't neglect me for his nasty old patients, but—*till* I'm married, I dont see what I'm going to do——"

In the dusty distance the blunt nose of a Rolls-Royce roadster had appeared. Marion sprang to her feet, angry with herself for the absurd thrill of joy that shot thru her at the nearness of him. According to the rules of the game that a woman is supposed to follow, she should not let the man she wants suspect her heart, but keep him, rather, guessing until the final surrender. "He's coming!" cried her heart. "What else matters? We are above the need of rules, he and I. There is no trickery about our love!"

Paul Carrington caught her as she fell. "God, why did you let this woman come here?" he groaned; "hasn't she done me harm enough already?" But, hate her as he did he was a doctor first of all

A discreet cough at her elbow warned her that there *were* other people in the world, unfortunately. The butler bowed. "I beg your pardon, Miss Ainsworth; I thought that possibly Dr. Carrington had arrived. A telephone message has just come for him."

Marion felt her joy punctured by the swift stab of suspicion. "Give me the message, Parker." She read the slip of paper he handed her, with tightening throat, cast a swift glance at the approaching car and made her decision. "I will give it to Dr. Carrington, Parker—you need not wait. And you may say to whoever was 'phoning that the message has been delivered."

"I dont care!" she justified herself, as she crumpled the paper into her pocket and turned to meet the car, "I need him worse than anybody else! There are plenty of surgeons who can perform operations, but there's only one surgeon who can propose to me!"

Another moment and all thought of the troublesome bit of paper in the sweater pocket was swallowed up in the high tide of joy that washed over her spirit with the clasp of Paul Carrington's strong, slender hands, the glance of his grey eyes.

"I thought," she laughed, a trifle breathlessly, as they turned back to the car, "that perhaps you didn't care especially for tea. And in that case I might be induced to show you our view. You'd have to see it sometime, anyway. Mamma is very proud of the view and always drags our guests up the mountain to see it, quite as tho she were directly responsible for it."

"I am afraid," Dr. Carrington smiled down at her, "I am very much afraid that I shant see—the view. But I'd love to have you show it to me."

The top of the mountain was quite deserted, save for chattering squirrels and birds, querulous over the trespass into their ancient domain. The pine trees' breath was like incense poured from some swinging censer, and before them the world and the fulness thereof. And there, without interruption, the words Marion had longed for were said, and answered satisfactorily in the way they should be answered, his lips, awed yet eager, pressed upon her lips, quivering and shy.

Afterward they sat long in silence, looking away at the valley, gilded with the late afternoon light, seeing the world with new eyes, as those just born might see it. "And to think," Paul said presently, with a great sigh of content, "to think that I almost missed this. There's a very bad case I've been watching"—he felt her repugnance—"dont worry, dear! I'm not going to bring the poor fellow into our afternoon, only—if he'd had a degree more temperature this morning I'd have had to have stayed and operated."

Marion moved uneasily. It seemed to her that she could feel the weight of the bit of paper in her pocket. "I believe," she accused him, "that you care more about your work than you do about—me."

He answered gravely, tenderly, but he did not, as she had wanted him to—deny. "My work *is* me, Marion, the best part of me, the worthiest. It's as much a part of me as my hands or my eyes. If you care for me, you must care for my profession and not be jealous of it." His eyes rested on the bright head, the wistful beauty of her, and he grew all lover. And so the afternoon slipped away.

A merry group on the terrace of Woodwold hailed the late comers with significant strains of "Here Comes the Bride," rendered upon Bobby Shannon's ukulele. Mrs. Ainsworth, exquisite, a composite tribute to her maid, her modiste and corsetiere, moved to meet them and read confession in their

faces. A mother feels hardly less triumph than her daughter at such a moment. It is in a subtle way, a delicate compliment to *her* to love her child. She took Paul's hands in hers, kist him on the forehead and drew Marion to her side. "Friends," she smiled, "I am delighted that you should be the first to share our happiness."

"I beg your pardon, doctor, but this telegram came an hour ago, sir."

Paul took it indifferently, but his face changed as he read its brief message. "Have waited an hour since I telephoned. If you do not arrive by five, I must operate myself. Patient sinking fast. Do not understand your delay, since servant explicitly said 'phone message had been delivered."

Face stern, the doctor whirled upon the waiting Parker. "What did you mean by saying you delivered a telephone message to me? Some terrible blunder has been made and a man's life may be the price of it."

The butler forgot discretion for a panicky instant. There was that in Paul Carrington's face that would not be lied to. "Miss—Miss Ainsworth—she said for me to say it had been delivered," he stammered in the appalled silence. "I gave the message to her—I saw her read it——"

"Parker!" Mrs. Ainsworth spoke sharply, conscious of her daughter's white silence. "Go into the house at once!"

"Yes, madam," bowed the wretched man, and went, leaving utter rout behind. None of these well-bred men and women had been trained for such a crisis. It simply appalled them, depriving them of the power to move away, or even to avert their eyes from the two most vitally concerned.

"Marion," Paul Carrington said, the tinkle of ice in his tone, "is that true? Did you take a message for me—and keep it from me, a message asking me to return to town and perform an operation?"

She made an effort at nonchalance, even laughing in a high-pitched fashion. "Certainly! There are plenty of surgeons who can look after the patients for one afternoon. It's absurd for you to make a slave of yourself this way—I thought you needed a holiday and so I gave you one. That's all."

"All!" echoed the man, heavily, "*all!*" He turned abruptly and, without a backward glance, strode down the steps to his car, leaped

He turned his eyes resolutely away from the sight of her, clad in a woven garment of reeds, and drifting light as the foam on the beach—and he saw her always before him

"How strong you are," marveled the woman soul. "I was fighting for you," answered the man. He held out his arms and unquestioningly she went into them

over the side and drove home the clutch. The sound of its departure was succeeded by a ghastly silence

"A doctor is nothing more or less than a slave," finally said Mrs. Ainsworth, smiling with stiff lips. "Poor, dear Paul lets his patients tyrannize over him shamefully." She took her daughter's arm gaily, but with a sharp pinch of warning. "I do believe it's getting hotter, if that's possible. Shant we go in and have a little music? If Señor Russini would be so obliging to us."

In the grim purlieus of the hospital operating room an hour later, Paul Carrington, dusty, disheveled, grey of face under his grime, faced the jury of his peers, the old Dr. Matthews, who had believed in him and his future, the two young interns who had admired, envied and secretly been jealous of his success. All three wore the white aprons and rubber gloves of their recent task, and there were angry stains on the senior surgeon's gown. A nurse, who had been clearing away the instruments, gave a quick look at the four grim faces and discreetly disappeared.

"Well, Carrington," Dr. Matthews said slowly, "you're a trifle—late. The patient waited for you rather longer than he should have waited, and"—he met the young man's imploring eyes mercilessly—"he died under ether. It was a pity that we interrupted your game of bridge, after all."

"Dont!" Paul begged hoarsely. He sank down upon a chair, not from volition, but because he could not hold himself upright, and sat, staring down at his working hands.

"They told us you got our telephone." The younger intern did not attempt to conceal his scorn. "Perhaps you would care to explain? Or were your society friends more interesting than an intestinal tumor?"

It was incredible that they

MAROONED HEARTS

Scenario by Lewis Allen Browne. Produced by Selznick Pictures. Directed by George Archainbaud. The cast.

Marion Ainsworth	Zena Keefe
Dr. Paul Carrington	Conway Tearle
Mrs. Ainsworth	Ida Darling
Peter Harkins	Tom Blake
Cyrus Carter	Eric Mayne
Dr. Matthews	George Backus

(*Continued on page 87*)

Double Exposures

Conducted by F. J. S.

CONFESSION

We always go to see Alla Nazimova with the same old anticipation and we always come away with the same old disappointment. Mme. Nazimova has the rare ability to suggest a rare ability.

We detest rural dramas with overdrawn country folk. Because we were raised in the country and realize they aren't overdrawn.

We would walk miles to see Charlie Ray in anything and the same distance to see Marie Prevost in—er—anything.

We adore Jane Novak on the screen, but flappers catch our eye in real life. On the other hand, we cant stand flappers in the films.

We refuse to consider Mary Pickford except in terms of superlatives.

We know May Allison has a sense of humor, even if she is a dazzling blonde.

We wish we could understand the popularity of Priscilla Dean.

Bebe Daniels entertains us mightily on the silversheet, but we would put our bank roll—such as it is—in our inner waistcoat pocket if we met a Bebe Daniels in real life. And we'd hasten to accelerate our locomotion, too.

Harold Lloyd, Charles Murray and Ben Turpin are our favorite comedians, but we will come to blows with anyone who intimates Charlie Chaplin isn't funny.

We are strong for delicate, subtle comedy theoretically, but we have a secret failing for Mack Sennett and his bathing squad.

Everybody worships the dramatic beauty of Katherine MacDonald, but we have an unadulterated admiration for Harriet Hammond.

We will sit thru anything Elsie Ferguson does on the screen and revel in it.

We know that Gloria Swanson would probably be arrested in real life if she dressed as she does in the De Mille pictures, but we refuse to admit it. Gloria is the kind of person we'd rob a bank for.

We're sick of seeing celluloid life revolve around sixteen-year-old cuties. Yet we swear by Marjorie Daw.

Courtesy L-Ko Comedies

These days, if a movie producer puts over a screen hit, he becomes a master; if he puts over two hits, he is a genius, and if——But nobody has.

Judging from Cecil de Mille's recent opus, "Why Change Your Wife?" the biggest motive in modern life is negligée. And love?—it's a mere matter of discriminating purchases.

Speaking of Cecil de Mille, somebody has just gone him one better by producing "Why Change Your Mother-in-law?"

TELL IT WITH TOBACCO

1 fat man + 1 big cigar = 1 politician.

1 chaise longue + 1 cigaret = 1 vampire.

1 cowboy + 1 bag of Bull Durham = 1 Bill Hart.

1 character actor + 1 cigar butt = 1 Theodore Roberts.

1 set of whiskers + 1 corn-cob pipe = 1 rural drama.

1 dapper gent + 1 cigaret in an amber holder = 1 Lew Cody.

1 derby + 1 tensely gripped cigar = 1 detective.

Etc., etc.

Griffith does believe in realism. Hasn't he just added (Mary) Hay to his cast of "'Way Down East"?

BIG DRAMATIC MOMENT OF THE MONTH

Mae Bush in her Ivory soap moments of "The Devil's Passkey."

Mack Sennett is going to produce a stage revue built around his famous bathing girls. We hereby apply for seats for the première, be it in Los Angeles or New York.

(*Continued on page 95*)

FROM BEHIND THE SCENES

By BARBARA HOLLIS

When Life's great curtain call shall sound,
When at the play's last page,
I hope that Time may find me still
An actor on its stage.

And, be my lot a humble one,
Perchance a servant's part,
I hope I'll still be acting it
With all my mind and heart.

So, when the Prompter gives my cue
With solemn voice intense,
God grant I need not answer Him
From out the audience.

A New Twinkler

All photos by Abbe

Agnes Ayres, with her classic beauty and distinctive feminine charm, is the latest twinkler to have registered, for she is to be starred under the management of Albert A. Kaufman

Agnes Ayres was wearing a cunning little frock of pink-and-white gingham—a glorified gingham, softer and lovelier than silk, a big, droopy hat and white, round-toed pumps, and she looked exactly what she is, a wholesome girl.

We found a seat near a big palm, and the fragrance of orange-blossoms and roses filled the air, while the morning sun shone warm and soft.

"This is about the first moment of leisure I have had in five weeks," laughed Miss Ayres, "and I feel like a kitten. I like to sit and blink at the sun, thinking how good the world is to me.

"I've been so busy getting to where I am that really I have not thought much about the steps that brought me here," Miss Ayres told me, quite seriously. "Only an impelling desire to accomplish something really worth while in pictures has ever urged me on.

"Funny," she continued, "how we get started on our careers. Both father and mother were always interested in amateur theatricals, and at one time mother, who gave promise of being a second Maggie Mitchell, slipped away from home and, going to Cairo, Illinois, was about to join a theatrical company when her mother promptly took her home and that ended her career. Perhaps that broken girlish dream has made her more lenient in letting me try my wings. She has always been so wonderful, standing right back of me in everything, and such a comfort. You see, I'm a real mother's girl."

Miss Ayres declares that she had never given the stage any special thought until one fateful day when she visited the Essanay studio—the family lived in Chicago—and a director asked if she didn't want to be in a picture. This sounded like such a lark that she answered yes, and the next minute Agnes Ayres became a part of a mob scene in a Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne film.

So this is the way it all began. She photographed so well that they immediately gave her a place in the studio stock company, and all that summer she played tiny bits in the George Ade comedies which were being filmed. By this time, she confesses, she had the "bug," and when New York, the great Mecca, beckoned, she responded. There she went with the Mutual Film Company, making five pictures with Marjorie Rambeau and one with Nance O'Neil under Frank Powell's direction. Then came Vitagraph and the O. Henry stories.

It was as the original O. Henry girl that Miss Ayres first won recognition, and in the twenty-five pictures she made she succeeded in giving the characters that real and very human touch, with the spirited gaiety or quiet pathos with which the author had invested them.

For two years she free-lanced and early in the winter came to Hollywood to head the cast for the Famous Players-Lasky production of "Held by the Enemy."

It was during this time that Mr. Kaufman became interested in

By
MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

her ability and screen possibilities, signing her as his second star, the Allan Holubar-Dorothy Phillips combination being already under his wing.

"A new studio is being built for us over on Sunset Boulevard," Miss Ayres told me, enthusiastically, "and I am to have my own company and, oh, everything is going to be wonderful. I am doing a picture for Marshall Neilan before making the first one for Agnes Ayres, and I'm thoroly enjoying it. Micky is great to work with, for his good humor and lively spirits keep things humming and he will sacrifice anything for a good laugh.

"In this picture I play the rôle of a girl who owns a newspaper, and we took some night scenes at the Los Angeles *Examiner* last week. It was quite thrilling—those great presses—they seemed to be alive."

A mocking bird poised on a palm nearby was practicing some new trills, and we listened to the sweet notes while we enjoyed the beauty of the scene before us.

"It is all so glorious here, how I love it!" Miss Ayres spoke softly, lest we frighten Mr. Mocker. "Of course, I am fond of New York; I had my first chance there and, too, it means theaters. I do miss them, yet here I am really *living*. You see, I have been shut up in hotels and apartments for so long that it is positively heavenly to be living in a vine-covered bungalow in the midst of a rose-garden. I had a great time finding just what I wanted, for I was busier than ten little bees about then, learning to drive my car and working hard at the studio. Now that mother is here, all my worries are over."

Miss Ayres first won recognition as the original O Henry girl, giving to the characters of the twenty-five pictures she made, that real and very human touch with which the author had invested them

Hugging her devoted companion, a lively toy Boston terrier, "Skooks," with his fine markings and button tail, the star declared that he had never lived a real dog's life before—*now* he has a whole big garden in which to bury choice bones.

"We have accumulated a lot of live stock," remarked Miss Ayres, between "Skook's" playful barks. "There are twelve rabbits, seven chickens, with six eggs each evening for me to find—it's the *best* fun! Then there are two Persian kittens only a few months old and a mamma cat we call 'Macushla.'

"There was a time when I thought emotional and dramatic rôles were my forte." She had again settled down to the demands of an interview. "But I am beginning to prefer comedy dramas. They are so interesting and it requires much skill and finesse to steer such a play safely along. I like to study my story, visualize the scenes and then plan my costumes. So much, oh, so very much depends upon the clothes, for there is no doubt of their psychological effect both upon the actors and the audience.

"I remember once while working on an O. Henry story, the girl was poor, and I insisted on wearing an old pair of shoes all run down

(*Continued on page* 71)

From Shorthand to Stardom

By ETHEL ROSEMON

Photograph by Ira L. Hill Studio

Not so long ago Estelle Taylor, the new Fox luminary, was attending a secretarial school in Wilmington, Del. A nervous breakdown caused her to turn to acting

THE war did it. If there had been no war, there would have been no Liberty Bonds and Estelle Taylor would now be teaching Wilmington's young how to act.

The new star sat in the new dressing-room of Mr. Fox's new studio over on Tenth Avenue and discussed this new experience, this ascension to stardom. It's a long step from a secretarial school in Wilmington, Delaware, to a featured player with a large picture corporation, especially when one has to walk the ties of a Methodist ancestry, but Estelle took it like a trained athlete. The exercise has left her natural and unspoiled and in possession of the good sense that promises to keep her that way until the final reel of the picture.

"It's queer how a person plans and dreams for years and years about the thing she wants to do most in the whole world, sees not the slightest chance of ever having the opportunity and then something that looks like a big evil turns the knob and says 'Walk in,'" she began, thoughtfully. "There was that nervous breakdown. Now, if you've ever had one you realize that you dont put a 'Welcome' on the door-mat for it. I was attending a secretarial school, studying all the tantalizing dots and dashes and the funny little curlicues when it came my way. I wasn't very cheerful at the interruption. I was anxious to master the art of making a long conversation short and get thru. I had a goal, a secret one, that lay miles and miles beyond being some nice man's nice secretary, and I was impatient of the delay in my progress toward it.

"However, when the physician and the family began to discuss the necessity of a change of surroundings and occupation, I saw the reason for my 'temporarily discontinued' career. I began to speak—timidly at first, but more boldly as time went on—of the restorative qualities of a course at a dramatic school. I was very fond of children, and thru that my parents saw a solution of the problem. They would send me to a dramatic school in New York and when I had completed the course I could hang out my shingle and transfer my learning to the neighbors' children. That was the picture that painted itself upon the family vision. A far different landscape was hanging in my own private gallery, but the only thing that really mattered was that I was to have an opportunity to prepare for the work I was born loving.

"It was smooth sailing while I was at the school, for my checks came regularly. Instead of returning home with the shingle under my arm on finishing the course, I announced my

(*Continued on page* 75)

Your nails tell strangers all about you

How you can keep them always well groomed

IT is not only palmists who read your character by your hands. Wherever you go—whenever you appear in public, strangers are judging you by the appearance of your hands and nails. Some people do so unconsciously. To many it is the one sure key to a person's standing.

Carelessly manicured nails cannot be hidden. The loveliest gown, the most charming manner cannot affect the impression they give.

But there is a way to correct that impression. Your nails can be as lovely as anyone's with very little effort. A few minutes of the right kind of care, once or twice a week, is all that is necessary.

But it must be the *right kind* of care. Many of the most neglected looking nails are really not neglected; they are badly manicured. The cuticle is ragged and overgrown because it has been cut. The more you cut the cuticle the worse it looks. It grows thicker and thicker, the skin heals in little scars and hangnails form.

With Cutex, the liquid cuticle remover, you can keep your cuticle smooth and unbroken, the nails always lovely.

With a bit of cotton wrapped about an orange stick and dipped in Cutex, work around each nail base. Then wash the hands, pressing back the cuticle with a towel.

For clean, white nail tips, apply a little Cutex Nail White under the nails. Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish.

To keep the cuticle soft and pliable so that you need not manicure as often, apply Cutex Cold Cream at night on retiring.

Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 35 and 65 cent bottles. Cutex Nail Polish, Nail White, and Cold Cream are each 35 cents.

Six manicures for 20 cents

For two dimes you can get a Cutex Introductory Manicure Set, containing enough of each of the Cutex products for at least six complete manicures. Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York.

If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 908, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

CUTEX
CUTEX

You can get the Cutex preparations at all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and at all chemists' shops in England

Mail this coupon with 2 dimes today to Northam Warren
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908

Gossip of the Pacific Coast

By
TRUMAN B. HANDY

Top, Our Mary proves that there is more than one kind of courage in the world by deliberately obliterating as much as is possible of her natural facial beauty. Evidently she believes her rôle as "The Duchess of Suds" should be a realistic one, to say the least. Center, Viola Dana is said to be very much interested in aviation and its exploiters. Below, King Vidor and Mrs. Vidor out on location for "The Jack-Knife Man," Vidor's latest release, now nearing completion

LOS ANGELES, CAL., (*Special*) Olga Petrova's opening at the Orpheum vaudeville house here was not as auspicious as perhaps it might have been, because nearly half of the film colony has either been away on location or in New York, Australia, France and other parts of the world.

The Orpheum's first-night lacked a number of the picture stars who generally occupy the bald-headed rows on that eventful evening. In a second-tier box I noticed Thomas Holding and his wife, while Carter de Haven, Al Christie and Teddy Sampson sat in the pit. Petrova's dressing-room was banked with flowers sent her by film players.

Can you possibly imagine a picture colony minus nearly one-half of its picture celebrities? It's a paradox, but decidedly the case here. Blame it all on spring fever. Hollywood is practically deserted. The emigration is only temporary, however, because the stars all have contracts calling for their work in the West.

One Sunday morning a whole trainload left the Santa Fé station for New York. All the screen famous were domiciled in one car. There were Bert Lytell and his wife; Gloria Swanson's husband, Herbert K. Somborn; Clara Kimball Young; Harry Garson; Jack Dillon, the director; and June Mathis, Metro's scenarioist-in-chief. Preceding them by a week was Sessue Hayakawa, who left Los Angeles to arrange final details for his new company. But Sessue felt the need of hurrying back to attend to details relative to the building of his new $300,000 studio.

That one-time matinée idol of the films, Wilfred Lucas, and his wife Bess Meredith, left some time ago to join a company in Australia. They will be abroad a year. Which reminds me that Arthur Shirley, remembered as the hero of "The Fall of a Nation," has also gone to the antipodes to organize his own company. And William Duncan is about to hie himself and company to South America to make a serial, while Anna Q. Nilsson has been packing her trunks preparatory to sailing for her native Sweden. Tsuru Aoki is in Japan, but is expected back shortly. Rosemary Theby has been in New York now for weeks. Antonio Moreno and his company have been in the Northwest, serialing, while Hobart Bosworth and his company have been "shooting" scenes for "Bucko McAlister" in the Santa Cruz Islands and around San Francisco Bay for the past month. Mabel Normand's company was in the northern California metropolis, too, for a number of weeks, doing scenes for "Rosa Alvaro," while Will Rogers and his troupe have been in Arizona.

And Universal City has been practically depopulated, with producing companies scattered all over California "on location." Edith Roberts, doing a South Sea Island story called "Marama," was at Monterey; Harry Carey has been at Victorville, near Death Valley, for a yarn to be known as "Fighting Job"; Frank Mayo has been at Big Bear Lake; Art Acord has been in the Yosemite, while Jacques Jaccard, producing a series of Northwest Mounted Police stories featuring Virginia Faire and Leonard Clapham, has been away in a far-distant canyon for weeks. And, to make things more intricate, Priscilla Dean has been finding life these days just one personal appearance after another with her film, "The Virgin of Stamboul." San Francisco saw her. So did San Diego and Santa Barbara.

With the building of his new studio, King W. Vidor has developed most staggering plans. For a month now he has been negotiating the purchase of a flock of famed stories, among them Clare Kummer's

(*Continued on page 82*)

HELENE CHADWICK · CLARA WILLIAMS   LOUISE FAZENDA   RUTH ROLAND   RUTH STONEHOUSE · MAY ALLISON

In "The Wonder Book for Writers," which we will send to you ABSOLUTELY FREE, these famous Movie Stars point out the easiest way to turn your ideas into stories and photoplays and become a successful writer

Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really *can* and simply *haven't found it out*? Well, come to think of it, most anybody can *tell* a story. Why can't most anybody *write* a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality to-day.

"The time will come," writes the authority quoted above, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts, and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are The Writers of Tomorrow.

LETTERS LIKE THIS ARE POURING IN!

"I wouldn't take a million dollars for it." MARY WATSON, Fairmont, W. Va.

"It is worth its weight in gold." G. MOCKWITZ, New Castle, Wash.

"Every obstacle that menaces success can be mastered through this simple but thorough system." MRS. OLIVE MICHAUX, Charleroi, Pa.

"It contains a gold mine of valuable suggestions." LENA BAILEY, Mt. Vernon, Ill.

"I can only say that I am amazed that it is possible to set forth the principles of short story and photoplay writing in such a clear, concise manner." GORDON MATHEWS, Montreal, Can.

"I received your Irving System some time ago. It is the most remarkable thing I have ever seen. Mr. Irving certainly has made story and play writing amazingly simple and easy." ALFRED HORTO, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

"Of all the compositions I have read on this subject I find yours the most helpful to aspiring authors." HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR, Literary Editor, Motion Picture Magazine.

"With this volume before him, the veriest novice should be able to build stories or photoplays that will find a ready market. The best treatise of its kind I have encountered in 24 years of newspaper and literary work." H. PIERCE WELLER, Managing Editor, The Binghamton Press.

"When I first saw your ad I was working in a shop for $10 a week. Always having worked with my hands, I doubted my ability to make money with my brain. So it was with much skepticism that I sent for your Easy Method of Writing. When the System arrived, I carefully studied it evenings after work. Within a month I had completed two plays, one of which sold for $500, the other for $150. I unhesitatingly say that I owe it all to the Irving System." HELEN KINDON, Atlantic City, N. J.

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. *Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest writer?* Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet if, by some lucky chance, they had **first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the imagination free rein, they might** have astonished the world!

BUT two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard often turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. Many of the greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they *really learn to write* from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex of the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you might be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't *I* learn to write?" *Who says you can't?*

LISTEN! A wonderful *FREE* book has recently been written on this very subject—a book that tells all about the Irving System—a Startling New Easy Method of Writing Stories and Photoplays. This amazing book, called *"The Wonder Book for Writers,"* shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't *dream* they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest Ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own Imagination may provide an endless gold mine of Ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you *ARE* a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. How to *WIN!*

This surprising book is *ABSOLUTELY FREE*. No charge. No obligation. *YOUR* copy is waiting for you. Write for it *NOW*. *GET IT. IT'S YOURS.* Then you can pour your whole soul into this magic new enchantment that has come into your life—*story and play writing*. The lure of it, the love of it, the luxury of it will fill your wasted hours and dull moments with profit and pleasure. You will have this noble, absorbing, money-making new profession! And all in your spare time, without interfering with your regular job. Who says you can't make "easy money" with your brain? Who says you can't turn your Thoughts into cash? Who says you can't make your dreams come true? Nobody knows—*BUT THE BOOK WILL TELL YOU.*

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Get your letter in the mail before you sleep to-night. Who knows—it may mean for you the Dawn of a New Tomorrow! Just address The Authors' Press, Dept. [illegible], Auburn, New York.

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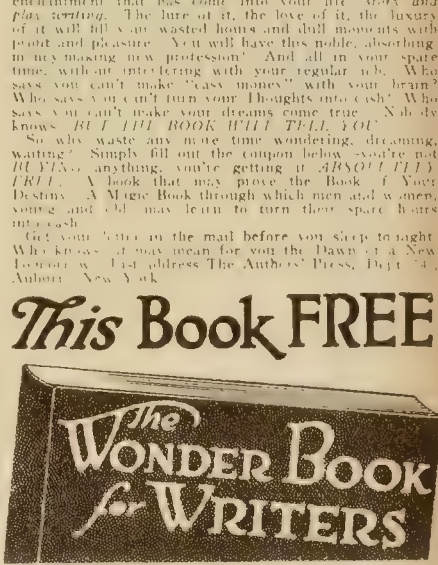

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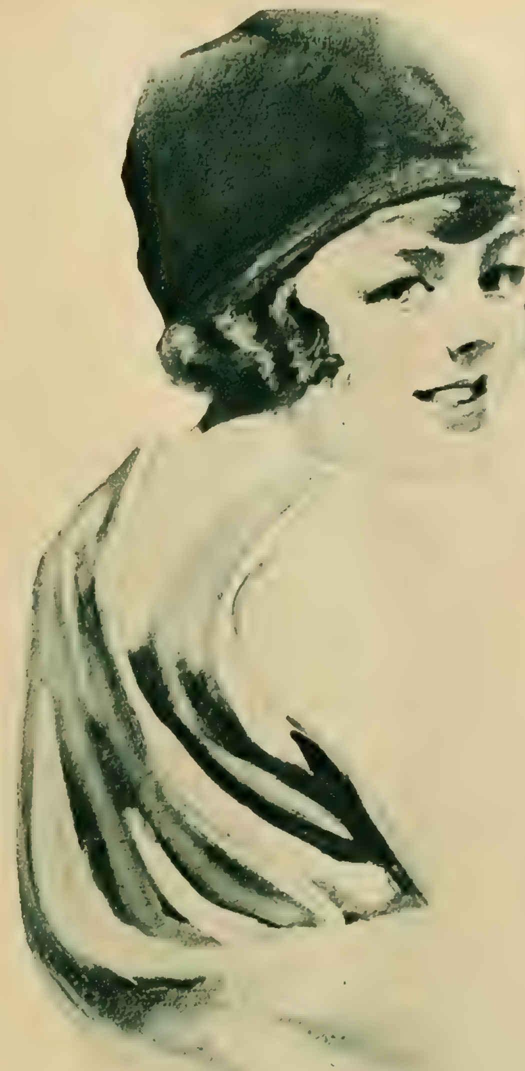
A Coleen From Chicago

Coleen Moore hails from Chicago, despite her Irish cognomen. Aside from being in Christie comedies she has already done considerable dramatic work. Below she is demonstrating her athletic prowess to her brother, Clive



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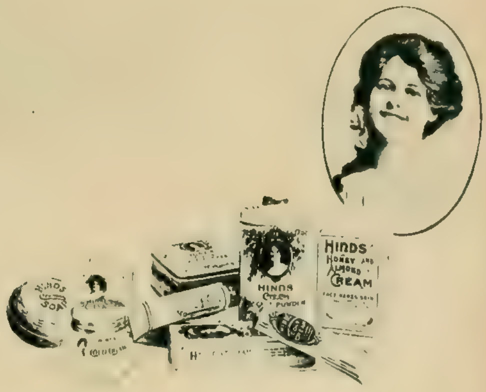
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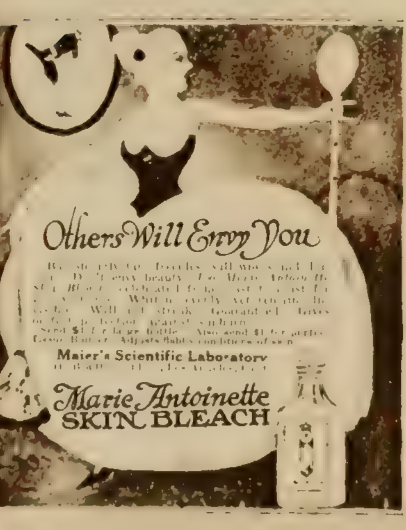
Others Will Envy You
Maier's Scientific Laboratory
Marie Antoinette
SKIN BLEACH

La Bella Sevilla

(*Continued from page 33*)

years old, a circlet carrying a dark topaz. This heirloom has been inherited from a great-grandmother, and each girl of the family wears it until she marries. When Beatrice Dominguez changes her surname, this ring will go to her younger sister, and then to the oldest daughter of her oldest sister.

"Yes," she smiled in answer to a query anent her precious heirlooms, "my comb and mantilla," (oh, how she slurs mahnteeya, with that swift upward sweep of luscious black eyes, like California cherries, and quite as if she were viewing her own headdress critically!), "are from my mother's mother. My shawls are from Spain also; one is aged one hundred and eight, the other seventy years. I like best that picture taken of me at the Universal studio, for they have such a clever photographer, so patient he is in posing one.

"The background for my favorite picture was beautiful. Everywhere flowers were painted, and deep cerise silk cushions were there to be nestled in. I wore my handsome shawl of white with red flowers and colored leaves, and the coral beads from my mother's family—and oh, yes, the gay fan from Sevilla. It was so bright, that picture, I wish it could be seen in colors."

The sparkling vitality of this girl immediately impresses one. I well remember how crowds watched her dancing at San Diego, how they pelted her with flowers and gifts, for of all the quartet she was undoubted queen. She has received so many letters since that time, for the tourists did not forget La Bella Sevilla after leaving the coast.

We spoke of her career, a quite modest one so far, Beatrice thinks. She did "The Moon Riders" and a serial with Art Acord, until that lively young man broke one leg in three places and held up production for the past three months. Mildred Moore was compelled to bleach her hair to play opposite Miss Dominguez, since a wig would have been unfeasible for serial work, where rough-riding and hard stunts are the rule.

"Do you indulge in sports, Miss Dominguez?"

"Oh, yes; I swim, ride, shoot—anything but drive a car. My mother is afraid I am too excitable and enthusiastic and that I might have an accident—so we have a chauffeur."

Now, isn't that a bit of old Spain in itself? Imagine riding a horse down all sorts of rocky canyons, over rough roads, fording stony rivers—and then balking at the modern innovation, the motor-car!

One evening, the audience at the Superba Theater, Los Angeles, was charmed to see Beatrice Dominguez dance before the film presentation. She does a great deal of charity dancing and took part in the "League of Nations" entertainment at Whittier, California.

"I wish they had cast you as Lasca," I murmured. She is the very incarnation of that wild, jealous, ardent creation of John Boyle O'Reilly.

"Almost I was cast for the part. The director wanted me, and the management agreed, but then it was found that I was a trifle too tall, so it fell thru. I was so eager for the part. I wish so much to do Carmen some day, too.

"You see, Americans try to play the part of a Spanish girl, and they *slouch*—is that what you call it? They drop the shoulders and sink in the chin. No Spanish girl ever does that. She is very proud, her head is held far back, her shoulders are very straight even when she dances, never does she stoop forward or bend carelessly. She has carriage—you know what I mean?"

"Coquetry isn't really intentional with Spanish people, is it? It seems spontaneous." When one has lived in a city of Spanish inhabitants for eight years, it is quite patent that the desire to please the opposite sex and pride of family, coupled with self-respect, are responsible for the arts and wiles of the attractive señoritas.

"Sometimes at the studio they say to me, 'Beatrice, again you vamp!' Bah, how I detest that—so vulgar a word. Never do I wish to hear it applied to me. I shake my head—and then they say to me, 'Well, perhaps not consciously, but you cant help vamping.' They think that if one's eyes dance and the mouth smiles, and one is happy—it must be vamping. Spanish people do not think of that.

"Why, even to her death, my mother's mother had that attractiveness. She lived to be one hundred and two years old.

"Yes, and the father of my mother lived to be almost one hundred and five years old, enjoying life with us until the last. He simply fell asleep," she concluded.

"Have you been playing chiefly Spanish parts?"

"Really, the first time I appeared before the camera was when Douglas Fairbanks came to the Exposition and filmed 'The Americano.' You remember, the Spanish dancers were featured in that? Then I had my picture taken with Mr. Fairbanks many times—he is so funny, that Mr. Fairbanks. Dont you love him? I do." Miss Dominguez is delightfully direct, and yet she is subtle, elusive, so that one finds it difficult not to stare at her changing expression.

I was spared the task of making a confession. She went on, gaily, "I wish I could do 'The Bird of Paradise'—at the studio Mr. Howard is trying to arrange for that; he wants so much to have me play Luana.

"Once I played opposite handsome Wally Reid, too, in 'Les' Than Kin,'" came the softly slurred title. "Now I have been in 'The Beach Comber,' and I love that part very much. It will be released soon. I played a good rôle with Mr. Salisbury—he is so big and kind, I enjoy so much to work with him.

(*Sixty-six*)

"I am glad that I was not advertised and pushed into the front rank suddenly—like some of the young girls who have failed. It is not well to become a star that way. I should not like to play ingénues or straight leads. I think I have been most fortunate in being cast for character parts, for heavies with strong emotional parts. That is real training in acting. When my time comes as a star, I shall have had much experience, and then I shall not be afraid; I shall only know that it is a time to work harder than ever to deserve success."

Perhaps the most delightful thing about this beauty of Seville is her lack of vanity. She is very critical and, like most analysts, does not spare herself, but carefully dissects her motives, studies her appearance and strives constantly for improvement. There is not the slightest danger of self-satisfaction in this girl of twenty-one, who is accepted in the best society of Los Angeles, who is a belle in Spanish circles here, and who is unusually talented, well-educated and well-bred. Perhaps it is the convent training which has given her the remarkable poise and self-control which so oddly contrast with her exuberant spirits and emotionality.

Outside of studio life, she spends her time with mother and sister, and, like many other actresses, has early shouldered the responsibility of earning a living for her family. Spanish people are notably hospitable, and in the early days of the Pueblo poor relations from every section of the country were welcome at a rancho. The Dominguez family has inherited this love of entertaining, and their home is always open to visitors. So while La Bella Sevilla no longer dances for a living, she delights her guests with the old songs and dances, with the playing of guitar and ukulele, in a modern bungalow.

BITS OF BLUE

By La Touche Hancock

Down among the heather
  Harebells bloom between;
Thru the cloudy weather
  Azure breaks are seen.
Listen then, ye weary,
  Learn life's lesson true,
Not a day so dreary
  But has "bits of blue!"

For the runner failing
  In the race of life,
For the soldier paling
  In its weary strife,
Better are the chances,
  Brighter is the view,
If some loved one's glances
  Lend their "bits of blue!"

Every word of healing
  Spoken to the sad,
Every kindly feeling
  For the heart that's sad.
Help to others given,
  Friendship ever true
These are gleams from heaven,
  Little "bits of blue!"

A woman's charm

See how white teeth enhance it

All statements approved by high dental authorities

Countless women have found a way to whiter, safer teeth. You meet them everywhere. A new method of teeth cleaning is now widely employed, and anyone who watches can see the results of it.

This is to ask that you test it. Watch the results for ten days, then judge for yourself if you need it.

The tooth wrecker

Millions find that well-brushed teeth discolor and decay. Tartar forms, and often pyorrhea starts.

Most of those troubles are now traced to film. To that viscous coat which you feel with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. The ordinary tooth paste cannot dissolve it, so the tooth brush leaves much of it intact.

It is the film-coat that discolors—not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. All these troubles have been constantly increasing.

Now a new method

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a way to combat this film. Able authorities have amply proved its efficiency. Now leading dentists everywhere are urging its adoption.

A new tooth paste has been perfected to meet every modern requirement. The name is Pepsodent. And this film combatant is embodied in it.

Sent to all who ask

A ten-day tube of Pepsodent is sent to all who ask. Thus millions have already proved it. If you have not, write for that tube today.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

This method long seemed impossible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has discovered a harmless activating method, so active pepsin can be every day applied.

The results are quick and apparent. They argue for themselves, and a book we send explains all reasons for them.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

Judge by the clear results between the old ways and the new. Do this now, for it is most important. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

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REG. U. S.

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10-Day Tube Free 395

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a pure, harmless cream, applied nightly, aids Nature in a marvelous way in nourishing and promoting the growth of the Eyebrows and Lashes.

Dark, luxuriant Eyelashes and well formed Eyebrows—how wonderfully they bring out the deep, soulful expression of the eyes, adding great charm and beauty to any face. These famous Maybell *Beauty Aids* are used and recommended by Stars of the stage and screen and beautiful women everywhere. *Why not you?*

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At your dealer's or direct from us

"Lash-Brow-Ine" Price 50 Cents

To avoid disappointment with imitations, always look for the picture of "THE MAYBELL GIRL"—same as appears in this advertisement—and which adorns every box of each preparation. We guarantee you will be delighted, or we will refund price upon request. Tear out this ad now so you will not forget the correct names

Maybell Laboratories, 4305-60 Grand Blvd., Chicago

His Happy Rôle

(*Continued from page* 35)

the only applause we receive, the only way we have of knowing just what people like or do not like. The best publicity a motion picture actor can have is his work, for it is the public who make stars, and you cant fool them; they know what they want and insist on having it too."

Remembering that Mr. Washburn's popularity has outlived many of his early contemporaries, it must be that his wholesome methods have pleased the public who, after all, may not be as fickle as sometimes rated, but as this star says they merely know what they want.

"How did you happen to turn to comedy?" I asked, glancing at those funny stills.

"It is really Mabel's fault," and Mr. Washburn smiled at his wife. "She had selected several of my best stories and when she found 'Skinner's Dress Suit,' we were both wild about it. Essanay couldn't see it. I had not specialized on comedy and they were afraid to try one We were so sure it was the right thing however, that I finally guaranteed the cost of production. Well, we made it and it went over."

"Oh, isn't he modest!" cried Mrs. Washburn. "Why, it went with a *bang!* Made him a star, too, and I was so proud."

"There is nothing like a good laugh," observed Bryant.

Glancing thru the open window, I saw Sonny and his chum, Bob White, who is George Beban's small son, playing on the lawn. "Does he enjoy your pictures?" I asked, nodding toward the child.

"Oh, yes, tho he's not always as appreciative as he might be," chuckled the father. "Last week we took him to see one of my recent films and, after watching several scenes, he remarked, in a loud, penetrating whisper, 'All right now let's have *Mutt and Jeff.*' "

The Washburn home is unusual, its artistic decorations and furnishings bearing the unmistakable touch of true home lovers.

"Buying furniture is Bryant's hobby," teased Mabel. "Even in the first years of our marriage every time we managed to get a few hundred dollars ahead, Bryant would see a *wonderful* piece of furniture or a *gem* of a rare book, and away would go our savings. He hasn't outgrown the habit, either, for he just found that chair," nodding toward a lovely quaint thing of the Italian Renaissance with cushions of gorgeous tapestry, "and that lamp," pointing to a stunning floor lamp of wrought-iron in exquisite design.

"Why should I?" replied the star, his eyes lingering on his treasures with the appraising joy of the true connoisseur. "Building a home is our principal delight, this is where we *live,* this is where I gain inspiration for my work."

A Daughter of Neptune

(*Continued from page* 37)

kiddies, too. Little Jimmy was in 'The Strange Boarder' and 'Jes' Call Me Jim,' and he is so like his father that it is really funny."

There is no foolish temperament about Irene Rich. She is just a normal girl, giving her best to the work and hoping some day, when she is ready for it, that her *big* chance will come.

"I like to play good, womanly characters," she confided, "and perhaps in this way I can help the world a little; motion pictures are such a tremendous force in molding thought."

Irene was born in Buffalo, New York, and was educated at St. Margaret's Seminary. Not one of all the family connections had ever been on the stage. "I'm just an odd chip," she laughed. "My desire never became definitely formulated; it all seemed to belong to another existence, until I finally made my break. We all work better under pressure, we must have a big incentive to drive us on so that we do not count the disappointments.

"I went to a fortune-teller the other day with some friends, and she told me that I would reach the heights in my work and then—I would give it all up. Can you imagine anything so silly? Why, I'll never give it up. I hope some day to go on the stage and—oh, I have so many ambitions," and the sweet voice trailed away wistfully.

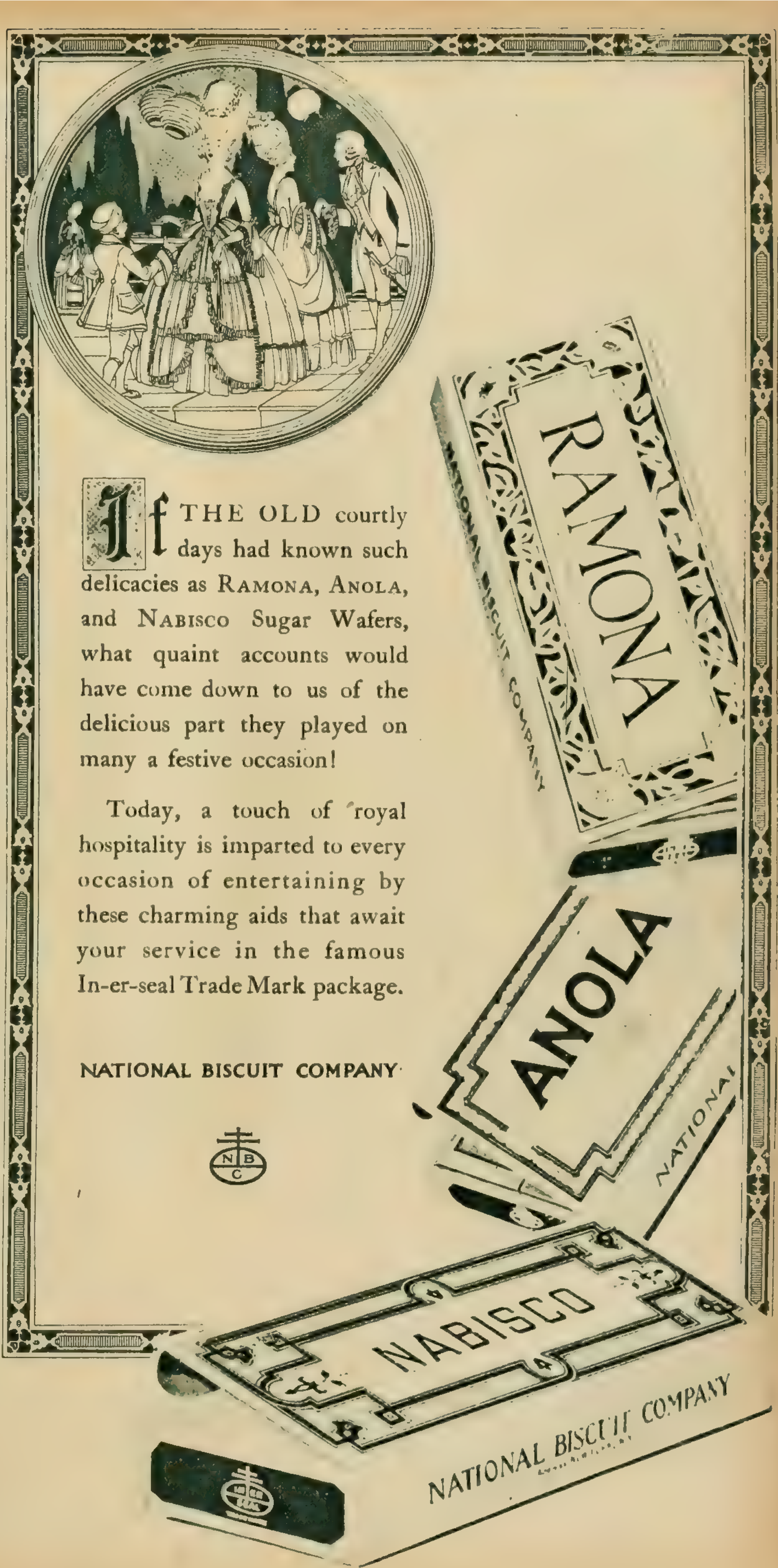
Watching the blue ocean blend into the bluer sky, Miss Rich told me about the pretty bungalow in Hollywood which she has just bought.

"Mother is with me and we're very happy. She's so wonderful, my very best pal. We have developed a marvelous teamwork with my fan mail. She addresses the envelopes and I autograph each picture. It is such fun to receive letters from all over the world and brings me so much encouragement. Sometimes it seems too funny for words to think that I, Irene Rich, am of enough importance in motion pictures to be receiving letters!" And again came the little laugh, with a whimsical note this time.

"We're very quiet, mother and I," she went on. "My greatest pleasure comes with my work and my flowers. Oh, my roses are beautiful, so sturdy and gorgeous. Most of them are red—I adore red roses. If I hadn't gone into this work I believe I would have been a landscape gardener. It would be interesting to make bare ground bloom into lovely gardens.

"That is one of the fascinations about motion pictures. Studying my rôle, which at first is just a lifeless written script, and then building it into a real woman with a heart and a soul.

"It's been a heavenly day," finally sighed Irene contentedly, as we turned for a farewell look at the ocean before starting on the return trip to the city. "Who wouldn't be happy just to be alive and working and hoping in such a wonderful old world!"



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— SONG WRITERS —

Have you song poems? I have best proposition.

RAY HIBBELER, D132, 4040 Dickens Ave., Chicago

Miss Hobbs

(*Continued from page 30*)

he had suspected, perhaps hoped. Miss Hobbs listened. She listened, first, because she was surprised, a weakness she would have theoretically admitted. She listened, secondly, because she loved music, good music, Chopin above *all* music. She listened for quite ten minutes ten minutes in which odd little breakages occurred in her cardiac region, and then there was a sudden, discordant, terrific crash as of heavy hands falling loppily upon the keys. There was nothing else for Miss Hobbs to do. She burst in upon the renderer of Chopin to find his great length, his huge, almost shameless frame, sprawled across the keyboard.

Miss Hobbs was, she hoped, humanitarian. It was a weakness, she used to preach, to assume poses. She was definitely humanitarian even when that humanitarianism was called upon in behalf of man. She made an inadequate attempt to shake the recumbent shoulder.

"What is the matter with you?" she asked; then, quite apart from her own volition, impulsively, "detestably" she would have said, she added, "*Who are you?*"

There was a little silence; then the mummer over the keys replied, rather feebly, "I have heart trouble—rather badly. I I'm a piano tuner—by profession."

Miss Hobbs looked at him with some asperity. "Isn't it curious," she enunciated clearly, "for a--piano tuner, however estimable, to play Chopin--like *that*."

The mummer, his hand still clutched to his heart, shook his head, wearily. "I dont know that it is," he said; "even a piano tuner may be the tomb of dead hopes I am. Once, before my--my affliction overcame me, I had a dream. It was to be a concert pianist. Ah, I dreamed rarely--then. But my heart—my heart—" Overcome, the would-be concertist swooned again, and this time it necessitated Miss Hobbs' holding the manly frame to her breast until such time as she could ease him to the floor, get water, otherwise, and rather tenderly, revive him. She was surprised, again, at the little waves of sensation that kept recurring and receding within her. What was it? She would have to take several hours for meditation and reflection when she should have reached the sane precinct of New Thought again. It was as she had always known—man was a deterrent. She *should* be packing but heart trouble—after all, man is a fellow creature, even tho so inferior a one.

It was still more surprising to Miss Hobbs to find that, Beulah's things neatly packed, returning to New Thought did not hold out so inviting a charm as heretofore. This disturbing—Chopin, reflected Miss Hobbs, firmly donning the horned rims, had always had power to upset her. She must be more careful. She detested feminine reactions to masculine advances.

Before she left, still clinging to her rôle of Miss Hobbs' maid, she had promised the "piano tuner" to "walk out" with him on the following Thursday. She did this, she convinced herself, in the interest of *materia medica*. She must not tell the satellites. There were some abstract interests in which even they might not share. Doubless, the "piano tuner" would be one of them.

The "piano tuner," watching the rounded figure down the street, chuckled, drew forth his note-book, chuckled again and inscribed therein, "Bet Percy Hackett and George Jessop a dinner for three that *I kiss Miss Hobbs within a month*."

The day before the Thursday outing, Miss Hobbs received a rather wobbly note informing her that the piano tuner was "very low" and he had to go to the beach for the good of his fast failing health. If he might dare to hope that she . . . He spoke of the resuscitating effect her presence would have upon an otherwise doomed man. Miss Hobbs was, above all, a humanitarian. She went to the beach. She took a heart specialist with her, and Wolff Kingsearl nearly had a literal case when the eminent man entered with Miss Hobbs. It was only by dint of the most strenuous maneuvering and because the specialist happened to be, also, a sentimentalist that the day was saved and the eminent specialist departed with a fat chuckle and a fatter check from the well-lined Kingsearl pocket.

Later in the day, just when things were going most swimmingly and Miss Hobbs' humanitarianism was rising more and more rapidly to the fore of her other theories, there arrived upon the arcadian scene Wolff Kingsearl's mother and little Miss Alice Joy, the young lady selected by aforesaid mother as a satisfactory and amenable daughter-in-law.

Mrs. Kingsearl had never heard anything that she cared to hear about Miss Hobbs. She was, she had heard tell, a "strongminded woman," and Mrs. Kingsearl being nothing of the sort, the idea of being brought into daily contact, not to say combat, with such an exponent of their joint sex did not appeal to her. When Wolff endeavored to make her understand the little game he was playing, and which he had induced the specialist to be party to, he found his mother adamant. She had Miss Joy with her, and she had *some* strength of mind. She told "Miss Hobbs' maid" that she had no idea why her son was masquerading in such an idiotic fashion. He had always been, to her way of thinking, eccentric, but a piano tuner—*really* . . .

Miss Hobbs thought the same. "Really . . ." Wolff Kingsearl—millionaire, sportsman, clubman and much discussed man about town! Why had he played this game? What was his idea? In the ourse of the day Miss Hobbs discov- red a note-book in the sand, where hey had been sitting, and in the note- ook the inscription, "Bet Percy Hack- t, etc., etc., *et al.* . . ."

Miss Hobbs, did, then, a most soul- lestroying, theory-destroying thing. She vept. She sobbed. She literally *cried,* uge, bewildered baby-blue eyed *tears.* t got so bad she had to retreat to the arthermost corner of the suddenly un- lamored beach to have it out. There, till sobbing, bobbed hair awry, horn pectacles discarded, Wolff Kingsearl ound her. He took her in his arms. truggling thru her hazy brain came the asping thought that she couldn't help . she was so weak. He kist her. "I new I couldn't unless you *wanted* me , darling," he told her, between many f 'em: "of *course* I knew that. And I idn't know *you,* you see. I thought— h, but what does it matter what I hought—then? Before I knew you? I adn't begun to think—then. Or feel. r live or *love*" He kist her again, nd felt two arms twined about him, wo lips crush back upon his own. He ave a little, hilarious laugh, "Oh, Miss lobbs . . . *Miss Hobbs,*" he said.

The satellites returned the next day o the bed and board of man

A New Twinkler

(*Continued from page 59*)

t the heels. The director laughed at me, aying that my feet would not show, but hat wasn't the point with me. Those old hoes helped me build up that character. One's whole mental attitude may be in- luenced by one's shoes, and the way the air is arranged and the style of the rocks."

Warming to the subject upon which he admits she is a "crank," Miss Ayres ontinued. "When a girl goes to a city o become a stenographer after living all er life on a farm, it is certain that her dea of 'style' will be totally different rom the girl who has been reared in the ity, who may be working at the next lesk, while both girls' ideas change as hey climb the social scale. To show heir advance, clothes must be reckoned vith as a mighty influence in indicating heir worldly growth. It is all so inter- sting, isn't it?" and this newly made star eamed with eager enthusiasm.

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"Then, some day, I hope for an op- portunity to go on the stage. I should ike to be a second Mrs. Fiske—what girl vouldn't?" and Agnes Ayres laughed at her own dreams.

After all, stars are propelled by subtle forces, so perhaps it is dreams that are their guiding powers. Who knows?

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The Letters of Mary

(Continued from page 17)

the ribs—a snowball hurled with the perfect aim of a child at the silk top-hats of Uncle Sam and John Bull.

All this resulted in a new factor which presented itself in every respectable household. It began to dawn upon the public that truly it was a wise parent who knew his own child. After the weary passage of two-score years, man had accumulated a small store of knowledge at the cost of much sad experience. Along comes a child of seven or eight and calmly lays before him a more thoro knowledge of life—and its issues. We gasp for breath!

Mary Miles Minter, in a letter to her mother, written while she was looking forward to her eighth birthday, writes the following poem, presenting her viewpoint on religion:

> "Went to Church last Night,
> Gee! What a terrible Plight.
> The minster Preached—
> And with his Hands heaven Reached
> Declared all were bad—
> Bless me! How Very sad!"

Volumes have been written about the stage, but to us it seems that there is absolutely nothing left to be told after reading what Miss Minter had to say about it when she was seven, in her poem, "Theatrical Life."

She seemed to come to conclusions very quickly, and having grasped the knowledge that certain factors made up the mystery called life, she calmly proceeded to take them for granted and in a matter-of-fact way included them in her daily existence. All this tended to a certain aplomb which somehow almost overcomes one. You stand awed before the iconoclastic manner in which she treats the emotions. Her poem, "Reminding, or a Chinese Puzzle," will serve to convince you that you, with your grey hair, have gotten no further with the solution of life:

REMINDING
or
A CHINESE PUZZLE

Life reminds me of a Chinese puzzle
And if you dont look sharp
You'll get into a muzzle.
It will grip you, and bind you
And often remind you,
That Temptations are many
Good things, scarcely any.
But what right has a man,
To grab all he can,
And then not content,
But on more greed he is bent
Till he is full to the brin
With his folly and sin.
And Thus, the Hand of Fate proclaims—
Too Late—too late.

There is no denying the fact that if motion pictures had not happened along at this time, Mary Miles Minter might have developed into one of the shining lights of literature. We feel sure of it. However, there is an old saying that—er—er—murder will out—and we have a sneaking hope that some day when the golden hair is tired of being curled and the Klieg lights have lost their purple fascination, Mary Miles Minter will again take up the pen—and perhaps another Mr. Salteena will be created.

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A Little Bit of Bohemia

(Continued from page 21)

very, very respectfully. He was blasé, up-stage, I thought, and I was even more cocky and independent than I am now. When we were introduced he asked me to come over to the studio and see him. I had heard that he wanted a leading woman, but I told him indifferently that I would when I could find the time. Of course, when I got home I told my chum all about it" (she was living with a sister of Mrs. Marshall Neilan), "and she was wildly excited. But I didn't go until three days later.

"He continued to act in a rather aloof way, as tho he felt himself superior. Towards the last of our conversation, he asked me if I would go to dinner with him the next evening. I said, 'All right,' as I had nothing else to do, but that perhaps he had better call me on the 'phone in the morning and make sure. He looked absolutely stunned. 'In other words,' he remarked, 'you wont go with me if you find something else to do that you like better,' and I answered, 'Naturally!'"

But they became firm friends. He would call for her every morning and take her to her studio, the Reliance-Majestic, and take her home evenings. Each found that the other possessed a keen sense of humor and that there were a great many things at which they could laugh together. They were married at a little church in San Diego, where they had gone with a crowd of film people to see the opening of the exposition.

Chops were just being brought on when we heard a prodigious honking, followed by a joyous cowboy yell—E-e-e-e!—and Rosemary Theby burst into the room. She rushed over to her chum and hugged her. "I've got it!" she said. "The dandiest part! In 'Michael and His Lost Angels' with Conway Tearle;" she added that she was going to get a certain very tiny, very expensive wrist-watch that she had been wanting for some time. She had pulled off her hat and joined us at table, but she was too excited about her new part to think of anything else, even eating. After luncheon Mr. and Mrs. Dillon dropped in.

"By the way," said Mrs. Dillon, "is it true that Viola Dana is married to Ormer Locklear?"

"No!" the chums exclaimed together, and Teddy added, "It's only a press story."

It was at this psychological moment that many "feetsteps" were heard on the front porch.

"Who is there?" called Teddy.

"Mr. and Mrs. Locklear," came the answer, and the announcement was greeted with a storm of laughter.

It was not only "Mr. and Mrs. Locklear" who entered, but Anna Q. Nilsson as well. For a while the conversation turned on a little bit of everything. Miss Nilsson had to be congratulated by everybody on the exquisite work she did as Ruth in "The Luck of the Irish." Viola Dana told of how, that morning, she had called Maxwell Karger on the telephone and, when the girl in his office

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asked who was calling, had said "Mrs. Locklear" . . .

"They really are crazy over each other, aren't they?" some one whispered.

Still laughing, the crowd left to go to the field with Lieutenant Locklear and watch him take chances with his life that would make most people shudder to even think of. Fatalists—the right kind of fatalists—all of them, believing, with the fatalism of the young and successful, that what is to be, will be, and that it will be good.

I almost forgot to say that Teddy Sampson does not diet. On the contrary, she eats anything she likes and because she likes it, drinks milk with every meal and only weighs a hundred and nine pounds. Another thing, when two beautiful women have been chums for five years, you generally expect to find that one is a blonde and the other a brunette. In this case both are brunettes, and they get along together very nicely. Teddy Sampson is now making Supreme Comedies at the Christy studio. Some of her late pictures are "Her Novel Idea," "Room 222," "A Four-Cylinder Frame-Up," "Her Nearly Husband," "The Little Wife," "Our Honeymoon's Happy" and "Good-Night, Judge."

The Baby-Talk Lady

(*Continued from page 19*)

thinking done. That is not intended as a personal inference about any one. Of course, there are very real people in picturedom who do very real thinking—and lots of them. But it is a truth that the screen frequently creates a personality that may actually not exist. Sometimes this is accidental, sometimes deliberate.

"The other day a feminine interviewer dropped in to see me and she was genuinely surprised to find me, as she expressed it, a business-like tailor-made girl, when she had expected to discover me curled up fluffily upon a chaise longue with a box of candy. The films have created a certain sugary personality for me, giving me the mental status of Booth Tarkington's 'baby-talk lady' in his Billy Baxter stories."

We frankly admitted the injustice.

"I do not definitely know just what sort of rôles are mapped out for me," she went on, discussing her new Selznick starring contract. "I would like to do the sincere, close-to-life sort of drama, but I rather think I am to do piquant and frothy, Connie Talmadge sort of comedy. You see, it fits my cinema personality—and one must live up to one's film self."

I NEVER HAD

By Betty Earle

I never had a friend like you
  With all your loveliness,
And when you smile so trustingly
  And all your face is close to me,
I hardly know what I should do—
  Keep silent or confess.

Confessing love's a little queer
  And sort o' strange, I guess.
One should not love a friend so dear
  For all her loveliness;
But when you put your arm about
And swift my heart turns inside out—
I hardly know what I should do—
I never had a friend like you.

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From Shorthand to Stardom

(*Continued from page* 60)

intention of going on the stage if the managers would let me. Then I found my supply was cut off suddenly but efficiently. Now, of course, managers may admire ambition and that sort of thing, but they are slow to discover star stuff in a wan, starving actress, so it was 'Good-by, Liberty Bonds,' or 'Good-by, Career.' The bonds were an accumulation of birthday and Christmas gifts, and I hated to part with them, but I did, one by one. I couldn't take my time about finding an engagement, either, for Liberty Bonds, even the best intentioned ones, wont hold out forever. It was a race between the bonds and me—and I won," she concluded with a smile of triumph.

Her first engagement was with "Come On, Charlie," and Charlie came on for sixteen weeks. Then some one suggested pictures and Miss Taylor started the rounds of the studios. Her début on the screen was as a double for one of the Paramount stars. This was followed shortly by engagements with the World and Vitagraph and leads in "The Star Rover" and "The Return of Tarzan," and finally the step that was the turning point in her career, her selection to support William Farnum in "The Adventurer."

"Mr. Farnum gave me so many valuable suggestions and really brought me to Mr. Fox's notice," Miss Taylor said. "I feel that I owe this opportunity to him."

Next came the lead in "When New York Sleeps," in which she was working when I called upon her.

Of course, Washington's Birthday, Fourth of July and even Christmas come to Wilmington, Delaware, just as they do to other communities, but any one will tell you that the really big day of the year is when a Fox release brings Estelle to town. Then every seat in the theater is filled with a proud audience that boasts in no low whisper:

"I knew her when—"

MOVIE ENCYCLOPEDIA

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IRISH.—Thank you, Irish. William Duncan played in "Smashing Barriers." Darrell Foss will play opposite May Allison in "Held in Trust," Metro. That's it. The eternal exclamation for man is, "I!" The eternal interrogatory for woman is, "He?" Write me again.

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High Lowe

(*Continued from page* 51)

undone things, lost opportunities, work or play foregone. I shall have a farm, I hope, the wide country about me. It will be a mild sort of fun. Why not?"

I said that I couldn't imagine it.

He said, "Why bother to? It comes. Take it easily. Bring on the next!"

I asked him, he seemed so serene, whether he was self-confident.

"Sufficiently so," he said; "too much is bad. Worse than too little."

"Isn't it indispensable," I inquired, "in your work? I always thought so."

"Too much is bad," he reiterated; "immediately we become self-confident to any set degree we cease to grow. We know it all. Our work stands still because we become rigid. We cannot be taught. We cannot absorb, and that is fatal. A great many in this profession and in others would still be lighting the skies if they had not become too much inflated in their own esteem . . . and blah! Self-confidence does not make for work. And work is the ingredient of success."

I asked him whether he liked his rôle in "The Son-Daughter."

I found that he did—for two reasons, chiefly; the wigs and Confucius. He had, it seemed, studied both. He evinced a great admiration for Confucius. If it had been a week-end instead of an hour's interview, I might have come away a Confucianist professed. Only lack of time and setting circumscribed the outpouring of the Confucian doctrine.

The wigs—the wigs he wears as the young prince in "The Son-Daughter"—were more easily explained, being visible. He handled them with reverent hands, showing how even the pseudo forehead is attached so that the blending may be super-perfect. He took a deep and loving pride in those wigs.

A day or so later I saw Mr. Lowe at a musical comedy. He was having a ripping sort of time. I thought of Confucius and the philosophy of acceptance, and smiled—corroboratively. He has, I reasoned further, the very fullest sense of the philosophy of acceptance—it embraces comedy as well as tragedy, age as well as youth, the movies as well as the stage, wigs, Confucius, good sherry and interviewers!

MEMORIALS

By Charlotte Becker

The songs men make today shall reach
  Eyes which they do not dream of yet,
And with sweet, haunting music teach
  Souls yet unborn life's alphabet.

Tho creeds may totter, grave beliefs,
  Like withered blossoms, fall away;
Tho beauties fade to ancient griefs
  And prophets change from day to day:

Tho wars may scourge the nation's marts
  And kings and kingdoms rise and fall,
Sheltered within a myriad hearts
  A lyric shall outlast them all.

"Some Boy, That Frenchman!"

(*Continued from page 22*)

Georges kept on fighting and winning until he became champion at every weight, from paper to heavy. As soon as he began to earn real money, he started to invest a large part of it in educating himself. When you talk to him you'll find out what an intelligent chap he is—Carpentier gone out for the day?—Gee, but that's luck for you! Come over to the studio tonight. They're going to stage a fight. No women allowed, but, then, you dont count."

"Thanks," I replied, as I took my departure.

If you want to get all the men together in one place, advertise a fight. Uncle Sam tried it and Robertson-Cole followed suit. When I arrived at Fort Lee that night, I found the huge Solax studio packed to the doors. Men suspended themselves from the roof, draped themselves over neighboring church steeples and supported themselves upon telegraph poles and telephone wires. Carpentier, the European champion, was to fight, and the dream fighters for miles around assembled for the event. Of course, it was only a moving picture bout in which Director Adolfi took pains to explain that the villain would be victorious for a few rounds and then Virtue, in the form of the hero, would triumph, and, whoof, we would see how champions really do it.

After a few moments' waiting, Carpentier entered the ring, and the great audience, from roof to telephone wires, stood on its feet and cheered. He was not my preconceived picture of a fighter as he stood there bowing his thanks. He was not the stage and screen idea of a Frenchman, either. Had he applied for an engagement in that rôle, many directors I know would have shaken their heads and exclaimed:

"Not the type, not the type! Nothing like it."

He is blond, decidedly so, with hair that seems to find no inducement to stray from the straight and narrow, with blue eyes, a very blue blue—so the publicity department informed me. I could not distinguish spots of color from my particular beam. When he removed his bathrobe and stood there in his fighting togs, an exclamation of envy and admiration went up from that assembly of men. Translated, it meant, "Some boy, that Frenchman!" In another instant, Director Adolfi blew the whistle and Georges started to fight. As the former had predicted, his opponent, Herbert Barratt, knocked him out in the first few rounds.

"Ah, this fight's fixed," a newcomer to my beam murmured in disgust.

Thru it all the champion was like a young race-horse straining to keep himself within bounds, longing for the signal to start in earnest. The wild feints he thrust at the air came thick and fast, and when it was Virtue's turn to triumph he made short work of the villain.

"Hang around," the publicity department advised, noting the adeptness with which I had clung to my beam. "Maybe you can catch him before he leaves."

So I hung, this time around the champion's dressing-room door. I saw stars of the ring pass over the threshold, and still I continued to hang. A few æons later a blond boy in a grey business suit appeared. I made a wild dash in his direction.

"Come, Georgette," the blond boy called, as I clutched the air.

I turned just in time to see an answering smile in the eyes of pretty Georgette Carpentier, who had come to this country, a bride, just a few weeks before, and, lo, the Carpentier family had disappeared somewhere in Fort Lee.

"Gus Wilson, his trainer, says you may talk to him at nine o'clock tomorrow morning at the Biltmore," the publicity department whispered in my ear.

We were there on the dot, the department and I.

"Tell me about Carpentier and the war," I suggested, while we were waiting for suite 120 to answer.

"He was in it for four years," the department answered. "He was fulfilling some fight contracts in England when it broke out. He hurried back to France and entered the air service. Of course, he started doing stunts immediately. He didn't win his medals, tho, as quickly as some chaps. The commander wanted to be sure there would be no room for an accusation of partiality to the young aviator, the favorite of France. One day he, the commander, was watching a fight away up in the sky between a French plane and two German planes.

"'When that fighter comes down—whoever he is,' he said, indicating the distant dot, 'we'll decorate him.'

"When the French plane landed he found that the dot was none other than Georges Carpentier.

"For about a year Georges was on sick leave and acted as physical instructor to the men in back of the lines.

"Word from suite 120. Mr. Carpentier will be sleeping until ten o'clock, then he must go out immediately. Otherwise, he would gladly see you. If you will return at six this evening——"

At six I was again at the Biltmore, armed with a letter from Robertson-Cole to prove that I had no designs upon the young fighter's life or upon the Biltmore's silverware. This time I succeeded in invading suite 120. From my position in the tiny outer reception-room I heard sport topics passed back and forth by male voices in the adjoining apartment. Presently Trainer Wilson and Manager DesCamps indicated that they were at my service. In the other room I could discern, "as thru a glass, darkly," young Georges reading the fight news. I threw a question into the air. It landed somewhere in the suite. Mr. Wilson caught it and translated it to Mr. DesCamps. He listened and then smiled. I waited. I tried again—the same result.

(*Continued on page 79*)

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2. "Judith of Bethulia."
3. "The Birth of a Nation."
4. "Intolerance."
5. "Broken Blossoms."
6. "The Miracle Man."
7. "The Gay Old Dog."
8. "Shoulder Arms."
9. "Revelation."
10. "Pollyanna."

(*Not in order of importance*)

The Screen Year in Review

(*Continued from page* 45)

The season's histrionic level has been singularly high. First of all, we place Betty Compson's superb playing of the greedy and sensuous Rose of "The Miracle Man," the underworld girl whose spirit finally awakens. Here was a vibrant and human portrayal worthy of the highest praise. Mary Pickford's dear and touching Pollyanna wrung our hearts. Shall we ever forget the moment when she steps from her wheel-chair and walks?

There were other admirable performances. John Cumberland's lonely and sacrificing Jimmy Dodd in "The Gay Old Dog" was splendid in its subtlety. Charles Ray invested a half-dozen inconsequential plays with life thru his matchless sincerity. Bert Lytell was excellent as the arch-cynic, Charles Steel, in "The Right of Way." John Barrymore contributed a flashing and haunting performance in the ghoulish "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

Then, too, we might mention several of Thomas Meighan's characterizations. Striking, also, were Vera Gordon's lovable Jewish mother in "Humoresque"; poor little Clarine Seymour's piquant half-caste girl, rife with the love of life, in "The Idol Dancer"; Mae Murray's butterfly Russian in "On With the Dance"; Mae Busch's playing of the grisette in "The Devil's Passkey"; Myrtle Stedman's sincere Cherry Mellotte in "The Silver Horde"; Noah Beery's well-thought-out characterization of "The Sea Wolf"; Lon Chaney's remarkable character work in "The Miracle Man" and "Victory"; Gibson Gowland's primitive French-Canadian in "The Right of Way" and Lewis Stone's dual playing in "The River's End." Also we would add Hedda Hopper's playing in "The Man Who Lost Himself."

Probably the biggest individual advance of the year—at least in the item of popularity—was registered by Harold Lloyd, whose farces have hit a high average. Lloyd is rapidly overtaking Chaplin. Wallie Reid has been growing steadily in favor, now that he is devoting himself entirely to swift-moving comedy. Charles Ray has lifted himself to the acting leadership of the drama, this in the face of fearful vehicles. Richard Barthelmess is fast developing along the lines of romanticism—and he is now a star. Thomas Meighan made steady progress all year.

Of the feminine contingent, Clarine Seymour seemed most promising, just when death entered the field. Wanda Hawley, Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels and one or two other promising younger folk of the previous year already have their names in stellar electric lights. Constance Binney, to our way of thinking, bids fair to achieve limitless popularity if she guides her celluloid career carefully.

Here a few words about the cinema leaders are in order. Mary Pickford did her finest work since "Stella Maris" with "Pollyanna." Douglas Fairbanks is still young America's idol. Charles Chaplin did nothing in particular all year. Here is comic genius going to waste. Please, Mr. Chaplin, do something about Charlie! William S. Hart is still the reforming bad man. His nearest above-the-average vehicle was "Wagon Tracks," at least atmospheric of frontier days.

Norma Talmadge has had one namby-pamby character after another all year. Right now she should be at the zenith of her career. We repeat our words of last year with added emphasis. Miss Talmadge needs real dramatic material or—How long can she maintain her present popularity if she persists in milk-and-water vehicles? Nazimova has done nothing distinctive all year. Here is an instance of temperament running wild. We have well-nigh given up hope of ever seeing another "Revelation."

Now for specific comments upon the various releasing organizations:

Famous Players-Lasky still easily maintain far and away the best average in general workmanship. The once so popular Marguerite Clark seems to be voluntarily dropping from sight, having deliberately chosen retirement. Elsie Ferguson, sometimes lacking stories and other times failing to have sympathetic direction, has gone backward rather than ahead. Her best vehicle was "The Witness for the Defence," well done by George Fitzmaurice. Charlie Ray was steadily handed inane scripts, but he triumphed thru his own unique ability. Wallie Reid is at last getting the right sort of stuff. Dorothy Gish's bright and boisterous comedy methods did a lot to overcome fearful material. Dorothy Dalton continues her way thru hectic emotionalism, minus her old clinging appeal. Ethel Clayton is still the victim of the scenario department. Robert Warwick, no longer a F. P.-L. star, apparently failed to "get over." Violet Heming as yet has not established herself at all definitely. Bryant Washburn suddenly began to get good stories just before he left the fold. Another "Six Best Cellars" would have lifted him to the forefront of comedians. Mrs. Irene Castle still appears now and then.

THE CELLULOID CRITIC'S SELECTION OF THE TEN BEST BITS OF SCREEN ACTING

1. Henry Walthall in "The Birth of a Nation."
2. Mae Marsh in "The Birth of a Nation."
3. Nazimova in "Revelation."
4. Lillian Gish in "Broken Blossoms."
5. Richard Barthelmess in "Broken Blossoms."
6. Charlie Chaplin in "Shoulder Arms."
7. Dorothy Gish in "Hearts of the World."
8. Mary Pickford in "Pollyanna."
9. Betty Compson in "The Miracle Man."
10. Mary Pickford in "Stella Maris."

Enid Bennett has somewhat improved, but at no time has she electrified in anything. The Maurice Tourneur productions have been interesting series of photographically beautiful tableaux — and nothing more. "Treasure Island" was his best, "Victory" his worst. The last completely missed the spirit of Conrad. Douglas MacLean got away in a flying start with "23½ Hours Leave" and hasn't equalled it since.

Metro—Every effort seems to have been made to put over Bert Lytell, who at first seemed rather light for the big material entrusted to him. But he justified their faith with "The Right of Way" and did very well with "Alias Jimmy Valentine." Metro believes it has a real find in Alice Lake. So far we pronounce her competent—and nothing more. Metro started the year by seeming on the verge of doing interesting things, but, with the entrance of new capital, the trend is now frankly towards melodrama. We certainly wish they would give better opportunities to May Allison. Viola Dana continues about the same. We have already commented anent Nazimova.

Selznick—A youthful battery of stars appearing in passable stories directed by less passable directors. Our chief interest in the forthcoming year centers in William Faversham's work under the direction of Hobart Henley and in what Louise Huff may do. The stolidly piquant Olive Thomas is apparently the most popular of the Selznick constellation, altho the powers-that-be there seem to expect big things of Elaine Hammerstein. We doubt it. Eugene O'Brien—my! my! Owen Moore—we like him better than we did last year.

First National—Of Norma we have spoken. Constance Talmadge continues along the line of thin-ice comedies, to which she lends a sparkle and verve.

(*Continued on page* 88)

"Some Boy, That Frenchman!"

(*Continued from page* 77)

Finally, I plunged desperately into the details furnished by the department. I repeated the story of the champion instructor's paying the boy's daily wages to Père Carpentier, only to learn that there was some mistake, that the latter had always cooperated in the boy's training. Another good human interest touch switched onto a busy line.

"Ask him about his bride, Madame Carpentier," I pleaded. "How, when and where did he meet her? Was it a childhood or a wartime romance? Was she——?"

But my "French in Twenty Lessons" was already repeating my question.

"He says he would rather not discuss his private life," was the answer.

"No, no, gentlemen; I appreciate the honor, but I really cant accept Mr. Carpentier's *croix de guerre* or his military medal. Yes, yes, I shall be delighted to drop in at the Carpentier Villa, Lens, France, for lunch some morning the Big Chief can spare me from the office."

With that I cast another lingering look at the blond back of George's blond head and exited with the other members of the chorus, smiling.

The Turning Point

(*Continued from page* 49)

has brown hair and grey eyes, while her complexion is fair.

Good-looking enough to cause a flutter among the feminine contestants is George Sheldon Smith, of 5612 Fountain Avenue, Hollywood, California. George has had some stock experience and has played small bits in pictures. He has black hair, brown eyes and olive complexion.

Ella Guerite Maxwell, of 22 E. 48th Street, New York City, is a Ziegfeld Follies beauty, with black hair, blue eyes and very fair complexion.

Madeleine M. Glass, Box 532, Toronto, Canada, has had a small amount of stock and film experience. She is a very pretty blonde with dark-blue eyes.

A Swedish beauty now living at 50 Cathedral Place, New York City, is Jean Selkird. Miss Selkird has had some vaudeville experience. Her hair is a natural golden blonde, her eyes are dark blue and her complexion is fair.

THE MOVIE ENCYCLOPEDIA

Elizabeth R., Wash.—You ask if Olga Petrova ever played on the screen with Richard Barthelmess. They both appeared in the opening scene of "A Dream of Fair Women." That's all. Madame Petrova is expected back in pictures. We hope she comes back.

Canadian Admirer.—You say you like the Classic better than the Magazine because we have had Blanche Sweet, Grace Cunard and Mabel Normand on the cover. You want Grace Cunard back in a serial. She is playing in a two-reel western. Remember how she could ride a horse? So you think Chaplin ought to change his make-up now. I dont know. Easter Walters was Hilda in "The Tiger's Trail."

Rose S. Bremerton.—You are right, my mistake. I stand corrected. Thanks for all the good things you say about me.

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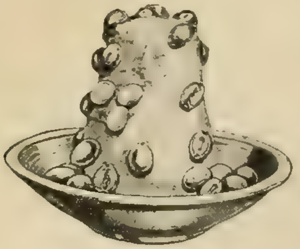
Puffed Wheat

Puffed Rice

Corn Puffs

The Three Bubble Grains



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The Low-Brow Playwright Speaks

(*Continued from page 26*)

I did not know a continuity from a fishing-pole.

"I foresee the steady lessening of the director's importance and the steady ascendency of the author. Of course, these writers must learn the technical details of scenario building. It will not be necessary for him to work out a complete continuity, but he should be able to take the finished script and point out every weakness.

"The successful dramatist can quickly master this. What director except the two or three leaders, perhaps—knows more of audience psychology than James Forbes or Winchell Smith. The technique of laughter, for instance, is just the same on the screen, depending upon the sudden turn from grave to gay, or the funnily developed situation.

"Stage farces do not adapt to the films for the reason that they are too fast. The screen demands a simple story without involved characters. On the other hand, the success of a footlight farce depends upon swift movement, the ramifications of plot and clever dialog or characterization. The most valuable stage laugh comes from a quirk of character.

"In the films there seems to be no time to develop characterization. Just as in a rapidly moving stage melodrama, there is no time for sidelights, character phrasing or tricks of manner.

"To my way of thinking, one of the two greatest weaknesses of the present-day photoplay is the lack of clearness of characterization. No one seems to have thought it necessary. Of course, the brevity of a photoplay makes this difficult. But it is becoming steadily more necessary. The plays that live on the screen are the ones possessing clear-cut characterizations.

"You know the fundamental question that the scenarist must ask himself is the same that the playwright puts to himself, 'Will they believe it?' Both of them must lay their story foundations so that the audience will travel with the characters, feeling their emotions and reactions. Then the audience will believe. The only way to achieve this is by clearly drawn characterizations, so human that folk out front will say, 'Why, I know him!'

"The other great weakness of the 1920 photoplay is the slowing up of the story thru close-ups and unnecessary shots. The close-up should be used rarely—only to accent. I know the close-up is the safeguard of the incompetent director, for the cutting man can use it to bridge over all sorts of slips and gaps. I also know that stars 'demand' close-ups. But stars are not so awfully important in the films nowadays and they are steadily growing less important. I know a lot of players will resent that statement, but I believe it."

Mr. Veiller does not think that the thought picture will ever be popular. "Where is the audience for the thought

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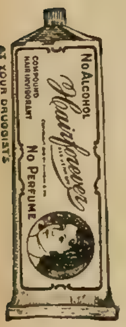

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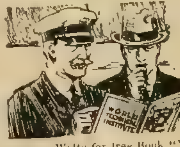

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drama in our spoken theater? I honestly believe a good play has very small chance of success in America. The success this season and last of such plays as 'Abraham Lincoln,' 'John Ferguson' and 'Jane Clegg' I attribute to the American reaction against the conventional stage piece. Americans are not mentally suited for the propaganda or slow-moving psycho-analysis stage drama. It is possible abroad—in older countries—but here the theater is a thing of amusement and not of education. If our playgoers complain, they have but themselves to blame. Today there is plainly no definite place for the intellectual drama in this country. Some excellent plays have succeeded in New York. But what happens when they start out from the metropolis? 'John Ferguson' wilted away after a couple of weeks in Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago.

"No, I am sure the theater is just an amusement for Americans. I believe the same thing is absolutely true of the screen. But, of course, I am a very low-brow person. To me the ideal motion picture play—or spoken drama—is one possessing a measure of beauty and speed with a consistently told story."

Mr. Veiller discussed the widely expressed fear that the screen is gripping the stage and sapping its vitality, thru the fact that stage producers are now only presenting plays which they can sell to the screen. This, they reason, will turn the stage into a sort of foundry for melodramas adaptable to the films. Mr. Veiller disposes of this fear briefly.

"There is no question that the average stage producer can now operate without a single possibility of loss entering into his calculations," he says. "If a play fails on Broadway, he can sell it to the screen for at least the amount he lost upon it in footlight form. On the other hand, if it succeeds, he can sell it for a high price, even as much as $100,000.

"But, remember, if stage producers present only plays of a certain movie mold, they will quickly court failure on the spoken stage. No sane-minded manager is going to do that. He will produce the thing that will succeed behind the footlights, knowing that the films will take it for a high price and adapt it anyway."

THE SCENE IS CHANGED

By La Touche Hancock

Dew wet,
We met!
"Love, love,"
The dove
Did coo—
We two!

The place,
Its grace
All fled,
Seems dead
Today,
And grey.
"Grief, grief,"
Each leaf
Doth sigh,
As I
Lie prone,
Alone!

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Gossip of the Pacific Coast

(*Continued from page 62*)

play, "A Successful Calamity." In addition, he has loaned his wife, Florence Vidor, to Thomas H. Ince to play opposite Lewis Stone in "Beau Revel." And there have been persistent rumors that Vidor is to do that high-speed comedy of Winchell Smith and John Golden, "Turn to the Right." Which, considering that Vidor has pledged himself to manufacture only four film dramas a year, is bound to keep him more or less actively engaged.

Another famous stage success that has been photo-ized is "The New Henrietta," and William H. Crane was selected by Metro as the logical star. The famous actor is now wed to picture-making and has finished a second production, called "The Saphead." And, by the way, May Allison's first appearance on the screen was in the Famous Players production of "David Harum" with Mr. Crane. Now she's a first-magnitude star and Mr. Crane is working on the same lot with her. You simply ought to see them eating lunch together in the studio caféteria!

But what has created more public interest perhaps than anything else happening lately in the film colony was the contest conducted by Thomas H. Ince in conjunction with a local newspaper. The idea, as worked out, was to secure new types for the Ince pictures—to have readers of the daily appear at the studio for screen tests. Ten persons were selected. Ince has said that he will give them the fateful opportunity before the camera. Whether or not they make stars remains to be seen, but the entire scheme occupied so much space in the newspaper that even blasé, movie-saturated Los Angeles sat up and took notice.

And speaking of Ince reminds me that the co-star team of Douglas MacLean and Doris May have split professionally. MacLean is now starring in his own right, and I haven't been able to find out what Miss May is going to do. At any rate, Mac's initial starring vehicle is a yarn to be known as "The Yancona Yollies," which has something to do with barnyards, country life and fancy chickens.

And Maurice Tourneur has a new leading lady—Barbara Bedford. Miss Bedford is a delightful, wholesome sort of girl, who looks so much like Priscilla Dean that she is continually being mistaken for "The Virgin of Stamboul" heroine. Whereby hangs a tale. For months she was an "extra" on the Universal lot. She wandered over to the Tourneur set to watch the exotic Frenchman direct. He liked her intelligent looks, made a screen test of her, signed her for three years and now the publicity man is working overtime to get her picture into the papers. Such is the leap to stardom—and such, may I add, is the good fortune of but one of about every twenty thousand screen honor aspirants.

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The Motion Picture Magazine

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It exceeds each previous issue in a great many respects. It has a larger number of interesting stories; it carries the most beautiful photographs of the stars ever published; it furnishes a news interest about the players that will delight the reader,—in short, it will mark an epoch in its own interesting history.

You will laugh over the funny interview that Gladys Hall had with Connie Talmadge not so long ago.

You will be thrilled at the intimate biography which Ethel Roseman writes of William Farnum.

You will admire the new photographs, and become very interested in the history of Marion Davies as written by Adele Whitely Fletcher.

James Fredericks has interviewed Hobart Henley, the director who now stands in the foremost rank of directors.

The popular vampire, Louise Glaum, has been interviewed by Betsy Bruce.

The novelizations are of the best pictures of the month; the photographs are the most artistic that can be obtained.

The Motion Picture Magazine
175 DUFFIELD ST. BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Bill Hart's Dream Home

(*Continued from page* 47)

contentedly grazing over those pastures.

"Being practical, I am making an exhaustive study of irrigation as the means to the end of realizing all this. I love Dakota, the land of my boyhood, but the long, cruel winters cause so much suffering among the cattle, I couldn't stand that, so I am turning my eyes toward the Southwest. Here the one difficulty is lack of water, but irrigation solves that."

"And it must be cattle?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, absolutely; that is part of the big 'dream.' There is just one drawback to that business, tho," and the serious eyes looked squarely into mine. "I know very well that when I have watched a herd of cattle grow until they have become splendid specimens of beef—that I will never be able to part with them—to think of having them killed," and the big-hearted man laughed a little ruefully.

"Seriously, will you ever be able to give up motion pictures?" My question was prompted by a glance around the little study, which bore silent witness to the many triumphs of this film idol who has blazed an artistic trail by establishing a true type of Western character. He has portrayed the rugged life of a dramatic period of the country's development which is now fast disappearing, and thereby causing his pictures, those splendid pictorial studies, to be viewed in the light of historical episodes.

"Absolutely," and Mr. Hart's reply was emphatic. "Not that I do not appreciate them; in fact, that is the very reason I am giving them up. When a man has put every ounce of energy, every thought center into his work for over twenty years, you must realize that he cannot keep it up forever—I'm going to quit while the quitting is good. This is not alone for my own benefit, but for the very thing I try to represent—the virile West. If I were to let up in my efforts, that which has been my life work would suffer, and I know nature too well not to know that it will demand a price.

"There will be many interests to fill my time. Probably Sister Mary and I shall both write. She is such a very wonderful woman. Her well-trained mind has the keenest sense of dramatic values. I have always considered her my best critic, confident that she really *knew*. We're great pals, too," and he beamed upon the portrait above his desk.

So William Hart is cheerfully planning a future—with his dream ranch—a desert waste reclaimed thru irrigation—his *real* home—his herds of cattle—and his pen!

THE MOVIE ENCYCLOPEDIA

VIOLET FEATHERS.—You have a wrong idea of me. Words are but shadows, and one cannot tell whether a man is black or white from his shadow. The Answer Man you refer to is not an old man at all, but a young lady. I would not thus give away on her if her department was not deliberately copied after mine. Oh yes, I am living in my hall room as peaceful as ever. These rent profiteers cant touch me. Billie Burke will play in "A School for Scandal" next season on the stage.

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Chet Withey: Builder of Romance

By

FAITH SERVICE

Chet Withey began his career as an actor, usually playing villains, then he began to write photoplays and play in them. He did this for two years at the Griffith studio in Hollywood, and there his loyalty and real ability came to the fore, and direction was the inevitable next step. Above, Mr. Withey, himself. Center, directing Doris Keane in "Romance," and, below, going over the script with Norma Talmadge and Conway Tearle in "She Loves and Lies"

WE hesitated for some time as to whether the following had best be narrated to a gaping and incredulous public in the form of a one-act play, a treatise, a diary, a lamentation or a psalm. In any of these directions there were possibilities apparent.

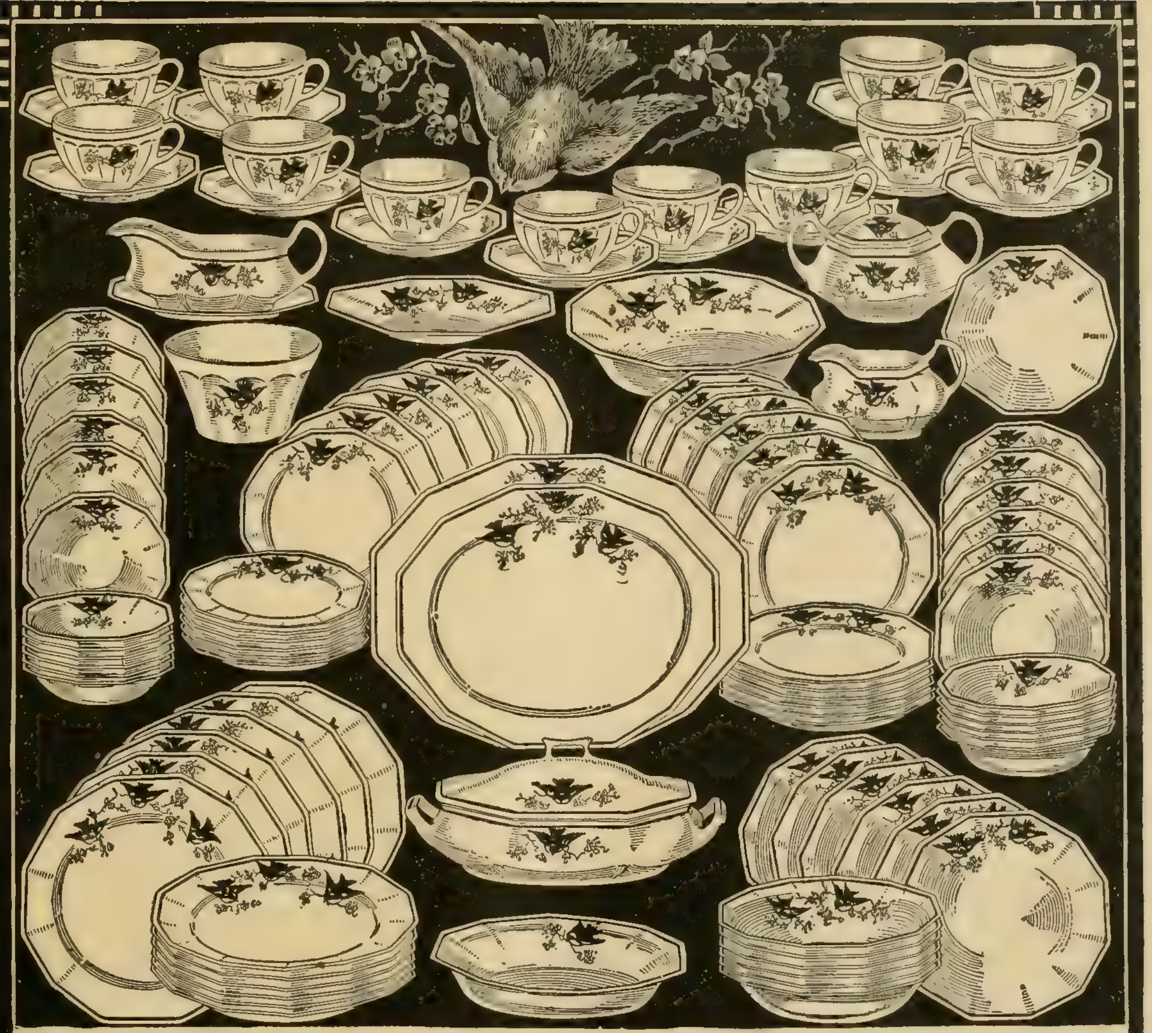
The time was eight-thirty of a mild evening in early April. The place was the lobby of the Hotel Chatham, and the characters participating, or *supposed* to be participating, were a wild-eyed P. A., an interviewer with a patient smile and the general attitude of I-am-used-to-this-sort-of-thing, and a young and rising director conspicuous by his absence.

The wild-eyed P. A., in between frantic searchings of the Chatham, is heard to observe plaintively that she had 'phoned Mr. Withey at Mamaroneck *eight* times that very day. She hadn't been able to reach him any one of the eight times, but then . . . Responsively, the patient interviewer with the Christian martyr air is heard to reply that she might have expected this sort of thing from a *star* . . . but from a *director* . . . She concludes, with a sigh, that she supposed he has temperament. The P. A. remarks that she never would have *thought* it, he has always *acted* so normal . . . but then . . .

At about nine-thirty, rather limp, the P. A. and the interviewer drift into the dining-room. Disconsolately, they order scallops, the while the P. A., with grim intent, supplies the interviewer with some sort of article by Director Withey on the dignity of the films. Between scallops, the interviewer perused the dignified article on the subject of dignity. And between reiterated trips to the 'phone booth the wild-eyed P. A. supplied fragmentary bits of informative knowledge anent Mr. Withey.

"At present," she said, "he is directing 'Romance,' with Doris Keane. He is most enthusiastic

(*Continued on page* 86)



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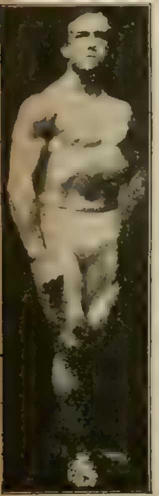

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Chet Withey, Builder of Romance

(Continued from page 84)

over this and over Miss Keane. He began, you know, as an actor, usually playing villains, but once, he tells this with great pride, playing the rôle of a Father Superior of the Franciscan Order. Then he began to write photoplays and play in them. He did this for two years at the Griffith Hollywood studio, and there his loyalty and his real ability came to the fore, as such things do, and direction was the inevitable next step."

The phrase "next step" then suggested the 'phone booth again to the P. A., and when she returned it was with a beatified countenance to inform me that she had "got" him and that he would be right over. "He has an apartment in town, you see," she explained, "besides his home in Westchester. It's only around the corner. He'll be here at once."

What with the record just partially supplied me and the dignified article, *et al.*, I expected a reverend person with many theories and *much* demeanor . . . Well . . . !

Before the arrival, however, (which, by the way, was *not* "at once"), I gleaned the further arresting knowledge that Mr. Withey co-authored with Roy Summerville in writing "The Devil's Needle," featuring Norma Talmadge and Tully Marshall; that he directed "The Old Folks at Home," starring Sir Herbert Beerbohm-Tree; also "On the Quiet," with John Barrymore, and "She Loves and Lies," another Norma Talmadge release. "He just keeps rising," supplied, informatively, the persistent P. A.

"Yes," assented the fortified interviewer.

It seems that he *does* keep rising.

He had just arisen from bed.

"I suppose I should have a story ready," observed Mr. Withey, with a touch of sardonicism, subsiding into the vacant chair and ordering beef and salad and coffee with considerable gusto; "I suppose I should be ready with the glib recital of the woes of a director, the many appointments, the endless details accounting for my delay. I know that I owe an apology. I make one. However, I am naturally veracious, and I am bound to state that I fell asleep and was getting along quite nicely when Miss Livingstone here called me up."

(Sickly smile from Miss Livingstone.)

"Or you might have put it down to temperament," I suggested; "that covers a multitude of things."

"But I *have* none," objected Mr. Withey, rumpling his rather belligerent-looking shock of hair; "I have none. I was just asleep." He added, "I still am."

"Promising field for an interview," I said, hopefully.

"Not at all," he remarked, agreeably. "We'll just *sit* tonight. Interview some other time." Hence, I, too, being veracious, feel bound to remark that this is *not* Mr. Chet Withey's idea of an interview.

However, being conscientious, and having come all the way from far Long Island for the express purpose of the interview, I was not to be wholly gainsaid. Still, it was difficult, with a humorously ironical person, fresh from a profound slumber, eating a young and healthy meal, wholly undisturbed. I bethought me of the dignity of the "fillum," as expounded by himself. Here, I thought, is a line.

"What," I suggested, hopefully, "would you suggest to further uplift the dignity of the screen?"

"My resignation," he said, promptly.

Later on, going to the Long Island station in Mr. Withey's car, there was a word or two exchanged.

We had been talking about the recent attack on the screen by George Jean Nathan in a current issue of *Smart Set*. Said Mr. Withey, with the vein of light sardonicism that flicks without cutting thruout his entire talk, "Of course, Mr. Nathan is bigger than the whole of the motion picture industry. This being the case, why not agree with him and let it go at that?"

Speaking in a graver tone, he said, "Part of the attack is quite doubtless true. There is the trite saying about the good and the bad in all things. The screen is too tremendous to escape its share of dross. However, the worst thing in the world is destructive criticism. To my mind, there is no such thing. If criticism *is* destructive, then it is *not* criticism. We cannot tear down unless we can build up a better, a different thing, in replacement."

I asked him if he felt the worth-whileness of the thing he was doing.

He said, "Absolutely. More, it is the *only* thing I could do. I feel with the pictures something like what an architect, or one of a group of architects, must feel with some tremendous building. We can only do our little part, day by day, week by week, the best and the finest we know how. Then we, in our turn, must give way to another shift of workers to carry on our yet unfinished task. One man can only be a part of so gigantic an enterprise, an art, but each man, in his appointed place, can give his uttermost, as he sees it. That is what I am trying to do."

If it had not been for the sardonicism, the nicely tempered humor, the semi-mocking, semi-kindly touch of comprehension, I would have been moved to remark what a *worthy* young man . . . I felt that that would not quite apply . . . still, on the other hand, what *would* . . . so many things. I felt that to Mr. Withey no one attribute could be appended with conclusion. Like and *with* life he keeps growing and growing and will not stay labeled . . . obviously, this will have to be a case of a series of consecutive talks that we may keep apace.

Marooned Hearts

(*Continued from page* 56)

should believe that he deliberately shirked his duty for a moment's pleasure. Anger that they should dare to believe such a thing of him prompted his reply. "No! I have nothing to say." And then he remembered Marion, Marion's wretched selfishness—and the fact that Marion must be protected from her own act. Quixotic? Yes, but Paul Carrington was not the man to hide behind a woman's skirts. And so he sat silent until all but the old doctor who had loved him had gone.

"Paul! I cant believe it of you! You dont realize what this means!"

"I realize, all right." The young surgeon thrust his thumbs down in a significant gesture. "I'm done for—here. I shall go away, as far away as a ship will carry me"—his grey face quivered with ghastly mirth—"where society will no longer tempt me. To the Jarvis Islands, probably, where I shall go on with my experiments on gland tissues—I shall simply disappear—alone."

An orderly stood hesitant in the doorway. "Beg pardon, Dr. Carrington, but Miss Ainsworth is calling you. She says it's very important."

With a hard look in his grey eyes that gave them the gleam of one of the steel knives in the case, Paul Carrington replied, "Tell the lady that I am occupied," he spoke deliberately; "tell her that I expect to be occupied whenever she calls."

The world's memory is short—luckily, for most of us. A day's wonder, a night's gossiping, and it turns to some other, fresher happening. It wishes only the very latest thing in broken hearts. At the end of a twelvemonth only a few people so much as remembered that there had been a promising young surgeon named Carrington, whose career had been untimely ruined by an unfortunate scandal.

Dr. Matthews was one of those who remembered. Sometimes, as he bent over a particularly desperate operation, the thought would flash to his brain of the slender, steel-strong fingers that had dropped their tools so recklessly. "But there was more to it than we knew," he insisted stubbornly, when other doctors sneered at the "Society Sawbones," "and he'll redeem himself yet—if he's still alive."

If he was still alive! It was this thought that beat at Marion Ainsworth's brain like pounding fists, and made her look, as her dear friends whispered among themselves, positively haggard. "If she doesn't marry soon, she will not be able to make a decent match," they murmured, "but I think her mother will be able to land Bob Carter."

It was wholly due to the silent, incessant pressure of Mrs. Ainsworth's will, with its hurtful impact on her bruised spirit, that Marion finally consented to become engaged to young Carter, a pleasantly wealthy, averagely personable

(*Continued on page* 91)

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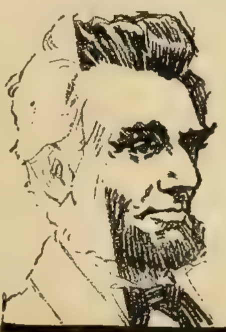

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The Screen Year in Review

(*Continued from page* 78)

She's doing nicely, thank you. Anita Stewart seems to slip more and more with each production. Micky Neilan's productions fluctuated, from the well-sustained Arctic Circle melodrama, "The River's End," to the awful farce, "Please Dont Marry." We have commented elsewhere upon other First National stars and productions.

Goldwyn—Radical changes are going on here. Of all the "eminent author" stuff emanating from these studios, we like the Rex Beach productions best. Gerry Farrar and Pauline Frederick have ceased to be Goldwyners. Tom Moore, Madge Kennedy and Mabel Normand continue uneventfully. Jack Pickford is spending money lavishly but without particular effect. Goldwyn is wasting Will Rogers in conventional melodramas. Give him a chance, as in "Jubilo," and watch him burn up the road. Going back to the trio we just mentioned, Tom Moore is slightly bettering his average of 1919. Miss Normand is retrograding. The early "Edgar" short juvenile comedies of Booth Tarkington's promise something delightful.

Vitagraph—Wont somebody do something about stories and directors there? Vitagraph apparently refuses to believe that the photoplay has advanced since 1915. Alice Joyce and Corinne Griffith continue to be wasted in features and Tony Moreno, the most picturesque of all male film stars, is buried in serials. They allowed the promising Gladys Leslie to depart after manhandling her career. Earle Williams and Harry Morey are still present. Vitagraph certainly needs a far-seeing and vigorous directorial hand to lead it out of its cobwebby retreat.

Pathé—Serials seem to be the *piece de resistance* here as before. We pass on hastily, for our endurance balks at serials. The best things on the Pathé program have been the Harold Lloyd farces and Mrs. Drew's comedies, vastly dissimilar, but each admirable in its individual field. We have spoken anent "The Gay Old Dog." Blanche Sweet is waning.

Fox—We hear that changes are under way here and that the trend will be away from melodrama. Pearl White's first Fox features have not yet been released. Shake-ups have been regular events until apparently only a star or two remain.

Robertson-Cole — This organization seems to be handicapped by various things, including a difficulty in getting into the leading theaters. Sessue Hayakawa is easily its ablest star.

Cosmopolitan—All interest is centered in Marion Davies. Which makes us realize just how difficult—or shall we say impossible?—it is to manufacture a star. Alma Rubens has had little opportunity thus far.

Universal—Erich Von Stroheim's productions are the biggest factors by all odds. The one other big "U" production, "The Virgin of Stamboul," will make lots of money, but it is inconsequential from a literary or directorial standpoint. We fail to see Priscilla Dean. Of the numerous other "U" stars we cannot talk authoritatively.

United—The stellar fever seems to be breaking up the Griffith family. Lillian Gish is going a-starring. Bobbie Harron and Dick Barthelmess are becoming stars. Who will be the Griffith players of the coming year? Other United stars and productions are mentioned elsewhere.

Hodkinson—As presented in "Sex" and other vehicles, Louise Glaum is not the seductive siren of Triangle days. Doris Kenyon is pretty and pleasant to look upon. J. Warren Kerrigan is quite the same, altho practically minus popular interest.

Realart—We are betting on Constance Binney. Mary Miles Minter is doing her best, but she will never approach Mary Pickford. That's definite. Alice Brady is a plugger. Allan Dwan's productions have been workmanlike, but not meteoric anywhere.

Many screen stars seem to have been absent most of the year. Theda Bara has been devoting herself to stage work. So has Alice Brady. Dorothy Phillips has done nothing since leaving Universal. Mae Marsh is back before the Cooper-Hewitts, but her first vehicle is yet to be released. The same refers to Bessie Love.

We pause to consider film farce. We have been noting our enthusiasm regarding Harold Lloyd. "Fatty" Arbuckle has been improving. The Sennett comedies continue along their own way. Charles Murray stirs our risibilities as possibly no else does. And there's no two ways of looking at Ben Turpin's natural comedy. The Christie comedies are ambitious but purposeless. And William Fox's Sunshine comedies—ye gods! Words fail us!

The Celluloid Critic
The Month's Photoplays in Review

By Frederick James Smith

"Romance," (United Artists), Chet Withey's screen adaptation of Edward Sheldon's drama, appealed to us strongly. To our way of thinking, Mr. Sheldon penned one of the most noteworthy love plays of the last two or three decades when he wrote this vibrant story of Rita Cavallini, the gay little opera diva, and Tom Armstrong, the young rector of St. Giles in New York's picturesque sixties.

We can understand where "Romance" may fail to completely capture or hold the average audience. Mr. Withey and the scenarist, Will Hastings, lacking physical action, have played too much upon the one string of passionate emotionalism. It is possible to do this behind the footlights, where dialog vivifies and personalities lend variety and color. A great film director might well be able to plumb the emotional and mental depths—but Mr. Withey is not yet a great director. Frequently in "Romance" he slips into the obviously theatric. But let us give him credit for facing unusual difficulties in making "Romance."

To our way of thinking, the screen version of Mr. Sheldon's drama succeeds because of the basic strength of the story—the vivisection of human passion with an uncannily searching and sympathetic eye. We admit that the celluloid "Romance" stirred us and held us, despite its film limitations. Yet we did miss the superb Sheldon dialog.

As, for instance, the diva's pagan definition of love: "I tell you what love is! Love is de 'unger for anoder's flesh—a deep-down t'irst to dreenk anoder's blood—Love is a beast dat feed all t'ru de night an' vhen de morning come—Love dies!"

And again: "Yesterday—it is a dream ve 'ave forget. Tomorrow—jus' de 'ope of some great 'appiness—some joy dat never come! Before, behin', all clouds an' stars an' shadow—nodings, nodings is real—only de leetle meenute dat we call today!"

We tremendously admire Doris Keane's performance as Cavallini. She has been extremely well handled photographically, via soft focus, careful posing and so on. The diva—this "gleaming little hummingbird," with her bewitching mannerisms and her infinite charm—is a superb rôle, and Miss Keane makes her live on the silversheet almost as effectively as she has been doing for some years on the stage. We neither liked nor disliked Basil Sydney's playing of the impassioned Tom Armstrong, but we found Norman Trevor's portrayal of the worldly and understanding Cornelius Van Tuyl to be most praiseworthy.

How we regret that Griffith did not make "Romance"!

Erich Von Stroheim has duplicated his adroitly built story of intrigue in the Alps, "Blind Husbands," with another screen story study in intrigue, this time in picturesque Paris at lilac-time. Mr. Von Stroheim calls his newest contribution "The Devil's Passkey," (Universal).

The present tale, written by the Baroness de Meyer and the director himself, revolves around the extravagant wife of a moderately well-to-do American playwright residing in Paris. The woman falls into the meshes of a fashionable dressmaker, one Renee Malot, who lives upon the weaknesses of her sex. When the bills reach huge proportions, Mme. Malot suggests an interesting American, an army captain, as the solution of the financial difficulties. The modiste, it seems, maintains a *de luxe* suite of rooms where such difficulties are adjusted. However, nothing wrong ensues, altho the story gets into a Parisian scandal weekly and—here is the dramatic twist—the playwriting husband hits upon it as a promising plot. His play scores, while all Paris laughs at his innocent use of scandal about his own wife. The whole thing narrowly misses tragedy

(*Continued on page* 96)

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Unless you are sincere in your desire to get in the movies, please do not send for this printed guide.

Gossip of the Eastern Studios

"The Griffith studio family seems to be breaking up," began the Gossip, as he leaned back in his porch chair and studied the summer moon; "Lillian Gish is to be starred by the Frohman Amusement Corporation at $4,500 a week, Bobbie Harron is already at work upon his first star production, to be released thru Metro, and Dick Barthelmess becomes a star, too, as soon as he finishes work in ''Way Down East.'"

"That always comes with development and progress," sighed the Philosopher, studying the glow of his cigar.

"Of course, they will all keep on working under the Griffith eye, making their pictures at the Mamaroneck studios, but the old ensemble will be gone," went on the Gossip. "Harron is now working with Chet Withey as director. Meanwhile, Griffith seems to have a find in little Mary Hay, who succeeded to poor 'Cutie Beautiful's' rôle in ''Way Down East.' Miss Hay was in the Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic, but she has given up that work to devote her entire time to the films. They do say, you know, that Miss Hay and Barthelmess are to be married in the autumn."

The Philosopher smiled.

"Griffith is hard at work on ''Way Down East,'" rambled on the Gossip. "It is said that it will cost him around $750,000 before he finishes. Only the other day he used his biggest set since the Babylonian scenes of 'Intolerance.' It was a huge reproduction of a smart ballroom. And he has two almost complete villages built, one on Long Island and the other on the Mamaroneck property. They tell me that Creighton Hale plays a comedy character in ''Way Down East' and that he is going to make a big hit."

"Players take surprising turns under Griffith's direction," remarked the Philosopher.

"Griffith has just bought back the production originally called 'Black Beach' from First National for $400,000," the Gossip went on. "They say he is going to use it as part of his repertoire at a New York theater in the fall. It will be called 'The Gamest Girl.' They say that Carol Dempster makes a remarkable hit in it, so great that members of the First National call her the biggest find in five years."

"Speaking of family dissolutions," remarked the Philosopher, "what about the division of the De Mille organization?"

"Yes, indeed," answered the Gossip. "Bebe Daniels is now a Realart star and is being billed as 'the good little bad girl.' They're going to present her in a series of baby vampire rôles. Gloria Swanson has just signed as a Famous Players-Lasky star, and her salary has jumped from around $600 to something like $1,250. And Thomas Meighan, of course, is already a-starring."

"One thing really touched me," said the Philosopher, "and that is the way people have welcomed Doug and Mary on their honeymoon. I'm mighty glad."

"Great, wasn't it?" smiled the Gossip. "All the way across country, people in every village, town and city turned out to welcome them. Maybe their stay in New York at the Ritz wasn't one round of royal welcomes. Why, their appearances on the streets were the signals for veritable riots. Police reserves had to be called out to get them out of Wall Street one day and, when they went to the theater, the audiences stopped watching the play."

"It must have touched their hearts," said the Philosopher, softly. "Surely they deserve happiness. Think of all they have done for others on the screen!"

"I see that Theda Bara has gone to Europe for a rest," went on the Gossip. "They say she's to have a new play when she returns and New York will see her again next fall behind the footlights. This trip is her first real rest. Her sister is making the trip with her.

"Speaking of trips abroad," continued the Gossip, "reminds me that Mamma Talmadge and Natalie Talmadge are now on the other side, and they say that Norma and Constance are going over, along with Dorothy Gish. Maybe they're going to do a picture or two over there, who knows? I hear that Norma may revive 'The Garden of Allah' very soon on the screen. You remember that it was done a long time ago. Anyway, the revival is being talked about."

"I would like to see Norma Talmadge in a big drama," sighed the Philosopher. "She surely needs better material."

"It's hard to get, tho, these days," laughed the Gossip. "Look at the way they're all frantically searching. King Vidor's father and manager, Charles Vidor, was in New York for weeks recently looking for stories. They do say that King Vidor may do Winchell Smith's 'Turn to the Right.'"

The Philosopher's interest was aroused. "Vidor is the most promising director on the screen," he said. "You interest me very much, for no one could do 'Turn to the Right' better than he."

"Micky Neilan has been in New York," the Gossip ran on. "Bert Lytell is here. Going to do a stage play this fall, besides keeping up his screen work. Madge Kennedy is going to return, at least temporarily, to the footlights. You, of course, have heard that Al H. Woods, who presented Miss Bara on the stage, made an offer to Bill Hart, which was rejected. Bill is going to retire from acting, they say."

"Personally, I cant think of anything more interesting than the return to New York of S. L. Rothapfel," interrupted the Philosopher. "There is a man to whom the whole industry owes a great deal—and who isn't half appreciated by

(*Continued on page* 95)

Marooned Hearts—*(Continued from page 87)*

youth who had two passions in life—his yacht and Marion. And the next society heard was of a trip to Japan on the *Sea Gull*, with its owner, his fiancée and her mother aboard.

Meanwhile, "It's been one year exactly," wrote Paul Carrington in his diary, sitting in his palm-thatched hut and looking out over the shimmering blue fields of the Pacific, "and I have not seen a human face in all that time. My experiments are progressing so well that another three years ought to complete them, and successfully, please God. If they shall save a single human life, it will be my atonement——"

The pen fell from his fingers, he leaned forward with a roaring in his ears not of the surf. "It's—not true, of course," he whispered; "she's a thousand miles away, playing golf in imported tweeds——"

The girl in the doorway leaned heavily against the lintel. The thing she wore had been a silk crêpe evening gown once, but now hung about her in sodden wisps, leaving her arms and bosom bare. Her hair was dark with sea-water, and she was laughing softly, senselessly. "He thought—that I was more afraid—of the ocean than of—him, the sailor with the pockmarked face"—she shuddered, as at some memory, incredibly vile—"and the other boats were gone—so I was drowned . . ."

Paul Carrington caught her as she fell. "God, why did You let this woman come here?" he groaned. "Hasn't she done me harm enough already?" But, hate her as he did, he was a doctor first of all. When Marion Ainsworth opened her eyes, it was to see the face she had dreamed of so often bending above her, but she had never dreamed that his eyes could be so mercilessly cruel. She tried to rise.

"I—did not pick my route, Paul." Her lips quivered in a painful smile. "The yacht—was wrecked. One of the sailors took me in a boat. We lost the others, and"—a burning blush swept her whiteness a moment—"I had to choose between that man—and the sea, so I jumped overboard. I suppose the tide swept me ashore here, but—I'll go now——"

He laughed harshly. "Go? Where? We're marooned here together, you and I. My steam yacht broke from its moorings, six months ago, in a tropic storm. We may be picked up at any time, or we may spend our lives on this island."

They looked at one another long. Her lips quivered into speech. "You—have never forgiven me, Paul?"

"I do not forgive easily," the man answered briefly. "Make no mistake. I shall build you a hut close enough to mine for your protection, and I shall draw a line upon the ground between. That line shall separate our lives as tho it were an ocean lying between us. You have destroyed my life once. I came here to piece the broken bits together, and—you shall not destroy it again."

In the long weeks that followed she saw no sign of relenting. He built her, as he had promised, a hut, and, as he had promised, he drew a line between their worlds. On the one side he worked silently over his retorts and glass slides, apparently not seeing her, never speaking; his face a grim, grey mask hiding his thoughts from her wistful, seeking gaze. If she could have known them, they might have gone far toward easing the pain that lay always under her heart. Frivolous she had been, thoughtless and selfish, but she had loved this man, and now that she had lost him she was like one who, having lost life, still remains forlornly alive.

And he? The glass slides under his fingers were meaningless now. He still thought that he hated her and raved against her in his diary, yet her slim loveliness would not let him be. He dreamed, tossing on his restless bed, of the cool softness of her lips. He turned his eyes resolutely away from the sight of her, clad in a woven garment of reeds and drifting, light as sea-foam on the beach—and he saw her always before him.

What the end might have been there is no guessing, but the sailor with the pockmarked face played god of the machine. For days he had hidden like a wild beast in the jungle growth, watching, with hot eyes of desire, the white wonder of Marion's body dipping, morning and evening, in a sheltered pocket of the sea. Since his boat had drifted ashore and landed him marvelously near the woman he had craved, he had been waiting for his moment, and presently he thought that it had come. But he had not reckoned on Paul.

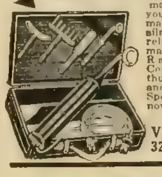
In the white glare of the tropic noontide the two men fought, while the woman watched breathlessly, as it was in the beginning. The sand beneath their laboring feet was trodden red when at last Carrington flung the other at full length on the beach, and stood above him, bruised, bleeding, exultant. "Get to your boat," he told the cringing creature at his feet, contemptuously, "and steer away from this island. If you try to crawl back here I'll kill you! You'll probably drown, but I warn you that's better than what I would do to you!"

The sailor did not try to rise. He squirmed away on his stomach, an abject thing of fear, like a monstrous black slug, leaving two for whom, strangely, the world was changed. The past had slipped from them like discarded garments and their naked souls stood face to face.

"How strong you are!" marveled the woman soul.

"I was fighting for you," answered the man. He held out his arms, and unquestioningly she went into them, and the world followed time into the limbo of things that were not, and there were only themselves under the sky, themselves and the murmurous mother sea.

(Continued on page 95)



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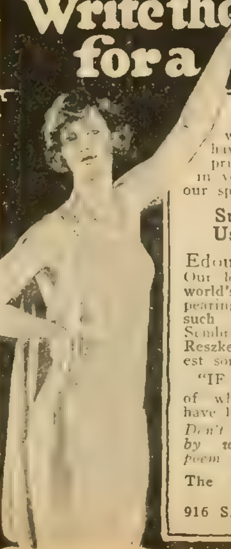

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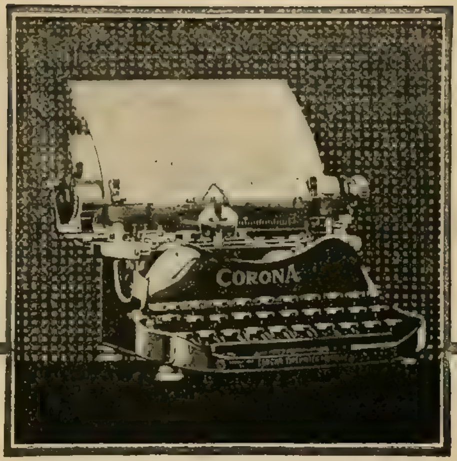
Fourth Prize

Third Prize



Second Prize

Ninth Prize

Sixth Prize

Popularity Contest Awards

THE new Popularity Contest, unusual and entertaining, is already the object of great interest — unfailing and rife. If you have entered it or have read the announcements which have appeared, and will appear, from time to time, containing the rules and regulations, you know it is actually a double contest—a contest in which both the public and players are equally interested.

The prizes depicted above and below were selected after much careful thought and attention and each one is destined to make some one happier, from the beautiful Crescent phonograph which suggests a twilight hour with the gems musical genii have given to the world, to the Marble nickel-plated axe which brings to mind a jolly time in some invitingly green woodland.

Perhaps you have not yet decided to enter the contest—if not do so *now.* Dont lose an opportunity of enjoying the unique entertainment it affords or of capturing one of the lovely and useful awards.

FIRST PRIZE

Crescent Phonograph, piano mahogany finish (value $160). Plays all makes of disc records: Victor, Columbia, Pathe, Edison, Emerson, etc., without the use of extra attachments or intricate adjustments; a simple turn of the sound-box is all that is necessary in changing from a lateral cut record to playing a hill and dale cut record.

A Crescent owner can enjoy a repertoire of the greatest opera singers, popular songs, dance music or anything that is turned out of the disc record. The tone of the Crescent is full, round, deep and mellow. It has a large compartment for records.

First Prize

SECOND PRIZE

Movette Camera and three packages of films (value $65). Compact, light, efficient, easily operated. Think of the possibilities during your vacation trip — your canoe trip—in pictures—pictures of your family or friends—living pictures that you can project at any time in your home. A priceless record of your life.

THIRD PRIZE

Corona Typewriter with case (value $50); an all-round portable typewriter, light enough and small enough to be carried anywhere, and strong enough to stand any possible condition of travel. It is trim and symmetrical and does not give one's study the atmosphere of a business office. Fold it up and take it with you anywhere.

FOURTH PRIZE

Sheaffer "Giftie" Combination Set, consisting of a Sheaffer Fountain Pen and a Sheaffer Sharp-Point Pencil, in a handsome plush-lined box. Gold filled, warranted twenty years. Cannot blot or leak. A beautiful and perfect writing instrument.

FIFTH PRIZE

Bristol steel Casting Rod agate guide, cork grip, strong and durable. Packed in linen case. Can be easily put in traveling bag.

SIXTH PRIZE

Loughlin Safety Self-Filling Fountain Pen. No extensions to remember, no locks to forget.

SEVENTH PRIZE

Star Vibrator, handsomely finished in nickel plate with three attachments. Alternating current. Excellent for massage. Use it in your own home.

EIGHTH PRIZE

Same as Seventh Prize.

NINTH PRIZE

Marble nickel-plated pocket axe of tool steel, carefully tempered and sharpened. Indispensable in camp or woods.

Fifth Prize

Seventh and Eighth Prizes

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Unique Competition in Which the Voters Share in the Prizes

WHO IS THE ONE GREAT STAR OF THE SCREEN?
Is it CHARLIE CHAPLIN or ELSIE FERGUSON?
Is it RICHARD BARTHELMESS or WILLIAM S. HART?

Concerning this matter there is great difference of opinion. Every fan, in fact, has his own idol. The Wall street broker swears by MARY PICKFORD; his wife thinks TOM MIX is the best actor the cinema has produced; the office boy has a "crush" on THEDA BARA and the stenographer collects photographs of DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.

What do **you** think? If you had a vote would you give it to NAZIMOVA or to LILLIAN GISH? Would you vote for a man or a woman or for little BEN ALEXANDER?

SHADOWLAND, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC—the three great magazines of the Motion Picture world—have decided to refer this question to their readers by taking a popular, world-wide vote. In regard to matters concerning the stage and theater their audience is the most intelligent and discerning; the most wide awake and well informed in the world today. If any picture patrons can pick out the leading star, it will be those who read SHADOWLAND, the MAGAZINE and CLASSIC.

The coupons will show you how to enter your own name and the name of your favorite player. But you may vote on an ordinary sheet of paper in Class Number 2 provided you make the ballot the same size and follow the wording of this coupon. We prefer the printed coupons for uniformity and convenience in counting.

There will be prizes for voters and prizes for stars.

Votes registered in Class Number 1 will probably be cast by favor. Votes registered in Class Number 2 will call for a wide knowledge of the Motion Picture business, keen powers of perception and skill at detecting the trend of popular favor. You cannot guess the winner offhand.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. The contest began on December 1, 1919, and will close on September 30, 1920.
2. There will be ten ballots as follows:

December	1919	ballot
January	1920	ballot
February	1920	ballot
March	1920	ballot
April	1920	ballot
May	1920	ballot
June	1920	ballot
July	1920	ballot
August	1920	ballot
September	1920	ballot

3. The result of each month's ballot will be published in each one of our magazines the second month following such ballot.
4. No votes will be received prior to the opening date or after the date of closing.
5. Each person entering the contest and observing the rules thereof shall have the privilege of voting once in each class, each month, for each one of our magazines. You may send us one vote in each class for SHADOWLAND every month, and the same for MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and yet again the same for CLASSIC. Thus, you will have three votes in Class No. 1 each month, and three votes in Class No. 2 each month.

Class Number 1

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I consider .... the most popular player in the entire field of Motion Pictures.

Name..
Street..
City..
State..
Country..
(Dated)...................

Class Number 2

SHADOWLAND, MAGAZINE and CLASSIC:
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I believe that .... will win the Big Three Popularity Contest with .... votes.

Name..
Street..
City..
State..
Country..
(Dated)...................

Remember! This is the greatest player contest in history.

The Movie Encyclopaedia

by

"the ANSWER MAN"

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

David L.—Thanks, chappie, for the fee. Viola Dana's husband passed away recently. They both changed their name, but they are sisters. Write him at Los Angeles. Yes, life is half spent before we know what it is. It is a hard nut to crack and very few of us get out of it alive.

H. L. M.—Dont forget that theatrical life is fantastic and unreal. Elsie Ferguson is playing in "Sacred and Profane Love" at the Morosco Theater, New York City. Alice Joyce with Eastern Vitagraph, Brooklyn, and George Walsh with Fox, New York City. June Caprice is about 21; Lila Lee, 17; Lillian Gish, 24, and Dorothy Gish, 22. All old ladies, you see.

Joe B., Bay City.—No, m' dear, I do not do up my hair in curl papers as Lord Byron did. Look me over up above and tell me—do you see any hair? You want to see Elliott Dexter and Gloria Swanson play together. I'll try and arrange it. Yes, Priscilla Dean is married. No, no, Madlaine Traverse is not Peggy Hyland's sister. Oh, you're welcome.

A Loyal Fan.—That's the way to be. Beware of love at first sight—always take a second look. Why, Corinne Griffith is in "The Garter Girl." Oh, for a clasp of that garter—it would look so handsome in my collection of curios. E. K. Lincoln in "The Inner Voice," American Cinema. Niles Welch is with Western Vitagraph. So you like Elliott Dexter and Norma Talmadge, and Charles Ray and Wallace Reid next. No, they take a substitute and not a real house.

Half Past Sixteen.—The DeHavens can be reached at Paramount, 481 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Surely I want you to write me again. Enjoyed your letter a lot.

Bea Vo.—Yes, I was there and was glad to see the Brooklyn Dodgers win. A pitch in time saved the nine. Thanks for the verse. Does it run fluently by you? Dustin Farnum in "The Big Happiness."

Ura Cootie.—How do you make that out? Harrison Ford? I will tell you all about him some rainy afternoon. You tell me to always wear my rubbers when it rains so as not to get the flu. I need some one like you to look after me.

Dude.—Whom the gods love—die young. I am 79, so you know what that means. There was an interview with Gloria Swanson in the February, 1919, Classic. Charles Ray in "Ramsey Milholland," a Booth Tarkington story. Yes, Bill Farnum in "The Big Happiness." You say you dont believe that a crow lives 100 years. Why dont you buy one and find out?

Ura Peach.—No, night does not bring out the stars; it simply brings us out of our light-produced blindness so that we can see them. Very few of the studios allow visitors. Gladys Brockwell in "A Sister to Salome." Arline Pretty with Selznick in "The Valley of Doubt." Oh, I dont mind answering a few questions. Write me again.

Just June.—I have mailed your letter.

Jean S.—So you have deserted Earle Williams for Eugene O'Brien. Oh, fickle jade! 'Twas ever thus. The heart of a woman is like the moon, ever changing, but there is always a man in it. You can reach Ethel Clayton at Paramount, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Her last picture was "The Lady in Love." You want to see an interview with Wanda Hawley and Tom Moore.

Idealist.—Your clever letter received. You must write me again.

Betty, Adelaide.—Well, Betty, most girls want nothing but husbands, but when they get them they want everything. Send International Coupons, valued at five cents each. See above for Elsie Ferguson. Mary Miles Minter, Los Angeles, Cal. Yes, I agree with you, but make love while the moon shines.

Marion.—Why didn't you sign your name?

Glorious Divine Talmadge.—You refer to "Pals First" and Rubye de Remer played with him. So you liked Monroe Salisbury in "The Eyes of the World." It's rather a tedious job, but since you ask me how to rid your pet dog of his fleas, here goes, again. Fill your bathtub with boiling water; immerse the pet dog, being careful that only the end of his tail protrudes above the water. The fleas will crawl out on his caudal appendage to keep from drowning, and you may take your time in capturing them one at a time. What will happen to the pet dog? That's *his* look-out. He probably will drown, but you have succeeded in relieving him of his little playmates.

Edith C. S.—Yes, Mahlon Hamilton is at Hampton Studios, Los Angeles.

U. R. A. J.—Elsie Ferguson was born in New York in 1883. She is Mrs. Thomas B. Clarke. Hope you win your bet. No, I cannot prevent thoughts coming any more than I could keep birds from flying over my head, but I try to prevent their building nests in my beard.

Rosalind R.—Nothing is ever so good as it seemed beforehand that it was going to be—or, anticipation is greater than realization—provided you have a good imagination. Dont you find it so? Eugene O'Brien at Selznick, 729 7th Avenue, New York. Ethel Clayton in "The City Sparrow." Do I drink? Yes, buttermilk. What else is a feller to do?

Betty R., Pittsburg.—So you say Nazimova is about 41 years old. You're trying to bribe me to find out whether I am a male or a female. I'm wise to you. Certainly you may come and see me in my cage. It is more blessed to call than to receive.

Red Rose.—You here again? Now, it isn't up to me to tell you whom to vote for. The most scientific way is to put them all in a hat and pick out one. You are more apt to get answered in the Classic than you are in the Magazine. I know, but a very masculine woman is liable to usurp most of the masculinity of the husband and leave him effeminate. Shirley Mason is playing in "His Harvest." Yes, Cleo Ridgely has returned to the screen to play in Lew Cody's "The Mischief Man." Come again.

Cupie.—Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of manufacturers, also a list of corresponding clubs.

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Youth and Fashion is everything—that's why I am wearing the latest National Bob. It's *too* lovely for words with its soft, wavy hair falling teasingly over the combs that slip so easily through my hair. Everyone thinks the Bob's my very own—*it matches so perfectly and I never sacrificed a hair*. I use invisible pins to attach the ends and it's on and off in a jiffy. My picture shows the Bob charm. How did I get it? **I sent a strand of my hair with $10.00** and it was promptly sent—Postpaid. I'm as happy as a child with a new toy and I never looked so well. You'll like it too.

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Double Exposures

(*Continued from page* 57)

THE BIG EVENTS OF THE CINEMA YEAR

1. Mae Murray's—er—pedal extremities in "On With the Dance."
2. Eugene O'Brien's left eyebrow in "The Perfect Lover."
3. Betty Compson's bath-tub in "The Miracle Man."
4. Bebe Daniels and her victrola in "Why Change Your Wife?"
5. Gloria Swanson's morning plunge in "Male and Female."
6. Constance Talmadge's depiction of Annette Kellermann in "Two Weeks."

"Women!" reads an advertisement anent "The Devil's Passkey." "What does Von Stroheim know about women? Too much—the women think. That's why they love him and hate him—and pack the house to the fire limits." It's sure the day of the he-vampire.

OUR POLITICAL CHOICE

We dont care particularly who gets elected this year, as long as it isn't a Democrat. But we are very particular about the next cabinet. Here's our idea:

Secretary of State—Charlie Murray
Secretary of the Navy—Mack Sennett
Secretary of Agriculture—Charles Ray
Postmaster-General—Lew Cody
Attorney-General—Ben Turpin*
Secretary of the Interior—Fatty Arbuckle
Secretary of the Treasury—Mamma Pickford
Secretary of Commerce — Lewis J. Selznick
Secretary of Labor—Will Rogers
Secretary of War—Bull Montana

---

*He could see both sides of every legal question.

Gossip of the Eastern Studios

(*Continued from page* 90)

the industry, it seems to me. Yet, when the Capitol Theater failed to get over in a big way, they have to call him back to New York to save it. And, in one night, he turned the biggest movie house in the world into a success. Interesting, isn't it?"

"You bet," responded the Gossip. "Why, Rothapfel originated the present de luxe way of showing photoplays. He's done more for the motion picture than any half-dozen producers, except Griffith."

"True," said the Philosopher. "But you know the old proverb about the lack of appreciation in one's own land!"

Marooned Hearts

(*Continued from page* 91)

Afterward they spoke brokenly . . .

"You have forgiven?" "Yes!—Have *you* forgiven *me?*"—"I was wrong"—"And I!"—"I love you, I always have, always shall"—"Kiss me again——"

"If we should stay here always, would it matter—now?" he asked her, and she answered, head on his breast, dreamily, "It would not matter—so long as it were together——"

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AUTHOR OF "I'M TYING THE LEAVES SO THEY WON'T COME DOWN"—"DON'T FORGET OLD [illegible]" AND OTHERS
[illegible] GAIETY THEATRE BLD. NEW YORK.

The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page* 88)

when the dramatist learns the truth, but he comes in time to realize that he loves—and needs—his butterfly wife despite everything.

Mr. Von Stroheim presents his story with a Continental observation of men and manners, a dexterous camera sense and the same directorial skilfulness that lifted "Blind Husbands" into the unusual. As yet, Mr. Von Stroheim's characters—in the main—do not have the breath of life. Just one character of "The Devil's Passkey" really lives. It is the *cocotte*, Odero, realized with fine Parisian verve and piquancy by Mae Bush. Her Odero is as French as *La Vie Parisienne*. Sam de Grasse and Una Trevelyn are adequate as the American husband and wife, Clyde Fillmore is the army officer who wavers humanly between the good and the bad, and Maud George is Mme. Malot. The Paris atmosphere is admirably attained and maintained.

Rabelaisian in its humor is "Scratch My Back," (Goldwyn), written and adapted for the screen by Rupert Hughes. The hero is a rich young chap who always does what he wants to. Obeying that impulse, he leans over at the opera and scratches the décolleté back of a young woman who is too polite to do it herself. Forthwith his adventures begin, for the object of his unique attention not only does not resent it, but selects him to save her from the machinations of a blackmailer. Just to show his originality, Mr. Hughes has the hero enter and leave a bachelor. The story itself is not particularly humorous, but it is very shrewdly adapted to the screen and possesses delightful subtitles, captions which "kid" the action without hurting the story. The result is something new in film technique—a sort of after-dinner story told with dry celluloid humor. T. Roy Barnes, a former "nut" comedian in the varieties, stands out of "Scratch My Back" like a house afire. You'll hear more on the screen of this Barnes, or we miss our guess.

William Faversham is making his return to the screen in "The Man Who Lost Himself," (Selznick). This story of a British nobleman and a penniless American who look exactly alike, suggests "The Masquerader." The Englishman is in the grip of creditors and blackmailers, and he commits suicide secretly, leaving the American in his place. The newcomer solves all the difficulties—except the earl's wife. Love enters here and— But why tell the dénouement? "The Man Who Lost Himself" held our interest very well. Mr. Faversham does distinguished work, too distinguished, perhaps, to suggest a down-and-out American suddenly thrust into an earl's shoes. He touched the rôle here and there with a deft comic hand, which leads us to speculate upon Mr. Faversham's film possibilities in high comedy. Hedda Hopper contributes a genuinely fine performance as the wife, a well-bred, worldly and understanding woman. At last a heroine who possesses something aloft besides curls! George D. Baker's direction is very workmanlike.

"The Sea Wolf," (Paramount), as revived with Noah Beery in Hobart Bosworth's original rôle of Jack London's caveman of the North Pacific, struck us as being 'way above the average. If you are not familiar with London's virile and tragic tale of "Wolf" Larsen, seal-hunting schooner skipper, you should be. Here is an unusual novel of the primitive in man in combat with the mind.

We want to congratulate Mr. Beery upon his performance as the Sea Wolf. A mighty good bit of work it is, carefully and skilfully shaded. Mabel Juliene Scott and Tom Forman are satisfactory as the two scions of the rich stranded aboard "Wolf's" hell-ship.

Olive Thomas is more interesting in "The Flapper," (Selznick), Frances Marion's boarding-school opus, than in any vehicle we have yet observed her. Miss Marion endeavors to hit a feminine "Seventeen," satirizing girlish adolescence as Booth Tarkington did with callow boyhood. The trouble here is that the picture is entirely too long for its story and, again, that the director mistakes burlesque for satire. The tale frequently becomes preposterous. The crook element, for instance, is dragged in by the ears and does not ring true. The plot? The kid romance of two young people in adjoining boarding and military schools. Rather weak.

Will Rogers' latest, "Jes' Call Me Jim," (Goldwyn), is quite fearful. Here Rogers is made to fit a trite old melodrama, with the result that his human and humorous qualities are engulfed. Thru a conspiracy, an inventor is kept in a wretched asylum cell. How he is rescued and restored to health by Jim, (played by Rogers), forms the theme, such as it is. We like Irene Rich as the girl of the drama. The director, Clarence Badger, gives no credit for an audience's imagination. And, judging from the eternal flashbacks, he thinks they cannot remember, either.

"The Silver Horde," (Goldwyn), based upon Rex Beach's romance of the salmon industry in Alaska, sounds a healthy outdoor note. We are quite sure it will interest you. "The Silver Horde" concerns the efforts of the salmon-canning trust to get possession of a certain valuable river property at any cost. But the plotters are foiled and, when the silver salmon horde sweep up the Kalvik River, the fighters win their battle. Myrtle Stedman stands out of "The Silver Horde" thru her splendid performance as Cherry Melotte, Rex Beach's fascinating heroine of the Northland. Betty Blythe is effectively present, too. Frank Lloyd's direction is praiseworthy.

Anita Stewart did not at all interest us in "The Yellow Typhoon," (First National), based upon Harold MacGrath's romance of twin sisters, one brunette and fearfully good, the other blonde

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and—well—! Miss Stewart plays them both, the golden-haired adventuress, Bertha, alias "The Yellow Typhoon," and the dark-tressed Hilda, who serves Uncle Sam in the secret service. Miss Stewart cannot remotely suggest MacGrath's siren of the lonely spots. As for the story, it is the veriest piffle.

Bryant Washburn has another amusing comedy in "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," (Paramount), nowhere near as good as "The Six Best Cellars," but possessing its laughs. Adapted from the well-known stage farce, it revolves around the efforts of a young husband to explain his all-night absence from home. He has been innocently locked up on a department store roof with a feminine customer—but he doesn't dare own up to this. All sorts of complications result, of course. Wanda Hawley is an excellent foil as the wife.

Breezy and entertaining is "The Dancin' Fool," (Paramount), in which the redoubtable Wallie Reid plays a jug salesman by day and a cabaret dancer by night. No doubt you read the story in a recent issue of THE CLASSIC. Bebe Daniels lends colorful aid as Junie Budd, 'Ves' Tibble's dancing partner. Reid isn't always spontaneous in this comedy, for, in the early scenes, he is required to play a homespun lad from the hinterlands. If there is one thing Reid cant do—it's this. The hay-seed atmosphere here exists only in the "B'gosh!" subtitles.

As a screen story, Zane Grey's "Riders of the Dawn," (Hodkinson), based upon his "Desert of Wheat," is a bit out of the beaten track. It deals with the wheat farmers of the Middle West, the so-called destructive machinations of the I. W. W., (altho they are at no time called by name), and the ultimate triumph of a returned soldier-farmer over the evil element. Roy Stewart is the stalwart hero. A passable photoplay.

We looked forward with unusual interest to seeing Louise Glaum in her latest, "Sex," (Hodkinson). "As ye siren, so shall ye reap," seems to be the thesis, for the vamp, played by Miss Glaum, wins a married man away from his happy home. But, when a rich youth appears on the horizon, she tosses her married-and-about-to-be-divorced admirer aside. She herself marries and, lo and behold, another adventuress lures him off. Thus is the ex-siren paid off in her own wiles. Married life, according to "Sex" and the De Mille dramas, seems to be just one darned vampire after another. Which we rather doubt. "Sex," by the way, paints a picture of New York night life such as it is supposed to be and isn't, a maze of mad parties, with chorines dancing upon tables, youthful millionaires drinking — whisper — champagne from slippers, etc.

'Sex" may cause a gasp or two in the provinces, but it is really pretty dull screen fare.

"A Modern Salome," (Metro), with one Hope Hampton, comes pretty near meeting our idea of the worst picture of the celluloid year.

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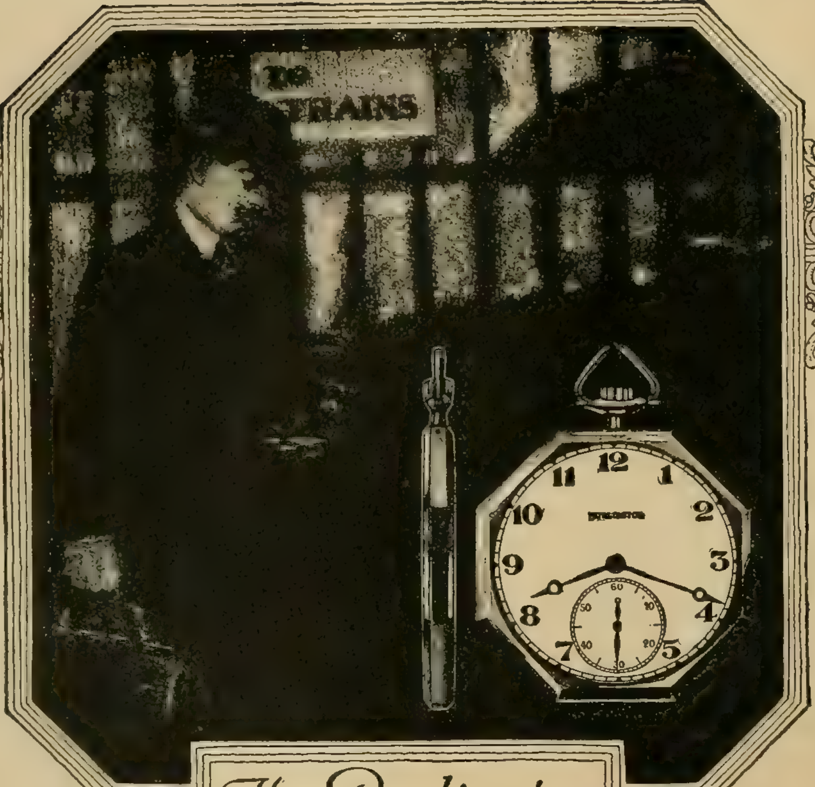

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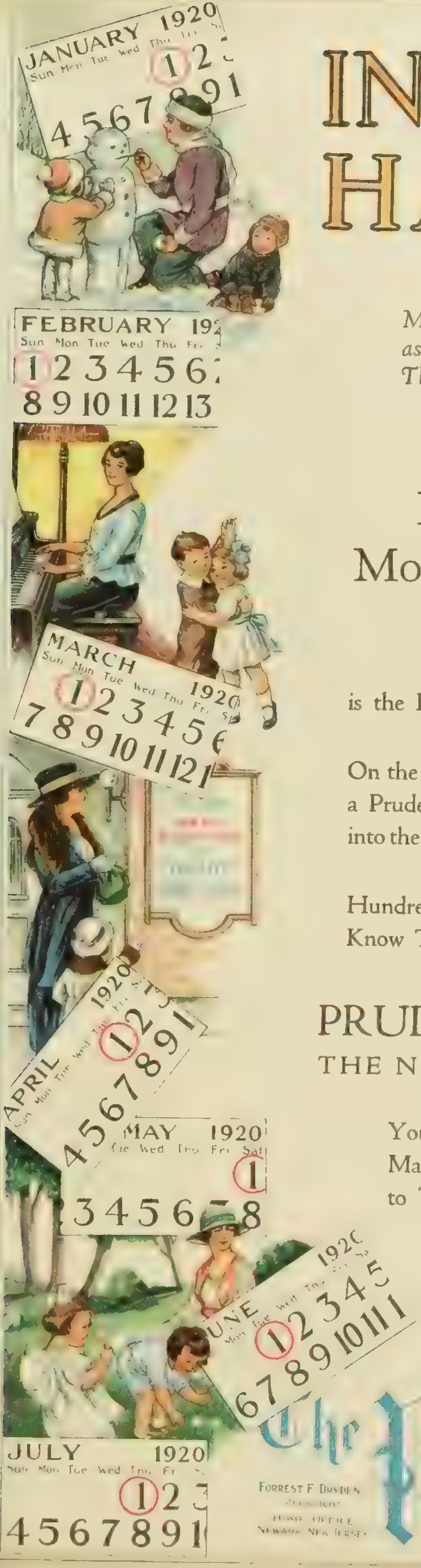
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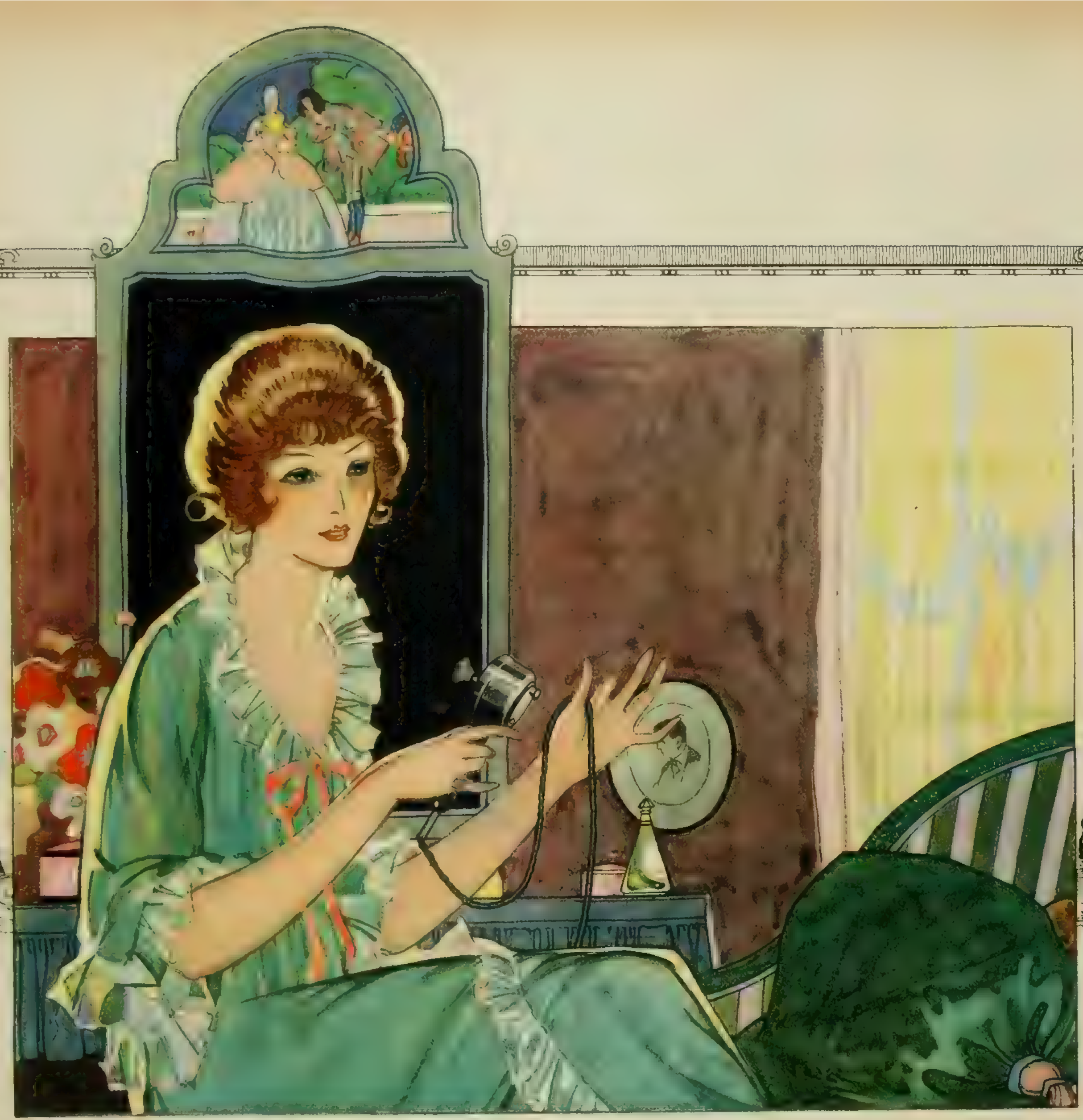

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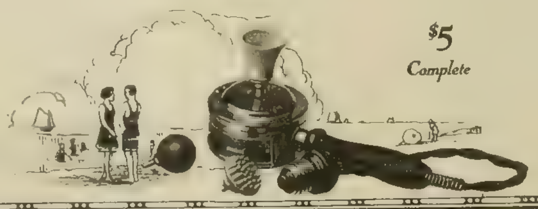

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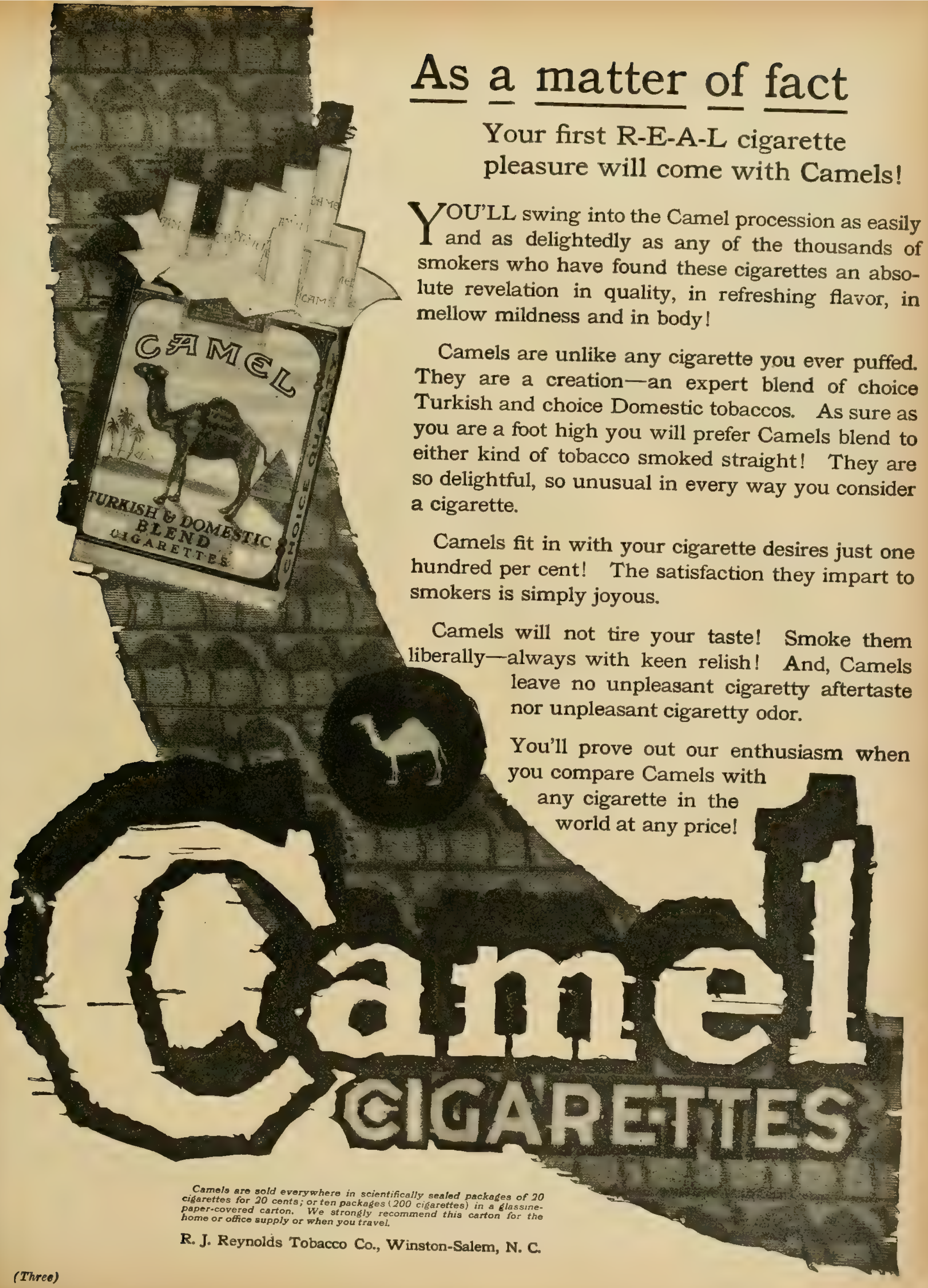

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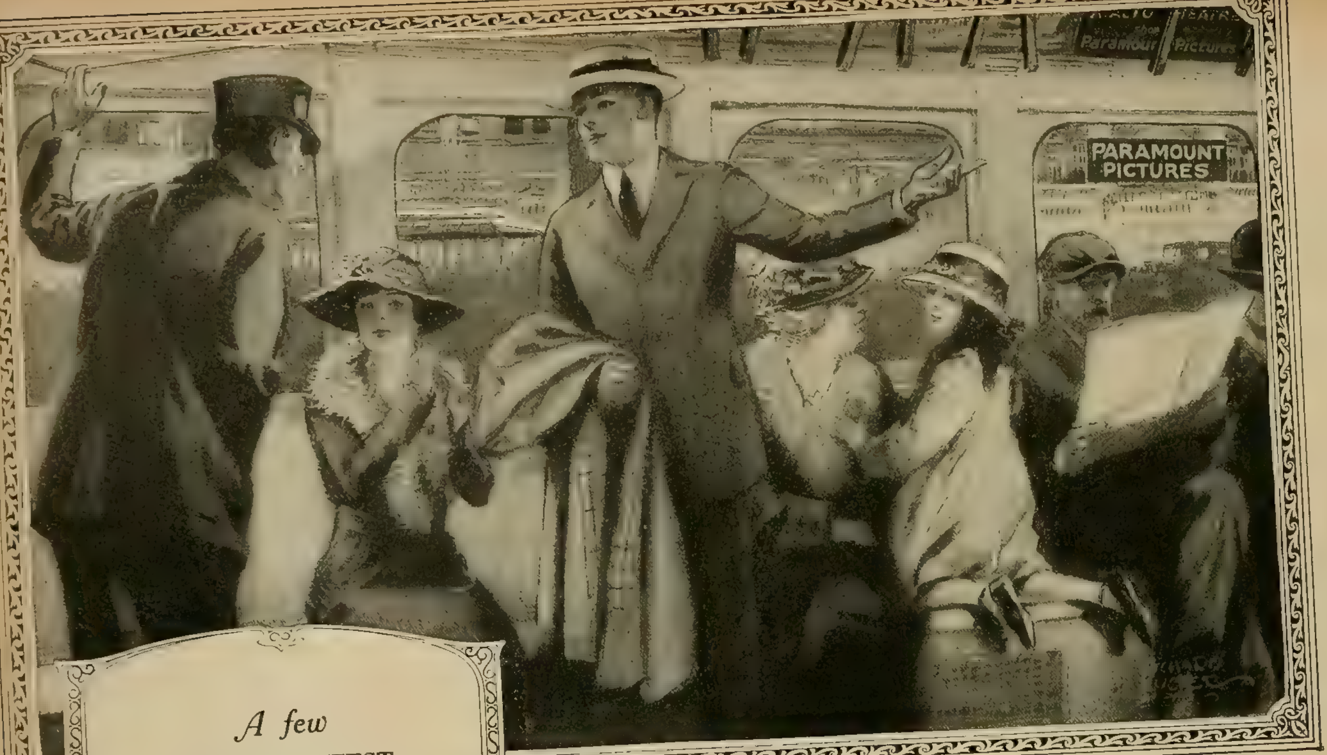

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CONTENTS OF MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

Vol. XI SEPTEMBER, 1920 No. 1

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

(Painted by Leo Sielke, Jr., from a Photograph by Apeda)

There is no gainsaying the fact that the judges certainly showed an unusual power of far-sightedness when they chose as one of the four winners of the Fame and Fortune Contest of 1919, Anita Booth. Miss Booth has proved her screen adaptability and talent by her work for the Selznick Picture Corporation lately, and the latest rumor to reach our always-attentive-where-Anita-is-concerned ears, is to the effect that she is about to sign with the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

THE CLASSIC will always keep an interested eye on the cinema progress of this little Southern beauty, and without hesitation, prognosticates that Anita will go far!

PAGE
Rotogravure Gallery of Players. Full-page studies of Monroe Salisbury, Dorothy Dalton, Harriett Hammond, Mildred Harris Chaplin, and Doris May 11-15
"Bessie, Love." An interesting analysis of the peculiar appeal of Bessie Love .... *Elizabeth Peltret* 16
The Photoplay of the Proletariat. The realism of Frank Borzage, director of "Humoresque," is explained .... *Harrison Haskins* 18
The Menace of the Movies. Whitman Bennett decries the influence of Wall Street upon the photoplay .... *Frederick James Smith* 19
The Joyous Pagan. Josephine Hill, petite Universal star, possesses an unusual philosophy .... *Willis Goldbeck* 20
Another Pickford Star. In which Jack proves that sometimes talent runs in the family .... *Maude S. Cheatham* 22
Silken Cotton. Lucy Cotton is her own critic and, strange to say, an unprejudiced one .... *Faith Service* 24
The Youngest Movie Magnate. Otherwise Myron Selznick .... *James Fredericks* 26
The World and His Wife. The famous old play retold in fiction form from the scenario .... *Faith Service* 27
Beatrice from Paree. Transplanting a little French girl, Miss La Plante, to the American screen .... *Emma-Lindsey Squier* 32
Ann o' the Vikings. The story of Ann Forrest, Cecil de Mille's newest leading woman .... *Fritzi Remont* 34
Kathleen's Anchor. Miss Kirkham's anchor being somewhat different from the usual species .... *Elizabeth Peltret* 36
Little Miss Rebellion. Dorothy Gish's latest release told in amusing story form .... *Dorothy Donnell* 39
Celluloid Critic. The month's photoplays in review.. *Frederick James Smith* 44
The Home Stretch. The grand finale of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest 46
The Shakespeare Specialist. Which reveals the strange fact that there is a student of Shakespeare in the screen world .... *Pearl Malvern* 48
The Dauntless Anita. The interesting story of the Girl on the Cover of this month's CLASSIC .... *Lillian Montanye* 50
Midsummer Theater Days 51
Double Exposures .... *Conducted by F. J. S.* 52
Trumpet Island. Fictionization of the most recent Vitagraph super-feature .... *Dorothy Donnell* 53
Photoplasmic Peregrinations. Louise Glaum writes an amusing account of the latest doings of the movie folk at the coast 57
The Movie Encyclopedia .... *The Answer Man* 66

Look for the last minute features among the advertising pages

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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these spoken plays appear in their vicinity.)

Booth.—"Not So Long Ago." A fragile and charming little comedy by a newcomer, Arthur Richman, telling a story of picturesque New York in the early seventies. Genuinely delightful. Finely played by Eva Le Gallienne, Sidney Blackmer and an excellent cast.

Century.—"Florodora." The much-heralded revival of the widely popular musical show of some twenty years ago. Done with charm, distinction and humor. Eleanor Painter's singing stands out vividly and George Hassell's humor is highly diverting. Then, of course, there is the famous "sextette." Here is a revival that really revives.

Century Promenade.—New York's newest dinner and midnight entertainment, "The Century Review" and "The Midnight Rounders." Colorful girl shows for the tired business man. A delightful place to eat.

Cohan's.—"The Hottentot," with Willie Collier. Typical one-man farce with the inimitable farceur, Collier, at his best. Ann Andrews lends pleasant assistance. Full of laughs.

Cohan and Harris.—"Honey Girl." Lively musical comedy built about the brisk race-track comedy, "Checkers." This has speed and humor—as well as an excellent cast.

Cort.—"Abraham Lincoln." You should see this if you see nothing else on the New York stage. John Drinkwater's play is a noteworthy literary and dramatic achievement, for he makes the Great American live again. "Abraham Lincoln" cannot fail to make you a better American. Moreover, it is absorbing as a play. Frank McGlynn is a brilliant Lincoln.

Forty-Eighth Street.—"The Storm." A well-told melodrama of the lonely Northwest with a remarkable stage effect of a forest fire. Helen MacKellar is admirable as the piquant French-Canadian heroine.

Garrick.—"Jane Clegg." St. John Ervine's powerful drama, presented by the Theater Guild, has been running here all season. A drab but brilliant tale of middle-class English life. Superbly acted by the best ensemble in New York.

Henry Miller's Theater—"The Famous Mrs. Fair." Able drama dealing with the feminine problem of a career or a home. Skilfully written by James Forbes, with unusual playing by Blanche Bates, Henry Miller and Margalo Gilmore.

Little.—"Foot-Loose," with Emily Stevens, Norman Trevor and O. P. Heggie. Zoe Akins' well-done modernization of the old melodrama, "Forget-Me-Not." Tallulah Bankhead scores in a difficult rôle.

New Amsterdam Roof.—Ziegfeld 9 o'clock and midnight revues. Colorful entertainments unlike anything to be found anywhere else. Here, too, are the most beautiful girls in all New York.

Nora Bayes Theater.—"Lassie." A charming and pleasantly tuneful little musical comedy of Scotland and London in the picturesque sixties. Based upon Catherine Chisholm Cushing's "Kitty MacKay." Tessa Kosta sings pleasantly and Mollie Pearson and Roland Bottomley are prominent. Dorothy Dickson and Carl Hyson contribute some delightful dance interludes.

Winter Garden.—"Cinderella on Broadway." Typical summer girl entertainment designed for the tired business man. The extravaganza this year is based upon the fairy adventures of Cinderella. Plenty of girls, passable music, attractive costumes and a little humor.

ON TOUR THIS AND NEXT SEASON

"The Fall and Rise of Susan Lenox."—Weak adaptation of the David Graham Phillips novel. Alma Tell in the stellar rôle.

"Scandal."—Cosmo Hamilton's daring drama which Constance Talmadge played on the screen. Francine Larrimore and Charles Cherry have the leading rôles in the excellent footlight production.

"As You Were," with Irene Bordoni and Dick Bernard. A delightful musical show in which Miss Bordoni dazzles as the various sirens of history. Pleasant music and a pleasant chorus lend effective aid.

"The Purple Mask," with Leo Ditrichstein. A stirring, romantic melodrama of the days of the First Consulate in France; tense, colorful and highly interesting. One of the best evening's entertainments of the season. Mr. Ditrichstein is delightful as the royalist brigand, the Purple Mask; Brandon Tynan is admirable as the republican police agent, Brisquet; Lily Cahill is a charming heroine, and Boots Wooster makes her bit of a peasant girl stand out.

"The Sign on the Door."—A very good melodrama which boasts many instances of the unexpected—and Marjorie Rambeau in highly emotional scenes.

"Look Who's Here," with Cecil Lean. A passable musical entertainment that entertains when Mr. Lean and Cleo Mayfield hold the center of the stage.

"Smilin' Through," with Jane Cowl. An odd, but effective drama which purports to show how those who have gone before influence and watch over our lives. Miss Cowl is exceedingly good as a piquant Irish girl and also as a spirit maid whose death occurred fifty years before. "Smilin' Through" will evoke your smiles and tears.

"The Ouija Board."—Crane Wilbur's thriller built around spiritism. Real spooks invade a fake séance, solve a murder mystery and provide plenty of surprises. Guaranteed to keep you on edge. Excellent east includes George Gaul, Howard Lang and Edward Ellis.

"My Golden Girl."—A passable musical entertainment with a score by Victor Herbert. A chorus girl, Jeannette Dietrich, scores the hit of the show.

"Shavings."—A pleasant bucolic entertainment based upon Joseph C. Lincoln's familiar Cape Cod stories. Harry Beresford is featured in a gentle, whimsical characterization.

"Mamma's Affair."—Rachel Butler's admirably written comedy—a study of that deadly human species, the hypochondriac who fancies herself suffering from all sorts of ills. Done with distinction and fine discernment. Ida St. Leon scores and important members of the cast are: Effie Shannon, Robert Edeson, Katherine Kaelred and George Le Guerre.

"The Little Whopper."—Lively and amusing musical comedy with tuneful score by Rudolf Friml. Vivienne Segal pleasantly heads the cast, which also numbers Harry C. Browne, who does excellent work, Mildred Richardson and W. J. Ferguson.

"Wedding Bells."—A bright and highly amusing comedy by Salisbury Field. Admirably written and charmingly played by Margaret Lawrence and Wallace Eddinger. One of the things you should see.

"Aphrodite."—Highly colored and lavish presentation of a drama based upon Pierre Louys' exotic novel of ancient Alexandria. Superbly staged adaptation of the play that caused a sensation in Paris. Dorothy Dalton, the screen star, returns to the stage in the principal rôle of the Galilean courtesan, Chrysis, and scores. McKay Morris is admirable in the principal male rôle.

"The Frivolities of 1920."—G. M. (Broncho Billy) Anderson's girl revue. Lively, speedy musical show with a large measure of vulgarity, but many pretty girls.

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"The time will come," writes the authority quoted above, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are The Writers of Tomorrow.

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BUT two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard often turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. Many of the greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they *really learn to write* from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you might be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't *I* learn to write?" *Who says you can't?*

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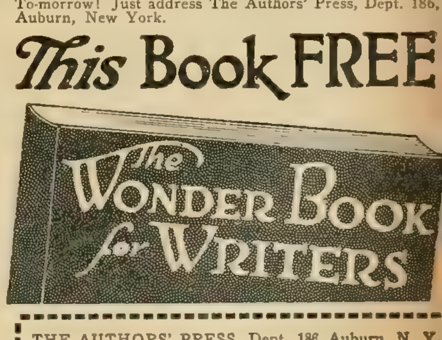

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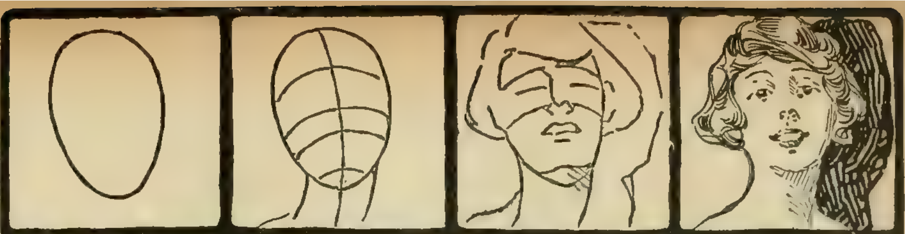
Mary Pickford, 75,306; Norma Talmadge, 40,112; Pearl White, 26,558; Mme. Nazimova, 14,419; Constance Talmadge, 8,502; Bebe Daniels, 4,941; Viola Dana, 4,617; Mary Miles Minter, 4,331; Elsie Ferguson, 4,249; Theda Bara, 3,342; Lillian Gish, 3,303; Dorothy Gish, 3,157; Ruth Roland, 3,121; Marguerite Clark, 2,714; Anita Stewart, 2,561; Ethel Clayton, 2,317; May Allison, 2,146; Olive Thomas, 2,059; Shirley Mason, 1,917; Dorothy Dalton, 1,421; Baby Marie Osborne, 1,342; Ann Little, 1,251; Pauline Frederick, 1,223; Gloria Swanson, 1,211; Olga Petrova, 1,173; Irene Castle, 1,115; Geraldine Farrar, 1,082; Alice Joyce, 1,002; Alice Lake, 958; Marion Davies, 929; Mae Murray, 861; Wanda Hawley, 808; Alice Brady, 801; Edith Johnson, 753; Katherine MacDonald, 729; Doris May, 720; Marie Prevost, 715; Margarita Fisher, 660; Priscilla Dean, 638; Vivian Martin, 571; Blanche Sweet, 568; Phyllis Haver, 511; June Caprice, 476; Betty Compson, 469; Madge Kennedy, 464; Jane Novak, 460; Kathlyn Williams, 459; Clara K. Young, 447; Dolores Cassinelli, 438; Gladys Leslie, 434; Marie Walcamp, 426; Winifred Westover, 423; Pauline Curley, 376; Juanita Hansen, 370; Eva Novak, 355; Billie Burke, 351; Mildred Davis, 339; Corinne Griffith, 331; Violet Heming, 326; Doris Kenyon, 322; Enid Bennett, 291; Marjorie Daw, 289; Marguerite de La Motte, 284; Lila Lee, 277; Dorothy Phillips, 271; Mildred Reardon, 268; Betty Blythe, 264; Mildred Harris, 260; Peggy Hyland, 257; Bessie Love, 235; Mae Marsh, 232; Jean Paige, 226; Constance Binney, 192; Louise Glaum, 183; Ruth Stonehouse, 174; Mary Thurman, 169; Fannie Ward, 166; Virginia Lee Corbin, 151; Mary Garden, 144; Louise Lovely, 143; Marguerite Marsh, 139; Carmel Myers, 137; Eileen Percy, 135; Catherine Calvert, 83; Lina Cavalieri, 80; Grace Cunard, 78; Helene Chadwick, 71; Louise Fazenda, 68; Kitty Gordon, 64; Mollie King, 59; Lois Wilson, 51.

Wallace Reid, 26,705; William S. Hart, 24,869; Richard Barthelmess, 19,217; Douglas Fairbanks, 11,501; Eugene O'Brien, 7,414; William Farnum, 6,227; Charles Ray, 3,959; J. Warren Kerrigan, 3,916; Tom Mix, 3,404; Charles Chaplin, 2,521; Thomas Meighan, 2,108; William Russell, 2,055; Gaston Glass, 1,986; Douglas MacLean, 1,977; William Duncan, 1,661; Tom Moore, 1,642; Ralph Graves, 1,564; Owen Moore, 1,550; Kenneth Harlan, 1,534; John Barrymore, 1,520; Jack Pickford, 1,509; Rodney La Rocque, 1,463; Bert Lytell, 1,430; Antonio Moreno, 1,319; Harrison Ford, 1,202; Harry Northrup, 1,167; Earle Williams, 1,014; Elliott Dexter, 982; Lloyd Hughes, 931; George Walsh, 919; Lewis Stone, 857; Eddy Polo, 772; Robert Harron, 768; Robert Warwick, 760; Harold Lloyd, 734; Marshall Neilan, 721; Louis Bennison, 663; Conway Tearle, 654; Lon Chaney, 641; Tom Forman, 627; Eddie Lyons, 619; Bryant Washburn, 607; Harry Carey, 552; Wesley Barry, 527; Monroe Salisbury, 468; George Fawcett, 463; Henry G. Sell, 460; Webster Campbell, 441; Theodore Roberts, 436; Joe Ryan, 430; Sessue Hayakawa, 417; Creighton Hale, 354; Monte Blue, 347; Robert Gordon, 339; Jack Holt, 337; Emory Johnson, 333; Percy Marmont, 329; Lee Moran, 322; Francis X. Bushman, 268; Albert Ray, 265; Sunshine Sammy, 260; Milton Sills, 260; Fatty Arbuckle, 241; Lew Cody, 234; Raymond Hatton, 231; David Powell, 225; Will Rogers, 220; Thurston Hall, 189; Mahlon Hamilton, 179; Frank Keenan, 166; Charles Meredith, 160; Henry B. Walthall, 151; Jack Dempsey, 117; William Desmond, 112; King Baggot, 82; Nigel Barrie, 74; Lionel Barrymore, 65; Cecil B. de Mille, 63; Harry Depp, 61; Francis Ford, 61; Edward Earle, 60; Cullen Landis, 58; Elmo Lincoln, 54; Lou-Tellegen, 51; Neal Hart, 47.



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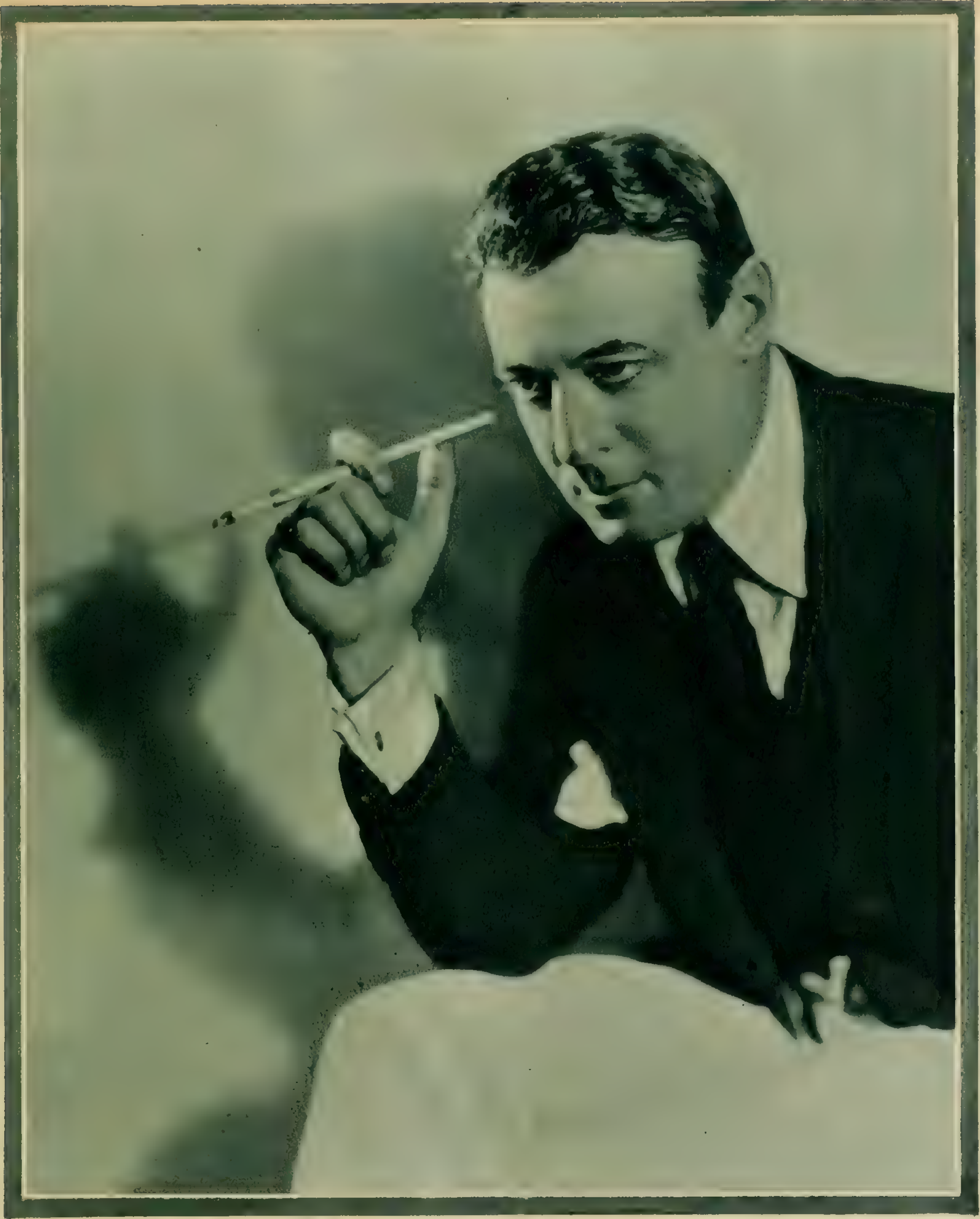


Photo by Lejean

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

MONROE SALISBURY

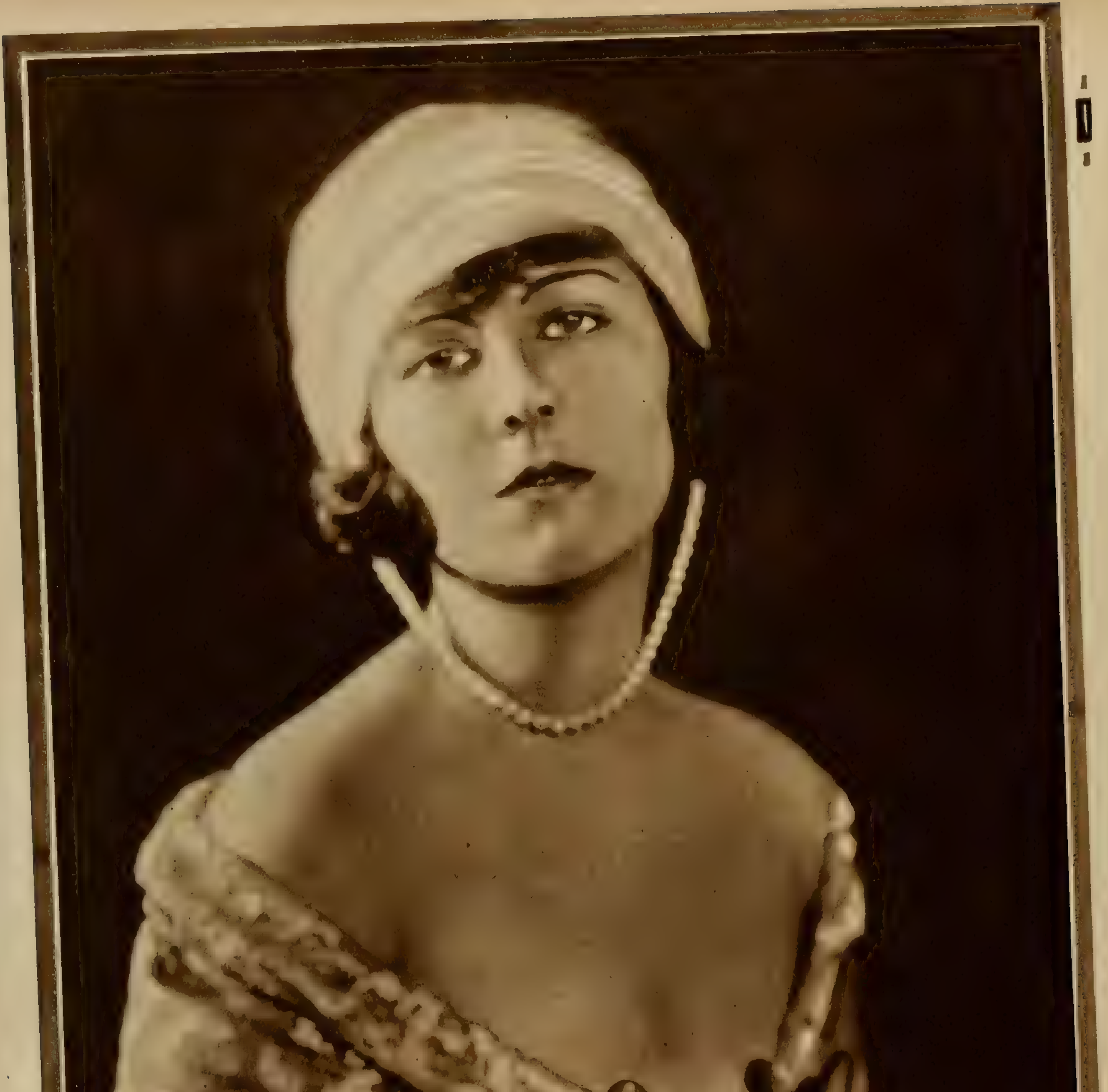


Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston.

DOROTHY DALTON

The beauteous Dorothy Dalton, who, last winter, proved that she was just as good an exponent of the legitimate drama as she was of the silversheet, has gone back to the screen, and is now again at work over at the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

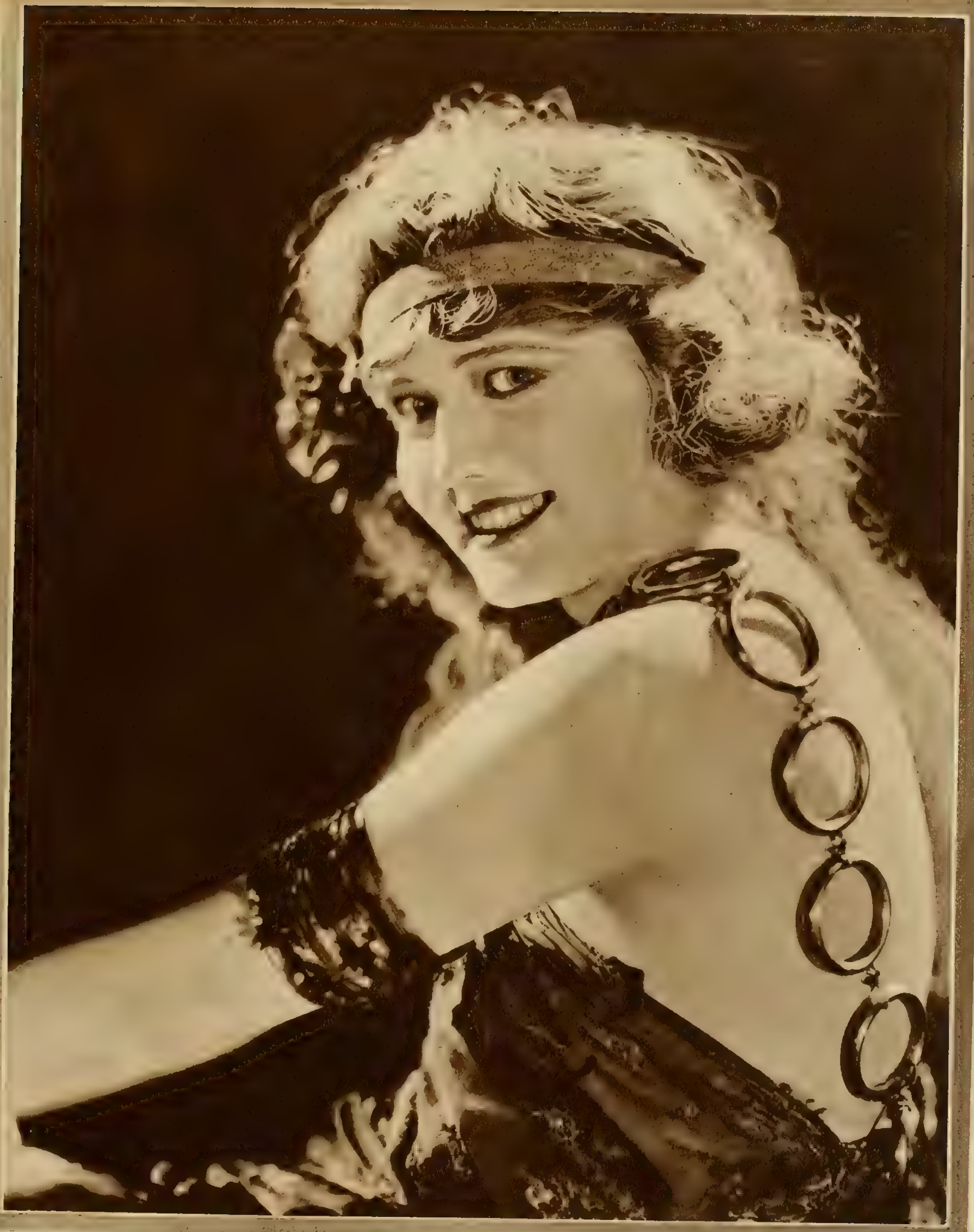
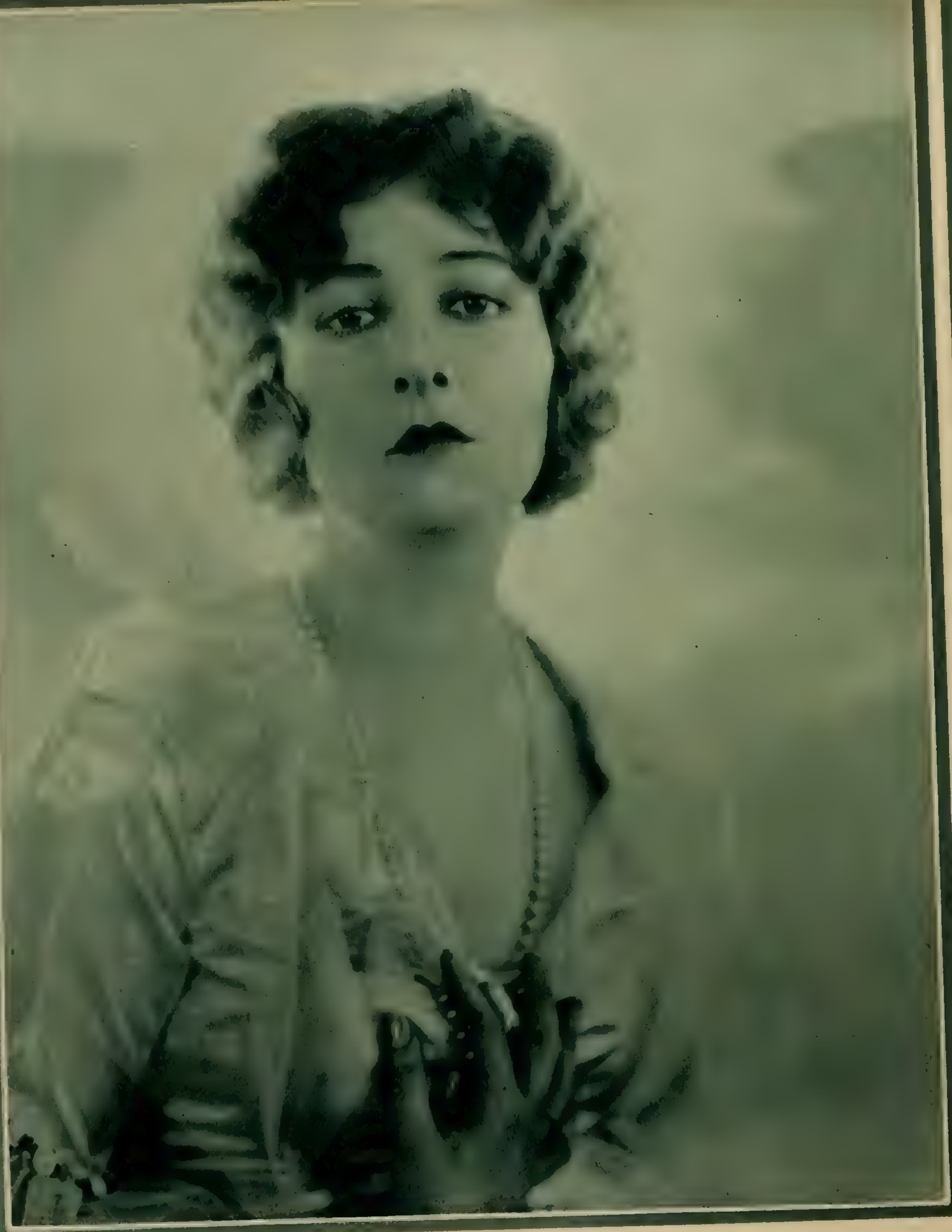


Photo by Abbe

HARRIETT HAMMOND

Mack Sennett, the Flo Ziegfeld of the screen, has no prize beauty of whom he is more proud than the blonde Harriett Hammond. Miss Hammond is an example of such unusual pulchritude, that the chains she wears across her shoulder are entirely unnecessary for the enslavement of her beholders.



MILDRED HARRIS CHAPLIN

Mildred Harris Chaplin is fast developing into one of the few real girl stars of filmdom. She completely subjugated the Prince of Wales when he recently visited California, and is one of the most popular of the shadow-players.

Photo by Witzel, L. A.

DORIS MAY

A star over-night is the past history of Doris May, the better-half of the Douglas MacLean-Doris May combination, which has so successfully ridden the top waves of popularity lately. Miss May is the kind of girl who makes you think, no matter how blasé you may be, that after all this old world has some things in it which are real all the way thru.

"Bessie, Love"

All photos Hoover Art Co.

Her name is Juanita Horton, but they call her Bessie, Love, just like that, as tho it were written with a comma. Or sometimes they pronounce it Bessie Love, as tho it were all one word, with the accent on the last syllable. But, however they may say it, they say it all. No one ever thinks of abbreviating it to Bessie.

She's Bessie, Love, to her father and mother, her aunts and uncles, and even her cousins, many of whom she has never seen.

If her name is to be abbreviated, they will tell you, let it be abbreviated to Love; "Miss Love" for strangers. One fancies that the masculine stranger, at least, must have an irresistible desire to take her hand and say, "Little girl, let me protect you," this in spite of capable-looking eyes that, most unmistakably, have strength of character behind them.

Bessie Love is not weak. Tiny, she is, delicate and appealing in appearance, but not weak. She makes you think almost irresistibly of Riley's "An Old Sweetheart of Mine"; not so much of any particular verse as of the entire poem and the spirit of it.

You will remember that in the beginning he spoke of spicing the good a trifle with a little dust of harm, and then in the end there proved not to be any harm at all? Bessie Love reminds one of that.

You can imagine her as being slightly unconventional, but you would also feel quite certain that a chaperon and perfect propriety were lurking in the immediate background.

I found Bessie Love in her dressing-room, fastening at the neck a suit cut in a girlish fashion with a bolero jacket and a skirt sufficiently tight for her to feel that it was restraining, for later, she pulled it up over her knees, with a laughingly apologetic "You dont care?" and sat tailor-fashion on the edge of a chaise-longue in one corner of the room.

She had just finished making some tests of costume and make-up for "The Old Curiosity Shop." She came towards the door, one hand holding in place the still unfastened blouse and the other extended in the customary greeting.

Bessie Love is tiny, delicate and appealing in appearance, but not weak. She makes you think almost irresistibly of Riley's "An Old Sweetheart of Mine"

I was surprised that she should be so small; smaller by far than she looks to be on the screen. Her hair is dark yellow and very fine. You would notice her broad forehead and large, oval-shaped eyes the more strongly for the slenderness of her face from her temples to her slightly rounded chin. Her eyes and cheeks still

By
ELIZABETH PELTRET

showed the traces of a make-up hastily removed, making her look, somehow or other, like a mischievous elf from a Maxfield Parrish picture.

"I believe," she said, "in, as nearly as possible, absolute realism when it comes to getting atmosphere for a picture. When we were making 'The Sawdust Ring,' I spent three weeks with a circus. The first few days I enjoyed, but after that I grew dreadfully tired. We were always on the go, moving all the time, and it wasn't very pleasant to get up and catch trains at any old hour of the night as a regular thing.

"And it was rather funny, too. I dreaded going, because I thought, in a vague way, the same thing of circus people that some from the outside seem to think of the people of the screen. Of course, when I mentioned this to professional friends, I was laughed at. They explained that there is more devotion to the family shown among circus people than in any other class, and I found it so. I grew to love some of the 'cooch' dancers . . . they were the dearest girls . . .

Miss Love was featured as a "Griffith find"; played opposite Bill Hart in her second picture, "The Aryan"; was with Douglas Fairbanks in her next two, "The Good-Bad Man" and "Reggie Mixes In"—and in her fifth picture, "Sister of Six," she became a star

"And now we are going to London on location for the exteriors of 'The Old Curiosity Shop.' We'll probably have to come back here for the interiors; I've heard that the studios in England are impossible!"

Having spent almost her entire life in Los Angeles, Bessie Love has seen comparatively little of the world outside the Western city. But, unlike most professionals, she loves to write letters, and she has carried on an extensive correspondence with numerous friends, relatives, fans and exhibitors. She did not make her first visit to New York until she was an established star.

"But I found that I had friends, not only in New York, but all along the way," she said.

"Of course, most of them knew me very much better than I knew them . . . isn't it peculiar how well you grow to know people from just seeing them on the screen?

"In connection with that, an exhibitor, visiting here, told me rather an amusing thing. He said that he had been showing Bill Hart's pictures in his theater for so long that Bill Hart became to him the most familiar figure in the world. And then, several days ago, he came face to face with Bill in the lobby of the Alexandria.

" 'Do you know, I was absolutely offended with him for a moment because he hadn't recognized me,' said this exhibitor.

(*Continued on page* 86)

The Photoplay of the Proletariat

By
HARRISON HASKINS

You who saw "Humoresque" know with what understanding and sympathy Frank Borzage, the director, presented the "other half" of New York's Ghetto tenements. And no doubt you wondered just where Borzage obtained his singular insight into the real selves of the city's sordid cliff-dwellers.

The answer is simple.

Borzage himself came up from poverty. One of fourteen children, his father a laborer, Borzage fought his way to success against seemingly insurmountable odds. He worked as a hod-carrier, he labored in a mine, he was a member of a railway grading gang, in turn. But all the time that something—that divine fire of ambition—was burning inside.

Let us return to the beginning. Borzage's father is Italian, his mother Swiss. He was born in Salt Lake City. At twelve, necessity forced him to leave school and become one of the bread-winners of the large and struggling family.

The lad's first labors centered around a building gang, for he worked with his father. Then he became a worker in the Silver King mine. All the time he had one thing in mind—he wanted to be an actor! Just where he gained this idea is one of those inexplainable twists of humanity.

(*Continued on page* 88)

Photo by Campbell

Since the beginning of all things, the most powerful cry of humanity has been "of the people and for the people." Frank Borzage believes this fact to be the greatest force in the motion picture industry—and intends to devote all his energy to genre portrayals of the movies. Left and below, Borzage directing "Humoresque"

The future of Frank Borzage will be a matter of distinct interest to the world of the cinema. "I intend to do stories of the people," he says. "I know the folk who go to motion pictures are interested most of all in the problems, the joys and the sorrows of their own daily life, and I hope to bring to the films a reflection of all this"

The Menace of the Movies

By
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Is a great Wall Street colossus rearing itself in motion pictures—a colossus that will be blind to progress, initiative and all that is artistic? So believes Whitman Bennett, now an independent photoplay producer, but for years a foremost cog in that huge film machine, the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

Believing this, Mr. Bennett has withdrawn from the citadel and cast his fortunes with the independents. His reasons form a vastly illuminating glimpse into the modern making of the silent drama.

"The making of motion pictures is rapidly reaching the point where it will be dominated by one organization, just as the theatrical world was once held in the hands of Klaw and Erlanger, Charles Frohman and other leaders of the 'Syndicate.' As yet this film organization constitutes no out-and-out menace to photoplay progress. Remember that the old stage syndicate did not begin to obstruct dramatic progress until it absolutely controlled the country's theaters. Then its greed asserted itself.

"I believe this motion picture combine will number the Famous Players, Goldwyn and Metro forces. I do not place the blame on any of the leaders of these companies, such as Richard Rowland or Jesse Lasky, whom I highly respect. But Wall Street interests have been slowly seeping in and acquiring control.

"Wall Street is always a little slow. Remember that it was the film pioneers who went out and secured the money to bring pictures to their present level. They worked up the credit and backing. Then Wall Street began to take notice, to study the business and to 'get in.' Right now I believe the opinion in the Street is that 'the motion picture business is cooked and ready to eat.'

"Wall Street capital has never been necessary. Enough money passes thru the country's box-offices to support the industry, if properly handled. Extravagance, mismanagement and business errors, coupled with over-ambition, have brought Wall Street into the field. The result is that the men who fought all these years for the best in pictures are being crowded out. Affiliations of and interests of Kuhn Loeb, the Morgans and the Duponts will control the photoplay.

"The outcome is self-evident. It is the difference between the showman and the speculator. Money interests are out to get the most out of the business with an outlay held to minimum. What does Wall Street care for art—for the progress of the photoplay?

"The screen, like the stage, is a segregated artistic business. It has never and it can never thrive commercialized. You cannot take your audience behind the scenes and let it see the wheels working and still be successful.

(*Continued on page* 84)

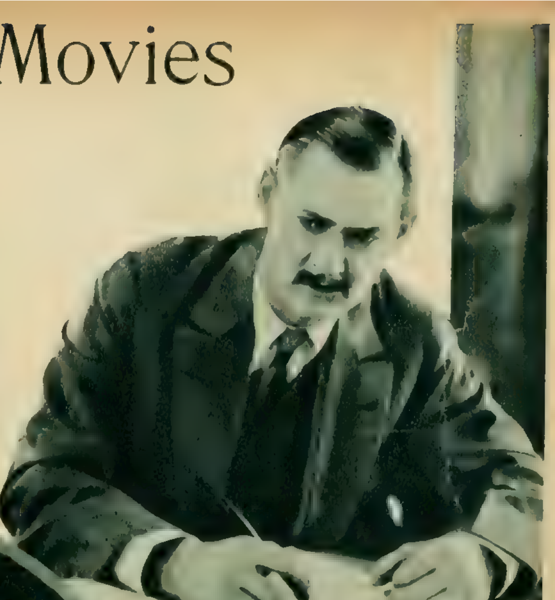


Photo by White Studio

"The making of motion pictures is rapidly reaching the point where it will be dominated by one organization, just as the theatrical world was once held in the hands of Klaw and Erlanger, Charles Frohman and other leaders of the 'Syndicate,'" says Whitman Bennett who has cast his fortunes with the independent producers. At the top and bottom are scenes from Mr. Bennett's first production, starring Lionel Barrymore

The Joyous Pagan

Josephine Hill has a remarkable philosophy all her own, in which a tiny idol, a cross between a Billiken and a Buddha, figures rather prominently. His name is Korsukan—and when Josephine wants anything very badly, she repeats the idol's name several times—and gets her wish. Try it yourself, and see what happens

Photo by Freulich, L. A.

The blonde pagan! It sounds like one of Berta Ruck's novels or a Universal picture, but in reality it's a description of Josephine Hill. For that tiny person, eighteen in years but eighty in wisdom, has evolved a philosophy and a religion all her own. It first manifested itself to me in the tiptiltedness of Josephine's nose, which caught my attention immediately upon our meeting.

"But it was just good luck that I had that kind of a nose!" declared Josephine—and thereby hangs a tale—the tale of the aforementioned philosophy.

Upon a pedestal in a corner of the room reposed a curious carving. It was a small idol, apparently, a cross between a Billiken and a Buddha, hewn from ivory. And when my eyes were not engaged with Josephine's nose, they were hovering about that strange image. She noticed it, of course, and her mouth crinkled up into a delighted little smile.

"That," she explained, "is *Korsukan*, my god of luck. Every morning when I get up and every evening before I go to bed, I bow before him! Isn't that funny?" She giggled at her own caprice—and yet, was it a caprice? As I learned more of this strange god, I began to suspect that his solitary worshiper had discovered a page from the Book of Wisdom.

But I had not come to discuss newborn philosophies; rather to unearth the life story of this new light in the cinema heavens. Her marriage with Jack Perrin, the Universal star, was the talk of the day. I could scarcely believe that the tiny girl before me was a wife.

"But now, I suppose, you bow before a greater power—the god Husband?" I suggested.

"Indeed, I do not!" Her eyes widened indignantly. "We've been married only three days, and he has left me already!"

"Oh!" I began to suspect that I had said something unfortunate.

"But I cant really blame him," she continued hastily. "It's the awful company he's in!" There was a distinct break in her voice. I mentally belabored myself for having ventured into matrimonial subjects and prayed for a return to safe ground.

"They've sent him on location way off in the mountains!" she finished.

I gasped with relief and hurriedly switched the conversation back to *Korsukan*, the god of luck.

"Long ago, when I was a very little girl indeed," she replied in answer to my questions, "mother used to tell me that there was a little fairy named *Korsukan*, who would always help me out of difficulties if I would only repeat his name to myself a number of times—Kors-u-kan, Kors-u-kan—course-you-can. Do you see? And I always found that if I said *Korsukan* enough, I always could!"

"But the image itself?" I enquired. "Where did that come from?"

"Oh, I had that made when I found that Korsukan came thru every time. It was the decent thing to do, dont you think?" She looked at me rather anxiously.

I nodded gravely.

"And when it came time for me to make my own living, I found that my little god was quite as faithful as ever. For a long time I traveled with father and mother on the vaudeville circuits, doing baby rôles. But when I got big"—she flushed a little when she saw me glance at her feet; they barely touched the floor as she sat in the big rocking-chair!—"I wanted to go by myself. Mother was a little worried by the idea. I think she was afraid I couldn't succeed. But I just said *Korsukan* over and over and went to see Gus Edwards. He was very nice to

By
WILLIS GOLDBECK

me, and when I left I had been engaged to play a part in his famous 'School-days' troupe! I played with him for many months and finally, when Lila Lee left to enter the movies, I took her part, that of 'Cuddles.' It was lots of fun." She smiled happily at the memory.

"But how did you happen to enter pictures?" I asked.

"Oh, I got to thinking about it when Lila left. And when things turned out so nicely for her I felt even more eager to try it. I felt kind of doubtful inside, but *Korsukan* said yes.

"The first man I went to see was Edgar Lewis. He was looking for a leading lady for 'Love and the Law.' I determined to hit high and so I walked in and asked for the part. When I saw all the other girls who were there, I felt a little weak, but that darned heathen god kept insisting. I put up a good argument and when the afternoon was over, all were eliminated but myself and one other. The only great difference between us was the fact that her nose was Grecian while mine was 'pug.' Mr. Lewis couldn't make up his mind, so he called his wife. For some reason, she came out strong for the pug. So you see, I won by a nose."

Mrs. Lewis was speedily justified in her choice. Josephine outdid herself. But she was still in the East when the picture was completed, and California, the movie center, was three thousand miles away. So she declined all offers, packed her bag, and in two weeks was searching for a home in Hollywood. She was engaged by Universal and for a time played two-reel Westerns opposite Neal Burns, and later Jack Perrin. She built up an enormous following among the cowboys and ranchers.

(*Continued on page* 80)

Photos by Freulich, L. A.

Miss Hill's recent marriage with Jack Perrin, the Universal star, was the talk of the day. It was extremely difficult for ye interviewer to believe that the tiny girl on the chair, her feet escaping the floor by a space of several inches, was a wife. Just to the left, you will not fail to notice that our heroine is a real fisherman in every sense of the word, tho we wonder what sort of fish she can hope to catch in this exact spot, unless it be a mud turtle!

Left, Josephine in a somewhat difficult situation in her most recent Metro success, "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," in which, as leading woman, she gives an unusually clever characterization

Another Pickford Star

Photograph by Woodbury, L. A.

We were all there, Mary Pickford, Mrs. Pickford, Jack Pickford and myself. Now, I thought, this will be a fine time to interview Jack, for he is very diffident when it comes to talking about himself and has a clever way of side-stepping questions, but, with his mother and sister present there would be little chance for this.

Now, the most noticeable characteristic of this young actor is his contagious laugh.

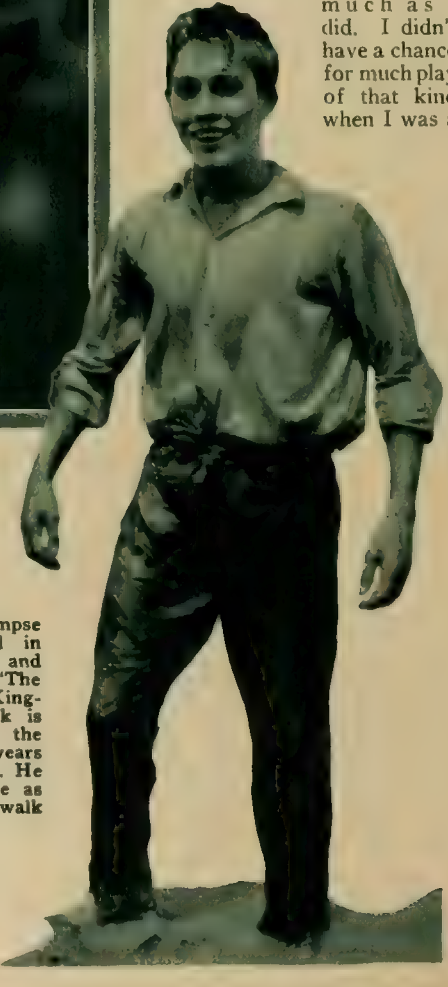
Beginning deep in his throat as a chuckle, it ripplingly ascends the scale, striking each jolly tone, and I am willing to wager that no one could possibly resist its boyish merriment. His speaking voice is unusually soft, with a little drawl suggestive of the South. However, he was born far from the Mason and Dixon line, away up in Toronto, Canada.

Jack is the baby of the Pickford family, Mary being three years his senior, Lottie two. He was less than a year old when his father died, and he followed his sisters onto the stage as soon as he could walk.

Admitting that the process of growing up requires some time, there is frequently one year when the transition seems very marked and the boy suddenly becomes a man. Jack Pickford has just passed thru this kind of a year and, tho he still represents the spirit of eternal Youth, he has taken on the way of a man.

We who recall his splendid work in "Tom Sawyer," with its roguishness and whimsical charm, fervently hope this boyish quality will ever abide with him.

"That was a great story," he remarked, when he spoke of it. "I became so attached to Tom that I was downright sorry when it was finished. I think that it will be refilmed every ten years, for it will always delight because of its youthful experiences. I only hope that the next Tom Sawyer will enjoy making the picture as much as I did. I didn't have a chance for much play of that kind when I was a



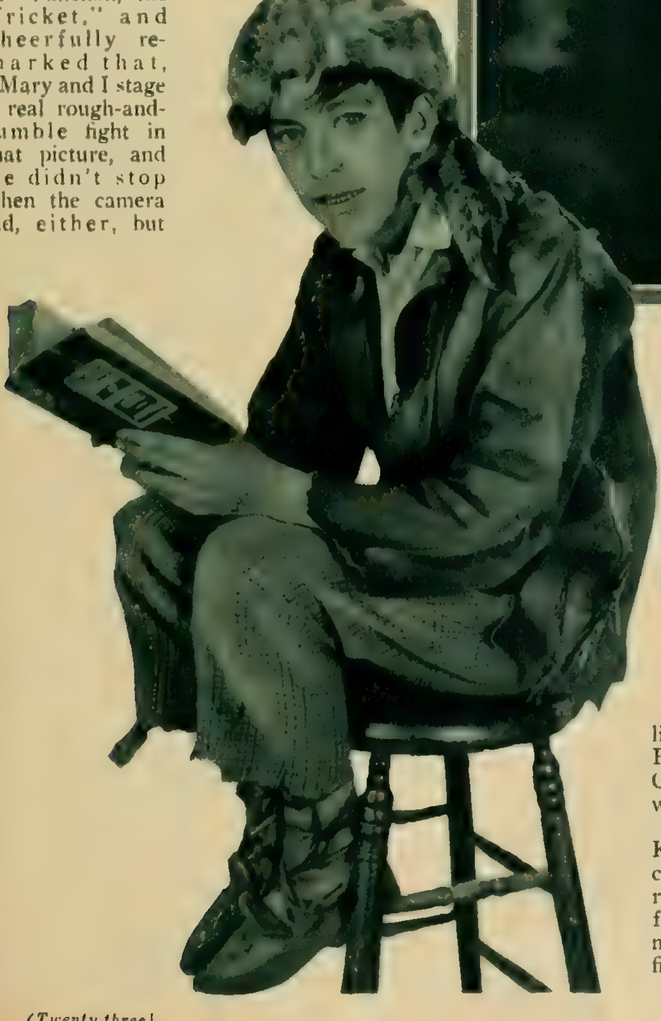
At the right is a glimpse of Jack Pickford in "Tom Sawyer" and across the page, in "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come." Jack is the youngest o' the Pickfords, three years younger than Mary. He went on the stage as soon as he could walk

By
MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

kid, so I threw myself into the work and had all the fun I could to make up for what I had missed."

Jack's career in motion pictures began at the age of twelve, when he trotted along with sister Mary into the old Biograph studio in New York and stood around, solemn-eyed, hoping some one would notice him. Of course, in those days there were few rôles for him, and he became general utility man of the company, playing messenger and newsboy and helping out in all the "mob" scenes. During his years before the camera he has played with most of the film luminaries. He was with Marguerite Clark in her first picture, "Wildflower," and again in "Little Sister of José."

He played with his famous sister in "Fanchon, the Cricket," and cheerfully remarked that, "Mary and I stage a real rough-and-tumble fight in that picture, and we didn't stop when the camera did, either, but went right on, rolling over and over down the hill until we landed in a nice little stream. Do you remember that, Mecca de Shush?" he asked, using his own little pet name for Mary.



Photographs by Hartsook, L. A.

Jack's screen career began at the age of twelve, when Mary became a player at old Biograph. He played messenger and general utility boy around the studio in those palmy days —and little thought of stardom

"Do I?" echoed Mary, with emphasis, and sister and brother laughed gaily at the recollection.

It was in "Little Peppina," as Miss Pickford's foster-brother, and as her brother in "The Girl of Yesterday," that Jack had his first important rôles.

Then came that series of youthful romances in which he and dainty Louise Huff won all hearts as they rollicked thru film after film. Now he is no longer rated as Mary Pickford's clever brother, for he has signed with the Goldwyn Company and is being starred in the boyish sort of stories in which he excels.

"We've just finished a corking picture, 'Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come,'" Jack told us. "In the beginning I am a crude mountain boy, and you know how I always like those rôles. The story covers a period of about ten years and so furnishes a lot of variety and contrasts, and we had some mighty interesting scenes. Gee, I thought we would never finish up! You wouldn't believe so many things could happen

(*Continued on page* 82)

The Silken Cotton

Photograph by Bachrach

Lucy Cotton was born in Houston, Texas. She came to New York and studied under Theodora Ursula Ervine at Carnegie Hall. She made her first distinct hit in "The Quaker Girl"

I WISH that I might, with some authoritative marshalling of facts, give the contra-distinctive values of silk as silk and cotton as cotton, the better to illustrate the great descriptive value of my title. Not, however, being scientifically informed beyond the rather general, third-grammar-grade knowledge that cotton grows in the Southland and is picturesquely picked by hand by transplanted Africans, and that silk is fearfully and wonderfully spun by delicate and specially nurtured worms, I must be content to repeat that I employ the title illustratively, I might say symbolically, because I think of silk as something lustrous and smooth, something resilient yet firm, exquisitely fine, pleasing to the eye, to the touch, to the general sensibilities, something with a super-elegance. And of cotton as the firmer texture, the durability making the delicate resilience possible, the sturdiness and substantiality without which the bloom of super-elegance is but evanescent, not really lasting nor worth the having, a more basic quality . . .

Perfectly, to my mind, does this contrasting title describe to me Lucy Cotton, within whose slender, equipoised person the contrast becomes at once a blend, subtle, yet firmly knit.

Cotton and silk are conscious products. They are the results of growth, of tending, of a planned and ordered development. They *mean something.* They are *intended* to mean something. There is thought back of them; there is care put into them. They have a definite mission, a definite fulfilment to attain, and from them stabilities take shape and form, and dreams are spun . . .

Lucy Cotton, if I may employ the simile, is a conscious product. Her rise into recognition and acclaim has not been mere haphazard chance, brought about by some lucky turn of the wheel, by her pretty face, by a box of tricks. She is the conscious product not only of her own careful work and play, but also of her mother's hopes and plans and the wise execution of both of these. Lucy Cotton and her mother have been building ever since Lucy, very tiny, pirouetted before a mirror in a manner that, tho the forecast was long, suggested to her discerning mother an atmosphere of footlights and Cooper-Hewitts . . . since there were no Cooper-Hewitts, we will ascribe that to interviewer's license.

To really know and appreciate Lucy Cotton and what she has done, is doing, hopes to do, you would have to know Lucy Cotton's mother. You would have to talk with her mother. If you gained nothing more—and what you *didn't* gain would quite certainly be your own lack—you would come away with a wider conception of the possibilities of motherhood than the one, wide enough at its *least*, we think of in the everyday.

"Lucy," her mother told me, over caviar sandwiches and coffee in a remote corner of the Biltmore, "is the projection of my early thoughts and desires. I have always been interested in the stage and, before I was married, had my own personal aspirations in that direction, but those were the days of implicit filial obedience and my father's mandate to the contrary was final to me. When I married, however, I determined that if ever I had a daughter who showed the slightest inclination for dramatic work, everything possible should be done to cultivate and to develop that tendency, and so when my three little girls came along and Lucy, particularly, began to give little hints in her unconscious way, I began at once a consistent preparation.

"I tried, first of all, to instil into her, into all of them, the miracle of self-development, that which comes from within. The balanced, poised, full expression of the individuality."

Lucy interpolated softly, "And there *is* nothing so wonderful," she said, "as to feel yourself *growing,* day by day, broad-

By
FAITH SERVICE

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

ening, learning, fulfilling yourself. Of course, some day, I hope to marry, to have children of my own. I think every real woman does—that is a part, a great part of the development of the whole. But for the present I want just *self*-expression, the best that I can give. I want to perfect in so far as perfection is possible *this* stage of me before I pass on to the next."

Lucy's mother took up the thread, in her grey eyes a whimsical reminiscence, tender yet not devoid of humor. "I tried to bring them up in a world of poetry," she said. "I read to them a great deal—Longfellow, all of the poets, fairy-tales, myths and legends. I tried to have them live a life of the imagination, a sort of mental fairyland, seeing the beautiful in all things, believing in the beautiful in all things. Just by way of illustration, I recall an amusing little incident that occurred when all three children had the measles. A caller came one afternoon and Lucy was left with her alone in the drawing-room while I was momentarily called away. When I returned I found the caller removing traces of recent mirth. Lucy had informed her, she told me between gasps, that the little red spots on her face and hands and other visible portions were 'red flowers growing on me.'

Few people know themselves — and Lucy is one of the few. She is her own critic. She has allowed no outside influence to distract her from the pathway which she has marked for herself — and she walks upon it, pausing only when and where she wills

"We lived in Houston, Texas, you know—Lucy was born there—and, of course, she went to school, dancing school, studied music, did all the usual things a little girl does do. Later she studied for the stage under Alma McDowell, and then, when we felt that Houston had no more to offer us in the way of advantages for advancement, we gave up our home there and came to New York. Here, Lucy studied under Theodora Ursula Ervine at Carnegie Hall and then began to have her practical experience, the stage itself." 'Most everybody knows about Lucy Cotton and, logical consequence, 'most everybody knows what she has done.

"One of the things I love most to do," Lucy said to me, in her effective, delicately modulated tones, "is to give credit to everyone who has helped me on my way. I never forget any one of them or any one of the things they do for me. Everyone has been, oh, *so* nice. Ariadne Holmes Edwards, for instance, was responsible for my introduction to Ina Claire, which was my first success, the opening door . . . Miss Edwards, by the way, has written, among other songs, 'God Bless You, My Dear,' sung by De Luca . . . and after that it has just been a series, one thing after another, not just from my coming to New York, but from the beginning—the beginning of mother's planning and my working—and I have worked. The first night I took Ina Claire's part in 'The Quaker Girl,' for instance, so many people asked me if I suffered very much from stage-fright. I hadn't a vestige of it. I was prepared, you see. That is what training, self-development, conscious preparation does for one, for anyone. I believe it was the happiest night of my whole life. I just felt that here, at last, I was doing the thing I had been born to do, the thing I had worked and planned to do, and I was *glad*. One isn't frightened when one is as happy as I was then.

"And I am happy in pictures—I have been fortunate in being cast happily. I love to give the touch of poetry, half illusion and half fact. The atmosphere of great loves and

(*Continued on page* 73)

The Youngest Movie Magnate

Myron Selznick Is Just Twenty-One

By
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Photo by Lumière

MYRON SELZNICK is just twenty-one. Which makes him by long odds the youngest magnate in the screen world. While other young men of his age are freshmen and sophomores at college, with their business début some years ahead, Selznick is guiding every detail of the destinies of a big producing organization, which, incidentally, he created himself.

Because the young Mr. Selznick is a son of Lewis J. Selznick, it is commonly assumed that he is but a juvenile figurehead for his father. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Myron Selznick really directs every item of the production of Selznick Pictures. In other words, the making of Olive Thomas, Elaine Hammerstein, Louise Huff, William Faversham, Eugene O'Brien and Owen Moore productions. "And I am going to take on two or three more stars this year," he adds.

It is interesting to note the daily routine of the youthful Myron Selznick.

At 10 o'clock he arrives by motor at

(*Continued on page* 80)

Because the young Myron Selznick is a son of Lewis J. Selznick, it is commonly assumed that he is but a juvenile figurehead for his father. Nothing could be further from the truth. Myron Selznick really directs every item of the production of Selznick Pictures

The World and His Wife

By
FAITH SERVICE

Fictionized from the Cosmopolitan Photoplay

It had been a rather beautiful love, tender, deep, or would have been, if the World and his Wife had quieted their tongues and let the matter rest

The World and his Wife must talk. There is no help for it. What is more, when they have exhausted fact, they will dip into fiction, and he who listens may profit more or less, but just so long as there is talk, just so long are there ears to receive the talk . . . and so it goes . . .

When Feodora became betrothed to Don Julian of Seville, the World told his Wife that it was a "money match." Don Julian is too old, the tongues tattled, too old for the beautiful Feodora. She should have a lover young as a sickle moon, and slender, with a guitar in his hand and songs upon his mouth. Feodora is making a mistake. She is not following the dictates of her maiden heart. No good will come of it. His Wife echoed back the World's gossip. No good will come of it, she predicted. She might have added, "So let us keep on talking, Don World, and see what may be seen."

As usual, the World and his Wife were wrong. Long, long before Don Julian told the beautiful Feodora of his love for her she had entertained a high and holy passion for him. The dreams she had dreamed . . . the prayers she had offered up . . . the beads she had told . . . . watching, many times, his tall figure riding past the courtyard of her home. She had never dared to think that he would turn the eye of his fancy upon her.

It had been a rather beautiful love, tender, deep, or would have been if the World and his Wife had quieted their tongues and let the matter rest.

It began with an act of humanity on the part of Don Julian. Don Sevillo had been his oldest and dearest friend. When he came to die, some few months after the marriage of Julian and Feodora, he begged Don Julian to keep an eye on his only son, Ernesto. "He shall come to us," Julian promised; "you need have no fear for his future, I give you my oath."

Ernesto came to live at the Casa Granda. At first he was deep in the dregs of his sorrow for the father who had been more than father to him. In his sorrow Feodora ministered to him, for his sake, but more for Don Julian's, who implored her to give the boy her tenderness for his wound's sake. After that she continued her talks and walks with him, her rides and moonlight strolls, because he told her of a vast book world in which he had moved and had his being since first he could remember anything, and Feodora, avid, but not overly informed, drank in the strange atmospheres, the enchanted places and peoples, and seemed to expand with the far-off perfumes, the vibrations of other hearts. Don Julian, watching, was, at first, content. He loved Feodora with the love that was content to have her have the desires of her heart. He perceived that it was not Ernesto to whom she listened, but the things of which he told her.

And he knew, or thought he knew, that Feodora loved him. If, now and then, it came to him that Feodora and Ernesto were mutually young, that their blood beat dizzily in their veins, while his, Don Julian's, was slowing down, he remembered, too, the vows Feodora had made him on their wedding morn, the passion in her voice, the pulses in her lips. Such things do not lie. Facts might speak, but the instinct of a

They paid him a visit, and watched Ernesto and Feodora together

lover should go deeper, know more truly, sense more fully.

If the World and his Wife had maintained the dignified silence they should have maintained, the sand of Seville might not have been streaked with tragic blood and bruised hopes and sorrows. Don Julian might still be—but this is going ahead of my story.

The World *did* begin to talk. At first in a whisper, then, louder and louder, until the echoes came close to the little circle in which Don Julian and Feodora and Ernesto so peacefully and unharmfully moved.

The World began first in the persons of Don Severo and his wife, Mercedes, living in a distant town. They heard of Ernesto's presence in their brother's home, and they had very little else to do or to think about . . . They paid him a visit, and watched Ernesto and Feodora, deep in some legend they had come upon together, the dark heads close bent, the forefinger of the girl tracing out the magic, all but indecipherable words for the eager, dark eyes of the man.

"It is bad, Julian," Severo said, and shook his head.

"You have forgotten your youth, Don Julian," the Doña Mercedes sighed; "you are blinding your eyes and closing your ears."

Julian shook his head impatiently. "You are both absurd," he said; "they are bookworms, the pair of them. They take pleasure in talking together, in poring over books, in arguing abstract subjects I have long since forgotten. What harm in that, can you say?"

"The questions are abstract, my dear brother," Severo made reply, "but those young heads . . . those warm hands, all but touching, those soft lips lingering over enchanted syllables . . . ah, Julian, Julian, how you have lost sense of the call of the blood! You . . . sly one . . . who knew it, once, so well . . ."

That was the beginning.

The next day, while the pair were reading, Don Julian complained of headache and did not go for his usual ride. It seemed to him, then, that the tracing forefinger of Feodora lingered overlong on the difficult page, until that of Ernesto came to meet it. When, later, they strolled away together, he thought their shoulders touched and did not pull away, and it hurt him, for the first time, that they did not insist, demand that he accompany them. He seemed to himself, too, to be cumbersome and ungainly. The slim height of Ernesto gave him an unaccountable pang. He was a dotard! Listening to the paltry suspicions of his brother and his wife, who had never had, nor ever would, anything better to spread than slander. Ernesto was his father's son, the sword blade, cleanly kept, of honor. And Feodora . . . why, Feodora was . . . Don Julian leaned back and closed his eyes against the piercing sweetness of what Feodora was to him, the vivid flower of his heart . . .

But after that Don Julian went no more to ride when the afternoon readings took place, and when Ernesto and Feodora rode or walked he did not wave them jovial farewell, but watched them, thru wistful, half shut eyes. They wore their mantles of innocence securely or shame would have made them see the pain his heart was nurturing.

The riper beginning came when Don Alvarez, a supposed friend of the three, remarked to Don Julian one afternoon at their club that he had seen Ernesto and Feodora riding in the morning. "These young people," he said, with a sneer, "ride solitary paths, it seems to me, and linger overlong, Don Julian, for friends on literary pilgrimages bent."

It may have been the way he felt, but on the way home it seemed to Don Julian that Ernesto was no longer his young friend, his father's son and their good comrade, but the venomous enemy that lay ready to snatch from him the flower of his heart. Youth spoke to him with its many beguiling tongues. He had been a blind fool . . . solitary paths . . . dalliance . . . what flowers had they picked, those twain, on what sequestered paths . . . who knew?

When he had reached the house his rage and fear and roused suspicion had all but consumed him. It was not tempered by sight of Ernesto playing a guitar, lazily, while Feodora lay at full length in a hammock and hummed a low, accompanying tune. They loved, he told himself, insanely; they loved, the young two of them, and he, Julian, was left outside, barred away from them, alone and cold . . . With his temples hammering and his tongue twice its habitual size, he told Ernesto that he was a wife robber, a snake in the grass, a knife in the back, a menace, a curse. "I give you my trust," he snarled, beside himself at sight of the bewildered young faces; "I give you my trust, a sacred thing between man and man, and that is not enough for you . . . you take my wife, too. Steal her—thief! Low-down, damnable thief!"

"Julian!" Feodora's voice was anguished, shocked, too, incredulous, but Julian did not, would not hear that . . .

You lie, Don Julian," Ernesto said, "and I think you know it. I think you *will* know it when those red mists of other tongues have passed away. You were my father's friend. You have been, until this hour, *my* good friend. You are an older man. The least and the most I can do for you, Don Julian, is to leave this country."

If the wagging tongue of the World had given Ernesto time to make good his departure, the ensuing events would be embryonic happenings, but one of the essentials of tongue-wagging is the amazing inopportuneness with which it operates. Ernesto was dining alone at his club. Like most keenly sensitive, imaginative persons, he was suffering, not so much at thought of separation from Feodora as at the injustice dealt him by his life-long friend. Far, so far that no malice could be imputed, beneath all other thoughts, Feodora's darkly lovely face kept recurring to him as it had never recurred to him before. A melancholy seeped thru him and his eyes burned with unshed tears. It was strange to him, the whole of it. Feodora . . . why, it was absurd. And yet, these recurrences of her image . . . the tones of her voice . . . the sudden and somehow stinging memory of her ineffably tender palm laid on his arm . . . memories . . . how infinitely are they more potent to disturb than facts! For memories are numbered not among the quick, but among the dead . . . who, being dead, still live . . .

"The melancholy lover broods alone." At first Ernesto did not hear the mocking voice nor so much as sense the fact that Don Alvarez was addressing himself to him. A little later, and with infinite implication, it was repeated. "The melancholy lover broods alone . . ."

The blood pounded in Ernesto's head. Don Julian was one matter . . . he had housed him and fed him and his suspicions were not without their basis in a possible suffering. But Don Alvarez, knowing nothing, caring less, spattering his noisome mud on the spotless robes of Feodora . . . the image of her face shone brightly before him, and he did not know what he had done when he had knocked Don Alvarez down and challenged him to a duel.

The duel would be a fatal one to Ernesto. The solitary scholar and poet had no more chance than a wisp of straw before the adroitness, the skilled professionalism of Don Alvarez. It would have been laughable had not the matters of life and death been the stakes. "It is sheer murder," said friends of Ernesto. And even the followers of Alvarez showed their teeth and shook their heads, and some made the sign of the cross. "He was full of promise," they said of Ernesto.

The red mists may have cleared away, or Julian may have realized that the impending duel meant that Ernesto was defending the honor of his home, or it may have been merely a strong man's sense of the necessity of fair play. The motives that actuate the great deeds of man and men are obscurely conceived. Julian gave no motive for deliberately insulting Don Alvarez and thus taking Ernesto's place in the duel.

To Feodora the two days seemed to be a mist, a sea of blood thru which she, unwitting cause, walked sickishly, dizzily. This duel between Don Julian and Don Alvarez could prove to watching Seville but one thing—a fundament of truth in the talk about her friendship for Ernesto.

The motives that actuate the great deeds of man and men are obscurely conceived. Julian gave no motive for deliberately insulting Don Alvarez and thus taking Ernesto's place in the duel

If he could only go, take his far trip before the duel. If, after the affair were settled, Ernesto were gone, the gape might soon be healed, things might then go on as tho this storm had never been. People would forget, with the spur to their remembering gone. Gone . . . the word hit, unawares, on her consciousness and stayed there, and chilled her . . . She shook it off. She had become used to Ernesto, to their talks and walks, to his way of doing things, to the worlds he had opened up for her mental and imaginative exploration. And still, gone . . .

If she could only see him, beg him to flee the place, leave it all as it had been . . .

There was no other motive in her seeking him out in his rooms and making her plea. "For all of us," she said. His somber eyes had somehow warned her against the more personal "for me." There were plans to make . . . and they had had, always, so much to say to one another. There had probably, they had often remarked, never been two persons with so great a mental fund, the one for the other. When they were together, time fled by them, noiselessly, unheeded. It was so on this day. They had been sitting in separate corners of the room. Ernesto was telling of what his new life would probably be in South America, the readjustments he would have to make, the way in which he would make them. He spoke of the severance of ties, the tug at the heart because of the association of places and people. There had been nothing said of the Thee and Me. Into this scene Don Julian was carried, all but mortally wounded. Don Alvarez was dead.

There was a horrible scene enacted in the dim room, the first shades of night dropping down on the colorful city without, the hush of night stealing on, the three white-faced, hurt people in the laden room.

Julian had seen with his own eyes. He needed, he said, no further proof than this. Feodora, in Ernesto's rooms. Lovers . . . while he, her husband, had been defending the honor of the twain of them with his own life. It was a grim jest, he said. It came of a man with the flush of youth gone playing the fool of love. The velvet fingers of the heart were powerful to strangulation. He had waited all this time to gather the vivid flower that was piercing him to death with hidden thorns. The bitterness of his pain and hurt poured out upon them in a venomous flood that could not be abated. Feodora knelt by him and wept over him and bathed his wounds with her tenderest ministrations. Ernesto forgot the pride of his manhood and outrage and pleaded with him. The World and his Wife had talked over-well. The seed of suspicion had grown until its fungous growth had conquered the man.

In the morning Ernesto came, for the last time, to the Casa. Don Julian was unable to see him and he asked for Feodora.

"There is only one thing for me to do, Feodora," he told her, "and that is to end the miserable life that has been the cause of the turmoil—my own."

Feodora cried out, "What good could that do? It would cause more heart-break! It would be an open admission of something so dreadful you had to die to cover it. Oh, Ernesto, I pray you, do not think of such a thing! The sunlight will come into this again, will come to us again. Julian will——"

What Julian willed was never known. There was a mad rush, as of some infuriated animal on the stairs, and Don Julian, red with his wounds and his rage, was upon them. The devastating names he called them, the anathema he hurled was but

There was a mad rush as of some infuriated animal on the stairs, and Don Julian, red with his wounds and his rage, was upon them. The devastating names he called them and the anathema he hurled was but half heard

half heard. The blood he had outraged choked his throat and within an hour after the scene he was dead.

An hour later still Don Severo and the worthy Doña Mercedes had turned the offending pair out upon the streets.

"You are murderers," they denounced them, "and of what besides we will spare you the details. Let us see no more of you in my poor brother's home.

"From the beginning," they added, with a venom that increased and gained in momentum as it went along, "from the beginning of his mad, his idiotic infatuation for you, Doña Feodora, he was a lost soul, a gone man. We said among ourselves the day he married you that he was ending his life as a man. We knew that it is folly for a strong man such as he to give the greatness of himself to a girl with nothing but dreaming, the *folly* of dreaming in her eyes and entanglement in her hair. You were not a meet mate for such as he, who had arrived at the ripe time of life when love had ceased to be a toy and had become the sum and substance of his daily life.

"You were a cheat to him. You were a snare and a delusion. The first youth to come along with pretty words and nimble feet you fell for, as the young pale grass is mowed by the first slender sickle. We use the language your poet lover used. And from the day he came, my brother's death was set. We said it among ourselves. You used his love of you to blindfold him. You laughed into his eyes, but you *sobbed* against the breast of Ernesto—and sobs are more potent than laughter . . ."

"It . . . all this is not so . . ."

"Be still, popinjay! It is so. It is so much so that my brother's body lies chilling in that darkened room and outside this door is summer and sunlight—moonlight presently—and you — you and your lover are going forth to meet it. Just this much it is so, and what is *more* so? Tell me that. Out with you, out upon you . . . the infamous, cruel pair of you . . . and may love smite your hearts even as you have used it to smite his!"

The long hours of the night Feodora and Ernesto spent in wandering over the countryside, talking in strained, hushed tones of the conspiracies of fate and love, of hate and injustice, of talk and jealousy.

The day was waking, palely. A crucifix halted their long vigil. Together they knelt there while the world awoke, and with the awakening of the world came an awakening in their hearts, triumphant over Death, over Life—Victorious.

The world awoke and with the awakening of the world came an awakening in their hearts, triumphant over Death, triumphant over Life—Victorious!

THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE

Fictionized from the scenario of Frances Marion, adapted from the screen version of the original by Charles Frederick Nirdlinger, founded on the dramatic verse by Jose Echegaroy. Produced by Cosmopolitan Productions, for release thru Famous Players-Lasky. Directed by Robert G. Vignola.

The cast:

Feodora	Alma Rubens
Don Julian	Montagu Love
Don Severo	Pedro de Cordoba
Don Alvarez	Charles Gerard
Ernesto	Gaston Glass
Captain Townshend	Byron Russell
Don Julian's Friend	Peter Barbier
Don Alvarez' Friends	Leon Gendron Vincent Macchia
Ernesto's Father	James Savold
Mercedes	Margaret Dale
Old Nurse	Mrs. Allan Walker
Ernesto's Mother	Ray Allen

Beatrice From Paree

Photo by Lujean

It was Monday—indigo Monday. I had run out of gas on the way to the Rolin studio at Culver City, been browbeaten by a motor cop when I tried to make up for lost time and had been severely criticized by the studio watchman for parking my car in front of the gate. Therefore I wasn't in a fitting mood to interview Beatrice La Plante; I felt like asking the routine questions regarding age, disposition, favorite picture and leading man, and let it go at that, grouching my way homeward at twenty miles an hour to avoid further difficulties with the speed cop.

But, scarcely had I entered the confines of the studio when, from a long gallery above, came a throaty voice that spoke in clipped, childlike sentences, and down the staircase flashed a small figure bundled from head to foot in a crimson bathrobe. Two amazingly large brown eyes, a piquant nose and apple-red lips were framed by a fluff of bobbed hair, and before I could speak, two tiny hands had one of mine, and Beatrice was telling me, all in a breath—her English fascinatingly sprinkled with French cadences and idioms—that she was *so* glad I had come—would I come up to the dressing-room while she did her make-up?—*Mon dieu!* she was smothering in the bathrobe—had I seen her pictures with Hayakawa, and did I ever see such damhot weather?

I followed her up the stairs to her dressing-room, done in grey and blue. The indigo shade of the day had already given way to a lighter hue. I defy any-one to have a grouch with Beatrice La Plante in the vicinity.

"Sit down, do, please—*voila!*" she urged, unceremoniously clearing a chair of heaped-up garments with one sweep of her arms. "Now we

"I was born in Paris in 1900, at eight o'clock in the morning . . . I do not remember about it, but they tell me I was there!" said the audacious little Parisienne to the interviewer. Gloria Swanson introduced her to C. B. de Mille, but "he couldn't see her for dust," to use her own highly prized American slang

Photograph by Shirley Blanc, L. A.

By
EMMA-LINDSAY SQUIER

Photo by Witzel. L. A.

Photograph by Shirley Blanc, L. A

Miss La Plante's first real chance came with Sessue Hayakawa in "The Beggar Prince" and after that she was featured in "The Stranger." She now has a contract with Pathé for one-reel comedies

will talk while I grease-paint the face —*n'est-ce pas?*"

I said we would, and while I was thinking what I wanted to ask first, she forestalled me, talking with her lips, her eyebrows, her shoulders, and occasionally gesticulating with a stick of "fleshing" with which she was plastering her cheeks.

"You want to know am I French," she said positively. "Everyone ask that. But yes, I am born in Paris, in 1900, at eight o'clock in the morning—I do not remember about it, but they tell me I was there!" The audacious brown eyes dared me to dispute it.

"And in France I was not an actress. I was in school—and very strict school, too. I was not naughty Parisienne—until I came to America. People here like to think French girl as 'oo-la-la' kind—is it not?"

I admitted it mostly was, but Beatrice had plunged into her story once more, pausing now and then in the middle of a word to critically examine her make-up in the mirror, or to exchange the grease-paint stick for an eyebrow pencil.

"I came over to America to be with my sister, who married a colonel in the American army, but when they left California, I decided to stay and work. English—no, I did not spoke it. I understood a little, but I was afraid of getting the ha-ha's, so I kept still. The first word I ever speak—you could not print it—some taught it to me before I knew how it meant."

She paused, eyebrow pencil suspended, almost ready to quote the unprintable word, then she thought better of it and began beading her eyelashes with

(*Continued on page 71*)

Ann o' the Vikings

Photograph by Woodbury

Ann Forrest first became interested in pictures in her native city in Denmark, where old Broncho Billy pictures were shown. She would attend with her schoolmates, and often wished that she might act. Now her friends are all interested in her success

By way of paradox, a wag of the studios nicknamed Ann Kroman "The Melancholy Dane," for when Ann weeps the work is so thoroly done that onlookers furtively fish for handkerchiefs.

Tom Moore had a way of making Ann laugh just when she was supposed to be at her weepiest, but one day when I happened on to Stage 4 at Goldwyn, the little Danish girl had her revenge. She had withstood the engaging, genial Irish smile of Mr. Moore and, clasped in his arms, was doing her "scene" so thoroly that the sympathetic star forgot everything but Ann's seeming suffering, and the very next thing was a close-up of Tom Moore with big tears dribbling down his cheeks—a thing not written in the script at all!

Since that time, Tom Moore hasn't attempted to make Ann spoil rehearsals.

Oh, I forgot—you were wondering how Ann Kroman came to be named Ann Forrest, weren't you?

It was down at the bottom of Grand Canyon. William Farnum looked over the five-foot-two of blonde, fluffy leading lady from Scandinavia and thought ponderously of the many mispronunciations of her inherited cognomen. Then William the Conqueror spoke boldly.

"Ann, you should have a name that people can remember and pronounce. I'm going to give you that name and"—looking about the scenery carefully for inspiration, then up at Bright Angel Trail, and the great trees silhouetted against the sapphire and amethyst veils far above them—"I herewith christen you '*Ann Forrest.*'"

Eight years ago Ann was going to school in Denmark, her birthplace, and learning English and French rapidly. She speaks without accent, in deep alto tones, entrancing in quality. Visitors never can believe that the voice they hear from the distance belongs to a *little* girl like Ann.

When Mr. Kroman lost a fortune abroad, the family decided to emigrate as it was trying—in a country where caste rules strongly—to be half poor. The parents, with five children, came to Tacoma, Washington, and two and one half years ago, Ann began her screen career. She lost over eight months of that

Photograph by Evans, L. A

By
FRITZI REMONT

time, however, because of a wonderful visit in New York, sightseeing, studying pictures, going to theatrical performances, attending lectures and shopping until her eyes were dazzled with the splendors of Fifth Avenue.

Ann's eyes are deep baby blue—sparkling with the ice-crystals of her north country—remarkable eyes, always elusive and subtle in expression. She has a perfect snow-maiden complexion and uses no make-up off-stage and very little *on*. Her spun-gold hair is wavy, but she wails that it is a trifle darker since she came to sunny California, which with its alkali waters does have a tendency to change the shade. Mahlon Hamilton happened along while we chatted and said: "Ann, you're the first *real* blonde I have known. I never saw such baby-gold hair as yours before!"

Saucy, sparkling Ann, who speaks English so rapidly that one has difficulty in following her, laughed back with a flash of perfect teeth. "Yes—*now!* But I may have to come to the *bawtle* yet!" That little accent on "bottle" was about the only Scandinavian touch I had noticed.

Photograph by Woodbury, L. A.

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

Ann speaks four languages fluently, has a talent for writing, and is to study voice culture as soon as time permits. She's a very melancholy Dane when really blue—but that happens so seldom that one's impression of Miss Forrest is of a wonderfully magnetic personality set in a beautiful exterior

Ann Forrest's family life is ideal. The parents are young still, having married at nineteen. Two of the boys were studying architecture when they were called to the great war, and served almost three years without injury. Now they are in the production end of the film industry, having decided that this would offer greater opportunities than the rather dull field of architecture in a country where bungalows are supreme.

One of Ann's sisters has a very lovely contralto voice, so Miss Forrest is paying for her musical education in Los Angeles. Later, Mabel will go to New York to study under the best masters. The third sister is a school-girl.

"We have the best times at home," said Miss Forrest. "At night, when we all assemble for dinner, we are a tremendously hungry family, for we are all healthy and young, including daddy and mother. We eat voraciously, almost silently for twenty minutes—for all of us have worked hard all day. Then some one begins to relate something—another follows—daddy draws us out, mother makes comments—and so

(Continued on page 78)

Kathleen's Anchor

Photograph by Jack Freulich

Kathleen Kirkham is as clever a writer as she is an actress. She says that when she gets too old for pictures, which to her way of thinking is the age of thirty, she intends to make a profession of writing

KATHLEEN KIRKHAM is securely anchored to the affairs of every-day life by a husband who is six feet two inches tall and every inch a business man.

This doesn't mean that Kathleen is overly inclined to flightiness. Far be it from me to suggest such a thing! There is about her an air of capability that you would notice the instant you met her. She is five feet eight inches tall, graceful, well-groomed. The sort of actress who would carefully plan her effects rather than leave them to the inspiration of the moment.

She thinks, and to some purpose. If all goes well she will be producing at the head of her own company before this appears in print. At this writing she is negotiating with two big distributing firms, neither of which I am at liberty to name.

At first there seemed to be much difficulty about her getting a suitable story.

"No one wants to take too many chances on a new star," she said, "but still we felt that we had to have a good story—and good stories come high. At last, one night, when I couldn't sleep from worrying about it, a story came to me in complete continuity. Not just a scene, or a suggestion for a climax, which is the way stories have come to me before, but a perfect story; I could almost see the action, scene by scene, from beginning to end."

It was a godsend, she added, a sort of miracle. (Of course, that was inspiration.) Those who have read the story say that there are two feminine parts in it of almost equal strength and that the story is unusual as well as dramatic. (Who was it said that when an actor can write at all, he can write well?)

No, you would not call Kathleen Kirkham flighty, but you would not call her phlegmatic, either. As a matter of fact, she is a very feminine young artist, delighting in her work, but easily discouraged, for the moment, at any breath of adverse criticism, no matter from whom it comes.

"I think," she went on, "that I will take up writing as a profession as soon as I leave the screen." She has promised herself that she will leave the

Photograph by Hartsook, L. A.

By
ELIZABETH PELTRET

screen when she is thirty years old. "But I dont know whether I could do it or not! Sometimes I think that I haven't the patience. I would rather write short stories than scenarios, and I know that I would never write a novel. It seems to me that I would have to dash off a story in a single night, not stopping until I had finished it, or I would never finish it at all. With stories running into four and five thousand words, as nearly all of them seem to, that would be difficult, to say the least!" she finished, with a laugh.

But I was telling you about her anchor.

The W. H. Woodruffs, as Kathleen Kirkham and her husband are spoken of in the society columns of the Los Angeles papers, live in a pretty, artistic eleven-room house on the outskirts of Los Angeles. Kathleen Kirkham is very proud of her home, and well she may be. The only trouble is that they are situated directly between two aviation fields.

"I do hope," said Kathleen Kirkham, "that some one will invent a muffler for aeroplanes soon! But that isn't the worst! You can never be sure that some reckless driver isn't going to come into your house by way of the roof."

Kathleen has an anchor in the form of a six-foot-two husband. He is every inch a business man, and serves to keep Kathleen's fancy-loving soul on earth instead of in the dwelling-place of pink-tipped clouds to which it would otherwise fly

Photograph by Hartsook, L. A.

Photograph by Stagg, L. A.

With them are Kathleen's mother and father, the latter a successful artist and photographer, and the two children of a sister who is dead. A little boy eight years old and a little girl six whom their actress-aunt is taking care of as if they were her own. Mr. Woodruff is in the marine insurance business—a professional pessimist, as it were.

"It is his business to find faults in what appears to be a perfect chain," his wife said, "and so, when I get overly enthusiastic and start ballooning towards the sky, he calmly pulls me back to earth again." She is, by the way, only twenty-four years old.

Another member of her family of whom she is very proud is Mitchell Leisin, now designing sets and costumes at Lasky's. He is a cousin of hers, still in his very early twenties, and he came West at her suggestion with the idea

(*Continued on page 74*)

"Herb"!

By
C. BLYTHE
SHERWOOD

"How do you say it in your language, *cahnt* or *kant*."

It was the first thing thirteen-year-old Herbert Rawlinson asked of the first person he met when he landed in America. He learnt that it was *kant* and it's never been *cahnt* since.

At a neighboring table in the Algonquin, a bespatted gentleman had just ordered, midst unintelligible "haws" and "hems," "cahntishly" from Leon, the head waiter. "I have no use for any one who has lived in this country for a number of years and still persists in bean-ing 'been' and sade-ing 'said'!" Rawlinson wasn't contemptuous, but outraged.

Photograph by Apeda

His father was a Britisher. His mother very strikingly resembled the present Queen. He was born in England himself. And yet one does not come in contact with him without thinking—"A Yankee, thru and thru!" A whole-heartedness, youthful enthusiasm, sincere enthusiasm, definite enthusiasm—these mark at once his vibrant personality.

"Perhaps it's because I'm not a sentimentalist. I cant be, concerning England. It would be hypocritical. There really weren't any home ties."

And then he went on to tell me, in a straightforward manner, without superlatives or emotion influencing one way or the other, that there are two sisters whom he has never seen who are now in Australia; and a brother he can hardly recall; the governor had been a very busy real estate business man; and mother, whose head of close-cropped, mischievous ringlets had just been brought to mind, was never exceptionally robust. Of course, there was an attachment to the memory of "Clovevilly," (he began to sketch the outline on the cloth), a charming, ivy-trellised cottage that had an immense open fireplace, and gravel paths weaving a design outside thru the green. He did remember the gravel paths! And the hedges! (I prayed it would not be the duty of Leon to clear our table and note the architectural attempts.) But "Clovevilly" was visited only at year-ends, as he'd been sent across the Channel to school in France. Oh, yes, there was

(*Continued on page* 76)

"Herb" (as his friends call him) Rawlinson was born in England, and yet one does not come in contact with him without thinking—"A Yankee, thru and thru." He is one of the pioneer players in filmdom—and one of the few whose popularity has grown with the industry

Little Miss Rebellion

By
DOROTHY
DONNELL

Told in story form from the Dorothy Gish-Paramount Photoplay

The picture of the Grand Duchess taken for Sunday supplements and souvenir post-cards showed her as a stately young person in eight yards of satin train and wearing a crown haughtily

HER Grace the Grand Duchess Maria Louise sat at luncheon, a very small island totally surrounded by very large flunkies whose chests seemed made for the purpose of wearing gold braid. The picture of the Grand Duchess taken for Sunday supplements and souvenir post-cards showed her as a stately young person in eight yards of satin train and wearing a crown haughtily; but with the train laid away in camphor, and the crown at the imperial jeweler's for repairs, (she had flung it to the floor in a temper), the most noticeable thing about Her Grace at present was her scowl.

In one less exalted by birth, such a scowl would not have been remarkable, but Maria Louise had nothing to scowl about, as Jennings, the English governess, often pointed out in her maddeningly reasonable way. "Her Sublime Grace," Jennings would drone, "is most fortunate indeed. Has she not lands, jewels, a summer and a winter palace and, above all—blood?" (It was positively gruesome how Jennings gloated over this item!) "And she has but to issue an order and it is fulfilled, if, of course, it is suited to Her Sublime Grace's royal position," the latter hurriedly added in view of the fact that Maria Louise's latest wish to have a hurdy-gurdy and its performer added to the court retinue, had most emphatically *not* been fulfilled.

To which her sublime charge had retorted most unroyally and concisely, "Piffle!" Despite all urging, she persisted in using English rather than her own tongue, because of its greater opportunity for picturesque expressions of this kind.

Now, the Grand Duchess, as we have said, sat at luncheon, and scowled over the dainty food served upon china of ethereal translucence, and drew small devils upon the priceless napery with the point of her restless fork. She looked gloomily at the wooden retainers, whose greatest pride was not to show the faintest symptom of being human; she looked about the great room, hung with tapestries, smothered in velvet and carved oak; she looked down at her plate, with the royal arms of Transmania stamped on it in gold, and——

"Oh, damn!" sighed the Duchess, drearily.

The shocked retainers pretended not to have heard this terrible lapse of royal decorum, but Jennings, at the farther end of the table, humbly below the salt, was so grieved that the tip of her bleak, spinsterly nose became empurpled. "Oh, Your Grace!" she moaned. "Such an expression! In all my connections with the nobility—and they have not been few—I do

The Grand Duchess sat at luncheon and scowled. She looked gloomily at the wooden retainers, whose greatest pride was not to show the faintest symptom of being human

not recall hearing such a phrase, altho His Exalted Highness, the Prince of Rutabagia, at moments of extreme irritation, used sometimes to remark, 'Tut! Tut!' "

"Not strong enough," Maria Louise rebelled. "I'm not irritated, Jennings; I'm something much worse—I'm bored. Just think, out there," she flung out a reckless arm toward the window, "beyond that ten-foot wall, life is going on, and I'm not there to see it! Just because I happened to be born on the wrong side of that fence, I have to live with a lot of rusty armor and moth-eaten tapestries and never, never have any *fun!*"

"*Fun*—oh, Your Grace!" the governess spoke the plebeian word with loathing, folding her outraged lips tightly about her bluish-china teeth. "A Duchess must not desire *fun;* she must be above such common things; she must remember that her great-great-great-great-grandfather was a King!"

Maria Louise arose with what, in a less blue-blooded young woman, would have been called a pout, and passed out of the dining salon between rows of motionless footmen. She found a moment's amusement in wondering what would happen if she should suddenly shout "Boo!" at them; then grey lassitude descended upon her. Listlessly she allowed her ladies-in-waiting to assist her into her riding habit, which, in spite of impeccable cut and tailoring, gave her slim little figure the appearance of a rather rowdyish boy; she allowed the First Groom of the Royal Stables to help her mount her staid horse, which was quite aware of his place as bearer of a Sublime Grace and moved with the circumspect self-consciousness of a steed on a stained glass window.

The retinue left the palace gates, turned down the Mall and entered the Royal Park. The rebellion smouldering under the black curls of the small Grand Duchess flared higher into seething flame. Always, every pleasant day since she was able to sit upon a horse, she had ridden at precisely the same hour along precisely the same dull, uninteresting avenue, to be stared at by owl-eyed tourists, clutching Baedekers and huzzaed by the populace with stereotyped cheers, like the chorus in a musical comedy. On either side small, wooded paths beckoned her imagination into the realms of romance and adventure, but, being a poor, unfortunate Grand Duchess, she must ride past them——

The thread of Maria Louise's ruminations broke off with a snap. Under the hanging branches of one of these by-paths she saw something that held her fascinated gaze—a small, knock-kneed donkey, ridden by a loutish youth whose long legs dragged upon the ground on either side. She cast a quick glance around, tugging on the reins—no, Gräfin Schmidt was engrossed in looking haughty, and Gräfin Oppe was occupied in looking indifferent, and the others were too far ahead to notice her defection. With a jerk Maria Louise swerved her disapproving mount aside into the by-path, running completely over the remonstrant shade of her great-great-great-grandfather, the King.

"Quick!" she panted, sliding to the ground and laying violent hands upon the bewildered owner of the donkey. "I want that donkey! I never rode on one before, and I'll never have a chance to again. Hold my horse, and if any one asks where I am, tell them I've run away."

Sheer amazement at her impudence led the donkey to carry the Grand Duchess some distance before he knew exactly what was going on, then he stopped. Stopped with such suddenness that the Duchess shot neatly over his head, reached wildly for his ears and missed them, and landed in a very unroyal position indeed, facing him, upon the ground. They regarded each other appraisingly. Maria Louise's chin grew grim. She arose laboriously. In the long line of her progenitors was one Knight Geoffrey of the Iron Will, who, it was legended, fought with a dragon and overcame. Knight Geoffrey looked out of her dark, defiant young eyes now, as stealthily she approached the donkey. "I'm going to ride you," she declared; "you cant do that to me again."

It was five minutes before this long-eared dragon knew that it was overcome. In that time the Grand Duchess had assumed many odd positions, sometimes sitting facing his head, sometimes his tail, but she had hung on. Her hair was loosened from its royal braids, and hung about her crimson cheeks in little-girl tousles, her habit was torn and mud-splotched and her knees, when she descended from a thoroly licked little donkey, gave unexpectedly and wobbled her into a fallen tree-trunk, where she sat panting, laughing, gloriously alive, but she was happy.

"I wont go back—ever!" she cried, "or not for years and years, till I'm old and too tired to play. I'll——"

A howl of pain from around the bend of the path brought her back to reality; they had found her horse; they were beating the poor, clownish lout because he couldn't or wouldn't tell them where she had disappeared. Maria Louise rose, the smile slipping sidewise on lips that quivered, but she did not hesitate. "Noblesse oblige—drat noblesse!" she murmured, as she moved reluctantly back toward the old life she had escaped from for a few stolen moments. It was a muddy, bedraggled little figure who faced her retinue furiously, tossing her wild, dark hair from her flaming eyes, every one of her few inches a Grand Duchess.

"Stop! This instant, cowards! Or I'll have you flogged—flogged——"

They quailed before her red wrath, like serfs listening to their liege lord, and none of them—Maria Louise least of all—realized the absurdity of her words. Then, head held high despite the derby askew upon it, the small Duchess swung upon her horse and led her stricken retinue into the bridle path beside the Mall. Gräfin Schmidt no longer arranged her doughy features into an expression of hauteur; the Gräfin Oppe looked distinctly worried. Presently, as they passed a squad of American doughboys swinging hilariously along to the refrain, "Say, darkies, have you seen de massa wif de mufstache on his face?" Gräfin Schmidt leaned toward her companion.

"Did you see him stare at Her Grace—the one in front?" she trembled. "Did you see him look at Her Sublime Highness precisely as tho she were a girl instead of royalty?"

"I saw," nodded Gräfin Oppe, her double chins agitated; "that is what democracy does! It destroys one's respect for one's betters!"

"See! He is saluting her! He touches his cap! He smiles—he actually smiles at Her Serenity!" The good Gräfin rocked in her saddle at the sight of such sacrilege. "And she—did you see her?"

"I saw," nodded her friend, dolorously. "The Grand Duchess is very young. He was not bad-looking, either, and he did not seem to know that the glance of a common soldier into the eyes of royalty is an insult. But what is the world coming to when such things may be?"

After the affair of the donkey, Maria Louise found herself more closely hedged in by ceremonies than before. Her Prime Minister, a stout man with a mighty mustache, at which he continually tugged, hinted that it was time to be considering the question of a husband for her, and brought her a portfolio of portraits of marriageable Dukes and Princes, varying from the stripling heir to the tiny kingdom of Monarcho, a chinless youth of seventeen with weak eyes and five wilted blond hairs upon his lip, to the thrice widowed old Duke of Prascovia, bald as a roc's egg and a great-grandfather.

"Any of these," he tugged, "would be a suitable consort for Her Gracious Grace. Her Sublimity is nearly eighteen; it is time for her to consider her—h'm—her duty to the state——"

But Maria Louise flung the portfolio furiously to the floor and stamped one small foot. "I will not grow up, do you hear," she stormed, "not until I have at least had a chance to be young! And as for a husband, when I marry"—and she colored gloriously—"it will be for love, and love only."

"Where did Her Grace get such plebeian notions?" despaired faithful Jennings. "Love! What has that to do with marriage for a Duchess? I am sure she never learned of such heresy from *me!*"

Sitting sullenly in her splendid chamber, the little Duchess felt as tho life were closing in on her relentlessly. Today she might defy them, tomorrow—but in the end they would have their way, for they had the past with them, and tradition, and what small white girl soul is brave enough to oppose these? Her heart beat madly; her breast rose on the swell of a cry, "I must have something to remember—afterwards,

The tale of how the Grand Duchess of Transmania, Hereditary Countess of Blatatski, had run away from her palace to play baseball with a dozen American doughboys, ran like quicksilver thru the courts of Europe and almost lifted the crowns from scandalized royal scalps. Another atrocity! Would the horrors of war never cease? What next?

The Celluloid Critic

KING VIDOR has proved himself again. Mr. Vidor it was who startled the celluloid world somewhat over a year ago with his "The Turn in the Road," which, despite certain weaknesses, revealed its producer as possessing a singularly human touch. Being sure of his ability, we have waited for Mr. Vidor to do something bigger.

The bigger thing has occurred—Ellis Parker Butler's "The Jack-Knife Man," (First National). Here is a gently drawn little genre study, finely conceived and done with admirable workmanship and an excellently restrained sympathy.

Briefly, "The Jack-Knife Man" is simply the tale of two old men's love for a baby. One is a quaint old fellow living a solitary existence on an old river boat. The other is a derelict hobo. The baby is the daughter of a cast-off town girl removed by death from the sordid depths.

Oddly, there is a compelling grip to the fragile fabric of this story—to the little jealousies and hopes and dreams of the old men for the child as they drift aimlessly in their battered river-going haven. In the end, busybodies take the child away from them, but——

We will not relate the story, because we want you to see it with a fresh view-point. "The Jack-Knife Man" is worthy of your attention, for it belongs to the photoplay school of tomorrow. No pasteboard melodramatic characters, no machine-made plot development, no trite methods of screen telling are here. For Mr. Vidor—we are sure of this now—is just finding himself and before long he is going to turn out a big and human celluloid document. Indeed, "The Jack-Knife Man" in itself is a splendid thing. Mr. Vidor touches the heart in scores of places. And he makes his characters live. The old river man of Fred Turner, for instance, is a finely limned creation, so real that nowhere does it seem like acting. Florence Vidor appears but briefly, yet her moments with Mr. Turner are among the vital ones of "The Jack-Knife Man." There are photographic moments in the visualization that are veritable camera lyrics.

"Suds," (United Artists), Mary Pickford's newest screen vehicle, left us rather cold. It is a drab tragedy told largely in terms of Keystone comedy. Based upon a whimsical stage comedy, " 'Op o' Me Thumb," written by Frederick Fenn and Richard Bryce, it is a tragic story of a London laundry slavey—a pathetic little drudge who weaves a weird romance around a shirt left by a mysterious stranger. The tale lifts her to imaginary happiness—until the idealized stranger calls for his shirt. With her dream gone, the end of "Suds" finds the shabby little slavey sobbing out her heart on the laundry steps as the other workers hurry away upon a holiday. This is one of two endings. The other—the happy dénouement—shows the slavey finding happiness in the love of a faithful laundry driver. We did not see this ending.

Top, Mary Pickford as the romantic slavey, Amanda, in "Suds," which is a drab tragedy told in terms of Keystone Comedy. Center, Douglas MacLean, in the hands of the village vampire in "Let's Be Fashionable." Below, a scene from J. Stuart Blackton's "Passers-By," with Herbert Rawlinson and Louiszita Valentine

The Newest Photoplays in Review

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

At first glance, "Suds" might seem to be a grey and shadowy tragedy, but in reality it is told with broad slapstick humor. There is, for instance, an episode where the slavey takes an old cart-horse out of the rain up to her second-story tenement room. Aside from this, there are all sorts of comic incidents in the laundry basement.

Personally, we do not believe "Suds" will make the broad appeal of the more popular Mary Pickford vehicles. It runs too strongly in the single key of drab farce. Not that Miss Pickford does not give a very carefully drawn portrayal of the slavey. No other feminine star would hide herself beneath the fearful make-up of Amanda. And only once does she discard the dirt and grime of the laundry drudge, in the brief flashes of the slavey's imaginary romance built around the shirt. Nowhere, however, does she achieve the poignancy of her Pollyanna. We liked Harold Goodwin's playing of the slender rôle of the laundry driver.

Douglas Fairbanks topped any of his recent productions with the whirlwind, "The Mollycoddle," (United Artists). Here may be found thrills, adventure and a swiftly moving background. Richard Marshall starts off as a spineless individual—until he meets The Girl at Monte Carlo. By the time he has pursued her across the ocean as a stowaway and fought his way across the desert of the Southwest, he is as strenuous a hero as any maid could desire. The whole thing ends in a terrific fight in a Hopi cliff village. The hero leaps from a high ledge upon the villain in a tree, and the struggle continues as they drop, tier by tier, thru the adobe cliff huts until, on the crest of a landslide, they plunge into river rapids at the bottom. It is as startling a fight as you will ever see on the screen. And if there is a funnier scene than Doug's adventures in the villain's fish-house, we would like to observe it.

Top, Dorothy Gish in "Remodeling Her Husband," which was directed by Lillian Gish, who reveals unusual directorial possibilities. Center, Doug Fairbanks in "The Mollycoddle," his best vehicle in a long time. Below, Wallie Reid and Bebe Daniels in "Sick-a-Bed"

In a sentence, "The Mollycoddle" is a winner. Doug has turned out but two or three better comedy melodramas in his whole celluloid career.

After observing Dorothy Gish's "Remodeling Her Husband," (Paramount), we are confident that Lillian Gish could easily develop into a director of fine originality. This is the little comedy drama in which Miss Lillian directed her sister last winter.

It is the old, old opus of the bride who sets out to cure her hubby of his flirtatious tendencies. Of course, as soon as he feels that he is losing his wife, he repents—and things end in a reconciliation. There are dozens of touches in which one can recognize the delicate and gently lyric hand of Lillian Gish, such as the delicious moment where Dorothy, as the angry Jane Wakefield, hurries thru the park and demonstrates how she can attract masculine attention. Dorothy Gish lends her inimitable humor to the proceedings, but Lillian is the real star, even if she does not once appear on the silversheet.

Charles Ray gives another superbly human performance in "Homer Comes Home," (Paramount), another tale which would be conventional plus in any other hands. Once again he plays a country lad who goes to the city to

(*Continued on page* 91)

The Home Stretch!

LIKE a throng of eager spectators at the finish of a race, our readers crowd against the fence and anxiously await the outcome of the Fame and Fortune Contest of 1920, which has been running in THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and SHADOWLAND for some time past. The contest closed on the first day of August, 1920, and every one interested in it—and that is saying thousands of people from coast to coast—await the decision of the judges with much anticipation.

The judges, consisting of Mary Pickford, Mme. Olga Petrova, Howard Chandler Christy, Thomas Ince, J. Stuart Blackton, Maurice Tourneur, Samuel Lumière, Carl Laemmle, Jesse Lasky, David Belasco, Blanche Bates and Eugene V. Brewster, will meet the honor roll members of the contest at the Long Island estate of Eugene V. Brewster and will watch the contestants while they are given a thoro camera test. The lucky winners will then be chosen, and, as soon after as possible, the announcement will

Photo by Apeda

Photo by Nagel

Top, Miss Juliette Compton, New York City; center, Miss Allene Ray, San Antonio, Texas; lower left, Miss Gladys Stetson, Brooklyn, N. Y.; lower right, Miss Mary Louise Lizare, Sandusky, Ohio

Photo left by Hixon-Connelly; right, by Bishop

The Honor Roll Winners For August

be made in all three of our publications as to the outcome.

To the winners there will be given every opportunity to gain screen fame and fortune. They will immediately step into international fame by reason of the publicity given them in all of our publications. This will include interviews with the winners and pictures which will not only appear in our publications, but will also appear in all the leading newspapers and periodicals thruout the country. The winners will be launched on their careers under the most auspicious occasion possible.

Not only the winners of the contest, but the final honor roll members will be given an immediate opportunity to show how much screen talent they possess, for there is being produced in connection with the Fame and Fortune Contest a five-reel feature drama entitled "Love's Redemption." The story is one of the triumph of love over vice, and there seems no doubt of its being a dramatic success, for no expense is being spared in the production of this play. The cast will be one of unusual merit, including the following well-known people:

Edwin Markham, the world-famous poet; Hudson Maxim, the famous inventor; Dr. Carroll Leja Nichols.

Octavia Handworth, the popular film player, who has recently been absent from the screen, has been engaged to play one of the leading rôles, and we are quite sure that her return to the silversheet will be an event of great interest to all film lovers.

Photo by Albin

Photo by White

Photo by Witzel, L. A.

Top, Miss Helen Trigg, Valiant, Okla.; center, Miss Evelyn Yvonne Hughes, McKeesport, Pa., and, below, Miss Ester Marie Ritter, Los Angeles, California

Others who make up the cast are Blanche McGarity, Anetha Getwell, Dorian Romero, Lynne Berry, Katherine Bassett, William R. Talmadge, Arthur Tuthill, Cecile Edwards, William Castro, Ellsworth Jones, Seymoure Panish, Joseph Murtaugh, Dorothy Taylor, Effie Lawrence Palmer, Bunty Manly, Alfred Rigali.

Erminie Gagnon, Edward Chalmers, Charles Hammer, Jr., William A. White, Clarence Linton, Sophie De Leske, Mrs. J. A. Gagnon, Mr. Hammer, Sr., Mr. McCabe, Doris Doree, Mrs. F. Mayer, Colonel Hervey, George Costa, Titus Cello, Mrs. Dale, Marion Dale, the Schwinn twins, Ruth Higgins and Marjorie Longbotham.

This month's honor roll for THE CLASSIC is probably the most interesting one to date. As is usual in contests of this sort, the finale always brings in its wake a tremendous increase in the number of photographs sent in. It is doubly difficult to choose the right ones from so great a number, and it is only by great care and deliberate judgment that the honor roll winners are chosen. The lay-out will, we think, convince you that the judges are going to have some little difficulty in making their choice. The entries number among them some of the most beautiful girls in the whole country, and we feel assured that the final winners will

(Continued on page 96)

The Shakespeare Specialist

Photo by Lumiere

Montagu Love is a hero to his valet. I have tried for three weeks to get away from that outstanding fact that I might, as per my mission, expatiate on his Shakespearian plans, ideas, ideals, beliefs, *et al.* I went there for said Shakespearian purpose. I came away with the opening paragraph (see above) howling in my cerebellum. It will not be gainsaid. Nor downed. Perchance, if I get it out of my system via the Underwood, it will let me be, and I can then get on to the Bard of Avon as expounded by Mr. Love.

I talked with Mr. Love at his apartment. In the room with us besides books, two photographs of small boys and a fireplace, was a dinner-table set for six, rose-shaded candelabra and all. A dinner party was impending. Hovering over Mr. Love, lighting his cigarets, supplying his sundry needs, even to occasional gaps in our conversation, was Victor. Victor is the last word of the opening paragraph. (See above.)

Some years ago, it seems, Mr. Love rescued him from a street accident and took him to his home. The accident left Victor crippled and devoted. His devotion was charming and very real. Wherever Mr. Love moved, there the eyes of Victor followed, wistful and adoring. Whenever Mr. Love said a humorous thing, a reflection of the humor touched Victor's sensitive mouth. Before Mr. Love could utter a behest, the nimble fingers and swift foresight of Victor had supplied it. There is poetry in such an adoration. There is psychology. There is so *much* of psychology that your personality interviewer would need go no further than Victor to take the measure of the man. Such being the case, let us consider the measure of Montagu Love taken and pass on to the next.

The "next" is the Bard of Avon, again (or yet) in the limelight. If his stones—I mean bones—be disturbed by such apparent flippancy, let him observe that in this day and age frail, flaunting poppies grow on sacred graves.

Mr. Love reads, breathes, inhales and exhales William Shakespeare. He is an enthusiast on him for the stage. He is also an enthusiast on him for—something new is about to burst upon you—for the *screen*.

He ought to know. He has studied Shakespeare as, probably, no other actor ever has or will. He has studied him in sections and *in toto*. And what is more, he has played him, all of him.

I asked him what made him believe that Shakespeare would "go" on the screen.

He had a diversity of reasons for his belief. Among them:

"I *know* he would be wonderful for the screen," he said; "in the first place, he was himself, first of all, before he was anything else, an actor. He wrote plays with a capital 'P,' and his plays were *pictures*, surcharged with color, with rhythm, with action and emotion. These are all picture qualities. The screen *requires* the *story* first of all. It requires characterizations. It requires situations. Shakespeare knew all there is to know about all three. He knew all there is to know about the presentation of all three. Think for a moment of 'The Merchant of Venice' or 'Othello.' Every line is a word picture. Every paragraph is a situation. Every character *is* a character. There isn't a person in the cast who wouldn't have a definite opportunity. There is some controversy on the subject because of the fact that the Shakespearian plays are costume plays. That is, of course, footless. Consider 'The Birth of a Nation' or 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.' Cos-

Photo by A. Simpson

Mr. Love reads, breathes, inhales and exhales William Shakespeare. He is an enthusiast on him for the stage—and also for the screen. He has studied Shakespeare as, probably, no other actor ever has, or will

Photo by A. K. Kersdyk, Cape Town

By
PEARL MALVERN

tumes *are* pictures, and pictures are what we want. We must not underestimate the pictorial quality, even when it comes to the individual. After all, the appeal is, on the surface, optical.

"Shakespeare on the screen is what I want to do. Also on the stage. I have always wanted to do this. Consciously, all my other work has been in preparation for the greatest of them all. I believe, what is more, as a sop to commercialism, that Shakespeare on the screen would be successful. I am not egotistical, but I have studied my job and I've never been wrong in my judgment of a play for the screen. I'm willing to back my judgment now. Shakespeare is a pretty sound bet, you know."

I reminded Mr. Love that he had been called the Mansfield of the screen, and I asked him whether he had any objections, for the reason that Mansfield was essentially a character actor.

Said Mr. Love, "What difference does it make *what* one plays when one is an actor, first of all, and 'all the world's a stage'? I love every form of acting, whether it be stage, screen or pantomime. I get something, and I hope I give something to every rôle I play, juvenile or character actor. I've played Rasputin and I've played the roughneck, and the only rote I go by is the rote of progress, the arrival at some sort of goal. My goal has been Shakespeare. In a sort of way I may be said to have reached that goal, having played Shakespeare as I have, but I might put it in the sense that I should like to be a specialist in Shakespeare, giving him to the screen as I believe it could be, *should* be done."

"Assuming," I said, "that your plans go thru, what rôle will you give to the screen first?"

Mr. Love towered above me, massive.

"Titania, I think," he said, with an immense gravity. "What do you say, Victor?" he added. It is his characteristic addition to any speech.

"Yes, Mr. Love," said Victor, giving me a small, highly appreciative wink. He would, I know, have said "Yes, Mr. Love," if the amicable Love had proposed a jolly little jaunt into the nether regions, and have given that same little wink, as tho to say, "Isn't he having his little fun, God bless him!"

The specialist in Shakespeare plus a hero to his valet.

Photo by Lumière

Montagu Love has been called the Mansfield of the screen, and has played a wide and varied rôle of characters. All the way from the rôle of Rasputin to that of a roughneck, he has never lost sight of his goal, and that is the portrayal of Shakespearian characters on the silver-sheet

Photo by A. K. Kersdyk, Cape Town

The Dauntless Anita

By
LILLIAN MONTANYE

There is a tradition to the effect that Southern women are the clinging vine variety—sweet, lovable, accomplished, ornaments to the home and society, but unaggressive, not given to asserting themselves, unambitious so far as fame and glory for themselves are concerned, a bit mystified at the trend of modern women toward careers and economic independence—things that their mothers and grandmothers would have considered entirely out of the sphere of a gentlewoman. But slowly and surely Southern women are breaking the shell of tradition or environment or whatever it is. They are going in for suffrage, careers, independence. For instance, there is Anita Booth.

She was born in Virginia, on an old estate that has been in the family "always," she says. There's a big old Colonial house with wide verandas surrounded by well-kept grounds, conventional flower-beds with old-fashioned posies and tall trees with sweeping branches that hold in their massive trunks the secrets of centuries. There is a typical Dixie father. There was, until a few years ago, an idolized mother—a real Southern gentlewoman. There was a family of happy girls and boys.

Photograph by Apeda

Anita, the youngest of the family, was educated in Washington, D. C., at a day school that permitted her to return each night to the home she so much loved. Despite her environment—a female ancestry that has been "ladies" for generations—there was none of the clinging vine about Anita. She must have been born with a clear perspective, because, sub-consciously, she saw things clearly, herself included, and knew what she wanted—and being the youngest of the family and of beguiling personality, she usually got it.

Nothing venture, nothing have, decided Anita one day — and as she wanted to have dramatic experience more than anything else, she set out to get it. And she did. We fearlessly predict that the combination of Southern beauty and determination will carry Anita a long way on the road of success

Photograph by Pach Bros.

During her school days in Washington she attended the theater frequently, always carefully chaperoned. Critically she watched the characters live the story on the stage, in her heart feeling that she could do it quite as well, and decided that, more than anything else, she wanted to be an actress. But, she knew that she could not at once shake off the old traditions and she bided her time. Then the mother died, the family scattered here and there, as families will, the father retired from his business of coffee exporter, and, leaving the old home for a time, he and Anita made their home in Washington.

It happened that last summer, when The Fame and Fortune Contest conducted by The Motion Picture Magazine, The Motion Picture Classic and Shadowland was nearing its end, Anita Booth saw the announcement and "just for fun" sent in a photograph. It was most favorably received, but too late for the honor roll, even too late for publication in one of the magazines, but, with twenty-four other girls, Miss Booth received an invitation to come to New York for a test before the camera. The letter followed her to

(Continued on page 70)

Photos by Ira D. Schwarz

Upper right, Eva Le Gallienne as she appears in "Not So Long Ago," the charming comedy of New York in the seventies

Above, Alma Tell, as the persecuted heroine of "The Fall and Rise of Susan Lenox," based upon David Graham Phillips' posthumous novel. Right, Norman Trevor and Emily Stevens, in Zoe Akins' "Foot-Loose," based upon the old melodrama, "Forget-Me-Not"

Mid-Summer Theater Days

Double Exposures

Conducted by F. J. S.

Courtesy Mack Sennett Comedies

"Has it ever occurred to you," asks a correspondent, "just how sharply differentiated are the leading directors' methods of attack?

"Take Shakespeare's 'Romeo and Juliet,' for instance. D. W. Griffith would probably show the maid of Verona hiding in a cupboard to escape her brutal father and later on there would be a chase to prevent the lovers from taking the fatal poison. Cecil de Mille would feature a startling scene in Juliet's boudoir, and he would probably give historical flashbacks to various famous lovers of history. He'd probably call it 'Why Change Your Potion

"George Fitzmaurice would do the whole thing with glorious light and shade photography and with Mae Murray as a new type of Verona cutie. King Vidor, on the other hand, would humanize every incident. He'd probably center upon the nurse and her love for Juliet. The Bard of Avon's passion would be transformed into spiritual uplift.

"But if Mary Pickford ever tried it, no doubt she'd do the thing as a sort of dual rôle, playing Juliet along with a slavey in the Capulet kitchen. But if Doug tried it! There would be a landslide, a flood and an earthquake to enliven the proceedings. No doubt Bull Montana would play the friar.

"Probably they'd make two endings. Of course, there would have to be happy conclusion for the exhibitors who firmly believe their audiences 'dont want no sad endings.' Probably they'd change the title, too. Can you imagine an exhibitor booking a fil-em with two peoples' names as a title?

"It's a great life, if you dont weaken."

Things We're Interested in Seeing

"'Way Down East."

Betty Compson's first starring picture.

Charlie Ray's "45 Minutes from Broadway."

King Vidor's next.

The forthcoming Fitzmaurice-Murray production.

We note that Georges Carpentier, the French pugilist, saw his picture, "The Wonder Man," in his own Pullman, *en route* across country. We envy Georges. Fancy being able to sleep comfortably at a photoplay—and yet be getting somewhere.

The White House seems to suddenly have become a movie theater *de luxe*.

By next year we predict that both houses of Congress will have symphony orchestras and feature pictures. Imagine the trade papers. "The Senate is now playing Paramount Pictures exclusively" or "Metro production now feature House of Representatives program."

The Higher Ed—

The Educational Films Corporation has started releasing bathing-girl comedies.

The screen has received its ultimate uplift. The Nick Carter stories are being filmed.

A Bas La Passion

The state board of censors of Pennsylvania insisted upon changing the title of Louise Glaum's "Sex" to "Sex Crushed to Earth." What are they going to do with:

"Madonnas and Men"
"The Restless Sex"
"The Inferior Sex"
"Passion's Playground"
"Sick-a-Bed"
"The Mother of His Children"
"The Virgin of Stamboul"
"Body and Soul"?

At last the dream of every press agent is realized. In Allan Dwan's "A Splendid Hazard," a prima donna's jewel-box is actually *rifled*

Our Favorite Moment of the Month

Dorothy Gish's flirtative promenade thru the park in "Remodeling a Husband."

A ROAD

By Le Baron Cooke

O shaded road beside the sea,
Your hilly, winding ways I know;
And why you wander wild and free
So near the eddies' rise and flow,
Where white-winged crafts sail to and fro.

Your bowered vale with joy is filled,
And undisturbed your peace by strife;
On every hand your fields are tilled
With trustful songs of simple life,
Where hearts of sacrifice are rife.

O sea-kist road, your sacred charm
Surpasses all that man portrays;
Let here no hand destroy the calm
That streams like music thru your ways,
Where dark-eyed poets chant you lays

Trumpet Island

Told in story form from the Vitagraph photoplay

By
OLIVE CAREW

We live in a world of strangers. So near each other that arm touches arm, yet an invisible wall separates us from those who might be our friends, our patrons—perhaps our loves. Its name is Convention. Some braver souls dare to scale this wall, but for most of us it is a barrier impassable. Eye meets eye, quickening with a message from soul to soul, but the lips are silent, and we pass—strangers.

Eve de Merincourt was thinking of a man, and it was not of the man whose engagement to her was to be announced that night. She did not know what his name was, indeed, or anything at all about him, save the important fact that he was tall and young, and that for one moment of springtide wonder he had gazed into her eyes thru the iron bars of the convent gate. Then Sister Marie, the pretty nun, had come quickly and hurried Eve away, but she had not scolded her, and her grey eyes, under the soft folds of her veil, had been misted with tears.

Six months ago, and she remembered him as tho she had seen him every day since, as perhaps she had. A thinnish young face, a trifle grim; thick, strongly growing hair and a way of walking like young Sir Galahad, he was the illustration of her secret girl-dreams. The fact that he had been shabbily dressed she had not noticed at all. He might be, for all she knew, a butcher boy, a poet or a tramp. What was the difference to eighteen, so long as he was tall and strong and vibrantly a man?

And now she was going to be married! She felt like one in a troubled dream when she thought of the jumbled whirl of events in the last two months, since her father had sent for her at the convent to meet the man he had chosen for her. Eve laughed aloud when she pictured Henri Caron as she had seen him that first night, fat, in spite of desperate corseting, scented, pinkly bald, with red-rimmed little eyes that had yellow whites and looked at her in a way that made her feel ashamed and strangely naked.

"He's a horrid little sausage," she had written Hilda that night, "but he's rich, and daddy says we can have everything in the world we want. So I'm engaged. He kist my hand and put a ring on it, a diamond. It's lovely, brighter than the altar with all the candles lighted, but the kiss was horrid. I shall slap him if he ever does it again. He has a beautiful face to slap . . ."

Eve de Merincourt looked down at her diamond cloudily. It would be nice to be rich, for richness meant fur coats and pink silk underclothes and an automobile and breakfast in bed, and all the candy one

The shoulder of her dress ripped with a jagged sound and she felt avid lips on her neck and arm

wanted; and being poor meant unpleasant things like scrubbing floors. Daddy had said that they would be very, very poor unless she married the little fat Frenchman who had made millions out of the war with his aeroplane factory. She did not want to be poor. But she did not want to marry Henri Caron, either, for she suspected that marriage would give him a right to kiss her hand and would take away her right to object. She didn't know exactly what being married was, of course—they didn't speak of such things in the convent. All the same, there had been stray hints—a newspaper blown across the wall; a book of poems one of the girls had smuggled in. There was one poem Eve had read and reread, feeling the heart beneath her young bosom pounding furiously, she did not know why—

> "To be a sweetness more desired than spring—
> A bodily beauty more acceptable than the wild rose tree's wreath that crowns the fell—"

No. She was quite sure there was something about marriage that meant that that detestable little man with the yellow eyes could kiss her—and she simply couldn't bear that! Now, when she heard the sound of her father's steps on the threshold, she turned and flung herself upon him, trembling. "Daddy! I—I dont want to marry an old, fat, dreadful man. I would rather have a young, thin husband. Please, please find me one. There was a man like that I saw once beyond the convent gate——"

Jacques de Merincourt was horrified. The very notion that she should have looked at a man without an introduction drew down his lip-corners, brought his thin, conventional brows together. "My child!" he exclaimed gravely, " a stranger—one does not marry *strangers!* Henri is my friend. He has courted you properly and you have given your word. All is as it should be. Trust your father to do what is best for you." He did not finish, "and for himself"; he preferred not to admit that.

And so Eve went down reluctantly to the gaiety and the lights and music below, a childish figure in her fragile net frills and sashes, who smiled bashfully at the congratulations of her father's friends and trembled like a child when Henri Caron minced dapperly to her on his high, varnished heels and laid a jeweled vanity case in her hand, bowing so that she saw the shiny scalp at the top of his head. "For the most beautiful Beautiful in the world," he said, but his look said other things.

She danced. The music was very different from that of the convent organ that made one think of solemn processions and dark, wide skies and mighty wings. This was hot and swift—it made her uneasy and rapturous and dizzy. To try to think, she slipped from the arms of her partner—his fingers burned hot thru the thin sleeve—and went to the window, drawing the long velvet folds behind her that she might lean her throbbing forehead against the cool glass. And, leaning so, she looked into the face of the Stranger Man for the second time.

He was standing on the sidewalk, beneath the window, with a curious look of waiting, as tho he had expected her. The dark was all around him, except for his face, lifted, faintly smiling. Her lips parted. Her father had called him a stranger. Absurd! Why, she knew him better than she did Henri, even if she had not spoken; she knew him better than——

"Ah, here you are, cherie!" her betrothed was purring in her ear; "they've gone in to supper—I've been looking for you everywhere. Naughty to run away from its Henri!"

The curtain folds fell across the black square of the window, like a relentless hand pushing her back from her glimpse of life. She felt as if she must scream, must struggle in the soft, strangling net of fate closing about her, but the futility of it all kept her silent. What, after all, could she say—that she had seen a passer-by in the street whose eyes had spoken to her eyes? That she would leave all her safe past, her conventional present, her golden future gladly to go out into the unknown dark with him? Her father was right—they were strangers. Strangers!

"Your neck was made for a man to kiss!" Caron's voice had thickened. She looked at him wonderingly, with a stirring of fright as she saw his congested face and the glitter in his tired, watery eyes. Suddenly her heart's thudding almost suffocated her. She began to creep away from him with piteous precaution, like some little hunted animal, but with a short bark of laughter he was holding her in his stubby, muscular arms. "Dont play with me, Eve! I've got a right to you. I'm tired of having only the tips of your fingers——"

The shoulder of her dress ripped with a jagged sound and she felt avid lips on her neck and arm. In the convent she had dreamed of hell, and the dream had been no more dreadful than this struggle against his animal strength and lust.

TRUMPET ISLAND

Fictionized from the story adapted by Mr. and Mrs. George Randolph Chester from the book of the same name by Gouverneur Morris. Directed by Tom Terriss. A Vitagraph Masterfeature presented by Albert E. Smith. The cast:

Eve de Merincourt	Marguerite De La Motte
Richard Bedell	Wallace MacDonald
Allan Marsh	Hallam Cooley
Jacques de Merincourt	Joseph Swickard
Henri Caron	Arthur Hoyt
Hilda	Marcelle Daly
Valinsky	Percy Challenger

Five moments later a man, standing drearily by the water-front, staring down into its muddy lethal stream, saw a wild little figure in torn lace and crushed net flounces running along the quay. His thoughts were paralyzed, but instinct acted. She screamed insanely once, twice, when he reached her, and tried to spring, but he dragged her back. He had never felt anyone tremble as she trembled now against him, and then she lifted her white, hunted face and for the third time their eyes met.

"I—thought you were—*that man!*" she panted, clinging convulsively. "I didn't know—you see—what he wanted, and when—I found out, I knew I would rather die. Oh, much rather!"

He drew a slow breath. Two derelicts of life, brought together almost at the point of shipwreck by the tides, the dark, strong, silent tides of fate that move resistlessly. In the last two months these tides had tossed him hither and yon in sport, from the depths of despair and poverty, to sudden, undreamed-of riches, thence down into the depths again—of self-loathing and broken nerves and the sick desire to escape himself. There must be some meaning to it all, when the one girl he had ever really looked at had broken thru the bars of the convent and come across the months into his arms!

"Eve!" They had neither of them noticed that a limousine had drawn up behind them and two men leaped out, until the older of them laid authoritative hands on the girl, and the other, glaring, pushed her rescuer away. "All this excitement has been too much for you! Come home, my darling, and you shall rest. It's nerves, Caron—a totally inexperienced girl suddenly brought face to face with the facts of life. But she'll come around—be patient with her!"

"I shall be patience itself, *mon cher Jacques!*" the shorter man assured him, as they led the shuddering, speechless girl away between them, "she is worth waiting for——"

The Strange Man looked after them, seeing, instead of two gentlemen in conventional evening clothes helping a girl into a costly car, two satyrs dragging their victim in triumph between them. Then the great machine sprang forward into the night and was gone. But the Strange Man did not return to his fixed, morbid questioning of the water. He had no idea of dying now. As long as that girl was on earth, he could not leave it. Preposterous, of course! A stranger—but he knew that he had not seen the last of her; that, once again, under some sky, beside some far waters, they would stand together as now, and then——

"And then," he said aloud to the night, opening his arms violently, "then I shall be what I was when I first saw her. I shall go away, to some empty place, and win back what I have lost these last accursed weeks. When I see her again I shall be a man, and that time I shall not let her go!"

If Jacques de Merincourt had expected hysterics, stubbornness, defiance from his daughter, he was surprised by her attitude, after she had recovered from the first shock of the night's experiences. Something seemed to have gone from her

He groaned. "God!" said Richard to the sea, "how am I going to stand this seven months longer? It's asking too much of a man!"

She tried to break away and run to him, and turning, they looked into the muzzle of his leveled revolver, and into two eyes loaded with trouble

puzzlingly. But her beauty was left unharmed and she was very gentle, very humble, making no plea when he urged a hastened marriage. Indeed, she seemed to desire it, for some unexplained reason of her own. There was only one wish that she expressed, and that was that immediately after the ceremony Caron would take her on a honeymoon in one of his fast-traveling passenger aeroplanes to a famous winter resort on the coast of Florida.

On the morning of her wedding day, Eve wrote a note and mailed it. Afterward she was almost gay and there was not a trace of shrinking when Henri Caron put his ring on her finger, not even when he kist her and called her, greedily, "My wife." Jacques de Merincourt, with a fat check in his pocket and peace in his heart, watched the bridal couple ascend smoothly into the sky and presently disappear into the blue void, and felt that, all things considered, he had put in the best day's work of his life. To be sure, Eve did not seem to care for the man she had married, and, as a matter of truth, Henri Caron might be a trifle passé and emotionally frayed, but tush! No well-brought-up girl would even think of her probable predecessors in her husband's arms. After a short while, he would doubtless leave her to herself; she would have position, money—and independence. What more can a wife desire! No, no; he had done his parental best for Eve, of a certainty.

In the seat of the flying car the bride, smiling with strange fixity, looked down, looked up, looked away. She did not glance at the squat figure at her side. In the panoply of flying gear Henri Caron was even more repulsive than before. His goggles gave him the aspect of some giant beetle, his voice came to her ears, thin and squeaking, above the roar of the exhaust, "At this rate, in three hours we'll sight the coast! And then the honeymoon begins!"

Her smile deepened. Stealthily one hand went to the belt about her waist, touching the buckle reassuringly. But she was in no hurry. Three hours more of the sunlight and the strong, fresh air in her face, and then—she would keep the tryst she had made . . .

Two days later a pretty young nun, face seamed with crying, fluttered like a frightened grey moth into Jacques de Merincourt's complacent

(*Continued on page* 68)

She lifted her face to him, rosy with the new day, and the new joy within her soul. "Perhaps you can," she whispered, "but I cant, Dickie"

Photoplasmic Peregrinations

By
LOUISE GLAUM

Being the first of a series of literary rambles thru the Hollywood screen colony

I AM sure there are no more interesting streets in the world than Broadway, New York, Chicago's Michigan Boulevard and the Hollywood Boulevard of Los Angeles, where all the motion picture folk promenade o' nights.

It is a picturesque boulevard, this Via Cinema, as it might be called.

Here the business man from Los Angeles or the visiting millionaire from Kansas City who happens to be sojourning in Pasadena have full opportunity to see picturedom *en famille,* so to speak.

From the contents of the mass of "fan" correspondence which reaches me at the studio, it would seem that, had each motion picture devotee an Aladdin's lamp, he and she would wish themselves at once upon this pathway of the famous, and yet Hollywood Boulevard might be said to represent disillusionment to the layman, for along this highway one can see Charlie Ray, with the youthful Mrs. Ray in the Ray supermobile, and write the folks at home that now he knows for sure that Charlie *is* married, et cetera, and immediately Oshkosh or Gallup will be inundated with a saline flood from the tear-ducts of "eligible femininity."

Here, again, one will see Charlie Chaplin in his off-scene rôle, (so well known to the screen colony), of the melancholy Dane.

He will see Anita Stewart, Enid Bennett, Jack (J. Warren) Kerrigan and Wallie Reid, with Mrs. Reid and the Reid Kiddie, hobnobbing on terms of delightful intimacy.

Now, some people have told me that the public consider the moving picture star possessed of an extreme hauteur and a quite regal self-consideration. This, I assure you, dear readers, is not a fact. Maybe I am disillusioning you in telling you this. On the other hand, perhaps I am doing my profession a great service in relating to you the human qualities of the people who make up the screen colony in Los Angeles. For here in Hollywood, one discovers the Bohemianism of the West. The screen colony is not only the exclusive *quartier* of motion picture players—it also embraces the allied arts and professions, for screen artists are really the most gregarious animals in the world, and the most democratic at heart.

Before I wrote this article, the editor of this publication seemed to be interested in my story of the way the public's silversheet favorites live, and so in our rambles thru Hollywood, I am going to try to give you an intimate glimpse of the *real.*

(*Continued on page* 91)

Niles Welch, leading man for Mayflower Productions, pauses a moment in his motion picture activities to rest on top of a California hill. Center, Mildred Davis, Harold Lloyd's leading woman, sets off in so demure a fashion, the charm of ye Quaker gown. Below, Allan Dwan makes an intimate investigation concerning his leading woman, Mary Thurman, while his assistant, James Hogan, looks on and offers suggestions

Photo by Woodbury, L. A.

Temperamental Una

Photos by Hartsook, L. A.

“I’M so happy and pleased that the critics seem to like my rôle of Grace Goodwright in ‘The Devil’s Passkey,’” said Una Trevelyn and smiled contentedly.

“That was the second picture I ever made, the first being a small bit with Bessie Barriscale. One day I went out to the Universal studio to see the casting director, and the instant he saw me he exclaimed, ‘You’re just the girl.’ He sent for Erich von Stroheim, and when he came in he took one long look and repeated the remark with emphasis, ‘You’re just the girl.’ It seems they had been looking for a certain type—I was the type—so they signed me then and there to play the leading rôle in Von’s second big production.

“If I climb to the heights of film fame,” she continued, merrily, “it will be thru a vale of tears, for in this play I wept for fifteen solid weeks. Really, I became so depressed that I would wake up in the middle of the night, sobbing bitterly. It was a splendid part, tho, sweet and sympathetic, for, you see, the trouble was caused thru no direct fault of mine and I could easily throw myself into it.

“After all the misunderstanding and misery, there is a pretty ending—with a bright new hope—the scene being at dawn. We tried for six weeks to catch the sun at just the right place for that final scene.

“Detail is Erich von Stroheim’s first, second and last name,” went on Miss Trevelyn. “Why, he even took me along when he selected the furniture, colors and perfumes to be used in my boudoir sets—to insure the personal touch!

“He is very temperamental—how we used to clash—our two strong wills!” and Una laughed in memory of frequent tilts. “However, I fully appreciate all I learnt from him,” she went on, seriously, “for Von makes you *work*. He expects you to throw yourself into the rehearsals as completely as if the camera was going, and by the time I had gone thru the action several times I became so imbued with the spirit of the scene that I hardly realized that I was acting a part—I was actually living it.

“Following ‘The Devil’s Passkey,’ I made a picture with Lois Weber, ‘What Men Want.’ In the rôle of Renee, I played a dope fiend, a vicious sort of girl, and had some strong dramatic moments. It is always easier to do a big scene than one requiring less emotion—somehow you urge

Una Trevelyn was born of English parents, in English waters, on an English boat. She is a graduate of Ward-Belmont College of Nashville, Tenn., but after her graduation, she ran away from home and came to New York

By
MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

yourself on when there is a demand for a crashing, thrilling situation."

Una Trevelyn was born of English parents, in English waters, on an English boat, and is a daughter of the United Kingdom, tho she has never set foot on English soil. Her father, being a younger son of the well-known Trevelyns, decided to answer the call of wider opportunities offered by the United States, and it was a few hours after her parents had set sail for this country that Una's arrival in this world occurred.

After remaining in New York for a short period, the family went on down to Memphis, Tennessee, where they established their home.

Una spent her school-days at the exclusive Southern college, Ward-Belmont, in Nashville, where she was graduated. All this time, deep within her heart, stirred the ambition for a stage career.

Tho reared in the strictest home atmosphere, where the theater was never mentioned, Una says that her mother has often told her that when she was a wee girlie she was always acting. Whenever she was corrected, the child would stage a big, emotional scene, the mother knowing all the time that Una herself was conscious that she was acting.

Photos by Hartsook, L. A.

Miss Trevelyn first joined a stock company which was playing in Sioux City, and, after that, "just happened" into pictures, by reason of the fact that she was ordered West on account of her health

Several times during the summer vacations, Miss Trevelyn dabbled a little with local stock companies, but the family's opposition was so pronounced that she realized she must seek fame at a distance, so, after graduating, she ran away to New York.

"Odd thing, to look back on one's first steps," mused Una, one afternoon as she told me the story over a cup of tea in the cool tea-room at the Alexandria Hotel. "Before I had a chance to become discouraged in New York, I met a chap I had known at home, and he introduced me to a friend who was forming a stock company to take out to Sioux City. Well, I fibbed a little about my experience, and he promptly signed me.

"After I had settled down in Sioux City, thinking everything was lovely and wondering how I should break the news at home, the family found me thru detectives—you see, I was still under age. This served to make me more determined than ever, and at Detroit I eluded the detective who was taking me home and went on to New York. There I reached mother by 'phone and tried to make her see my side of the question.

(Continued on page 96)

"My Irish Molly-O"

By
ELIZABETH PELTRET

HAVE you ever imagined what it would be like to meet a girl out of a popular Irish song? If you have, it was probably with an inner feeling that no such thing could ever happen, which is, of course, all wrong. For instance, take Molly Malone.

You would know that she was a girl out of a song the instant you looked at her. She is a tiny girl . . . about five feet small, you would guess . . . with fine, thick, bobbed hair, which is often in rebellious disorder, and large, expressive brown eyes. And she has all the qualities portrayed in those songs, too! Impulsive, sometimes to the point of being headstrong, and warm-hearted and sincere and plucky and lovable. She has a way of looking up at you that makes you want to grab and hug her, it is so reminiscent of a very serious six-year-old child. But to get to my story:

She had not expected to work that week but was called to the studio on the day of our appointment just too late to let me know, so I arrived to find her not at home.

"I can tell you all about her," her mother suggested, hopefully. I said that I was afraid that that wouldn't do, but we chatted for a while, anyway, before I left to go to the studio.

But luck was with me. Just as I was leaving the bungalow court, where she lives, I met Molly Malone and we turned back to the house.

Photographs by Clarence L. Bull

Molly Malone was, all press-agent stories to the contrary, not a success at first in pictures. It was only when she had failed completely and started all over again from the very bottom of the ladder, that she really began to make progress. She is now being featured in a series of Supreme Comedies, the first one being named "Molly's Millions"

"I didn't have my week's vacation after all," she said; "I've been working all morning." She was without a hat and the long mauve cape that she wore accentuated her girlishness.

I was suddenly impressed with the suitability of that bungalow court as a place for her to live. Standing at the entrance of it as we were, it looked more like a toy village than anything else.

There are seventy quaint little houses, all exactly alike, from the number of stairs leading to each front door to the width of each tiny square of lawn, all set facing a narrow court with a fountain in the center of it. Inside, these little bungalows are as cozy and pretty as you could ask for.

"Tho," said Molly Malone, "there is too much figured stuff." One of her many ambitions is to become an interior decorator. She has a great many books on the subject and she really studies them and talks about them with lively interest. For instance, she described her ideal room. It would be done in French grey with hangings of flame. Soft lights and a flame-colored sofa-cushion on a grey lounge.

"I think that makes the prettiest color combination imaginable," she said.

So, you see, her childishness is only skin deep.

(*Continued on page* 88)

How to keep your nails fashionably manicured

This season's fashions are built to display the hands

BRILLIANT fans to permit a graceful motion of a perfect hand. Sleeveless gowns that lead the eye down the slender arm to rest on the finger tips. These and a dozen other pretty fancies this season are especially designed to display the hand.

Never before have hands been so conspicuous. Never before have women given so much thought to their care.

The chief beauty of the hands is the nails. The cuticle must be slender, even, firm. It is unpardonable this year not to have perfectly kept nails and cuticle.

Fortunately, it is no longer hard to keep the nails lovely.

An easy, quick, safe way has been discovered for manicuring your nails! A way which thousands of women are using regularly.

With fifteen or twenty minutes given regularly each week to this simple, scientific method of caring for your nails, you can keep them always exquisite.

Cutting the cuticle leaves a ragged, irregular edge. The more you cut it, the more rapidly the cuticle grows — the tougher and more uneven it becomes.

With a bit of cotton wrapped around the end of an orange stick and dipped in Cutex work gently around the base of the nail. Now wash your hands, and, as you dry them, push the cuticle back.

For snowy white nail tips, apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails. Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish. To keep the cuticle soft and pliable so that you do not need to manicure as often, apply Cutex Cold Cream at night.

Cutex softens and removes surplus cuticle quickly and harmlessly

Cutex Nail White gives snowy nail tips

Cutex is on sale at drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and at all chemists' shops in England. Cutex Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Nail Polish, and Cold Cream are each 35 cents. The Cuticle Remover comes also in 65 cent bottles.

Six manicures for 20 cents

Mail the coupon below with 20 cents and we will send you the Cutex Introductory Manicure Set, containing enough of the Cutex products for six manicures. Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

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Pacific Coast Paragraphs

By
HAZEL SHELLEY

David Warfield, the beloved veteran of the dramatic stage, marvels with Cecil de Mille at the wonders of an old-fashioned picture projector—the kind you used to see providing amusement to visitors in the office of the country dentist. Center, Anita Stewart has discovered a new way to alleviate the burden of Uncle Sam's postal clerks. Below, King Vidor, the promising young director, discusses the script of his latest picture, "The Jack-Knife Man," with Harry Todd and Fred Turner, who both appear in this play

PACIFIC is the most proper and fitting title for anything and everything pertaining to the West Coast studios. That is, on the surface . . . Peace, the perpetual sun and a layer of dust reign supreme. Desultory stage hands whack at a solitary nail, the safety-pin of tremendous structures, as if it mattered not at all whether tomorrow came or went. In the yards hundreds and hundreds of automobiles are parked, a slight layer of yellow dust soiling even the most pretentious, as if, indeed, they had waited here long and long forgotten their claims to speed.

On the stages themselves a few actors are being measured for proper camera focus; directors stroll around; a Sabbath quiet envelops the gardens where motion pictures are grown.

A peaceful lethargy seems to enfold the studios in a benignant calm: the peace of the Pacific.

Out here I miss the hurry of New York—so far I have knocked down ten persons on the Los Angeles sidewalks in my mad endeavor to create a little speed. Here time and tide wait for every man—and tomorrow will do as well as today.

And yet under this brooding calm, great things are happening . . . enormous plans are being formulated. The King is dying, long live the King—for in these peaceful Pacific places, new stars are being born—new geniuses being given a chance.

And speaking of chances, another erstwhile comedy queen is about to come into her own under the magic De Mille management. Ora Carew is the latest pretty bathing girl to park her bathing-suit in moth-balls forever and aye—having just affixed her name to a contract by which she becomes William de Mille's leading woman. Her first picture under the direction of Mr. de Mille will be "His Friend and His Wife," adapted from Cosmo Hamilton's novel.

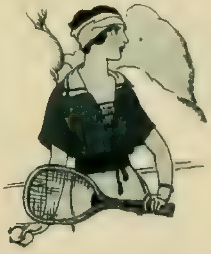
And while speaking of the De Milles, Cecil, that wonderful exponent of silken lure, has chosen Forrest Stanley to succeed Thomas Meighan and Elliott Dexter, as his leading man. Both of these splendid players have graduated to stardom, you know.

Yesterday, while discussing the addition of Stanley to his forces, Mr. de Mille said, "He has youth, intelligence, ability and the sort of experience which I am certain will combine to place him speedily in the forefront of screen players."

What picture Cecil de Mille will make next is not yet ascertained. He has two stories, one by Jeanie MacPherson and the other by Hector Turnbull, both of which he will film, with the question of precedence the only one now to be determined. One is a satire and the other a spectacle—and it all depends upon Mr. de Mille's mood which he selects to make first.

The most active person out at the Metro studios these days is the doorkeeper. It matters not how often I journey to the other end of Los Angeles for the express purpose of visiting the Metro stars, each and every time he eyes me with distrust; nay, more . . . every one of his muscles quivers, as he jumps up and down madly in his wild desire to throw me out. And always just in time, the publicity department comes to my rescue and I am permitted to pass.

(*Continued on page* 94)



How to overcome the havoc wrought by sun, wind and dust

THE exposure of the skin to summer weather often inflicts deep, permanent injury on the delicate cells of the skin.

Repeated sunburn over-stimulates the oil glands and gives the skin a greater tendency to shine. Wind coarsens the texture of the complexion. Dust works deep into the pores and irritates them.

However, with a little intelligent care you can overcome these ill effects.

TO overcome the tendency to shine caused by sunburn, you must counteract the over-secretion of oil. This oil may be absorbed and discouraged by constant contact with a good face powder. But to bring results you must apply the powder in such a way that it will stay on the face.

Deep into the pores the crafty dust specks work. You need a different cream to get them out a cream with an oil base.

If powdering is to be at all lasting, the thing to do is always to apply a powder base. For this a special cream is needed, a cream which disappears instantly and will not reappear. Pond's Vanishing Cream does just this. It is made entirely without oil. The moment you apply it, it vanishes, never to reappear. Before you powder apply just a little Pond's Vanishing Cream. It holds the powder to the face twice as long as ever before and prevents it from shining.

THE coarseness due to the wind may be gradually overcome by the use of a special greaseless cream during the day, to soften the skin and protect it from further injury.

Pond's Vanishing Cream contains an ingredient famous for years for its softening effects. Before every outing, apply a bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It will protect your skin and gradually make it finer in texture.

DUST is the worst enemy of your skin. It quickly works deep into the pores and darkens and irritates them. To restore clear color to the skin, you must give the pores a deep cleansing with an entirely different cream—a cream *with* an oil base. Pond's Cold Cream has just the amount of oil to work deep into the pores and thoroughly cleanse them. Before you go to bed cleanse the face with Pond's Cold Cream. In a few weeks, your skin will be clearer in color, finer in texture.

Do not live in terror of the powder coming off, revealing a shiny face. Hold the powder on with the right greaseless powder base.

Stop today at any drug or department store and get a jar or tube of these creams. Every normal skin needs both. You will be surprised to discover how quickly they will enable you to overcome the injury of sun, wind and dust.

POND'S
Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

One without any oil and one with an oil base

Mail this coupon today

Pond's Extract Co., 116-E Hudson St., New York.

Please send me, free, the items checked:
A free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream.
A free sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Instead of the free samples, I desire the items checked below, for which I enclose the required amount:
A 5c sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
A 5c sample of Pond's Cold Cream

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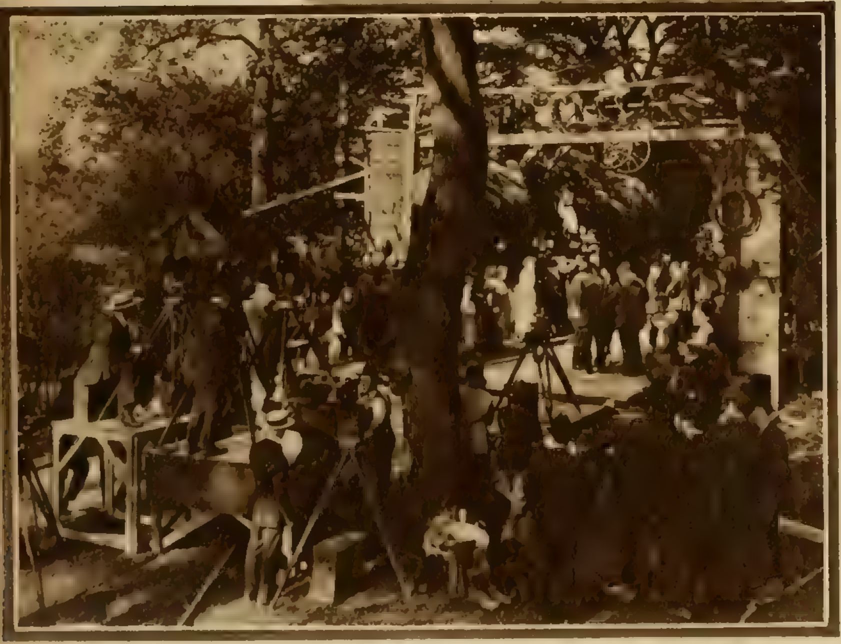
Gossip of the Eastern Studios

Top, David Wark Griffith, napped at his Mamaroeck studios between cenes of his production f "'Way Down East." Center, Eugene O'Brien, Selznick star, out for a norning canter. Below, hooting a big scene of 'Way Down East." Billy Bitzer, Mr. Griffith's chief amera-man, may be oberved on the platform with Mr. Griffith



EASTERN screen interests now seem to center in David Wark Griffith's forthcoming film repertoire season at a New York playhouse to be named later. Mr. Griffith's seasons are now annual events—and things to be looked forward to. Recall that his last season at Cohan's Theater produced "Broken Blossoms."

This year Mr. Griffith will start, some time late in August probably, with "'Way Down East," which he has been shooting since before last Christmas. The total footage ran to between 600,000 and 700,000 feet, and, at this writing, the cutting has brought it down to 26,000 feet, or 26 reels. As the production will, it is expected, be released in eight reels, Mr. Griffith still has quite a task ahead of him. Prominent in the cast are Lillian Gish, Dick Barthelmess, Mary Hay, Creighton Hale, Burr McIntosh, Kate Bruce and others of prominence.

Another feature of Mr. Griffith's repertoire season will be "The Love Flower," originally produced as "Black Beach" and the production which the director bought back from First National to elaborate and enlarge. Carol Dempster has the leading rôle.

Bobbie Harron is doing nicely with his individual productions, made at the Griffith Mamaroneck studios and which are to be released thru Metro. The first of the star series is "Coincidence," directed by Chet Withey. June Walker, who scored last season on the stage in "My Lady Friends," with the late Clifton Crawford, is leading woman.

Film fans will be interested to know that Betty Compson's new pictures, beginning with "Prisoners of Love," will be released thru Goldwyn channels. Miss Compson is the young actress who scored so sensationally in "The Miracle Man."

Bessie Love has been visiting in New York. Ethel Clayton has been in the metropolis, too, prior to departing for Europe.

By the way, nearly every American star will be on the Continent or in the Orient before the year is over, it seems. Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and Theda Bara are in England. The Talmadges and Dorothy Gish plan to tour Europe. Elsie Ferguson has gone to Japan.

The first seal of the new Motion Picture-Theatrical Association of the World was awarded to "Suds," Mary Pickford's latest vehicle. The presentation was made on the stage of the Strand Theater, New York, on June 27th, by Frank Bacon, secretary of the organization. As Mary was absent in London, the gift of the replica in gold of the seal was accepted on her behalf by her mother, Mrs. Charlotte Pickford.

Realart announces its newest star to be Justine Johnson, well known to the stage. Her first picture will be George Scarborough's "Moonlight and Honeysuckle."

A Strenuous Game-then

DELIGHTFULLY COOLING RESINOL SOAP

Because it contains the soothing, healing Resinol properties, Resinol Soap is unusually qualified to stimulate and refresh your burning, tired skin. Even if used with a cold shower its lather is generous and pleasingly fragrant.

Besides being soothing and cooling, Resinol Soap is an ideal skin cleanser. It lessens the tendency to enlarged pores, by ridding them of impurities, and it relieves excessive oiliness and redness, while it in no way injures the skin's texture.

RESINOL SOAP allays the inflammation of sunburn, and is a valuable aid to the woman who wishes to keep her complexion unharmed through summer's heat.

At all drug and toilet goods counters

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The Movie Encyclopaedia

by "The Answer Man"

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

MYSTERY GIRL.—Why, I began my career as a very little boy. "Love's Redemption" is the name of the play that we are producing. Yes, on the New Amsterdam Roof, 42nd Street, New York. Mary Pickford's "Op o' Me Thumb" has been changed to "Suds." Yes, I know that many of the women and children of Siam are clay-eaters. Me for Siam if the h. c. l. keeps up.

ADELAIDE N.—There's no fool like the old maid, they tell me. So you liked Cullen Landis in "Pinto." R. A. Walsh is directing for Mayflower. Elaine Hammerstein in "The Shadow of Rosalie Byrnes."

TENNESSEE.—You say, "Why be so hard-hearted? Why not publish a full-page picture of yourself in SHADOWLAND—if you really want to help the magazine along—so all your admirers will see just how handsome you really are?" Boy, oh boy! Do you want me to ruin the Brewster Publications? Peggy Hyland is in England now. No, she is not married. Yes, we gave a special subscription price for all three. Let me hear from you again.

W. S. E. W.—I know for a fact that what you write about Mary Pickford is not true. A lie has no legs and cannot stand long without many other lies to help it, but it can run fearfully fast and cover a lot of ground. Rudolph Cameron is Anita Stewart's husband. William Russell and Francelia Billington in "Slam Bang Jim."

GERTRUDE P.—Ruth Roland, Hollywood, Cal., will reach her.

INQUISITIVE JESS.—Had some time trying to decipher your English. You ask, "Who is the greatest motion picture player on the field?" Pretty hard. Give me another field. Dustin Farnum played in "The Squaw Man," "Cameo Kirby" and "The Littlest Rebel" on the stage.

GERTRUDE B.—My, it took me some time to wade thru pages and pages of green ink. You can write to the Blackton Productions, 25 W. 45th Street, New York City. Oh, thanks, awfully! I can return the compliment. Human beings who reside in crystallized domiciles should not project geological specimens. Get me? Send on some more green ink, Gertie B., and then exchange names with "Irish."

A SOUTHERN BRUNETTE.—Your first letter? Welcome to the sanctum. We have three dogs now, Corot, Ranger and Zorko. Shep isn't with us any more. Yes, I have framed pictures of the players on my walls. I'm a regular movie fan. Yes, I have been in love. You say it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all. Not so. It is a misfortune for a woman never to be loved, but it is a humiliating calamity to be loved no more. *Ness pa!*

TOTO MAC.—Thanks for yours, write me again.

ANNEXING BILL.—Sorry, but I cant give you any information about Lieut. Locklear, who played in "The Great Air Robbery." I understand he is quite smitten with Viola Dana, but there may be nothing to it. Yes, your questions are a little out of my line. I have no air-line.

LILLIAN R.—No, no, Norma Talmadge does not live at the studio on 48th Street. She has a real home of her own. I think it is true that actresses who cry easily are the best actresses. They are the most emotional. It is also true that widows who cry easily are the first to marry again. There is nothing like wet weather for transplanting. Wow! Bring on the fan! Viola Dana in "Dangerous to Men." Not to me, Viola.

FOUR BELLS.—That's what you get for staying out all night. You say that if your shoes would ever acquire the shine your nose does, you would be in 10 cents every day. Why should you not be just as proud of a shine on your nose as you are of a shine on your shoes? Samuel Lumière and Charles Albin are our official photographers. SHADOWLAND is 35 cents.

DERE MABLE.—I am quite sure you have the wrong Marion Davies.

PHYLLIS.—Baby Marie Osborne played in "Baby's Diplomacy," "Tears and Smiles," "The Little Diplomat," "Sawdust Doll," and "The Evidence." You will see Wesley Barry playing in leads when he grows up. Surely a girl living in Canada may join the Fame and Fortune Contest. Why not?

JACK.—Yes, I like your stage name. You ought to bob your hair. I have been thinking seriously of doing it. King Baggot played opposite May Allison in "The Cheater."

THE QUAKERS.—The ghost walks around here every two weeks. You know why they call it that name? Because it makes our spirits rise. Yes, to your Constance Talmadge question. She has been in here lots of times—we all love her.

CLASSIC.—Milton Sills is in California now.

ESTELLE.—Short and sweet is right.

SUNSHINE.—Pauline Frederick is released from her Goldwyn contract. Her last two pictures are "Roads of Destiny" and "Madam X." Anita Stewart is playing in "Harriet and the Piper," Irving Cummings and Charles Richman in the cast. Perhaps we admire a beautiful soul more than a beautiful face, but we dont run after it quite so hard.

FAIRBANKS.—Thanks for the clipping. It wasn't reviewed as severely as that in the East.

BLUE EYES.—Honestly, if Norma Talmadge corresponded with all the people who asked me that question today you would never see her on the screen, because she would have to spend all her time writing. Have a heart girls, and boys, too; you expect too much of the players.

DANA, AND THAT AMEN GUY'S WIFE.—Good luck to you, girls, and remember your oath at the altar. Obey!

LILA LEE FAN.—I am not sure whether Mary Miles Minter has a brother in Los Angeles, but I doubt it very much. Ralph Graves is not married. Yes, this seems to be a very disordered world of ours. Some are overworked, some do not have to work, some are being worked by those who do not have to work, and some who want to work, cant find work.

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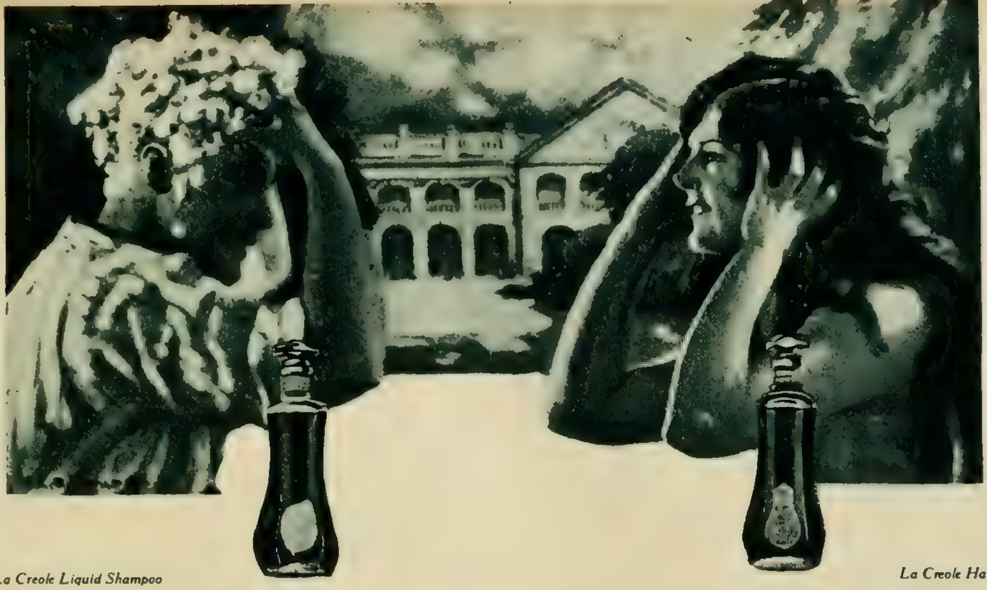

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La Creole Hair Tonic

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LA CREOLE LABORATORIES
317 Tenth Street, Memphis, Tenn.

Trumpet Island

(Continued from page 56)

presence and laid a crumpled letter in his hand. He read it and went ghastly white "When you read this, I shall be beyond your reach and *his*. You have chosen a husband for me, but I have the right to choose for myself, and the only husband I shall have is Death. That is why I asked for the aeroplane. It will be very easy to loosen the buckles of the safety belt. Good-by, daddy. Forgive me, but I *couldn't* He would want to kiss me, he would say he had a *right*—and it is far easier to die.—Eve."

Then there were telegrams, reporters, search parties, newspaper sob-stories and finally forgetfulness. Jacques had a crêpe band sewed about his coat-sleeve and cashed his large check mournfully. Another candle burned on the convent altar and the world wagged on its way.

But on a small, deserted island many miles off the coast of Florida, the story that was begun with the meeting of two pairs of eyes thru the convent gate went on to another chapter, as it was meant to go on from the beginning of the world.

Richard Bedell, voluntary exile, had deliberately destroyed the boat that brought him to this wild, unvisited spot, knowing that until his year of regeneration was over and his friends had come to find him, as they had promised, he would see no other human soul. But man cannot get away from fate, tho he travel to the ends of the earth, and so, one sparkling morning, he had come out of the hut he had constructed for himself, his dog at heel, to find that he had a visitor who had fallen from the very skies.

In a crumpled heap under the tree which contained the fragments of the aeroplane, Eve lay as tho she were asleep. As he bent over her she stirred drowsily and her eyes unclosed. His heart leaped as she looked up into his face, then sank like a stone, for her gaze was shallow and empty and placidly unremembering. The shock of the fall had left her beautiful body miraculously intact, but had taken her mind away! It was a cruel jest of fate. Somewhere in the limitless void, he could imagine peals of cosmic mirth, mocking them.

Eve found herself in a puzzling world. The puzzle was not why or how she came to be there. That seemed quite natural. She accepted Richard, the hut, the island contentedly, but she could not understand why he would not let her do the things she wanted to do. There was the matter of clothes. She hated the ones that she wore, heavy, clumsy things that gave her a strange sort of fear when she looked down at them. So at night, when she was alone in the hut and Richard was sleeping in a shelter of boughs outside, she took them off and was pleased and delighted to discover charming pink, soft things underneath. But when she ran to him in the morning, clapping her hands with pleasure in herself, he behaved very strangely and even, she thought, almost unkindly.

He told her, with his back turned, to put on her clothes, and she answered, triumphantly, that she had burned them because they were nasty. Then he found a much-too-large shirt and a pair of trousers and dressed her in them, rather clumsily, because his fingers fumbled queerly over the task. She saw that he was angry and her lips quivered. "Eve didn't mean to be naughty!" she begged. "But why is it naughty to wear pretty things instead of ugly things?"

He groaned at that. "God!" said Richard to the sea, "how am I going to stand this seven months longer? It's asking too much of a man!"

She was frightened. She climbed upon the rock beside him and kist him with the open, careless lips of a child. He looked at her with suffering eyes, bent his head and clenched his hands at his sides. When he lifted it at last there was sweat in beads on his forehead, but he was smiling patiently. "No, no, Eve!" he said, in a tired voice. "Mustn't do that, dear. That's naughty, too. Now let's go fishing! I'll let you hold the rod."

The days drifted away into eternity, the suns rose in opal and amethyst, set in crimson and purple, the moons grew red and swollen beyond the moss-bearded trees and Richard Bedell felt the old strength and pride of rewon manhood setting in a strong tide thru his veins. Three years in the Flanders trenches, two months of discouraging search for work, two more months of unbridled dissipation had added years, but fierce physical toil, hewing of trees, the matching of his body against the elements and Nature sloughed them off again.

Thru it all Eve was ever-present, running barefoot on the sands, dancing wild little dances, singing formless songs, laughing the laugh of a three-year-old child with the ripe, fervid, glowing lips of a woman. She was a bell made to give forth rich, vibrant music, but, thru an invisible flaw, forced to tinkle instead. She was made for the dear offices of love, and yet she could only be pitied and protected. It was a situation to test the mettle of a philosopher, and at twenty-eight a man does not live on the dry crusts of philosophy. But Richard starved himself and kept his guardianship untarnished by a single word or act that might reveal the pent human hungers within him.

And then, one night, six months after the one in which the splintered aeroplane had pitched out of the sky upon his island, Richard awoke, his ears ringing with the echo of a scream. He listened, groping for the loaded Colt which he kept always at his side. Thru the crevices of his shelter he saw a light in the hut beyond and struggling shadows flung thru the single window across its path.

The two men in the hut were too intent upon their business to hear the sounds

(Continued on page 92)

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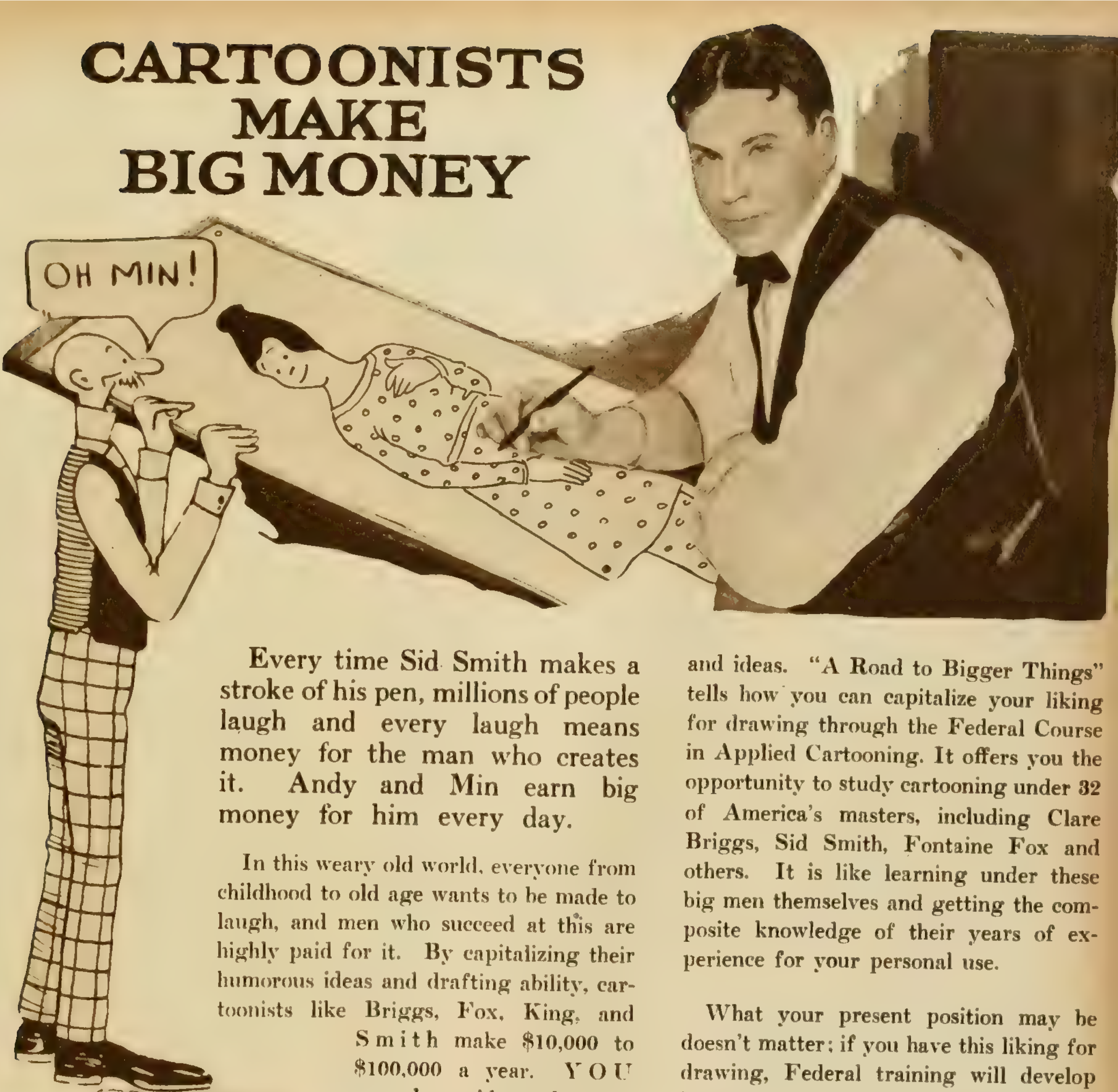

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I AM OLD DOC YAK SID SMITH'S OLD LAUGH MAKER
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The Dauntless Anita

(*Continued from page* 50)

Atlantic City, where she and her father were spending a few weeks. "That I was surprised at the invitation is expressing it mildly," she said, "but I persuaded daddy to let me come to New York to see what it was all about."

She arrived late one afternoon and was conducted at once to the editorial sanctum, a pink-cheeked, starry-eyed, radiantly expectant vision. The editor was obviously interested.

"You must come out to Roslyn tomorrow with the other girls for a test," he said.

"I shall be delighted," said Anita. "But I must go back to Atlantic City tonight and explain to daddy and get some clothes. I brought nothing with me."

"But you cant possibly go to Atlantic City and get back in time. Cars for Roslyn will leave the offices promptly at nine."

"Oh, yes, I can," she said confidently. "See if I dont!"

Arriving at the offices next morning, we found girls, girls, girls. Girls blonde and dark. Girls merry and taciturn. Girls confident and apprehensive as to what the day might bring forth. And, seated quietly in one corner, but with a personality so magnetic that all eyes were attracted to her, was Anita Booth.

"How *did* you get here?" we wanted to know.

"I flew," she said calmly.

"You *what*?"

"I flew over in an aeroplane. It was the only way there was to come and get here in time—and I just had to come. So, last night when I got back to Atlantic City, I made arrangements and—I flew back this morning. It didn't take long." And that's Anita Booth—as we met her—as we have found her always—practical, self-reliant, splendid in her young and unvanquished ambitions.

At Mr. Brewster's estate at Roslyn, Long Island, that day, Anita Booth was in high favor with the contestants, the newspaper men, the celebrities gathered there for the momentous occasion. She was friendly, confident, alert, nothing escaped her. She knew nothing of the mysteries of make-up but was anxious to learn. She posed before the camera, alone and in groups of girls. She telephoned her father at Atlantic City for permission to stay over another day. She stayed. She did her individual bit and she went back to daddy.

Many weeks passed, and one day there breezed into our offices Anita Booth, chic, smiling, altogether captivating. She had come to say "How do you do and thank you." When it was officially announced to her that she had been chosen one of the winners of the contest, she cried. Not because she was one of the winners—of *course* not—but because she was glad and happy and, most of all, surprised.

And then the powers that be told her that in accordance with the plans and promises of the Brewster Publications a position would be secured for her. It might take some time—it probably would. But she was not to worry. A "job," and a good one, would be hers in time.

"That's perfectly wonderful of you," said Anita," and I cant tell you how much I appreciate it—but I came back to New York two weeks after the contest closed and got myself a job. In fact, I have already finished one picture with Selznick and am soon to begin another!" And she had, and she did—and then she did two more, playing opposite Ralph Ince in "The Law Bringers" and "The Isle of Pines." She also did a picture with Elaine Hammerstein—a rather vampish part which she didn't like a bit, she says, and now we hear that she is playing a stage engagement with a stock company for "experience and discipline."

"You see," she confided to me recently, "daddy is quite willing now that I take a chance at doing what I want to do. He knows my heart is set on making a success on the stage and screen, and I think he really likes my pluck. He enjoys going about with me and will be with me a great deal. He likes New York, especially in the opera season. That's where I get my love for music. Opera is my favorite pastime, you know. Last winter, when I was working so hard at the studio, making those terrible trips to Fort Lee in the storm and sleet, I would hurry home and dress for the opera instead of going to bed as I should have done. But daddy says that good music is 'rest for the body and food for the soul!' and he is right. Isn't it funny how things come about? I, Anita Booth, country born and bred, here in New York and actually acting—or trying to—in pictures!"

"And do you think the Fame and Fortune Contest really started you upon your career?"

"Well, it may have hurried it up somewhat—but sooner or later I should have started," said the dauntless Anita.

IN A MIST

By Le Baron Cooke

A silvered mist screens us from each other,
But thru the slender shafts of rain
I sense your presence
Like the nearness of God,
And hear your voice,
Vibrant as a bell,
Calling me to service.

WEARYIN' A WEE

By Betty Earle

Wearyin' a wee tonight,
  Wanderin' alone,
Wishin' for an old delight
  To be all m' own;
Wantin' little lovin' words
  Flutter round m' heart like birds
Baby birds that bide a wee,
  Soft and warm and white
Wistful all th' heart o' me
  Wanderin' tonight—
Wonderin' if you could be
  Wearyin' a wee.

Beatrice from Paree

(*Continued from page* 33)

the quick, decisive movements characteristic of her.

"Anyway, I picked up some little English, and thought of pictures. I had exactly one hundred dollars, and I thought until that was gone—I should have a worry—so Gloria Swanson and I took a house—it cost eighty-five dollars a month—can you imagine that?—and I got down to three dollars by the clock.

"Gloria introduced me to C. B. de Mille, but he didn't like me—couldn't see me for dust"—she emphasized with a candor typically Gallic and a slang typically American—"but I got in the Madlaine Traverse picture, 'Rose of the West,' and then Bill Desmond engaged me for 'Dangerous Waters.'

"Then I had my first real chance with Sessue Hayakawa in 'The Beggar Prince,' and after that I was featured in 'The Stranger.'"

"And now?" I queried, as she drew breath.

Her tip-tilted nose wrinkled slightly.

"I have a contract with Pathé for one-reel comedies," she said briefly.

"They tell me it is good experience," she added, with a resigned shrug of a slim shoulder. "And no doubt that is the truth; but I want to cry, to make the emotion—to make big name for myself—and then I am push off barns and hid under tiger-skins—can you beat it?"

I sympathized, but Beatrice's lightning-change mind was already on another subject.

"When you describe me," she said earnestly, "dont say my eyes are like deep pools of muddy water or that my lips are like Cupid's bow—just say that when God made curly hair, He left me out; I have to put it up in curling kids at night, and I feel like I sleep on marbles."

Her plaint was real enough, but there was a glint of laughter in her eyes. It is impossible for her to take anything seriously—even "sleeping on marbles."

As a matter of fact, I hadn't had time to consider whether she was beautiful or not. Her startling brown eyes, which are by turns naïve as a child's and sardonic as those of a woman of the world, her flexible eyebrows, which move with every change of expression, her lips turned up slightly at the corners as if she were forever on the verge of a laugh—perhaps at your expense—her whole vivid personality, combined with an amazing frankness and a delightful sense of humor, entirely captivate one and put the question of mere beauty into the mental background. Her English vocabulary has been acquired from a hundred sources, not all of them pedantic. She catches up every slang phrase with the avidity of a child and swears upon occasion with utmost naïveté.

"Now, I am ready for my costume," she pronounced, flashing a last critical look at herself in the mirror. "There is not much of it—I am a model in this pic-

(*Continued on page* 75)

Viola Dana
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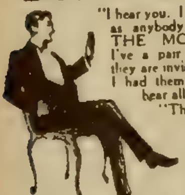

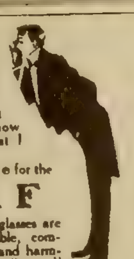

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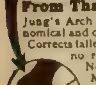

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Little Miss Rebellion

(*Continued from page* 43)

mechanical dolls worked by strings as far as he was concerned. He left the theater, hopeless but hungry. Youth may suffer, but it *must* be fed, and at the window of the nearest white-tiled eating place he stopped, staring with unbelieving eyes. For there, before the griddle, struggling with a spreading puddle of pancake batter, stood a small, boy-slender figure with masses of dark hair escaping untidily from under the cocky little cook's cap.

Richard dived thru the revolving door so tempestuously that he sent the stout, respectable citizen in the next compartment reeling in a disreputable manne along the pavement. Unheeding the efforts of a blonde beauty to lead him to a seat, he leaped the brass rail by th griddle and treated an enthralled audience of homegoing theater patrons to th interesting spectacle of a young ma taking the cook in his arms while th batter blackened merrily, unturned.

After a moment, however, it did occu to Richard that there was something od and perhaps uncalled for in his attitud and he released Maria Louise. "Why— what—who—when?" he babbled. "*Yo* —in New York—working in a hashery, Grand Duchess——"

"Not any longer, Richard!" Mar Louise smiled sadly. Then the sadne vanished. "Do you know the reason I a in New York, Richard? Because—th day so long ago you told me it was whe you lived."

Another total eclipse of the cook w threatened, but an interruption in t shape of an irate manager interven "Wha's all this!" he began belligerent "Comin' in here an' burnin' up my gri dle. D'you want me to call a cop?"

Richard drew himself up splendid So far as is known, his great-gre great-grandfather was not a king, but butcher in Keokuk, Iowa, but he sp as royalty might address a men "That will do, my good fellow! T young lady is no longer in your empl Maria Louise, take off that apron a cap and get on your things. I am go to take you home."

And Maria Louise, enraptured at be ordered about, as all women, whet Grand Duchesses or waitresses, are raptured when they find a man who bully them, obeyed.

There is no doubt that the distance New York are great, and that the way service is not all it should be, even admitting this, it does seem a t odd that it should have taken Rich and his little ex-Grand Duchess hours to go from Forty-second Stree Thirty-ninth! And there, in the d little sitting-room of Maria Louise's d little flat, they found a stoutish ge man, with a drooping and dispirited tache, slumbering, an alarm clock s midnight in one hand.

"Poor Arneau will insist on co for me every night," Maria Louise plained, as they gazed down at the

(*Seventy-tw*

Prime Minister. "I think the dear old fellow feels it very bitterly because I dont wear a crown to work. He is old, Richard, and he doesn't understand the new world. Come, let us wake him and tell him the news."

When the ex-Prime Minister saw the joy in his ex-Duchess' face, he sprang up and brought his tired old body sharply to salute. "You have had good news?" he asked breathlessly. "You are going to be Grand Duchess again?"

"I have better news than that, Papa Arneau!" Maria Louise laughed, and drew Richard close to her side. "I am going to marry Richard tomorrow as soon as the marrying-place is open, and I am the happiest girl in all the world!"

The glow of hope faded from the old man's countenance, but his eyes, upon the two radiant young faces before him, were resigned. It was unthinkable, but after all, so long as she was happy——

He bowed, magnificently, from the waist. "It shall be as Your Sublime Highness desires," sighed the ex-Prime Minister.

The Silken Cotton

(Continued from page 25)

strong faiths and dreams . . . things such as 'The Broken Melody,' for instance."

I left Lucy Cotton and her mother with the happy sensation of having *terra firma* under my feet the while my head was encircled with the softness of dreams. I felt that she was remarkable. I felt that she had achieved. She *knows herself*. She has made a study of herself. She is her own critic. She has allowed no outside influence to detract her or distract her. She has marked herself a pathway and she walks upon it, pausing only when and where she wills. She is gentle and she is firm; she is tender, yet one knows that she is strong. She loves her work, loves her family, her mother first and foremost, of course, her sisters and her one little nephew, who declares that he is going to "marry you, Lucy, when I get big." His companionship," she said, in her silken-cotton way, "means more to me than I can ever say. I get, oh, so much out of it."

She gets something from everything, Lucy Cotton, something beautiful, because something in some way constructive. The garments of illusion have never dropped from her. The candid eyes from under the level brows still see in poor plain measles red flowers, growing . . .

Happy Lucy! Happy world! Amen!

THE NEW POETS

By Wright Field

In the old days
Rose here and there a giant oak, which thrust
  Its shadow all the further centuries thru;
But, save for these, the barren earth, a dust,
  Thirsted for beauty, as the centuries grew

In these new days
The oak gives place to humbler wayside trees,
  The thrill of life is felt in every clod;
Now songs, like blossoms, spring to every
    breeze—
  At last the common people talk with God!

These are the Hours that Count—

MOST of your time is mortgaged to work, meals and sleep. But the hours after supper are *yours*, and your whole future depends on how you spend them. You can fritter them away on profitless pleasure, or you can make those hours bring you position, money, power, *real success* in life.

Thousands of splendid, good-paying positions are waiting in every field of work for men *trained to fill them*. There's a big job waiting for *you*—in your present work or any line you choose. Get ready for it! You can do it without losing a minute from work, or a wink of sleep, without hurrying a single meal, and with plenty of time left for recreation. You can do it in one hour after supper each night, right at home, through the International Correspondence Schools.

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means luxuriant lashes

ROSS COMPANY
27 East 23rd Street, N. Y.

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Kathleen's Anchor

(*Continued from page 37*)

of becoming an actor. But the costumes he designed for "Male and Female" caused so much admiring comment that he has definitely decided to make designing his profession.

"I wanted to be a designer at one time," said Miss Kirkham, "and I think I would have made a really big success at it . . . I certainly didn't have any great gift for the stage. Marshall Steadman once told me that I would never make an actress."

She feels that all her dramatic ability has been developed by work and experience. She has appeared in over thirty moving pictures, eleven of them made last year. In many of these she played the "heavy."

"I've been married to almost every character man on the screen," she said, "and I've been the mother of many a young girl who was really older than myself, or, anyway, just one or two years younger.

"But really, I've had a very easy time—almost too easy a time. There used to be nights when I would actually pray that my parents would lose everything they had so that I would have to work for a living! That sounds terrible, I know, and yet there were times when I would refuse calls I really should have accepted. Afterwards, I would feel sorry about it and wish that I might be like some of the girls I knew, so poor that I would have to work whether I wanted to or not!

"But now I can see how my financial independence was really a protection. Unlike the girl who has to be careful of her job, I didn't have to take any insults from anybody—I could always quit. And in this, as in practically every other kind of work, it is true that nothing succeeds like success. The girl who looks as tho she doesn't need a position is generally the one who gets it."

Kathleen Kirkham was born in Menominee, Michigan, in 1893. As a little girl she was in stock for a while at Lakeside, Wisconsin. In the same company were Walter Long, now at Lasky's, and Matt Moore. She was also with Dustin Farnum in "The Squaw Man" and "The Virginian." Following a period of training in two Los Angeles dramatic schools, she started free-lancing around the studios.

"I have never played atmosphere, exactly," she said, "but I have never been under contract. I worked for quite a while at Universal and getting on very well, I thought, so I offered to sign a contract with them for as long a term as they liked at a salary of $15.00 a week and they turned me down!" This was only a little over four years ago.

"It was 'The Eyes of the World' that established me as a 'heavy,'" she went on, "and I dont regret it in the least! At that time there were only about five 'heavies' in Los Angeles and no end of work. Often I used to wish that there could be a little more competition so that life would be more exciting. And then when a new girl would come up, I'd say to myself, 'Kathie, you'll have to look out now; you'll have to work a little harder!' and I loved it!

"And then I became a star, you know," she smiled, "at Balboa."

"How much did they get you for?" I asked.

"Only two weeks! That was because I had made a rule never to wait more than a week for my salary. I've always said that if my salary wasn't ready for me on a Saturday night, I wouldn't go to work Monday morning.

"They weren't what you would call exceedingly good pictures. I remember one day I took my family to see one of them at a nickel theater on West Pico Street. There were six or seven murders in it. I played a sort of vampy character who had to faint in just about every scene.

" 'There she goes again!' the man in front of me would say every time I fainted. But the funniest thing was my entrance!"

It seems that some man in the audience drawled in a high voice, "Gawd, look who's here."

"After all," she remarked, thoughtfully, "I haven't gone ahead as rapidly as many of the girls I know and started with. But then, speed is only relative . . .

"That reminds me of a story my mother tells about her first automobile ride. It was in one of the first automobiles ever made and my mother was leaning back, enjoying the rapid motion and the feel of the wind in her face. Finally, overcome with curiosity, she leaned over and touched the driver.

" 'How fast do you think we are going?' she asked. And he answered in an awe-struck voice:

" 'We're going fifteen if we're going a mile!' "

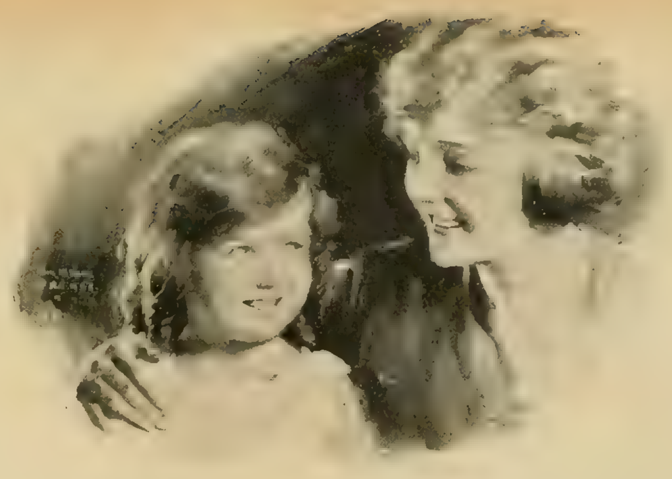
Some of Miss Kirkham's pictures that come most readily to mind are the three she did with Douglas Fairbanks, "He Comes Up Smiling," "A Modern Musketeer" and "Arizona." Others are "For Husbands Only," "The Gay Lord Quex," "When Dawn Came" and, latest of all, Angelica in Screen Classics' "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," the last named something new for her in that it is farce comedy.

Beatrice from Paree

(*Continued from page* 71)

ture, and I do a dance of seven veils—with six of them in the wash."

Sorry as I was to miss the dance of the seven-minus-six veils, I had to go back to town. But, *mon dieu*, what a difference! It wasn't blue Monday at all, I discovered. The gateman apologized for his remarks, the car started without a cough, and on the way back to town I saw the motor cop, who waved his hand to me. Perhaps it wasn't all Beatrice's doings, but I'm not so sure. Anyway, I recommend her as a cure for the blues—even the Monday variety.



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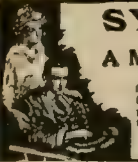

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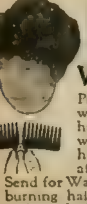

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"Herb"!

(*Continued from page 38*)

another brother, Stanley. Stanley mingled with the English lads at the conservatoire, he with the French. Stanley was rather vague.

As a youngster, Master Rawlinson showed none of the signs of being the physical culture specimen he is now. His languid condition so worried the elders that, after completing his elementary course in French, the Isles lacking beneficial climate, a farm in Canada was designated for his future habitat. Arriving here, an adolescent, alone, without a mission other than to grow into sturdy manhood, his wonder at the vastness that was before him, his awe at the opportunities that awaited, culminated only in the greeting, "Well, here I am! Do your darndest. I'll do mine!"

That he was an actual farmer I do not conclude. All I could grasp from his unconnected, happy, rapid phrases, (Rawlinson doesn't talk in stories; he hasn't time, especially about himself), was the mention of fields and sunshine and ecstatic sensations of dogged fatigue when he came to the end of perfect days. He couldn't have been a thorobred harvester, because there were plays he'd go to see and circuses in which he wallowed. In truth, one circus absorbed such vital interest that glowing, growing Herb forsook the hay for the sawdust and ran off with another chap to join the troupe.

That started it. Then came the lure of the stock companies. And one, of which he happened to be very much a part, ceased meandering for a while when it reached Los Angeles, long enough to give a moving picture director the chance to see Rawlinson and ask him if he'd ever thought of becoming cinematically entangled. Rawlinson hadn't thought, but he had a laugh. The figures financially confided by the M. P. D., that screen work would involve, choked Rawlinson's chuckle at its zenith. The comparisons of the salaries of a stock company actor and a moving picture actor weren't odious, but serious. The minstrel band next week continued its tour without its popular juvenile.

That was quite a while ago. "Florodora's" sextette can claim its originals, and also the Klieg-light industry. If ever a boast is to be made, the director who spied Rawlinson need not only label himself a pioneer, but add the laurel of having vision. It's all right to start something and better to finish. But what is more wonderful—it shows in the careers of overnight stars—is to start and *not* to finish. Rawlinson has come thru with this man's predictions materialized. The phenomenon is that he still is *coming.*

And no wonder. At this season's Lambs Gambol, presented at the Metropolitan, the excitement of the evening was credited to him. Not once on the program did he appear, after a lengthy absence from the stage, but twice—in specialty numbers. It is good the first was scheduled when it was, an act, alone, with a ukulele, some songs and snappy monolog. The second, a dramalet, demanded of him to box another chap, and he once more "did his darndest," fought too joyously and vigorously for footlight illusion, and answered the clamor of his curtain-calls with a felicitous black eye.

That night set him thinking and his telephone ringing. Managers called to ask him to talk over with them a "great part in a new play." And the fellows at the club would exclaim, "Rawlie, why, to sing and dance and play the uke the way you can, you'd be crazy not to go into musical comedy."

Pals in the hotel would enthuse, "Rawlie, why, to 'emote,' and act and be able to use a voice like yours, you'd be crazy not to go back to drama."

He doesn't know what to do now. At present he's working on J. Stuart Blackton's "The Soul-Spinners," because he's well aware of the fact that hell knows no fury like desires torn, and to be energetically steeped in labor is to ease one's puzzled self. He's "sure of the movies. Even has contracts pending. There's pecuniary advantage. And he's faithful to the screen public," etc., etc. Yet the personal audience, the applause, the triumph at the Metropolitan "got him"—and who can blame him, or restrain old blood from tickling?

At any rate, not until he has an offer of the right vehicle will he be moved towards Longacre. He doesn't want to rush things or to be rushed. His conviction is that everything will come in its right time and place.

About Rawlinson there are three distinctions: a laugh, a boyishness, a radiance. Humor, to him, is as elusive as a firefly to the moon. In the same pace that pursuit is laid for the will-o'-the-wisp, he chases a joke and goes in quest of fun. The glory, then, to have captured! "Come on," he cries, "let's go!" And where does he go? Just off, into the merry roar of Rawlinson. His exuberance is intoxicating.

Boyishness, because of his spontaneity. He doesn't *wait* to like or dislike. And he'd much rather "like."

Radiance, if from nothing else than health, and being dazzlingly clean and trying to be happy.

There is nothing of the superfluous about him. He is sincere. One is sure of his dependability. There is nothing of the extreme, other than a completeness in balance. He is normal, a red-blood. No tantrums, no temperamentalities, no mopes, no under-the-weathers and up-in-the-skies for which every one else is expected to pay. A vigorous law unto himself. A radical.

MY MEMORIES

By Le Baron Cooke

My memories
Cleave to me,
Like an old garment
Stained with many
Bright and sober
Spots.

A face in the dark that brought $200

HE never saw the girl again. One moment's glimpse was all he caught—the swift impression of a frightened-looking girl with staring eyes and a white face pressed to the rainy window pane.

The incident was nothing. But he carried home with him the memory of her face. He wondered what made her look like that, what sort of a girl she was.

Slowly an explanation took shape in his mind: details fell into place, and, one rainy night which reminded him of the other, he sat down and wrote "The Girl in the First Floor Flat."

And he sold the story for $200.

It didn't matter that the true explanation was far different; he had caught the glimpse—the hint—he needed, and his *trained imagination* had done the rest.

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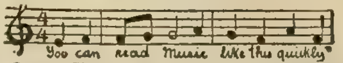

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Ann o' th' Vikings

(*Continued from page* 35)

each evening we spend two hours or more at the dinner-table.

Ann was named after her grandmothers, great-grandmothers and—but, they are traced back to 1630 clearly—all Anns. Further back, she comes of a Viking strain. That gives her the courage, endurance and great love of all out-of-door work. She rides, swims, golfs, "tennises" (as she calls it), skates, shoots—and just a few weeks ago brought down her limit of wild ducks at Great Bear Lake, California.

"Next December, my parents and I go to Denmark for a real old-fashioned Christmas—with plenty of skating and home-baking and spicy trees, and the game we shall shoot, for daddy is a great sportsman, too."

Ann first became interested in pictures in her native city, where old Broncho Billy pictures were shown. She would attend with her schoolmates on Wednesdays and Saturdays, when pupils have half-holidays over there. Often she wished she might act—and now her friends are all intensely interested in her success. They go to see Ann's plays, and can scarcely wait until she arrives in Denmark for the Yule festival.

"I'm afraid some young Dane will want to marry you and keep you over there now that you are famous," I ventured.

"That's what daddy is afraid of. He says they will spoil me. But I say: *'No!'* I marry only an American. I love the old country, but not to live in any more—my parents feel the same about that. But I'll tell you my ambition. I want to marry in America and have *lots* of children. I think all those who were raised in a big family, want big families of their own, dont you?" I didn't, but that's neither here nor there and far be it from me to spoil Ann's idealism.

Miss Forrest has a prized trophy—the whip with which she was beaten in "Dangerous Days"—inscribed by every one connected with the production. Mary Roberts Rinehart cried at rehearsals—and some one thought her displeased or disappointed, but she said intensely: "Oh, no, I'm just crying over that dear child's acting. She is the very embodiment of my little heroine." Mrs. Rinehart inscribed a copy of the book to Ann and wrote on the whip: "In memory of a very great piece of acting done by Miss Forrest."

Another inscription read: "From your brutal director." The scenario writer penned the words: "We always beat the thing we love."

Miss Forrest has a unique collection of film cut from every production in which she has appeared. One of the men on the lot has assembled these as she gets them and so now they may be run anytime Ann wants to see how she's getting along. But mostly—

"Yes, mostly, I want to keep them for my grandchildren, and when I am an old lady in lavender and real lace, I want to show the little folks how their grandmother looked in her teens, when she played with handsome men—most of them long dead now!" Ann looked decidedly romantic. Perhaps she has cause to, for no longer is she to be forced to play ingénues. She has betrayed so versatile and adaptable a nature, such great histrionic development, that Ann Forrest henceforth will be cast as an emotional lead, playing characters from up-to-the-minute novels. Gouverneur Morris is to write a special story for her one of these days. He takes a keen interest in her work.

Miss Forrest cares nothing for clothes. She buys handsome frocks for her productions, but as *garments,* she loves them not. She is essentially feminine, frilly, but she's courageous enough to do anything that a Diana would attempt. She was one of the first women to ascend in an aeroplane, having gone up with Silas Christopherson, a compatriot of hers, in Tacoma, about seven years ago. Ann drives a Stutz and has done her 75 miles an hour without facing a judge or parting with a fine.

She has played the part of a twelve-year old child in "The Prince Chap," switched over to an abused little German girl in "Dangerous Days," played a lead in "The Rainbow Trail," with William Farnum, a thriller with Houdini, and is well on the way to celluloid heaven with its meteoric possibilities and special reservations for new stars.

Ann speaks four languages fluently, has a talent for writing and is to study voice culture as soon as time permits. She's a very melancholy Dane when really blue—but that happens so seldom that one's only impression of Miss Forrest is that of a wonderfully magnetic, charming personality set in a beautiful exterior.

It's not a bit difficult to *know* Ann Forrest. She is so cordial, well-read, entertaining and lovable that if a watchful wardrobe woman were not present on the upstairs tier of dressing-room row, one would surely outstay the time set by Dame Decorum.

So when the estimable matron strolled in with a huge bouquet of yellow roses, laburnums and heliotrope, saying "Miss Forrest, these just came off a set, will you take them home?" and plunged into a conversation about silver lace, beads and charmeuse, I knew it was about time for me to stalk off like Hamlet's ghost.

But the memory of a bewitching little face, with eyes like an aurora borealis and teeth like the snows of her native land, remained with me for hours afterward . . . for with sweet graciousness, Ann Forrest had pressed the flowers into my hand, saying: "You will enjoy those, I know, and I would love you to have them."

(Seventy-eight)

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The Youngest Movie Magnate

(*Continued from page* 26)

his office in the Selznick Fort Lee studios.

Between ten and one o'clock he goes over the multitude of details of his production, scenario and business departments. He is here, there and everywhere; one moment conferring with a director on a stage, at another checking up production charts with a chief of that department.

At one o'clock he has lunch in his office.

Until six o'clock he handles further details.

At six o'clock he usually motors to his New York offices to glance over any problems that may arise there.

Then he goes home, most of the time with two or three scenarios under his arm.

He admits that he is so occupied with business all week that he finds little time to devote to scenario reading. He usually goes to the Gedney Farms in Westchester County over the week-end and there reads script after script.

It is interesting to note that Myron Selznick has more producing units working under his personal direction than any other man in the whole film field. Today his activities keep four studios in and near New York busy: the Selznick, the old Biograph, the Peerless and the Solax studios. Until recently he was producing on the coast also. But he came to the conclusion that the cross-country distance prevented intelligent and adequate team work.

Myron Selznick exhibits no particular pride over his achievements. He is a son of his father, that's all. And his father is, as we have just related, Lewis J. Selznick, one of the screen world's foremost sales organizers.

"I heard photoplays talked all my life," smiles Myron Selznick. "I guess my father has marketed some five hundred pictures. What was more natural than that I should enter the game? My dad wanted me to go to college and I did—to Columbia for two months. But I couldn't contain my restlessness any longer and I told my father I wanted him to give me a chance.

"He smiled—and I guess he decided to cure me. At least he put me to work the following morning in the film-examining room at World Film. The work-day began at seven A. M. and I received five dollars a week. It was a strenuous job, for it meant carefully looking over film in a dark room, watching for flaws and defects. At the end of a week I could hardly move my fingers, they had been so cut by film.

"I stuck," laughed Myron. (Which rather sums up his character.) "Father moved me thru his purchasing and advertising departments. 'You'll learn the whole game,' he grimly told me.

"Then business changes came about and father disposed of his interests. The post of managing Norma Talmadge's studio was offered me. That instilled an idea. I wanted to carry on the name of Selznick. I resolved to produce and I signed Olive Thomas. That's all, for I have been steadily adding stars ever since.

"Please make it clear that I direct Selznick Pictures. Dad hasn't been over to our studios twice in a year. True, I frequently talk over things at night with him, as is quite natural, but I *manage* my own companies in every sense of the word.

"My methods?" Myron Selznick paused. "Nothing more or less than to make entertaining photoplays and to build up and maintain the best organization with that end in view."

Here we pause to note the youthful atmosphere of camaraderie about the Selznick studios. Nearly every one—from star to carpenter—is young. "I believe in youth," says Myron, whose twenty-second birthday comes next October.

"We're one big family and there is no red tape about our organization," he went on. "Anyone can get to see me at any time. That's why I have my office in my studio rather than in Times Square. We're all working together, and I'm here to be seen."

All of which is true. For instance, they have a baseball team at the studio and Myron plays short-stop upon it. There is nothing up-diamond about him, for chauffeurs and electricians who play with him talk to him forcibly and naturally about his playing without thinking of him as their employer. It's all part of the spirit of the Selznick studios.

"I've made something like fifty productions so far," Myron Selznick concluded. "I know their faults. But I'm learning and I think we are steadily working ahead. Anyway, it's great fun!"

The Joyous Pagan

(*Continued from page* 21)

But Western pictures did not appeal to her as a permanent thing. After persistent requests, she was cast to play opposite Frank Mayo in "Burnt Wings." Universal believed that they had discovered a star and offered her a five-year contract, with the assurance of an immediate twinkle. For various reasons, she refused. After that came the rôle of the innocently sinning wife in the Metro production, "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath."

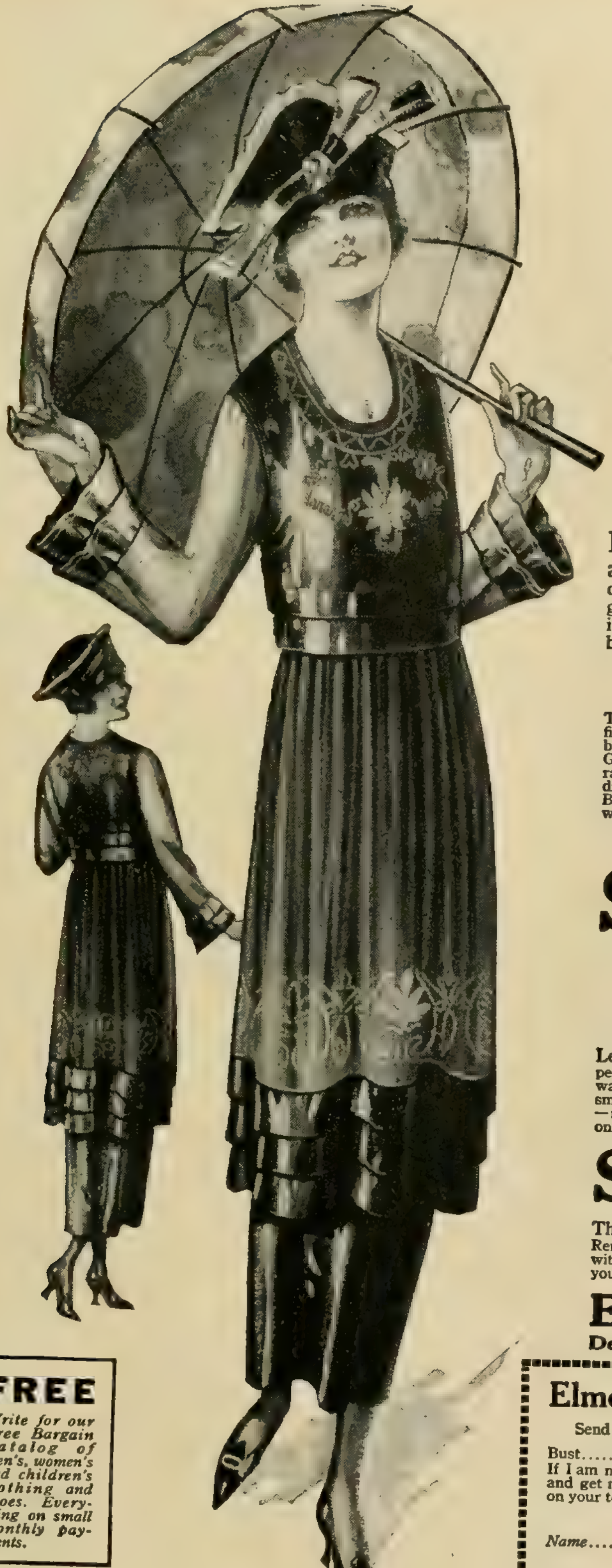
"So you see," said Josephine, "I have done quite a bit, if I am only eighteen. *Korsukan* is a relentless slave-driver! I suppose that is very ungrateful."

Her eyes wandered about the room.

"I do wish Jack would come home," she sighed.

"Did your heathen god have anything to do with bringing you Jack?" I enquired, somewhat rashly perhaps.

"Oh, indeed yes! When he first wanted to k—to hold my hand, he didn't feel sure whether he could or not, so I just said, '*Korsukan*'—and he did!"



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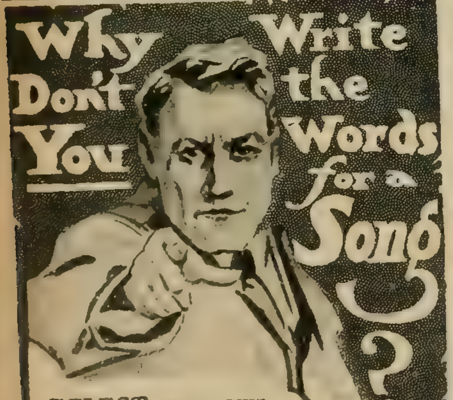
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Another Pickford Star

(Continued from page 23)

to delay us, and every day seemed a week to me, for I was afraid my trip East would be spoiled."

"How can you ever leave your aeroplane even for New York?" I asked, knowing that he spent every spare moment with his new six-thousand-dollar machine.

"*Olive!*" he replied, simply, but the tone spoke volumes, and I remembered that his wife, Olive Thomas, was still making her pictures in the East and he was planning a visit with her in New York.

"Jack is so reckless," sighed Mrs. Pickford, smiling fondly at the boy. "It frightens me to think of him flying. He comes over the studio and seems fairly to touch the telegraph poles."

"Nonsense, mother; I'm miles above them!" He spoke soothingly, while he winked mischievously at his sister.

"I believe I have always been battling his speed craze," went on Mrs. Pickford.

"Sure, mother, for it began a long time ago. When I first went into pictures I begged for a motor-cycle, but you told me you would never buy me one. You were so emphatic I knew you never would. I determined to earn the money and buy it myself, but, by that time, I was all over my motor-cycle notion and bought a Stutz roadster. Only had it a couple of weeks when I had a terrible accident. We spun around four times, then landed in a heap, and, tho I crawled out unhurt, the car was a total wreck."

There have been many cars since then, each of a greater speed, but he longed for even a swifter machine and was among the first of the film colony to become interested in aeroplanes, now possessing one of his very own.

"If you hadn't followed your sister into pictures, what do you suppose you would have been?" I asked, watching him smooth his hair with both hands, one of his characteristic movements.

"Dont know," he replied cheerfully; "run a street-car, I guess."

"No, you would probably have been a baseball player," chimed in Mary. "He passed thru a serious attack of baseball fever."

"Maybe," assented Jack, easily. "I think the first ambition I ever had was when we were playing with Chauncey Olcott. I wanted to be a stage carpenter. They gave me fifty cents a week for helping set the stage, and I remember the big hammer I carried around in the hip pocket of my small trousers."

The Pickford family have had many interesting experiences, and we sat there for a couple of hours, while Jack and Mary recounted their childhood pranks.

As I was leaving, Jack caught my hand, whispering, anxiously, "You wont put in all that stuff, will you?" He looked so like a little boy as he stood in the open door, and there was a hint of Mary's wistful appeal in his dark eyes, so I promised.

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The 40,000 cases successfully treated in our experience of over 19 years is absolute proof of this statement.

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The Philo Burt Appliance on 30 Days' Trial

Since you run no risk there is no reason why you should not accept our offer at once. The photographs here show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjustable the Philo Burt Appliance is—how different from the old torturing plaster, leather or steel jackets. To weakened or deformed spines it brings almost *immediate* relief even in the *most serious cases*. You owe it to yourself to investigate it thoroughly. The price is within reach of all.

Send for our Free Book today and describe the nature and condition of your trouble as fully as possible so we can give you definite information.

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It pleased her, it will please you.

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banishes blemishes, eliminates wrinkles, gives a glorious fresh complexion. Try it and watch your face grow young again.

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Wanted: Screen Faces for the Movies

Hundreds of All Types Needed. You May Have Perfect Screen-Features

For the first time in the history of moving pictures it is now possible for you to get consideration from the big film directors. No matter where you live, we get your photograph before the directors, many of whom are in urgent need of new "screen-faces."

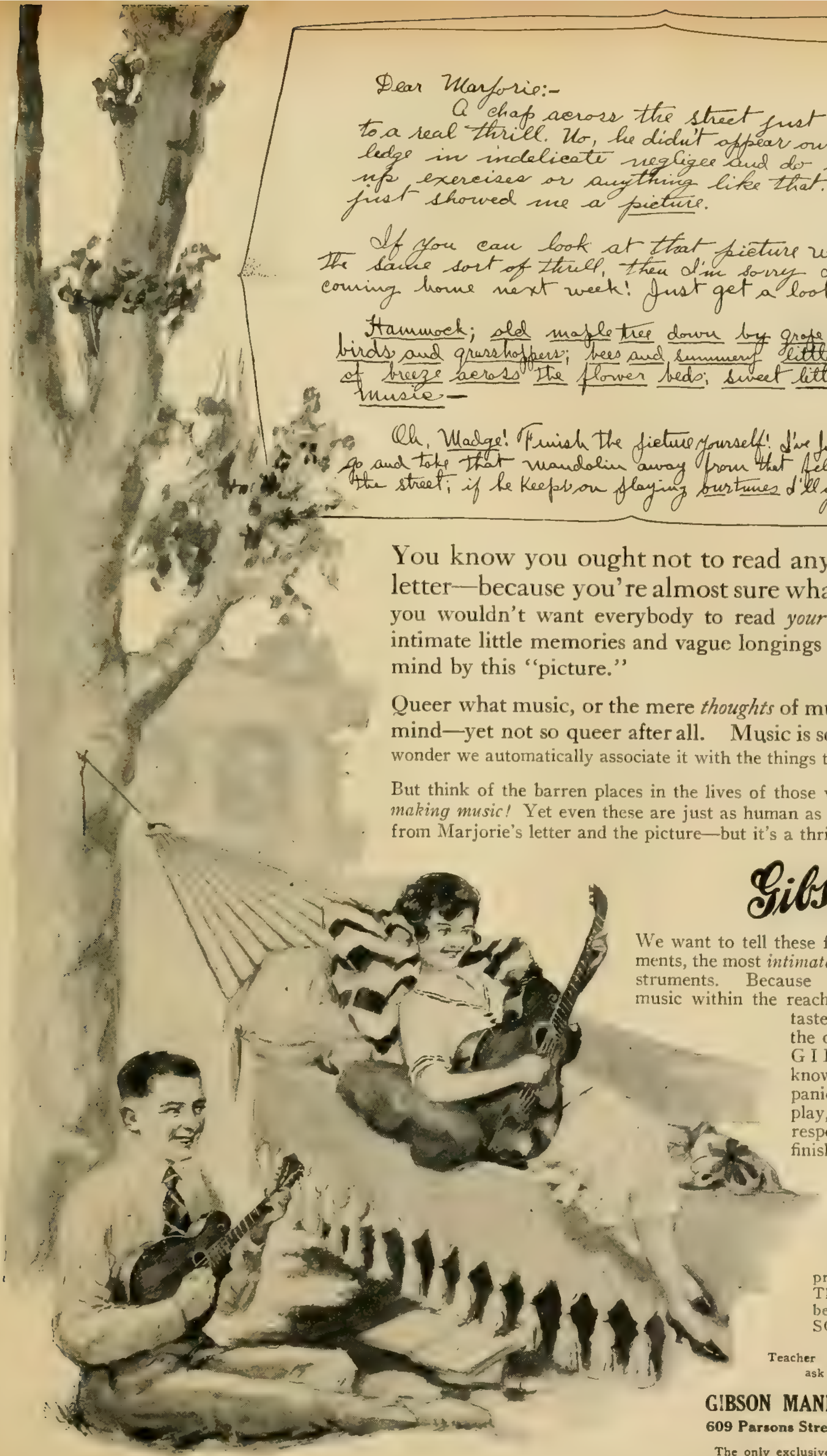
Ralph Ince, famous Selznick director, says: "There are many young girls who could make good in the movies. I will be very glad to take advantage of your service." Marshall Neilan, known everywhere for his work in directing Mary Pickford, says: "I am convinced that the service you render screen aspirants offers many new personalities to moving picture directors." P. A. Powers, of Universal, says: "A new crop of film stars will be needed at once to supply the insistent demand."

With the assistance of famous directors and motion picture stars we have prepared a printed guide, "The New Road to Film Fame," which tells you what to do and gives full directions.

It also contains endorsements of our service from famous people, statements from directors, portraits of celebrated stars and direct advice to you from Mollie King.

This is a fascinating profession paying big salaries. Don't miss this opportunity. Send ten cents (Postage or Coin) to cover postage and wrapping this new guide. Get it at once—it may start you on the road to fame and fortune. **Screen Casting Directors Service, Dept. B-5, Wilmington, Delaware.**

Unless you are sincere in your desire to get in the movies, please do not send for this printed guide.



Dear Marjorie:-

A chap across the street just treated me to a real thrill. No, he didn't appear on the window ledge in indelicate negligee and do setting up exercises or anything like that. He just showed me a picture.

If you can look at that picture without the same sort of thrill, then I'm sorry I'm coming home next week! Just get a look!

Hammock; old maple tree down by grape arbor; birds and grasshoppers; bees and summery little whiffs of breeze across the flower beds; sweet little girl; music—

Oh, Madge! Finish the picture yourself! I've just got to go and take that mandolin away from that fellow across the street; if he keeps on playing bum tunes I'll go dippy—

You know you ought not to read any more of Marjorie's letter—because you're almost sure what the rest of it is, and you wouldn't want everybody to read *your* letters, or pry into the intimate little memories and vague longings that are brought to your mind by this "picture."

Queer what music, or the mere *thoughts* of music, will do to a person's mind—yet not so queer after all. Music is so intimately personal, no wonder we automatically associate it with the things that are nearest and dearest.

But think of the barren places in the lives of those who do not know the joy of *making music!* Yet even these are just as human as we—they get the same thrill from Marjorie's letter and the picture—but it's a thrill with *something missing.*

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Famous *FRENCH* Depilatory
for removing hair

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HALL & RUCKEL, 101 Waverly Place, N. Y.

The Menace of the Movies

(*Continued from page* 19)

"The effect of this huge growing film octopus is already evident. On every side you see the big forces—the leading directors and stars—withdrawing to 'go it alone.' Suppose that the coming combination could find it possible to substantially eliminate all outside production. How much of art would be left? Where would the photoplay be without its Griffiths, its Inces, its Neilans and its Pickfords?

"The result of such a colossus would be a similarity and sameness of product. That would be inevitable, since the productions would be decided upon by one body of men. Thus you would see the creation of two or three kinds of screen production and the loss of all artistic individuality.

"If such a film organization could grip the country, you would quickly see a falling off in quality. It is inevitable and human, if the theaters could be shackled and screen production dictated to audiences, that the whole thing would be brought down to the point of paying the biggest dividend. Do not forget how the theatrical syndicate gained such a grip and then demanded so high a percentage from stage producers and from theaters that artistic productions were well-nigh impossible.

"I know of what I speak. In my position with Famous Players-Lasky, I worked hand in hand for the very ideas which I am now fighting. Indeed, I created some of them. But I did not realize the menace of Wall Street.

"I was, for instance, one of those to first instil the idea of producing stage plays, thereby controlling ultimate screen rights and getting all the profits from the outset. I know the attacks this scheme has attracted. But I see no menace in it—even from my present view-point. It is charged that it will bring a lowering of the stage's artistic level and that it will mold our stage drama into melodrama, since motion picture producers will present only plays of action, these being fitted for later film purposes.

"Let me answer this specifically. I cannot see where the stage—man for man—is higher artistically than the screen. In answer to the direct charge, I say that film-footlight producers will bring a vitality to the stage by injecting action, while, at the same time, the screen will gain along the lines of the thought drama. I believe that both will be gainers.

"But to return to the menace, as I see it. The time is ripe for an independent movement and already it is appearing. The First National Exhibitors' Circuit is the one big organization as yet. This is a combination of exhibitors.

"The independent movement must come from the exhibitor. At present I find that certain far-sighted exhibitors and exhibitor organizations realize this in a measure. Unfortunately, the word independence to some people seems to mean a lack of organization. When we cast off from England, our colonies did not remain disorganized. They united for the common cause. Exhibitors must do likewise, if they wish to gain their independence—the right to have a say in those things in which they are concerned.

"I know the attacks that are made upon the exhibitor. It is customary to call him the weak link in the photoplay chain. But it isn't true in 1920. I have been studying the exhibitor at first-hand and I have observed his tremendous improvement. The old-type exhibitor is disappearing. Nowhere is this clearer than in the Middle West.

"The independent movement must come from the exhibitor. That is clear. The exhibitor must guarantee theaters to the producer, so that the producer, in turn, can be sure of a market and can guarantee artists and authors theaters in which they can secure a dignified representation. Today an independent producer could not sign a reputable star without being able to guarantee him a reputable channel of release.

"Thus the independent movement must start from the source of the photoplay. *With exhibitors organized, the photoplay could in every sense of the word be independent of Wall Street.* And in no other way can the photoplay advance."

SORROW-BIRD

By Betty Earle

Late I heard the night-wind sighing, sighing,
Slipping thru the dim leaves, dripping white with dew;
Pitiful you listened; turned then, crying,
And all because a hurt bird struck its harp for you.

And all because a wild bird wanting, wanting—
Lonely for the lost mate only robins knew,
Thru the halls of anguish haunting, haunting,
Opened up its sorrow-heart and sobbed for you.

Blindly then you clutched me, hoping, hoping—
Leaping into glad arms, weeping, too;
Dimly as the night-wind lips reached, groping—
Wistfully the bird went but we never knew.

IDEALS

By Vara MacBeth Jones

He untwined the star-glow strands from the fabric of a dream
Where were woven Life's ideals, as to eyes of Youth they seem,
And rewove its shimmering glory where silversheet lights gleam.

And it mirrored Hearts redeemed from the stain of worldly dross,
And the bubble myth of Gain that is blown at Honor's loss,
And Achievement's height that's reached in the shadow of a cross.

But the pen was vitriol dipped that the critic used to flay,
And the mocking crowds but came to see a visionary's play;
Yet among the throng that came to scoff three remained to pray.

For the soul of a Scarlet Woman writhed at the birth of shame,
And a Renegade of Honor felt the acid-sear of blame;
While a Hopeless One glimpsed afar the glow of hope's bright flame.

Pathé Comedies

Harold Lloyd—From Coast to Coast the Trail of His Comedies is Swept With Gales of Laughter!

Real comedy is the hardest of all forms of motion pictures to write, enact and direct. Is it not remarkable, then, that many dramatic critics and theatre men state in positive terms that the Harold Lloyd comedies give more entertainment and are more popular with audiences than the "feature" pictures which are supposed to be the backbone of the average motion picture show?

> *"Lloyd is a big league comedian, his company is big league, and whoever does the directing is big league," says a magazine critic of these wonderful comedies.*
>
> *"Lloyd is the chief bulwark of the Strand (New York) program this week in 'An Eastern Westerner,' a two-reel comedy," says Variety, a leading theatrical magazine. "In this laughing delight not a foot is wasted from start to finish. One laugh chases another constantly up the throat. In short this issue is a corker and should continue Mr. Lloyd on the pleasant trail of ten thousand weeks, which is understood to be his speed."*
>
> *"Astonishingly fresh and diverting."—N. Y. Tribune. "Lloyd made a hit."—N. Y. Globe.*
> *"The audience roared. 'Haunted Spooks' is the funniest comedy of the season."—N. Y. Sun.*
> *"The man who discovered Harold Lloyd deserves a vote of thanks."—Minneapolis Tribune.*

What so many have found to be astonishingly clever and diverting is worthy of special effort on your part to see; ask the manager of your theatre the days on which he shows a Harold Lloyd!

Pathé Comedies—Motion Pictures at their Best

HAROLD LLOYD TWO-REEL COMEDIES, masterpieces of mirth, one every month, produced by Hal Roach.

MRS. SIDNEY DREW TWO-REEL COMEDIES, clever screen portrayals of the famous "After Thirty" stories by Julian Street. **JOHN CUMBERLAND** as "Jimmy Wickett" is scoring an even greater success on the screen than in various theatrical productions in Broadway theatres.

ROLIN COMEDIES, featuring "Snub" Pollard and the funny little darky, "Sunshine Sammy." One one-reel comedy every week, produced by Hal Roach.

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Each grain is a bubble, thin and flimsy, puffed to eight times normal size.

A hundred million steam explosions have occurred in each, blasting every food cell.

The airy globules are crisp and toasted. They taste like nut-meats puffed. The morsels seem like fairy foods, almost too good to eat.

Yet these are the utmost in scientific foods. Two are whole grains, with every food cell fitted to digest. They are the foods that children like best, and the best foods they can get.

Serve with cream and sugar. Mix with your berries. Float in every bowl of milk. Crisp and douse with melted butter for hungry children in the afternoon.

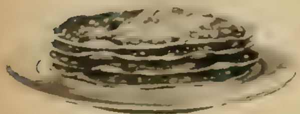
They are nothing but grain foods. The nutty flavor comes from toasting. The flimsy texture comes from steam explosions. The delights are all due to scientific methods.

Serve morning, noon and night in summer, between meals and at bedtime. The more children eat the better. What other food compares with whole grains puffed?

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice** **Corn Puffs**

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

The new pancakes



Now we have Puffed Rice Pancake Flour, self-raising, mixed with ground Puffed Rice. The Puffed Rice flour tastes like nut-flour, and it makes the pancakes fluffy. This new mixture makes the finest pancakes that you ever tasted. Try it.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

3367

"Bessie, Love"

(*Continued from page* 17)

'It was fully a minute before I realized that he had never seen me before in his life.' "

It will be noticed that Bessie Love talks more like a "fan" than an actress and so she impresses one. She is an actress, of course, and a very clever actress, but she is essentially a product of the screen. She has never been on the stage nor very closely connected with the stage in her life. She could, I think, be described as Griffithian, tho in her case the Griffith mannerisms are softened and changed by her own personality.

"I just wanted to go on the screen thru having seen so many moving pictures in company with my father," (a Los Angeles physician), she said. "My mother wasn't at all interested in pictures at that time; the photography was bad and the flickering figures hurt her eyes. But they interested my father as they did me, and we went often.

"I hadn't the least idea how to go about getting on the screen, and it didn't occur to me that there should be any particular difficulty. I decided to go and ask Mr. Griffith for work. It didn't occur to me that there would be anything unusual in my asking for Mr. Griffith personally. I thought that it was the thing to do.

"Mr. Woods told me a funny thing just a little while ago. He said that Mr. Griffith had started to leave the studio, but stopped when he saw me talking to the gateman. He knew by my manner that I wanted work. He gave orders that if I asked for him, I was to be admitted and then went back to his office and waited for me!"

So the little "fan" was featured in her first picture as a "Griffith find"; played opposite Bill Hart in her second picture, "The Aryan"; was with Douglas Fairbanks in her next two, "The Good-Bad Man" and "Reggie Mixes In," and in her fifth picture, "Sister of Six," became a star.

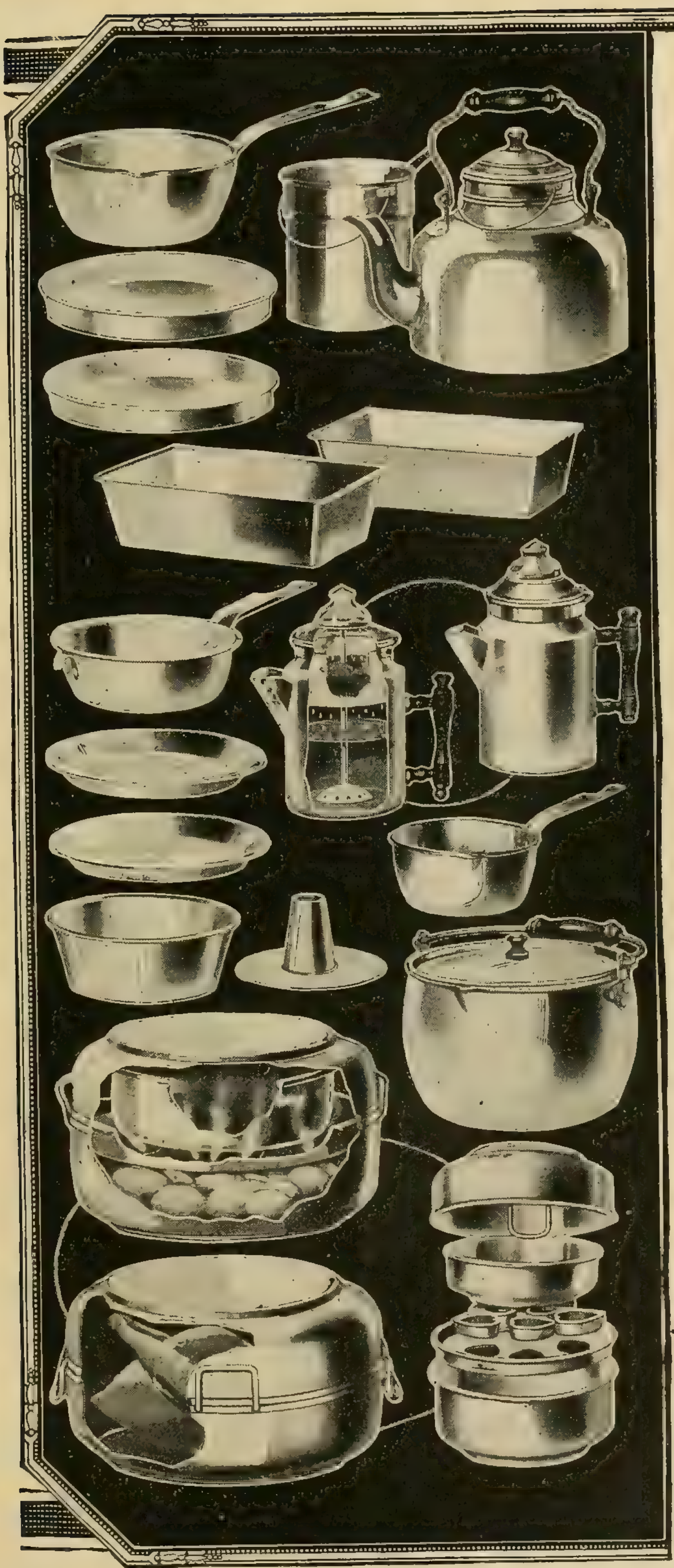
Now her own name of Juanita Horton is almost forgotten, even by those who gave it to her. If you were to meet Mrs. Horton, she would probably tell you that she is "Bessie Love's" mother. Bessie Love is as much Bessie Love at home as she is on the screen.

She has no brothers nor sisters, is not married, and lives with her father and mother in a pretty bungalow in Laurel Canyon.

Of all her achievements, I think Bessie Love is most proud of having succeeded in graduating from the Los Angeles high school last year.

"I left school when I started to work with Mr. Griffith," she said, "but I wanted to finish so dreadfully, that with all the work I had to do, I didn't neglect a study. And so, last year, I was able to show that I had completed my entire course and, after passing my examinations, graduated with the class."

And there you have Bessie Love, the girl Griffith waited for.



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Dept. 1516 **West 35th Street, Chicago**

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$1 size three times the quantity of 50c size. *Send for Jar Today.* Remit in coin, money order or U. S. stamps and we will mail you Hermo "HAIR-LUSTR," and the Hermo Booklet, "Guide to Beauty," prepaid, under plain cover, at once. Use it five days and if not entirely satisfactory return what is left, and we will REFUND YOUR MONEY IN FULL. Once you use Hermo "HAIR LUSTR" you will never be without it. *SEND YOUR ORDER TODAY.*

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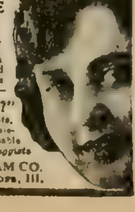

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Contains many beauty hints, and describes a number of elegant preparations indispensable to the toilet. *Sold by all druggists*

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Dept. 3 Aurora, Ill.

FRECKLE CREAM

The Photoplay of the Proletariat

(*Continued from page* 18)

His fellow workers laughed at his oddity and made sport of his ambitions. But Borzage was determined and he saved every cent with this end in view. An advertisement of a dramatic school in Salt Lake City lured him to its doors and, when the man who conducted it told him that he was about to take all his pupils on tour, Borzage fell into the trap with enthusiasm.

"My mother wept, as all mothers do," said Borzage, reminiscently, "and my father was quite furious—but I went. At that dad came to the train and, as I boarded it, slipped a roll of money—fifty dollars—into my hand. When you stop to consider what fifty dollars meant to him, you can realize his sacrifice for something he could not understand.

"Of course, the company went broke, altho the manager borrowed my fifty. I had just enough money to get home and, without letting my father know, I slipped into my old bed.

"Early the next morning father pounded upon my door. I pretended to be asleep, but dad rattled my bed. 'I just got home,' said I, sitting up and rubbing my eyes. 'Yeh,' growled father. 'Get up! It's seven o'clock—time to go to work!' So I went back to mixing mortar.

"How the men did kid me! No gentle kidding, either. But I saved up again and tried another company. This time we stranded in Montana. I was broke and nearly starved to death. Finally a man gave me a job on a railroad grading gang in the hills, and that put me upon my feet. I went back to the stage and worked in endless stock companies, playing character parts—all sorts of rôles, big and small. Eventually I landed in Los Angeles.

"I went to Thomas Ince—and, right here, I want to say that I owe everything to him. He looked at me and said, 'I'll put you on salary at twenty-five a week until I can find a leading man's part for you.' 'But I'm not a leading man,' I answered; 'I play character rôles.' 'All wrong,' said Ince. 'You'll be a lead from now on.' And he made good, giving me my first film rôle in 'The Wrath of the Gods' with Sessue Hayakawa and Tsuru Aoki.

"I went on and on from that point. I gained a lot of screen experience in acting. I went to directing, combining acting and directing, and went to the American studios. Then back with Ince at Triangle and next to doing specials for state righting. I tried to keep on acting and directing, but I finally realized that I couldn't do both—and do them well. So I decided that directing meant more to me. 'Humoresque' gave me my opportunity, that's all."

Some confusion exists regarding "Humoresque." The story of the New York Ghetto, as written by Edna Ferber, ended with the departure of the young musician for France. Borzage wrote the screen story as it stands, altho it originally had a different ending. The genius of the violin returned with an artificial hand in the original celluloid version and the tale worked to an unusual climax. But the celluloid powers that be changed the story to its present "happy" dénouement.

Borzage's future will be a matter of distinct interest to the world of the cinema. "I intend to do stories of the people," he says. "I know the folk who go to motion pictures are interested most of all in the problems, the joys and the sorrows of their own daily life, and I hope to bring to the films a reflection of all this.

"Of one thing I am sure—the photoplay has been too far from the realities of life. Screen people haven't breathed with life. Their film experiences have been false and artificial adventures. I want to go beneath the surface of things. I think the photoplay of tomorrow lies in that direction."

Borzage speaks with sincerity. There is nothing of the artificial about him. The rugged directness which carried him from the Utah mines to success has not been lost in transit. He knows life and, unless something unforeseen shifts him from his course, he is going to bring it to the screen.

We asked Borzage about his dad. "What does he think of it all?" we queried.

The director laughed. "I guess it puzzles him. But he is happy, for I have the whole family comfortably fixed out in California. I guess he simply sits—and wonders."

"My Irish Molly-O"

(*Continued from page* 60)

after all. A psychologist might say that in all probability the color combination of French grey and flame expresses her nature; that she would incline to extremes of seriousness and gaiety. However that may be, she has plenty of Irish pluck and Irish luck to carry her thru to the "top o' the world."

Molly Malone was born in Denver, Colorado, in 1897.

"But I dont remember much about Denver," she said. The most vivid recollection of her childhood is of a visit she and her mother made to her uncle, who is chief metallurgist of the Van Ryn gold mine in South Africa. This was when she was about eleven years old. She was there for a year, and then her mother brought her to Los Angeles and she was given her first protracted taste of the discipline of school. Naturally, she didn't like it.

"I hated arithmetic and I was always wanting to do something differently from the way in which I was told to do it." So it was that as a student at Polytechnic High School she took six art periods and made up her mind to become an actress.

One day she was at the Vitagraph studio, talking with another girl who, like herself, was applying for work, when a man high in authority saw her and or-

(*Continued on page* 90)

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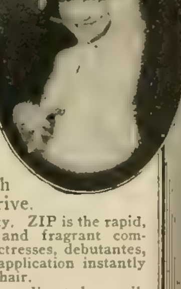

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"My Irish Molly-O"

(Continued from page 88)

dered that a test be made of her. Her loveliness photographed perfectly and she was given a leading part in a picture, with a promise of a big contract if she should make good.

(Yes, I know you have read that paragraph before. As a rule, it would go on to say that she was a success from her first moment before the camera.) But Molly Malone was not a success. On the contrary, she did what ninety-nine out of a hundred girls would do when suddenly placed in a leading part without previous training. She very humanly and naturally failed. (As a rule, the stories of girls who become famous "overnight" are only half truths. If you look into the facts deeply enough, you will generally find that months—perhaps years—of training have gone into the making of that "sudden" fame.)

"After that," said Molly Malone, "I went back to school again."

We sat on a chaise longue with our feet tucked under us and a box of sweets conveniently within reach.

"My next attempt to go on the screen," she said, taking another piece of candy, "was at the very bottom of the ladder. I went to Lasky's and just stayed around there, doing nothing in particular for eight months. I wasn't given a part there at all. Then I played leading parts at Universal City." (Among others, for George Cochrane and Harry Carey.)

"I love drama and I want to go back to it some time. But, I realize how much the comedy training means. It gives you lightness, dont you think?" She was quite serious. I, for one, expect to see her follow in the path of many another comedy favorite as, for instance, Betty Compson, Alice Lake and Gloria Swanson.

After leaving Universal, she played leading parts for the late "Smiling Billy" Parsons. Like Alice Lake, she was leading woman for Roscoe Arbuckle—"The Hayseed" and "The Garage" are two of the pictures that come most readily to mind—and she is being featured in Supreme Comedies, the first three being "Molly's Millions," "Molly's Mumps" and "Artistic Temperament." A fourth had not, at this writing, been named.

I think I should have forgotten how very little and childish she looked if it had not been for an accident which might have come out of one of her own comedies. On the day I saw her, she and her mother had just moved back to the court from Venice, where they had spent the summer. They had been unable to get the same cottage that they had last winter, and among other things wrong with the one they did get was the telephone, which was much, much too high for Molly to reach. It rang just as I was leaving, and her mother, who had answered it, called, "This is for you, Molly," and hastily pushed a little box underneath for her to stand on. But the box wasn't strong enough and Molly went thru it, skinning her nose on the edge of the 'phone as she fell.

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The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page* 45)

make his fortune. Two years later finds him still the thirteenth clerk in the employ of a prosperous firm. Homer decides not to wait for future success, but to go back to Mainesville with his three hundred dollars savings for a vacation. He electrifies the old town into believing him a millionaire by indulging in all sorts of extravagances, from engaging the village taxi for two weeks to occupying the hotel's bridal suite. And, of course, he hits upon an idea which brings him to sudden success and wins the village belle away from the hotel owner's surly son.

Mr. Ray invests the rôle with a hundred and one subtle touches of humor and humanness. Between Mr. Ray and Jerome Storm's direction, "Homer Comes Home" becomes decidedly likeable.

In his visualization of C. Haddon Chambers' "Passers-By," (Pathé), J. Stuart Blackton does two things better than he has ever done before. He catches the damp greyness of the foggy London streets better than he has ever captured any photoplay atmosphere before. And his camera work is better, frequently being finely artistic. But it seems to us that he misses the heart note in this moving drama of Chambers, in which a young bachelor invites three passers-by into his rooms out of a storm—and finds one of them to be his sweetheart of years before. "Passers-By" is not especially well cast, William J. Ferguson, the sterling old character comedian, simply running away with the film as a whimsical old rogue of a valet.

Tom Moore gives a likeable celluloid performance in Ben Ames Williams' "The Great Accident," (Goldwyn). Moore plays a harum-scarum youth who is finally awakened when the great accident comes—*i.e.,* when he is elected mayor of his town as a practical joke. The action moves thru a series of fearfully trite melodramatic incidents, but Moore maintains a certain interest. Jane Novak is an effective heroine.

"Married Life," (First National), is a five-reel Mack Sennett farce done in the broadest slapstick fashion. We admit our liking for two-reel Sennetts, but, in truth, this five-reeler bored us, altho there are many ingeniously devised laughs. "Married Life" is described as a domestic satire, but in reality it merely relates the episodic adventures of "a man's man," played by the slant-eyed Ben Turpin. The thing is ridiculously amusing—at times. But two reels is enough of this sort of thing.

Douglas MacLean and Doris May have yet to duplicate their little comedy classic, "23½ Hours' Leave." Their latest, "Let's Be Fashionable," is a mild comedy revolving around the efforts of a loving young couple to ape the domestic indifference of their surburban colony, where every hubby is faithful to a wife—of someone else's. You will find "Let's Be Fashionable" fairly entertaining—and little more.

To our way of thinking, Wanda Hawley got off to a bad stellar start with "Miss Hobbs," (Realart), remotely based upon the old Jerome K. Jerome comedy. It is the much-used idea of the fair man-hater who is eventually won over to love. Here Miss Hobbs gives herself to barefoot classic dancing in the morning dew, futuristic bungalows and mannish garb, until the piano-tuner, alias a rich youth in disguise, appears on the horizon. Then fads are forgotten. "Miss Hobbs" is piffling stuff. Moreover, it forces the gently pretty Miss Hawley into an affected, unreal and even unsympathetic rôle for her first starring production. We thought Donald Crisp's direction rather unimaginative.

Photoplasmic Peregrinations

(*Continued from page* 57)

Here is a little incident that may illumine you regarding one man who has been for many years the idol of screen fans the world over—Hobart Bosworth. You remember, of course, his immortal characterization of Jack London's "Sea Wolf"—in the original production, of course—and I am sure those of you who saw him in "Behind the Door" will never forget his vivid portrayal of Krug.

Hobart, good fellow that he is, drove over to a little restaurant in Hollywood the other day; he was in his overalls, begrimed and greasy, for he had been tinkering with his new machine. After ordering breakfast, he was addressed by the proprietor of the place, who evidently did not recognize in Bosworth the favorite of millions of moving picturegoers.

"Want to make a little extra change?" asked the restaurateur.

"What doing?" smiled Hobart.

"Well," the man explained, "I have a leaky pipe in my cellar that needs repairing. It will only take a few minutes to fix it. I'll take you down right after breakfast and show it to you."

Henry Kolker, the director, happened to be passing Hobart's table and explained to the café owner that he was talking to Hobart Bosworth, the famous actor.

"My Lord!" ejaculated the fellow. "How could I tell?" pointing to Bosworth's overalls.

"Dont you see the beautiful car out there?" said Mr. Kolker. "That belongs to——"

"Oh, well!" interrupted the abashed proprietor. " 'Most every plumber has a swell car these days, but, of course, if Mr. Bosworth *isn't* a plumber, I wont bother him any more about my pipe."

"Dont you believe it," roared Hobart, thoroly enjoying the situation. "I work just as hard in my profession as any plumber, even if I dont make so much money as some of them. Come on, now! Show me that pipe!"

And, would you believe it, here was this great actor voluntarily playing plumber, with the help of Mr. Kolker and the restaurant man! And I understand he fixed the pipe just as well as any professional could have, too!

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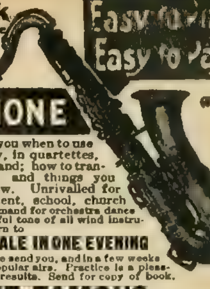

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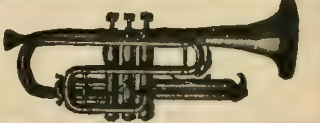

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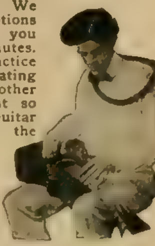

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Trumpet Island

(Continued from page 68)

of his coming, or even to notice when he stood, dangerous as a taut trigger, upon the threshold. One, a smallish, stoutish man with a limp, uncurled jauntiness about him, had his hands on Eve's shoulders, while he spoke down into her terror-twisted face gloatingly. "So you pretend you dont remember me, eh? Of course, a husband cant expect his wife——"

Eve screamed again. "Wife!" she cried in a suffocated tone, like one coming out of ether. "Wife! There was a man once called me that! I dont want to remember—oh, Dickie!"

She tried to break away and run to him, and, turning, they looked into the muzzle of his leveled revolver and into two eyes loaded with trouble. The man holding Eve was disconcerted, but he did not release her. "I beg your pardon," he began, elaborately sarcastic, "if I'm intruding, but you see this lady you have been entertaining happens to be my wife. I am Henri Caron, and we were married on the morning of the day my machine broke a wing-brace and threw me into the ocean. A tramp coaster picked me up. It was bound for South America, and didn't boast a wireless. There was a revolution on when we arrived, and for one reason and another, I was not able to make a search for Eve until very lately."

There was the ring of truth in his words; even Richard, hating him as he did, had to admit that. His revolver wavered, dropped to his side. He looked at Eve and she saw farewell in his gaze.

"Her father is waiting on my yacht yonder," the suave voice continued, enjoyingly. "Perhaps you will allow me to take my wife with me. We are very grateful, of course, for any services you may have rendered her, but a stranger's claims——"

"A stranger's!" Eve had torn herself free at last and stood by Richard Bedell's side, soft young bosom heaving. "Never! Something has happened—like waking out of a happy dream. I had forgotten—but now I remember everything! I remember that I wanted to die rather than be your wife! I even remember things that I dreamed these last months—and the man who did these things, kind, wonderful, tender things, is not a stranger! Oh, Dickie! Dickie! Why did I have to wake up?" She leaned to him, desolately, and very gently he patted her bowed head.

"He is right, I suppose," he said slowly; "he has the law and convention and all the smug habits of humankind on his side. I cant ask you to defy the whole world, Eve. There is nothing between us except—everything!"

They went out of the hut and to the cliff's edge, Richard walking beside the girl, who wept in long, silent shudders, but made no further plea. It was as tho the two were caught in the inexorable grip of some senseless but terribly powerful machine called civilization and felt themselves whirled into its crushing maw, helpless to save themselves. Henri Caron, watching the way her slender body leaned to the tall, straight figure at her side, thinking perhaps how she shrank from his touch, felt himself swept by the bitterest jealousy known to jealous mankind, that of the going for the coming, that of tired age for youth that can still feel and thrill, of surfeit for the old, undimmed wonder of desiring.

On the edge of the cliff, where Richard had cut a steep, ladder-like flight of steps down to the beach far below, he broke his lifelong habit and let his emotions have full control. Shaking with baffled fury at the savorlessness of his triumph, he sprang to Eve's side and brutally flung her away from the other man. "If I thought——" he panted; "she seems infernally sorry to leave—if I thought——"

"I advise you," Richard spoke levelly, "not to think. All men aren't like yourself, you know. There might even be one whose notion of love might interpose itself like a drawn sword between his baser self and the dear honor of the woman he loved."

"A likely tale!" shrieked Caron, and lunged at him, blind with hate. The earth crumbled under his heel; for a single instant he reeled against the sky, clutching frenziedly at nothing, then pitched backward and was gone. Richard motioned the other man, a common seaman, toward Eve. "Take care of her," he directed briefly, and let himself down upon the stone ladder. When, long moments later, he reappeared, he spoke quietly. "There is nothing that can be done for him. Row out to the yacht at once and bring the others. Explain how Caron met his death. Tell her father that Mrs. Caron is here, safe and well."

Side by side they waited, while the sound of oars melted into the eternal monotone of the sea, while the stars faded and the east grew pale. They did not speak. There are things that can be said better without words.

Morning grew luminous all about them; the little, eager waves had tips of flame. "Eve," the man said, at length, with a deep tremble in his voice and a deep awe, "Eve! Eve!"

"My man," she answered, and her voice was like a muted string. Below, across the morning sea a little boat raced fussily toward the shore, its motor barking like the voice of Custom baying at the Cosmos. But they did not hear or see. They rose and stood against the golden glory of the sky, alone in the universe.

"You have lost me three times, Dickie," she reminded him, tenderly chiding, "you wont let them take me away now?"

"Not even God could take you away from me now!" he cried, with the splendid insolence of young love, "not Life nor Death nor any creature." He looked down at her, the new, strong lines of patience cutting deep down about his mouth.

The Anniversary Number of Shadowland

The September issue of SHADOWLAND is the anniversary number of this magazine. It is just one year old—merely an infant in arms as yet—but showing symptoms of prodigious strength and growing ability.

To show our gratitude for the many kindnesses received at the hands of our friends and readers, we have made this anniversary number the best and most beautiful one yet issued.

We have a story on the new Russian ballet by Oliver M. Sayler who has written several well-known books on the subject.

We have a humorous satire on the movies by the popular writer, Benjamin de Casseres;

We have a prophetic forecast of the coming theater season; articles of unusual merit by Louis Raymond Reid, Frederick James Smith, Lisa Ysaye Tarleau, and other well-known writers;—the pictures have never beeen equalled; the color-plate photographs are of such beauty that you will have them framed,—and all in all, the September number will be one that you will read—and read again.

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1. The Contest began on December 1, 1919, and closes on September 30, 1920.
2. There will be ten ballots as follows:

December	1919 ballot	May	1920 ballot
January	1920 ballot	June	1920 ballot
February	1920 ballot	July	1920 ballot
March	1920 ballot	August	1920 ballot
April	1920 ballot	September	1920 ballot

3. The result of each month's ballot will be published in each one of our magazines the second month following such ballot.
4. No votes will be received prior to the opening date or after the date of closing.
5. Each person entering the contest and observing the rules thereof shall have the privilege of voting once in each class, each month, for each one of our magazines. You may send us one vote in each class for Shadowland every month, and the same for Motion Picture Magazine and yet again the same for Classic. Thus, you will have three votes in Class No. 1 each month, and three votes in Class No. 2 each month.

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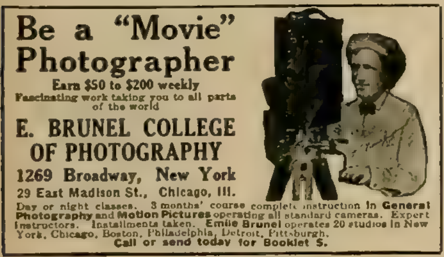

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Marie Antoinette SKIN BLEACH

Pacific Coast Paragraphs

(*Continued from page* 62)

The Metro studio, like an extremely hardy weed, has grown and grown. Its roots stretch over acres and acres of dissimilar architecture. The newest sprout is its section of office buildings and dressing-rooms, which boast a fresh coat of white paint.

On the stage, I followed my ears instead of my nose, and by the wail of a violin found myself in a Klieg-lighted scenic hallway, where Winifred Greenwood, wearing a lovely clinging frock of dark blue beaded georgette, was "emoting" under the tutelage of Phil Rosen for a scene in "Are All Men Alike?" May Allison's new starring picture.

Miss Allison, who is the most beloved person about the studio because of her cheerful disposition and her kindness to everyone, which extends even to the smallest extra and the studio dog, was removing her grease-paint in her ivory-and-blue dressing-room preparatory to departing to her beautiful new home in Beverly Hills.

Here I met Viola Dana for the first time—and if anyone can meet that tiny cut-up and not fall irresponsibly in love with her—well, show 'em to me.

Miss Dana is about five feet tall—in her French heels—and the most irresponsible, mischievous, pert, tomboyish ticket I have ever seen. She was wearing a heavenly evening frock of jade-green velvet combined with green-and-gold brocade. She couldn't resist spreading her trim little feet apart and dancing around to show me the pantalette effect of the skirt as she pirouetted about; her bobbed locks flying, her rounded shoulders and small feet jazzing, she reminded me of nothing in the world so much as a naughty little boy dressed up in sister's best dress.

She told me, with a wave of her delectable arm, "I've been made up like this for the last three hours—supposed to start on my new picture, 'Blackmail'—and *now* they send 'round word that they wont need me today, I can go home—fine stuff, I'll say!"

I called her attention to a new joke sprung recently by Roscoe Arbuckle when he was watching Lieutenant Locklear, noted airman, do his famous flying stunts above the Lasky studio.

"Wonder how he does it?" cried a lady visitor.

"Why," remarked "Fatty," "Locklear wasn't born! He was hatched!"

At my recital, Viola dramatically placed a hand over her heart.

"My word!" she said. "I get a real thrill every time I hear his name."

Miss Dana, you know, spends most of her spare time in the air with Lieutenant Locklear.

The Brunton studios are practically a gold mine these days. Because of their tremendous size and excellent facilities for making pictures, each new company that is formed trots over to Mr. Robert Brunton and rents space, offices, accoutrements in his studio to make their pictures, which is much simpler than building new studios of their own. Here Mary Pickford makes her pictures—and I walked down the street which was built for "The Hoodlum"—remember, East Side, New York? It was silent and woebegone, dusty and deserted—it seemed sad that its usefulness was over and that the puppets who played down its alleys had long since departed.

Just around the corner from this deserted section I bumped into a street of Old Mexico—here greasy Mexicans, the real article, were playing Black Jack, or some game with cards, while they waited to be called to take part in Brunton's new serial, "Double Adventure."

A little farther on I was introduced to Josie Sedgwick. You will remember her principally for her splendid work opposite Will Rogers in "Jubilo." Miss Sedgwick is a remarkable woman. One reason is that she doesn't like to be called Josephine, her real name, but prefers the simpler one of Josie; another is that when I asked her about this new serial in which she is playing the lead, she said, "It stars Mr. Hutchinson, you know!"

Miss Sedgwick admits that she is happy—contented! She enjoys acting in serials as well as in feature pictures, because she loves her work. She played also in the Jack Dempsey serial and praised him in glowing terms.

"He is a splendid fellow—in every way," she said.

On the Brunton stage, which boasts a surface of 39,000 square feet, scenes were being shot of Roy Stewart and George Fisher for "The Devil to Pay," Brunton's initial all-star production. Contrary to my expectations, Roy Stewart appeared to belong not at all to the wild West, but rather to the effete East. I can imagine him tea-ing at the Ritz much more easily than parading the plains.

The greatest activity and expectation was being exercised over a set being prepared for Marion Davies, who is expected out here to film her next special feature, "Buried Treasure," for Cosmopolitan Productions.

Here also the famous Mayflower pictures are being filmed. It was here that the last scenes for Robert Chambers' story, "Athalie," were shot, Syd Franklyn's special production, which has Rosemary Theby and Norman Kerry in the cast.

Speaking of the handsome Norman—he recently married an extremely charming Western heiress and is busy at present honeymooning. Nobody knows when he will return to work.

Betty Compson, who scored such a tremendous hit in "The Miracle Man," has completed her first starring picture, which will be released this fall. Miss Compson plans to do six or eight pictures a year and her ambition is to have each screen play present a girl of absolutely different character.

The Motion Picture Magazine

For OCTOBER

BIGGER—
BETTER—
BRIGHTER—

than ever, the October issue of the Motion Picture Magazine will greet you, on the first day of September, with a grin of pride in its own merit which will just border on the smirk of complacency. You're sceptical?

Well, as a teaser to your imagination, we want to tell you of a few things which will be in this boasting number:

Judging from the number of ex-bathing beauties who have developed into stars of the celluloidian drama, it seems that salt-water comedy training, as studied under the learned tutelage of Mack Sennett, fits one perfectly for the more warmly clad rendition of drama. Like Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels *et al.*, Mary Thurman has followed the instructions of Mr. Sennett—and now look at her. In the story which Hazel Simpson Naylor writes of Mary, we learn a good deal about the refining process of the beach.

The much-admired Rudyard Kipling once quoted, very sententiously, that the East was the East and the West was the West—and the two could never have anything in common. Well, just the other day Adele Whitely Fletcher decided to find out for herself how much significance lay in the Kipling remark—and returned with a story of an interview she had with Sessue Hayakawa—and all we shall say about it is that it is in the October issue of the Magazine.

The popular Irene Castle talks to Gladys Hall and Gladys tells you what she had to say in a very amusingly-written interview, illustrated with some beautiful portraits of the well-known dancer.

Girls, watch out for this number! Why? Because—Maude S. Cheatham, one of our coast correspondents, has cornered the heart-thrilling Wallie Reid in his own home, and in a very much-at-home mood.

There's a fictionization of "The Mollycoddle," Douglas Fairbanks' latest picture; there's new gossip of the players, new pictures, and, in other words—the October issue of The Motion Picture Magazine is a sure winner.

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Temperamental Una

(*Continued from page* 59)

"Well, she just wouldn't *see*, insisting that I had disgraced the family and feeling that in some way she had been to blame—my father was no longer living—and she came over to New York and took me home. Then began a series of arguments, but when she did at last realize that she could never turn me from my purpose, mother proved what a game sport she was by taking me back to Sioux City herself.

"They gave me a hearty welcome and in a short time the audiences sent in petitions to have me play the lead. I was there eight months and we put on a new play each week. *Work!* I slaved, and how that manager coached and drilled me for hours and hours. You see, I had really had so little experience and knew absolutely nothing about dramatic technique."

Una Trevelyn is a striking-looking girl, with lovely fair skin, blonde hair and deep, expressive eyes. She is slight, almost fragile, and one wonders where she keeps her all-indomitable spirit.

"Pictures? Oh, I just *happened* into them," and Miss Trevelyn grew thoughtful. "I had been with A. H. Woods for two years, playing the leading rôles in 'Common Clay' and 'Cheating Cheaters' on tour, and was called to New York to be starred. When I reached there I was a wreck, weighing only ninety-six pounds. The doctors decreed that I must go West immediately. That was a year ago, and I came to Los Angeles, where I gained from the first moment. I remember that I met Mabel Normand a few weeks later, and she gasped, 'I heard you were dying! Why, you look fine!' "

The big interest in her life is her twelve-year-old nephew, Everett, whom she legally adopted four years ago when her mother, who had been the child's guardian, became seriously ill.

"When the courts gave him to me," Una spoke solemnly, "I mentally folded him in my arms and claimed him for my own—somehow I feel that my sister knows how dearly I love him. I have suffered for him, too; perhaps that is one reason I adore him so, for when he was four he was terribly burned, and I gave my own skin to be grafted on his leg, which saved it."

Everett is with her in Los Angeles and is a student at the Harvard Military School, and when her mother comes out this summer, she is planning to select a site and build a home. She wants a hillside, with winding roads, many flowers and tall trees for the mocking-birds to make their nests.

Miss Trevelyn is an expert golfer, having won the woman's Eastern championship four years ago at the Seaview Club, Atlantic City, where the Trevelyns have a summer home. Tho she seldom plays, she can still make a splendid record. She is a motor enthusiast and her greatest little recreation is buying cars; she has had half a dozen during the past year.

The Home Stretch!

(*Continued from page* 47)

cause a flutter not only among the spectators of the contest, but also among the stars who have been occupying their celestial homes on the silversheet for some time past.

We begin with:

Miss Juliette Compton, of 340 West 85th Street, New York City. She is a member of the "What's In a Name?" company, Lyric Theater, and a Southerner by birth. Miss Compton is very unusual to look at. She has black hair, grey eyes and fair complexion.

A belle of Brooklyn, N. Y., is Miss Gladys Stetson, of 404 DeKalb Avenue. She is an eccentric dancer of no mean ability, having appeared with "Hitchy Koo," and is the possessor of a pair of brown eyes, a mass of brown hair and a fair complexion.

The little blonde Westerner is Miss Allene Ray, of 2248 River Avenue, San Antonio, Texas. Miss Ray has had some musical comedy experience as well as some screen experience. She has hazel eyes, golden blonde hair and fair skin.

Miss Mary Louise Lizare, of 502 W. Washington Street, Sandusky, Ohio, has never had any previous stage experience. She is a brunette with the brownest of eyes and the brownest of hair and a fair skin.

Altho we have never heard of Valiant, Oklahoma, we herewith wish to state that our ignorance is of much deeper import than we had thought, for from Valiant comes little Helen Trigg, who, while she has never had any stage or screen experience, is a contestant who causes one to sit up and take notice. Miss Trigg is a brunette with brown hair and large brown eyes that look out on a very pleased recipient, the world.

Miss Evelyn Yvonne Hughes, of 2916 Shady Avenue, McKeesport, Pa., is another honor roll member who bids fair to put up a good argument for the final honor awards. She has never been on the stage or screen, but a girl with blue-grey eyes, chestnut hair and fair complexion who wants anything—stands a good chance of getting it.

From the sunny skies of California—or, to be more explicit and less poetical, from 141 West 45th Street, Los Angeles—comes this photograph of Miss Ester Marie Ritter, who desires motion picture fame and fortune. Miss Ritter has had no former stage or screen experience and is a brunette of the "Nut-Brown Maid" type, with black hair, olive skin and dark-brown eyes.

SALVAGE

By Barbara Hollis

You rescued a rose from the dust of the road
  Where 'twas lying:
You eased my poor heart when the weight of its load
  Was most trying.
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Then died after all, as all roses must do;
But love is immortal, and ever in you
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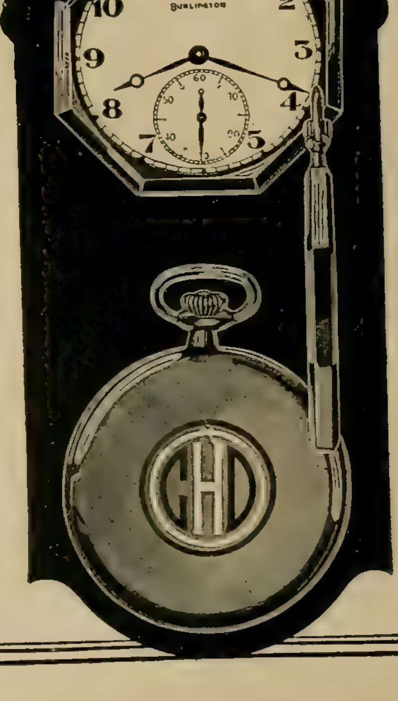

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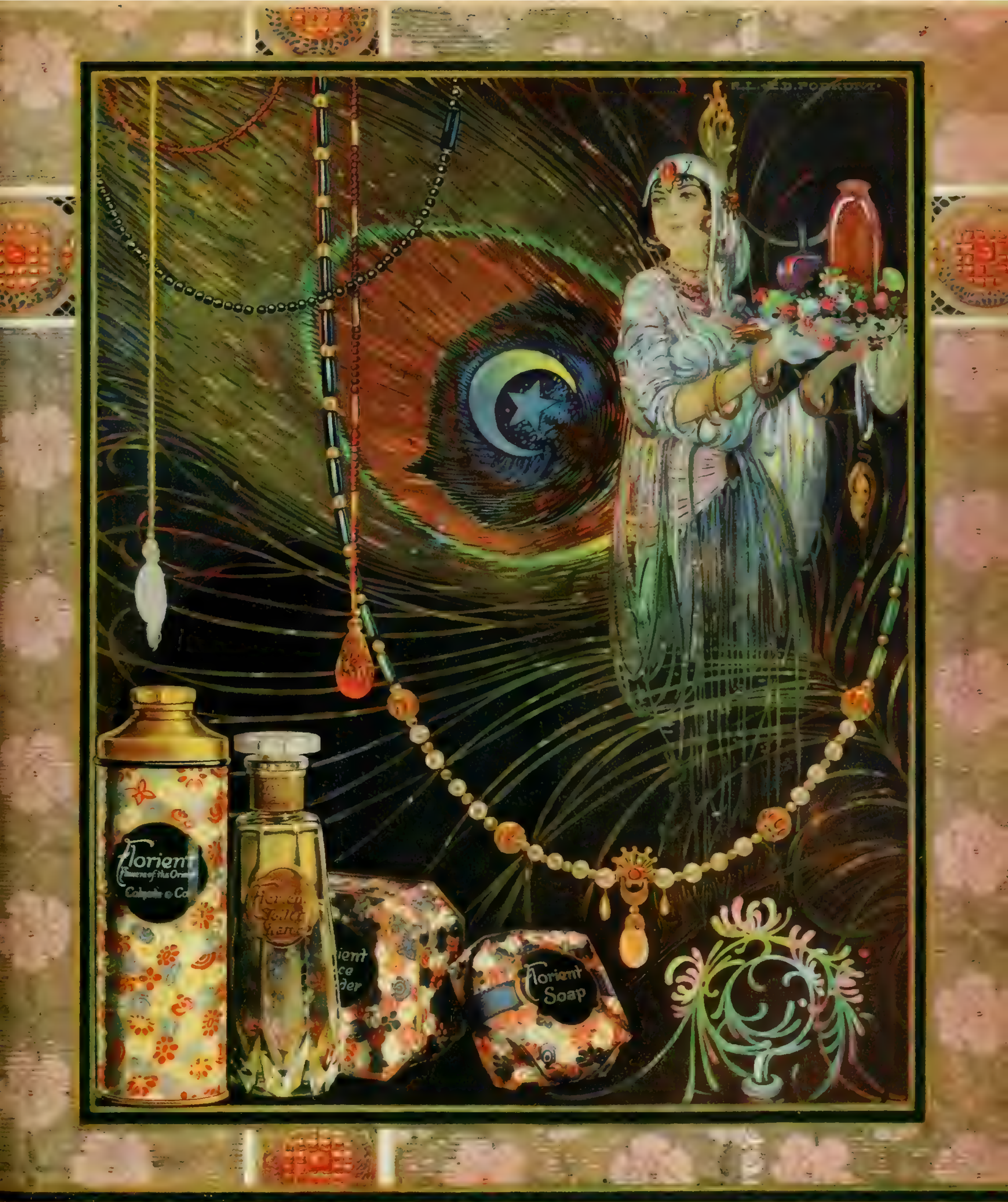
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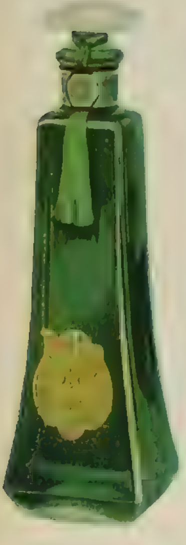

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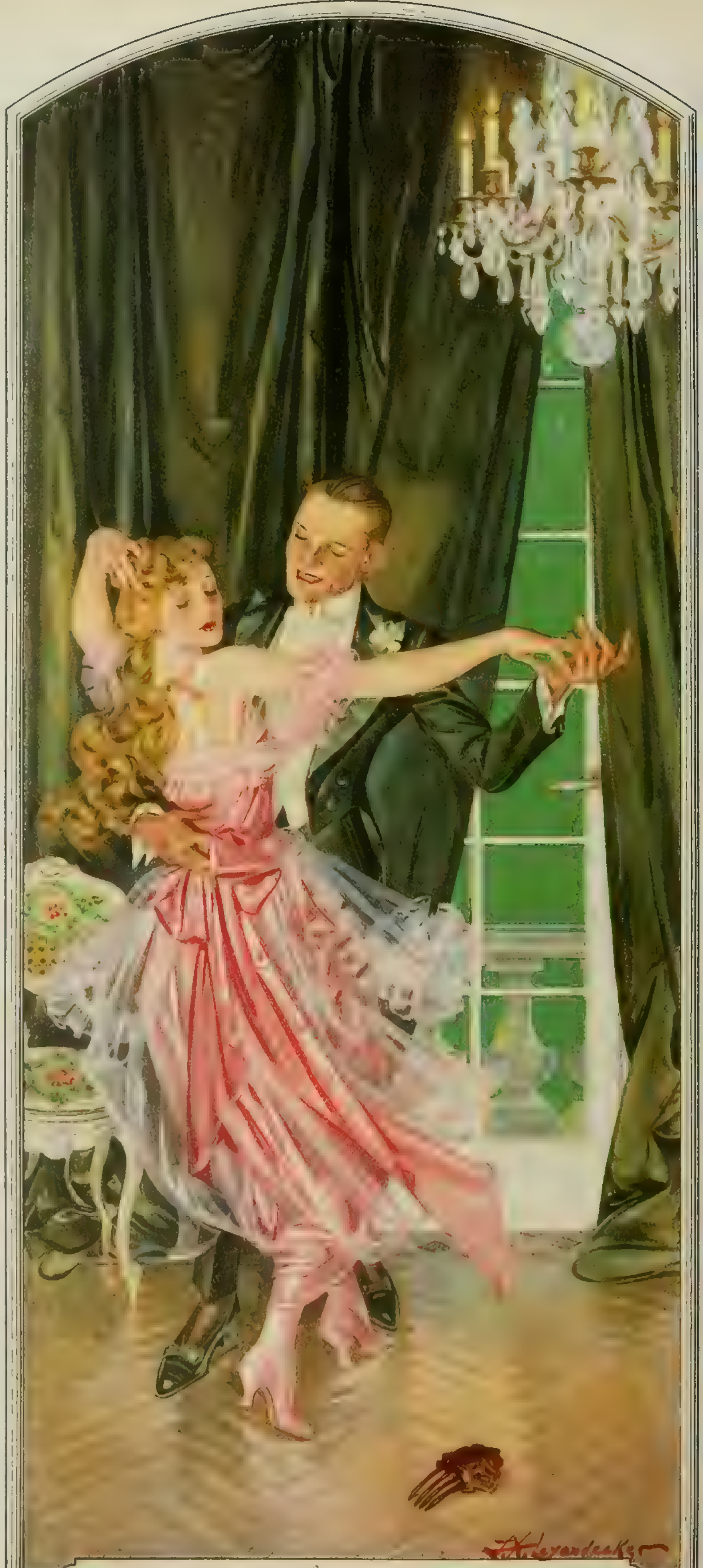

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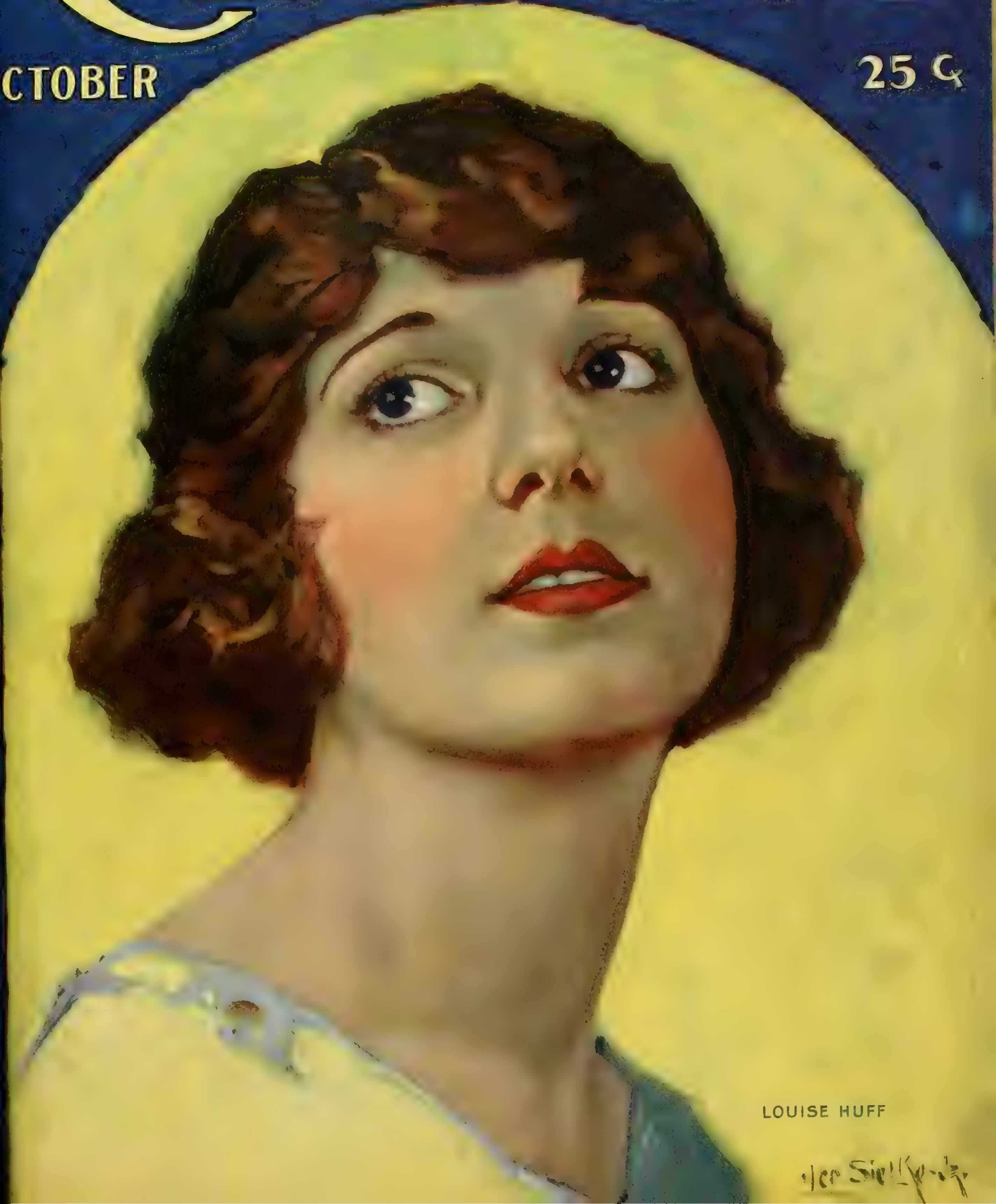

LOUISE HUFF

A few
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Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle in "The Round Up" A George H. Melford Production
*Enid Bennett in "Her Husband's Friend"
Billie Burke in "Frisky Mrs. Johnson"
Ethel Clayton in "A City Sparrow"
Ethel Clayton in "Sins of Rosanne"
A Cosmopolitan Production "Humoresque"
A Cosmopolitan Production "The Restless Sex"
Dorothy Dalton in "Half An Hour"
Dorothy Dalton in "A Romantic Adventuress"
Cecil B. DeMille's Production "Something to Think About"
Elsie Ferguson in "Lady Rose's Daughter"
George Fitzmaurice's Production "Idols of Clay"
George Fitzmaurice's Production "The Right To Love"
Dorothy Gish in "Little Miss Rebellion"
William S. Hart in "The Cradle of Courage" A Wm. S. Hart Production
*Douglas McLean in "The Jailbird"
Thomas Meighan in "Civilian Clothes"
George H. Melford's Production "Behold My Wife!"
An All-Star Production "Held By the Enemy"
*Charles Ray in "An Old Fashioned Boy"
*Charles Ray in "The Village Sleuth"
Wallace Reid in "Toujours de l'Audace" ("Always Audacious")
Wallace Reid in "What's Your Hurry?"
Maurice Tourneur's Production "Deep Waters"
Bryant Washburn in "Burglar Proof"
Bryant Washburn in "A Full House"

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CONTENTS OF MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

Vol. XI OCTOBER, 1920 No. 2

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

(*Painted by Leo Sielke, Jr.*)

Louise Huff has long held a corner all her own in the heart of the movie picture world. She is a Southerner by birth and came North to go on the stage. After three years of dramatic work she decided to go into pictures and joined the old Lubin company, with whom she soon became leading lady.

She has since been starred by several companies and was long a popular member of the Famous Players-Lasky Company forces. With her light, fluffy hair, shadowy grey eyes, and delicate oval face, this five feet of quaint charm is one of the cinema's most appealing personalities.

Page

Rotogravure Gallery of Players. Full-page studies of Richard Barthelmess, J. W. Johnston, Thomas Holding, Marie Prevost, and Betty Blythe 11-15
Carol and Her Car. The Griffith find, Carol Dempster, and her newest hobby .... *Frederick James Smith* 16
That Youth from Second Avenue. Vincent Coleman moves to Broadway in one leap .... *Faith Service* 18
American Royalty Abroad. Mary and Doug in Europe 20
How Young is Anne? If a woman is as old as she looks, Anne Cornwall should still be "playing dolls" .... *Truman B. Handy* 22
In the Summer Revue. New York's dramatic refreshments for the hot-weather spell 24
This, That and the Other Thing. Otherwise an unusual interview with Bert Lytell .... *Faith Service* 25
Way Down East. Interesting fictionization of the Griffith celluloid sensation of the year .... *Gladys Hall* 27
Mr. Tearle on Ambition. Conway proves a startling exception to the ambitious rule of stars .... *Pearl Malvern* 32
They Aren't Satisfied with the Pacific. Two Mack Sennett stars prefer marble pools! 34
Screen Impressions. .... *Louise Fazenda* 35
Letter of a Leading Man to His Interviewer. The interview different—with Charles Meredith .... *Olga Shaw* 36
A Grown-Up Ingénue. Showing that they do emerge—as Betty Bouton—from the "cute" stage .... *Elizabeth Peltret* 38
Parlor, Bedroom and Bath. The successful screen comedy hit told in story form .... *Esther Steele* 39
Autumn à la Sennett 43
And They All Wept! Full many a tear was shed when Richard Barthelmess married little Mary Hay 44
The Celluloid Critic. The month's best photoplays in review .... *Frederick James Smith* 45
The Convictions of Conrad. Mr. Nagle startles the interviewer with his serious viewpoint on life .... *Elizabeth Peltret* 46
A Pictorial Avalanche. Thousands of photographs flood the Fame and Fortune Contest headquarters 48
The Glass of Youth. Otherwise Gaston Glass, a French youth who at present stands in the limelight .... *Olga Shaw* 50
Her First Interview. The very first time that Viora Daniels ever faced an interviewer .... *Maude Cheatham* 51
Athalie. Absorbing story version of the Mayflower photoplay .... *Dorothy Donnell* 53
The Coming Collier. The serious-minded offspring of William Collier tells of his ambitions .... *C. Blythe Sherwood* 58
Double Exposures .... *Conducted by F. J. S.* 59
The Movie Encyclopedia .... *The Answer Man* 84

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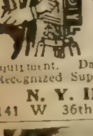

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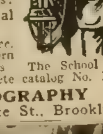

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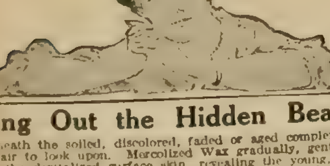

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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these spoken plays appear in their vicinity.)

Booth.—"Not So Long Ago." A fragile and charming little comedy by a newcomer, Arthur Richman, telling a story of picturesque New York in the early seventies. Genuinely delightful. Finely played by Eva Le Gallienne, Sidney Blackmer and an excellent cast.

Bijou.—"The Charm School." An appealing light comedy with music, based upon Alice Duer Miller's story of the handsome young bachelor who inherits a young ladies' finishing school. Minnie Dupree runs away with the production as an old maid teacher while James Gleason, Sam Hardy and Marie Carroll are effective.

Broadhurst. — "Come Seven." Amusing adaptation of the Octavus Roy Cohen negro stories which have been appearing in *The Saturday Evening Post.* All the characters are negroes played by white players. Funny, but of little depth. Arthur Aylsworth is excellent as a shiftless darky. Gail Kane and Earle Foxe play the colored lovers.

Century Promenade.—New York's newest dinner and midnight entertainment, "The Century Review" and "The Midnight Rounders." Colorful girl shows for the tired business man. A delightful place to eat.

Cohan and Harris.—"Honey Girl" Lively musical comedy built about the brisk race-track comedy, "Checkers." This has speed and humor—as well as an excellent cast.

Cohan's.—William Rock's "Silks and Satins." Another summer revue, but we doubt if it will even appeal to the tired business man. Ernestine Myers, the dancer, stands out.

Cort.—"Abraham Lincoln." You should see this if you see nothing else on the New York stage. John Drinkwater's play is a noteworthy literary and dramatic achievement, for he makes the Great American live again. "Abraham Lincoln" cannot fail to make you a better American. Moreover, it is absorbing as a play. Frank McGlynn is a brilliant Lincoln.

Fulton.—"Scrambled Wives." Another typical farce built on a series of misunderstandings. A divorced couple try to hide their first wedding from their new marriage alliances. Rather bright and amusing. Roland Young is excellent.

Globe.—George White's "Scandals of 1920." Lively and well thought out summer revue with lavish and swiftly changing scenes, plus many pretty girls. Paint succeeds stockings and tights in several numbers. Ann Pennington is the shining light of this revue.

Casino.—"Lassie." A charming and pleasantly tuneful little musical comedy of Scotland and London in the picturesque sixties. Based upon Catherine Chisholm Cushing's "Kitty MacKay." Tessa Kosta sings pleasantly and Mollie Pearson and Roland Bottomley are prominent. Dorothy Dickson and Carl Hyson contribute some delightful dance interludes.

Henry Miller's Theater—"The Famous Mrs. Fair." Able drama dealing with the feminine problem of a career or a home. Skilfully written by James Forbes, with unusual playing by Blanche Bates, Henry Miller and Margalo Gilmore.

Little.—"Foot-Loose," with Emily Stevens, Norman Trevor and O. P. Heggie. Zoe Akins' well-done modernization of the old melodrama, "Forget-Me-Not." Tallulah Bankhead scores in a difficult rôle.

New Amsterdam Roof.—Ziegfeld 9 o'clock and midnight revues. Colorful entertainments unlike anything to be found anywhere else.

Winter Garden.—"Cinderella on Broadway." Typical summer girl entertainment designed for the tired business man. The extravaganza this year is based upon the fairy adventures of Cinderella. Plenty of girls, passable music, attractive costumes and a little humor.

ON TOUR

"Jane Clegg."—St. John Ervine's powerful drama, presented by the Theater Guild, has been running here all season. A drab but brilliant tale of middle-class English life. Superbly acted by the best ensemble in New York.

"The Hottentot," with Willie Collier. Typical one-man farce with the inimitable farceur, Collier, at his best. Full of laughs.

"Florodora."—The much-heralded revival of the widely popular musical show of some twenty years ago. Done with charm, distinction and humor. Eleanor Painter's singing stands out vividly and George Hassell's humor is highly diverting. Then, of course, there is the famous "sextette." Here is a revival that really revives.

"The Storm."—A well-told melodrama of the lonely Northwest with a remarkable stage effect of a forest fire. Helen MacKellar is admirable as the piquant French-Canadian heroine.

"The Fall and Rise of Susan Lenox."—Weak adaptation of the David Graham Phillips novel. Alma Tell in the stellar rôle.

"Scandal."—Cosmo Hamilton's daring drama which Constance Talmadge played on the screen. Francine Larrimore and Charles Cherry have the leading rôles in the excellent footlight production.

"As You Were," with Irene Bordoni and Dick Bernard. A delightful musical show in which Miss Bordoni dazzles as the various sirens of history. Pleasant music and a pleasant chorus lend effective aid.

"The Purple Mask," with Leo Ditrichstein. A stirring, romantic melodrama of the days of the First Consulate in France; tense, colorful and highly interesting. One of the best evening's entertainments of the season. Mr. Ditrichstein is delightful as the royalist brigand, the Purple Mask; Brandon Tynan is admirable as the republican police agent, Brisquet; Lily Cahill is a charming heroine, and Boots Wooster makes her bit of a peasant girl stand out.

"The Sign on the Door."—A very good melodrama which boasts many instances of the unexpected—and Marjorie Rambeau in highly emotional scenes.

"Look Who's Here," with Cecil Lean. A passable musical entertainment that entertains when Mr. Lean and Cleo Mayfield hold the center of the stage.

"Smilin' Through," with Jane Cowl. An odd but effective drama which purports to show how those who have gone before influence and watch over our lives. Miss Cowl is exceedingly good as a piquant Irish girl and also as a spirit maid whose death occurred fifty years before. "Smilin' Through" will evoke your smiles and tears.

"The Ouija Board."—Crane Wilbur's thriller built around spiritism. Real spooks invade a fake séance, solve a murder mystery and provide plenty of surprises. Guaranteed to keep you on edge. Excellent cast includes George Gaul, Howard Lang and Edward Ellis.

"My Golden Girl."—A passable musical entertainment with a score by Victor Herbert. A chorus girl, Jeannette Dietrich, scores the hit of the show.

"Shavings."—A pleasant bucolic entertainment based upon Joseph C. Lincoln's familiar Cape Cod stories. Harry Beresford is featured in a gentle, whimsical characterization.

"The Little Whopper."—Lively and amusing musical comedy with tuneful score by Rudolf Friml. Vivienne Segal pleasantly heads the cast, which also numbers Harry C. Browne, who does excellent work, Mildred Richardson and W. J. Ferguson.

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But yesterday, in her girlish fancy, she deeply envied those who live and move in that fascinating sphere, the Realm of Authorship. But yesterday her hopes mingled with her fears, her doubts of herself, her simple lack of faith in her ability "TO WRITE." But yesterday she deemed well-nigh impossible the triumph that has come to her to-day!

But yesterday her life was a dull, drear grind in a department store. In her little niche behind the notion counter her girl's soul was slowly shriveling. The drab, grey life was deadening every spark of hope within her. Thinking of her youth and yearnings, she would oft hopefully repeat to herself those lines from some beautiful book, "It is the Spring! It is the Spring! And Life is so FULL of Flowers! Ah, surely some of them are MINE!" But there was the monotony, the dull servitude, from 8 to 6—it never varied—it went on and on and on—a dumb fate that seemed to stare her in the face forever, just as it might be pictured in a story by O. Henry.

Not that all girls are unhappy who work in stores, but she—she dreamed of higher things. She wanted more out of life than the grey, humdrum existence. Why should Success be a thing OTHERS could attain and not she? She had two good hands and a brain—she was intelligent, observing, and though not a genius, surely, she told herself, she could learn to write stories as good as hundreds she had seen.

One day her sweet-faced mother noticed a small advertisement in a magazine. It said: "Free to writers—this wonderful book. Tells How to Write Plays and Stories." "Here, Dorothy dear," said Mrs. Dean, "here is something about writing stories and plays. Here's a concern offering a free book on the subject. Why not get it? See what they can do for you? You never can tell—maybe you really *can* learn how to write the way you've dreamed so long, and just think how wonderful that would be!"

The Authors' Press has this young woman's letter on file. She wrote for our free book—and the picture above tells the happy sequel.

This is a true story, as startling as it is romantic, and here is the most startling thing of all—a remarkable discovery that will thrill ambitious men and women of all ages throughout the world! The discovery is that: MILLIONS OF PEOPLE CAN WRITE STORIES AND PHOTOPLAYS AND DON'T KNOW IT!

For years the mistaken idea prevailed that you had to have a special knack in order to write. People said it was a gift, a talent. Some imagined you had to be an Emotional Genius with long hair and strange ways. They vowed it was no use to try unless you'd been touched by the Magic Wand of the Muse. They discouraged attempts of ambitious people to express themselves.

Yet only recently a great English literary authority declared that *"nearly all the English-speaking race want to write! It's a craving for self-expression, characteristic of the present century."*

So a new light has dawned! A great New Truth that will gladden the hearts of "all the English-speaking race who want to write!" Astounding new psychological experiments have revealed that "the average person" may learn to write! Yes, write stories and photoplays; thrilling, human, life-like; filled with heart-throbs, pathos, passion, pain.

You may learn it just as you may learn anything else under the sun! There are certain simple, easy principles to guide you. There are new methods that produce astonishing results for beginners. A remarkable New System, covering every phase of writing, has been perfected by a great literary bureau at Auburn, New York, now busily supplying this information broadcast. And this New Method of writing stories and photoplays is *everybody's property. Not for the select few.* Not for those specially gifted. Not for the rich or fortunate, but for men and women of ordinary education and no writing experience whatever—thousands who don't even dream they can write!

This institution at Auburn is the world's school for inexperienced authors—a literary institute for all humanity. And *everybody* is taking up the idea of *writing.* The fascination has swept the country by storm! People are dumbfounded at the ease with which they learn to write!

You know it was Shakespeare who said: "All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players." Life's stage all around you is filled with people and incidents that will make stories without number. From the great Screen of Humanity and its constantly changing tide of Human Emotions—Love, Hatred, Jealousy, Happiness—you can create endless interesting plots for stories and photoplays. There is never a lack—it flows on in an Endless Stream of Circumstance—like Tennyson's brook—forever! Every person you know is a type, a character. "Every house has a story." And those who dwell within have impulses, ideas, hopes, fears, fancies that furnish material for you. The daily newspapers are filled to the brim. The Footlights of Fate reflect scenes and incidents for the Pen of Realism.

There is nothing in all this world that so dominates the heart and mind as the fascination of WRITING. It gives you a new power, a new magic, that charms all those around you. It lends a new attraction to your entire personality. Authorship carries with it new honors, admiration, respect—in addition to glorious material rewards.

THERE IS A NEW BOOK AWAITING YOU THAT AMAZES EVERY READER—and the most amazing thing of all is—IT'S FREE! This new book is pouring glad sunshine into the lives of aspiring people who want to become writers. Within its covers are surprises and revelations for doubting beginners that have caused a sensation everywhere, because it is crowded with *things that gratify your expectations*—good news that is dear to the heart of all those aspiring to write; illustrations that enthuse; stories of success, brilliant instances of literary fame coming unexpectedly; new hope, encouragement, helps, hints—things you've long wanted to know!

"The Wonder Book for Writers" tells how stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many suddenly realize they can write, after years of doubt and indecision. How the scenario stars began. How they quickly rose to fame and fortune. How ordinary incidents become thrilling stories and plays through these New Easy Methods that simplify everything! How one's imagination properly directed may bring glory and greatness. How to really test your natural writing ability. How stories and plays are built up step by step. How to turn Uncertainty into Success.

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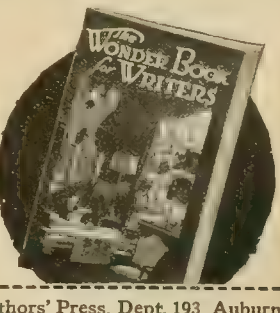

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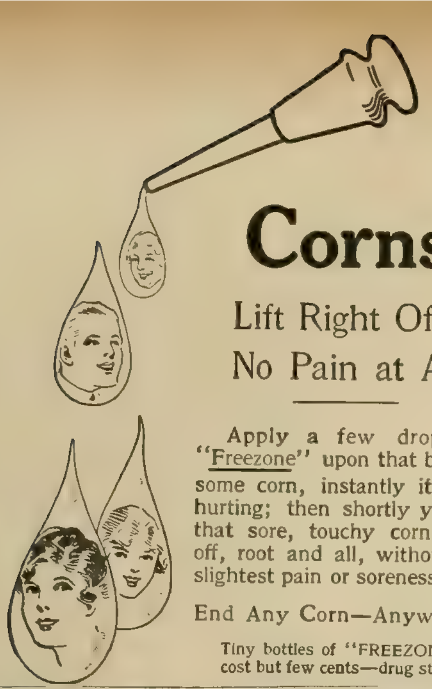
Here are the results at the time of going to press:

Mary Pickford, 92,656; Norma Talmadge, 51,387; Pearl White, 31,422; Mme. Nazimova, 16,263; Constance Talmadge, 9,817; Bebe Daniels, 6,406; Mary Miles Minter, 5,258; Viola Dana, 5,004; Elsie Ferguson, 4,855; Lillian Gish, 4,716; Theda Bara, 4,469; Ruth Roland, 4,164; Dorothy Gish, 3,857; Anita Stewart, 3,812; Marguerite Clark, 3,559; Ethel Clayton, 3,250; May Allison, 2,307; Olive Thomas, 2,262; Dorothy Dalton, 2,203; Olga Petrova, 2,024; Shirley Mason, 1,928; Pauline Frederick, 1,361; Gloria Swanson, 1,547; Irene Castle, 1,526; Marie Osborne, 1,462; Geraldine Farrar, 1,451; Wanda Hawley, 1,305; Ann Little, 1,262; Alice Brady, 1,254; Marie Prevost, 1,213; Edith Johnson, 1,151; Alice Joyce, 1,007; Alice Lake, 974; Marion Davies, 934; Blanche Sweet, 921; Mae Murray, 899; Priscilla Dean, 864; Kathlyn Williams, 815; Katherine MacDonald, 766; Doris May, 739; Vivian Martin, 730; Margarita Fisher, 675; Betty Compson, 646; Clara K. Young, 611; June Caprice, 559; Madge Kennedy, 527; Jane Novak, 478; Phyllis Haver, 525; Sylvia Breamer, 473; Bessie Love, 464; Enid Bennett, 460; Juanita Hansen, 455; Gladys Leslie, 451; Marie Walcamp, 447; Dolores Cassinelli, 440; Winifred Westover, 434; Rosemary Theby, 431; Pauline Curley, 382; Eva Novak, 370; Mildred Reardon, 369; Lillian Hall, 364; Marjorie Daw, 360; Mildred Harris, 357; Billie Burke, 357; Mildred Davis, 351; Corinne Griffith, 342; Violet Heming, 337; Doris Kenyon, 330; Lila Lee, 324; Marguerite De La Motte, 301; Dorothy Phillips, 285; Grace Cunard, 276; Mae Marsh, 272; Betty Blythe, 270; Peggy Hyland, 266; Marguerite Courtot, 259; Jean Paige, 238; Virginia Lee Corbin, 217.

William S. Hart, 38,453; Wallace Reid, 36,961; Richard Barthelmess, 24,213; Douglas Fairbanks, 13,104; Eugene O'Brien, 9,319; William Farnum, 7,111; J. Warren Kerrigan, 4,460; Charles Ray, 4,402; Tom Mix, 3,756; Gaston Glass, 3,223; Charles Chaplin, 2,807; Thomas Meighan, 2,664; William Russell, 2,451; Ralph Graves, 2,346; Antonio Moreno, 2,309; Rodney La Rocque, 2,160; Tom Moore, 2,114; Douglas MacLean, 2,071; Bert Lytell, 1,916; John Barrymore, 1,862; William Duncan, 1,758; Harrison Ford, 1,613; Jack Pickford, 1,606; Owen Moore, 1,567; Elliott Dexter, 1,554; Kenneth Harlan, 1,548; Harry Northrup, 1,401; Earle Williams, 1,225; George Walsh, 1,051; Ben Alexander, 1,043; Lloyd Hughes, 981; Eddy Polo, 916; Lewis Stone, 869; Harold Lloyd, 855; Conway Tearle, 812; Robert Harron, 787; Robert Warwick, 770; Marshall Neilan, 731; Sessue Hayakawa, 719; Louis Bennison, 670; Monte Blue, 666; Monroe Salisbury, 661; Lon Chaney, 660; Bryant Washburn, 657; Harry Carey, 652; Tom Forman, 637; Eddie Lyons, 633; Wesley Barry, 607; Charles Meredith, 517; George Fawcett, 478; Henry G. Sell, 475; Percy Marmont, 464; David Powell, 450; Webster Campbell, 449; Theodore Roberts, 445; Joe Ryan, 440; Harry Morey, 416; Ben Turpin, 367; Jack Holt, 363; Creighton Hale, 360; Robert Gordon, 355; Albert Ray, 354; Emory Johnson, 346; Mahlon Hamilton, 340; Lee Moran, 338; King Vidor, 326; Francis MacDonald, 320.



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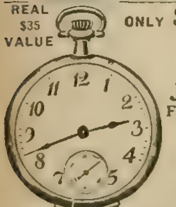

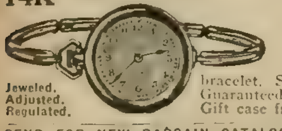

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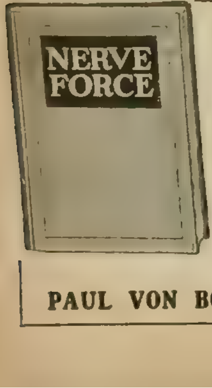

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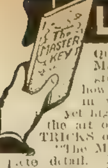

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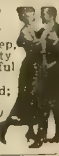

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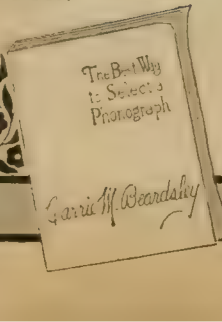

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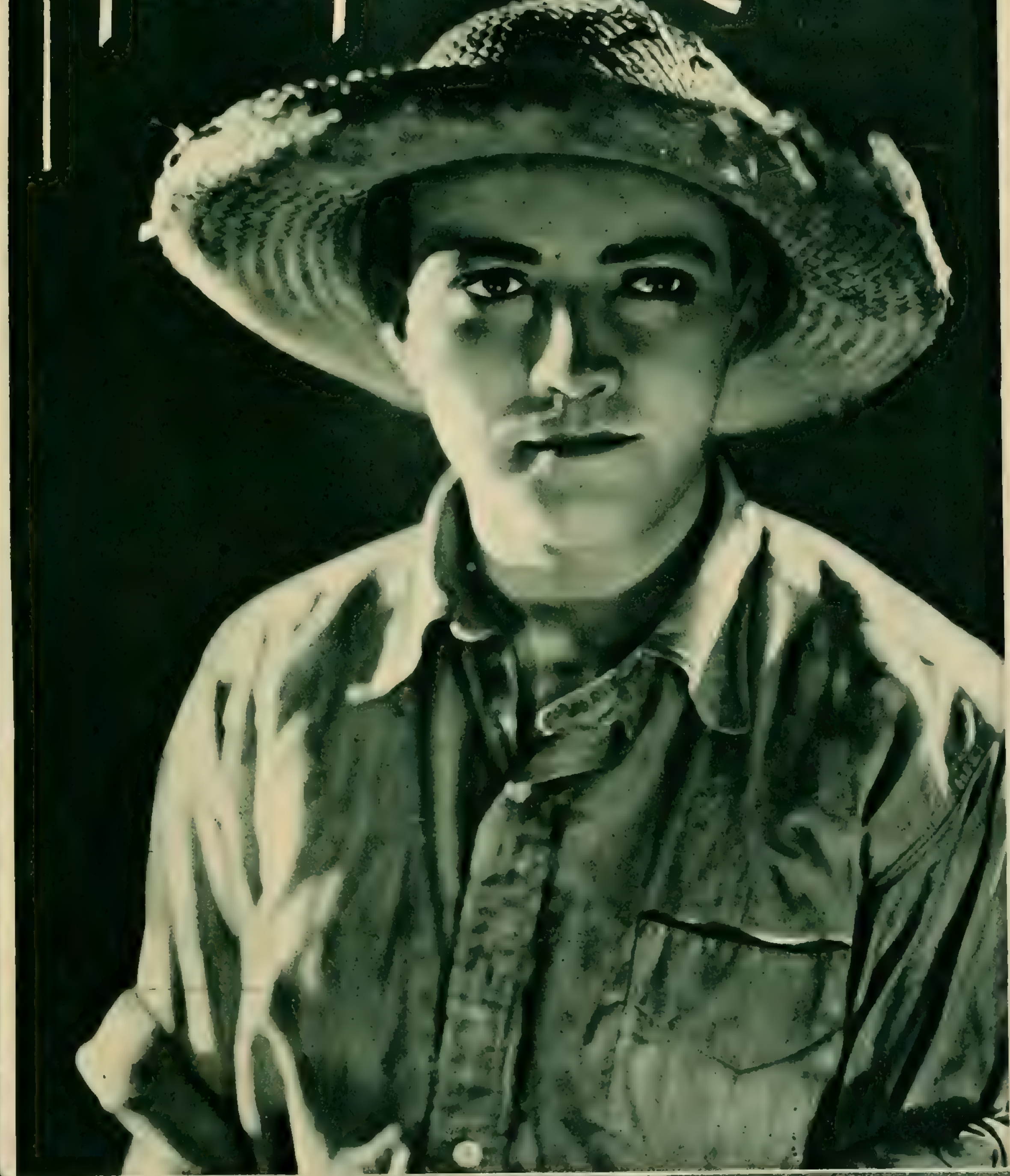


Photo by Abbe

RICHARD BARTHELMESS

As David Bartlett in the much-anticipated D. W. Griffith version of "Way Down East."

Photo © by Ned Van Buren, N. Y.

J. W. JOHNSTON

One of the popular leading men of the cinema since the early days of the old Eclair. Mr. Johnston has appeared opposite nearly every feminine star of note. He is now playing in Jack Noble's forthcoming production, "Cardigan."

Photo by Freulich

THOMAS HOLDING

With an unusual theatrical background, composed of years of experience with the most famous English players, Mr. Holding has been winning popular favor with his screen work for Universal.

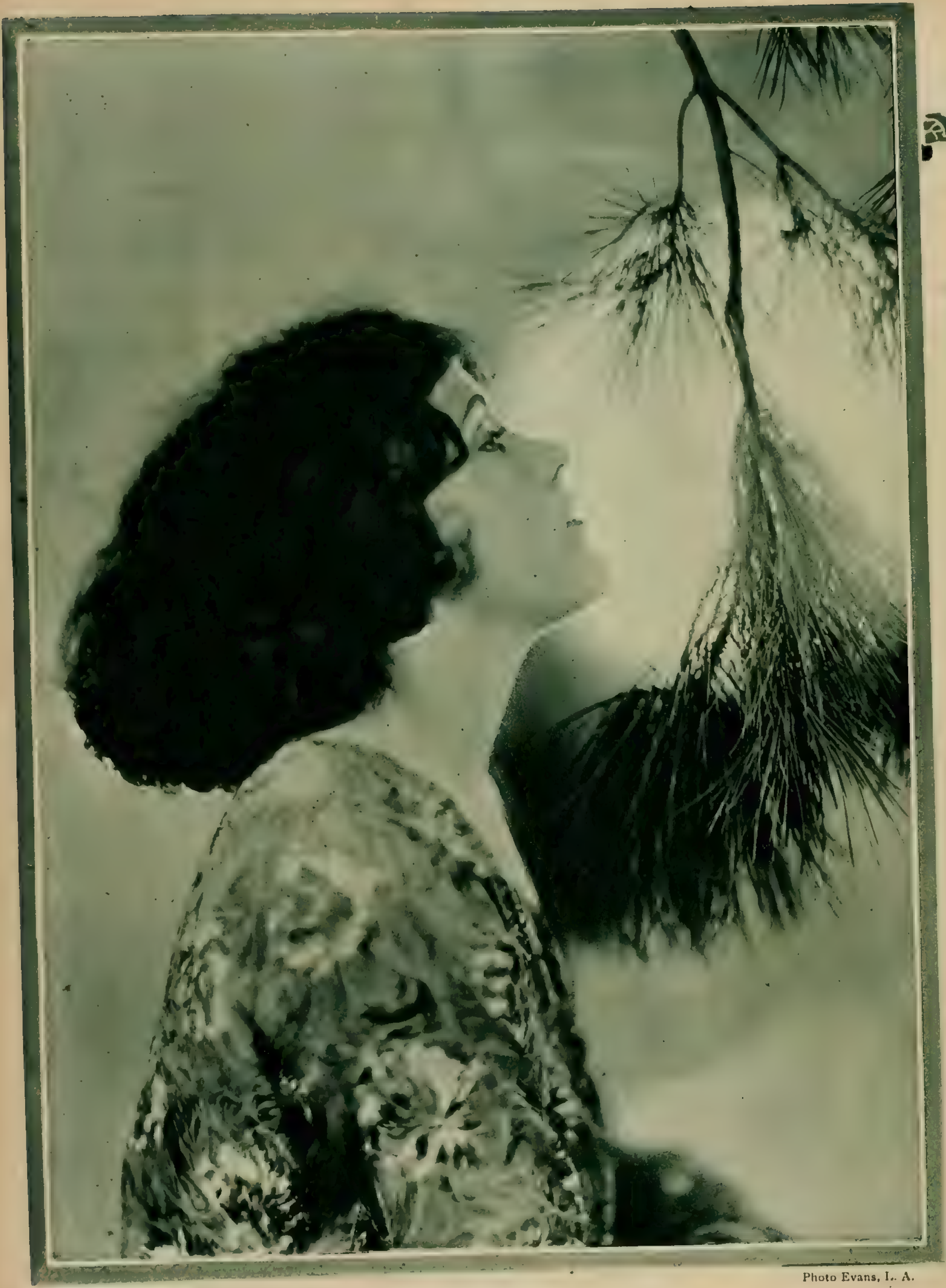


Photo Evans, L. A.

MARIE PREVOST

While so many ex-bathing beauties have been weaned over to the dramatic side of the silversheet, little Marie Prevost still continues to uphold the pulchritudinous traditions of the well-known Mack Sennett studios,—and with "half-an-eye," we should say she's doing very well, indeed!

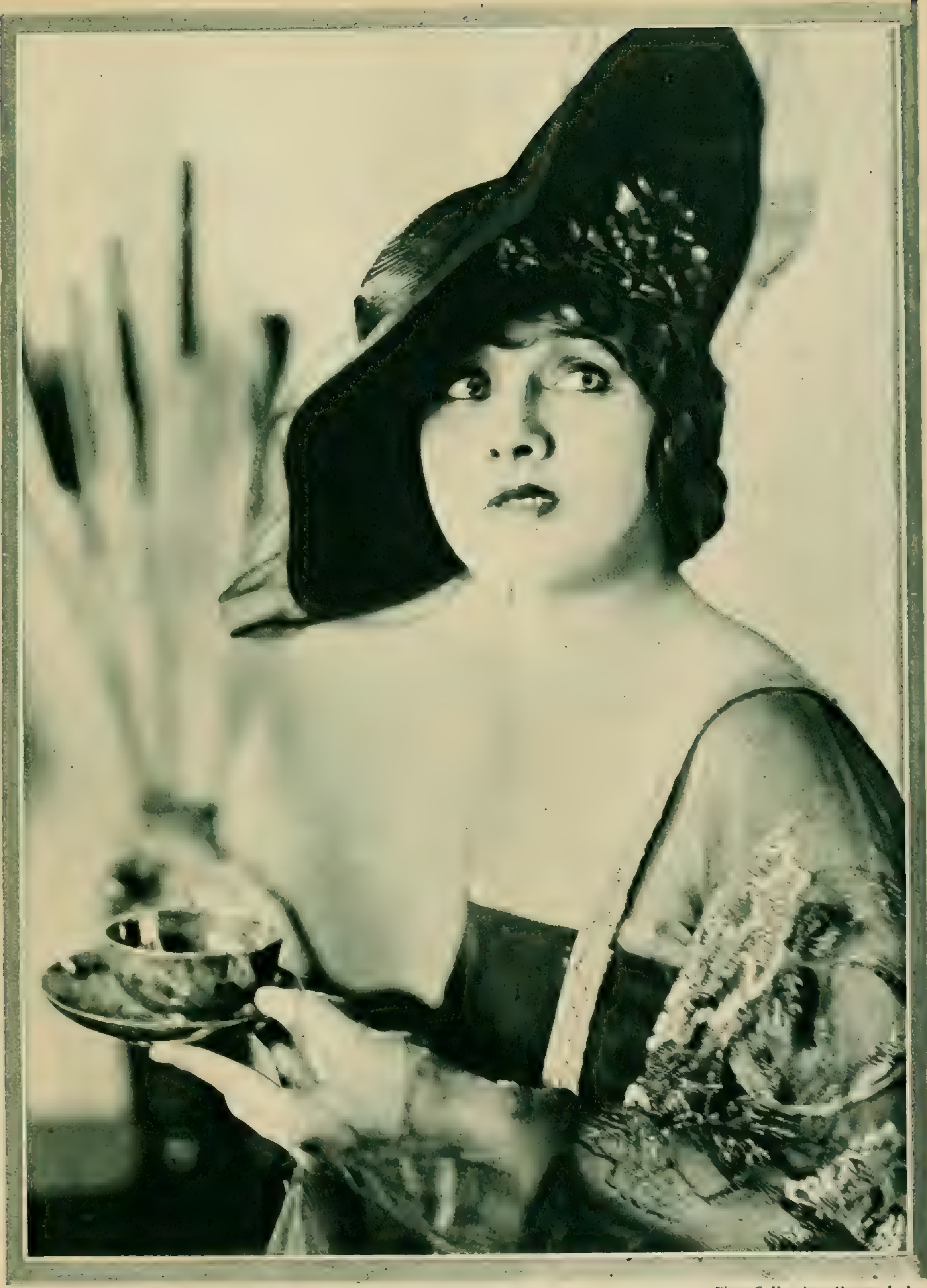


Photo C. Houghton Monroe, L. A.

BETTY BLYTHE

Each month we vow not to print another portrait of Betty, but by the time we get ready to go to press, and her newest pictures are before us, somehow or other we weaken. Remember, we are only human! Miss Blythe recently created quite a flutter among film-lovers as a foil for the wiles of the irresistible Lew Cody.

Carol and Her Car

Photos by Abbe

Carol Dempster has been a Griffith player for two years. Mr. Griffith has unusual faith in her and he has been allowing her to develop slowly under his tutelage—to gather technique and atmosphere without forcing. You can understand the Griffith faith after meeting Miss Dempster. She can think

An interview is a trying matter at best, but a chat with an actress who has just purchased an automobile is—well, difficult. That was just the problem that confronted us upon meeting Carol Dempster.

Miss Dempster has just purchased a car. And her thoughts, to mildly express it, were wrapped up, centered, absorbed and completely engulfed with the aforementioned purchase, a Chandler coupé.

Miss Dempster has been a Griffith player for two years, but in that time she has appeared in but three productions: "The Girl Who Stayed at Home," "Scarlet Days" and the much-talked-about Griffith photoplay, "The Love Flower," not yet released. Mr. Griffith has unusual faith in Miss Dempster and he has been allowing her to develop slowly under his tutelage—to gather technique and atmosphere without forcing, as it were.

We can understand the Griffith faith in Miss Dempster after meeting her. She can think. She talks crisply and unaffectedly. Her viewpoint is fresh and girlish. She is ambitious. But, most of all, she is untouched by things theatrical—or shall we say *cinematic*.

Miss Dempster was born in Duluth, Minnesota. Her father was a Great Lakes captain. "From him I get my love of the water," Miss Dempster told us, as we sat on the porch of the Griffith studio at Mamaroneck, overlooking the Sound. A sloop was drifting picturesquely thru the grey haze oceanward. "I couldn't live without the restlessness and placidity of it.

"We moved to California when I was four," went on Miss Dempster. "There was nothing interesting about that period. Just the usual school girlhood.

"Then the dance idea hit me. I wanted to be an interpreter of the classic muse. Probably the athletic side of it appealed to me. You see, I'm an outdoor girl. That's why I love motoring. Now, my car——"

"Yes, go on," we reminded.

"Well, I became a pupil of Ruth St. Denis at her studio estate, Denishawn, in California," continued Miss Dempster. "I studied with Miss St. Denis for a year and a half. That was in 1916 and 1917.

"Of course, I intended to seriously follow the dance. With seven other girls, I was going on tour with Miss St. Denis and mother was going along as chaperon. Included in the eight were two now rather well-known dancers, Florence Andrews, now known as Florence O'Denishawn, and Ada Forman.

"I have often read that Mr. Griffith first saw me during the production of 'Intolerance,' when he used the St. Denis ballet

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

in the Babylonian scenes. In reality I first met Mr. Griffith when he came to visit our classes and to watch us work. Miss Andrews and I did play bits in 'Intolerance'—and very inconsequential bits they were. I didn't think then that I would be a Griffith player, with a car earned upon my own salary, but——"

"You were just about to explain how Mr. Griffith discovered you," we ruthlessly interrupted.

Miss Dempster went on. "Mother's sudden illness prevented my tour with Miss St. Denis and I obtained my opportunity with Mr. Griffith. He first used me in 'The Girl Who Stayed at Home,' but I was new and crude to the screen. My make-up was not even passable. I was a bit better used to the films when I had my chance in 'Scarlet Days.' The story of 'The Love Flower' appealed to me when I heard it first, and I was delighted when Mr. Griffith gave me the opportunity to do it."

"The Love Flower" was done by Mr. Griffith at the time he made his nearly ill-fated trip to Bermuda last winter and at the same time "The Idol Dancer" was filmed. "The Love Flower" was first called "Black Beach" and was to be released by Mr. Griffith some time ago. But the story appealed to the producer and he purchased it back from the First National Exhibitors' Circuit, to which it had been turned over. Upon the conclusion of "Way Down East," Mr. Griffith set about shooting new scenes and completely rebuilding the production.

"I like 'The Love Flower,'" continued Miss Dempster, "because it gives me a human rôle. I do not want to just be an ingénue. They are very sweet and pleasant to the eye, I know, but I want to mean something more. I hope I can always do regular girls—the healthy kind. I have no lyric qualities and I would be angry if anyone said I was cute."

There are not many Carol Dempsters in the realm of the silversheet, we admit. She has, for instance, been devoting a large part of her time recently to becoming a highly proficient swimmer. That is, all the time she had not given her car.

(Continued on page 83)

Photos by Abbe

At the left is a glimpse of Miss Dempster on the running board of her new car. Miss Dempster started out to be a classic dancer and studied a year and a half with Ruth St. Denis at Denishawn

That Youth From Second Avenue

All photos by Townsend, N. Y.

The uncle of Vincent Coleman was quite a famous Shakespearean actor in his time, and one of the largest influences on Vincent's early theatrical ambitions was the gift of three trunkfuls of Shakespearean costumes given to him by said uncle

THERE are some few persons who make one feel that one is in the presence of artistry, in the immediate vicinity of the much exploited but seldom realized temperament.

Vincent Coleman is such a one.

Curiously enough, despite the best propaganda to the contrary, temperament is evinced rather by simplicity of speech, of manner, of thought, than by the eccentricities of any of these. The true artist does not, because he feels no need, acquire an accent, a new brace of parents, or a country. He neither renames himself nor does he remake himself. He has essentials to deal with, and the logical development thereof.

To wit:

"I was born on Second Avenue," says Vincent Coleman; "my mother taught Sunday-school around the corner from my birthplace, so it was quite a family neighborhood for us." He laughed, (we had been discussing, amusedly, temperamental acquisitions), "Someone once said to me, in speaking of the taking on of foreign accents, that all I had ever done was to drop the 'deys, dese and does.' "

Mr. Coleman is extremely young. If it wouldn't sound like hyperbole, which has no place in a tale concerning him, I should say excessively, and certainly, surprisingly, young. His extreme youth impressed me first of all, to the exclusion of other things. I found out, by dexterous inquiry, that his years number twenty-four.

He bears a resemblance to many of the photographs of Rupert Brooke, in a certain sensitiveness, a certain expression. There is, too, a marked likeness, especially photographically, to John Barrymore. Incidentally, Mr. Coleman has an immense admiration for Mr. Barrymore, particularly for the lack of ostentation with which he bears himself personally. "He is a very great artist," said the younger man.

I asked Mr. Coleman what he thought anent the subject of artists being born rather than made, or vice versa. He said that he thought artists were born and that then it resolved itself into a question of finding one's self. "To me," he said "that seems to be the all-important thing.

I asked him about himself in this particular. "Was there any motivating impulse theaterward?" I wanted to know.

"I had an uncle," Mr. Coleman said, telling me his name, "who was quite a famous Shake-

By
FAITH SERVICE

spearean actor in his time, but all I can recall his telling about in my extreme youth were the hardships of stage life. Of course, he was at his prime in the days when everything was made just as hard for an actor as things could well be. He narrated dismal horrors of one-night stands, lack of funds, lack of engagements, blasted hopes and blighted ambitions, and he was rather successful than unsuccessful, at that. Somehow, I wasn't daunted; on the contrary, I believe my appetite, or my natural inclination, was augmented. Still, I hardly believe I can attribute my desire directly to my uncle, either, unless subconsciously . . . for farther back than his remembered talks, when I was the tiniest sort of a chap, not more than four or five, I used to play theater. Playing theater consisted of a wooden stage I had my father build for me and a number of wooden spools representing the actors. These spools I would move back and forth, speaking for each one in turn. It was an endless and a tireless pastime. Later on, reciting in front of people took the place of the stage and the wooden spools. I think I never had the diffidence so many children have. In fact, whenever we had company, I was quite insistent upon taking the floor and delivering myself of some sort of address. My father, who was daunted by his brother's dreary tales of stage life, did all he could at this stage of the game to discourage me. He began to recognize the force and seriousness of my ever-growing passion for the theater. After I had recited something I especially liked and believed I had done especially well, he would draw me aside and say, 'That was awful, Vincent, perfectly awful. I wouldn't try it again if I were you.'

Vincent Coleman's acting last season in "Martinique," the Broadway success, and his recent pictures with Constance Talmadge, mark him as a youth of unusual ability

"When I was twelve I began to corral the children of the neighborhood and stage what I thought to be elaborate productions. That same year, a memorable year for me, my uncle, who saw, no doubt, being of the stage himself, that I was predestined, presented me with his trunks, three in all, of Shakespearean costumes. You can imagine the riches these were to me! I immediately induced my next-door neighbor, who was the possessor of a rather good camera, to photograph me in the different characters, and I posed all over the place. With the

(*Continued on page* 86)

American Royalty Abroad

Sketch
Farrington
Photo Co.,
London

A snapshot taken on board ship

Photo by The Daily Mirror

Top, Doug and Mary coming down the gang-plank at Southampton Right, British fans break thru the dock lines to welcome the stars

Photo by
The Daily
Mirror

When Doug and Mary Visited Europe

Photo by International, N. Y.

Doug and Mary bow to the thousands from their railway carriage

Photo by The Daily Mirror

Top, the honeymooners reach Waterloo Station, London. Left, Doug saves Mary from the crowds at the Queen Alexandra Rose Festival in London

Photo by Central News Service

How Young Is Anne?

Photo by Freulich, L. A.

Just what do you like to do?

What is your ambition?

How old are you?

And whom would you marry?

The foregoing, you will admit, are more or less direct questions. But, being an interviewer, the foregoing are the questions you always think to ask the motion picture *celebs* when you journey into their native haunts to put them on paper for any such publication as THE CLASSIC.

And, the funny part of it is, you nearly always get the same answer to every query from every *celeb* you meet. It's always the penchant of a screen star to be either literary or athletic; to be a motor enthusiast or a baseball fan; to be domestic and cook and sew, or to be an ideal hubby or wife.

Ambitions run along the same track. All the photo-famous whom I've ever met always wish to be still more famous. Within them is a burning desire to out-Bernhardt Sarah in the acting line. A few, I will confess, have whispered that they're in the game only for the money, and they dont care a whoop for a seat in the Hall of Fame—but I've always discovered that these are the ones who pay good money to personal press agents.

The ages? Well, they differ, but I've never yet heard of a screen actress who will admit to being more than twenty-four.

And the marriage part of it! Screen stars, in the ultimate, are just as human as their unstarred brethren. They're all more or less anxious to have a home and family, altho—and I must confess again! —marriages in the cinema colony are not always guaranteed to last But, then what of it?

All this preamble — this innocuous piffle—is merely an introduction to the very newest Universal star, a tiny little mite of a girl who's almost as much like the beloved Mae Marsh as M. M. is like herself. For Anne Cornwall, when you corner her on the "set" or sit opposite her at luncheon, just merely laughs when you pop the four introductories at her—largely, more or less, to get acquainted—and says that she is prepared to advance only such information regarding herself as all the Mary Pickfords and Charlie Rays before her have already advanced.

Around the studio, the diminutive Anne is just as normal as any girl could be. Stardom hasn't affected her a bit. She stands on stage-corners talking to extras and property men, and even allows the supernumerary kiddies to sit on her lap, . . . quite unheard-of procedure from a real star

By
TRUMAN B. HANDY

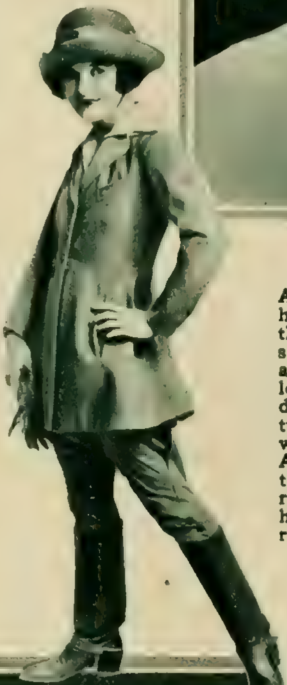
Miss Cornwall is, I will admit, a trifle "different." She has an infectious smile, a spontaneous little way of saying witty things. She's not the typically ingénue type, but a girl whose very self-consciousness and record of theatrical achievements prove that this new little five-foot sparkler has, as the vulgarians say, a lot under her hat beside her ears.

Her ambition is—and always was—to make a name for herself in theatricals. In fact, about three years ago she left a very comfortable home in the East to go into the chorus ranks of the musical comedy, "Oh, Lady, Lady!" And her ambition now is to do as good work on the screen as she possibly can, to make all the money she possibly can and to be as well liked as is possible.

Photo by Freulich, L. A.

When I lunched with her in the stuffy little commissary across the road from the Universal studios, she wore a plain, dark-blue organdy with one of those trick rolled collars. Her hair was done up rather high on her head, to make her, said Miss Cornwall, as tall as possible. She hates being little, and when Charles Hertzman, the "U's" publicity man and, by chance, an old, old friend of the Cornwall family, kidded her about her diminutiveness, Anne pertly stuck out her tongue at him.

What impressed me most about her is her extreme similarity to Mae Marsh. She has the same sort of wistful smile, the same way of arching her eyebrows, the same sad-happy little chirp in her voice, the same somewhat nervous way of tugging at her handkerchief. She's more sprightly, however, than the famed little "screen sister," and not so pensive. She's never met Miss Marsh, but she thinks her "perfectly adorable."



And not that she'd care to imitate her, either, because Anne doesn't care to imitate anybody. Ingénues—and she admits being one—are so stereotyped, she declares. Finding something new and yet cute for an ingénue to do is like looking for violets in December. Awfully difficult! And yet, because a girl's small, she hasn't any chance of being anything else than a flapper.

Anne Cornwall always had wanted to go on the stage. So one day, she got herself a job as a chorus girl and learned to dance. She danced and sang for two seasons until she went into pictures with Alice Brady. Her portrayal of the ingénue rôle in "The Copperhead" with Lionel Barrymore established her

"When I get old," went on Anne, thoughtfully, "I hope that I'll have money—enough not to have to work. I'd hate to be a screen mother and always be reminded of the time when I was young and could do pretty nearly as I pleased, so far as health was concerned. I'd hate to look in the glass and realize that I wasn't so fresh-appearing as of yore. I think I'd cry. Then I'd spoil my make-up and get bawled out by the director. And I do so hate to be bawled out!"

No one would ever think of bawling out Miss Cornwall. Around the studio she's just as normal as any of the girls who purvey soup in the hash-house. Stardom hasn't affected her a bit. She stands on stage-corners, talking to extras and property men, and even allows the supernumerary kiddies to sit in her lap—quite unheard-of procedure from a real star.

All her life she's wanted to be an actress. Finally the desire got so burning that she couldn't stand it any longer. She simply announced that she was going to try her luck in the chorus, got herself a job and learnt to dance. Her first season was in the New York *ensemble*. Next season saw her doing a small singing and dancing bit in another musical comedy, "Oh, Look!" in which the Dolly Sisters and Harry Fox were featured. And then one day she

(*Continued on page 71*)

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Left, Rosie Quinn, one of the favorites of the Century Roof revue

Above, Cissie Sewell in "Honey Girl"

Photo by Old Masters Studios

Below, Beatrice Darling, another Century Roof beauty

Photo by Ira D. Schwarz

In the Summer Revues

This, That and the Other Thing

By
FAITH SERVICE

All photos © Ira L. Hill

"This," said Bert Lytell, over the honeydews and iced tea we had been consuming at the Claridge, "is not an interview—surely?"

"What's in a name?" I said. "I must write something."

"But what *can* you write?" he persisted. "We have been talking about blonde ingénues, custard pies—and me."

"I came to talk about you," I agreed affably, "and, as for the rest of it, we have been exceedingly catholic in our range of subjects. If I remember rightly, we have touched upon the aforementioned blonde ingénues, custard pies, free love, prohibition, of course, work in the scheme-of-things-entire, love in the same scheme and——"

"And have arrived—where?" he asked.

"Do you," I said, "believe that the average person does 'arrive' so very definitely *anywhere*. Do you, for instance, have tabulated and set ideas and philosophies on this, on that, on the other thing?"

"No, I dont," he said, candidly: "I am extremely undecided about almost everything. So are most of us, admittedly or otherwise. With the many avenues there are to the many thoughts it could not *thoughtfully* be otherwise. I have come to one conclusion, however, one and one only—that I know absolutely *nothing* about *anything*—with one exception. I do believe that I am beginning—and *only* beginning—to learn something about my work. I am beginning to learn something about *myself* in connection with that work. I am beginning to discover what it is I want to do and how it is I want to do it. That is a very great stride."

"The only worth-while persons in the world, be they men or women, are the persons who are doing things, creating things, getting somewhere, fired by an idealism," says Bert Lytell—and we quite agree with him. Mr. Lytell answers the requirements of a "worth-while" person perfectly

"Tell me," I said, "more specifically, I mean."

"Well, in the first place, loving my work as I do, I believe that it is the greatest thing in life. What is man without work? I believe, for the matter of that, that work is the greatest thing in the life of all men. It is the *really* great thing, taken from more than the purely commercial or professional aspect. It is the great thing from a *social* valuation."

"Social?" Pictures of humming studios, dusty locations, strenuous continuity desks, etc., etc., presented themselves to my dreiseristically realistic mind.

Photos © Ira L. Hill

"Social, certainly. You know, the only worth-while persons in the world, be they men or women, are the persons who are *doing things, creating* things, getting somewhere or at least imbued with the belief that they are, fired by an idealism, how formless does not matter in the splendor of the person. The dilettante—the society 'bud'—the professional do-nothing—what are they? What can they give? The creators of something or other are the persons I want to be with, anyone wants to be with. Theirs is the magnetism, theirs the charm. This holds almost *more* than true of women. As a man emerges from the high-school stage, (when almost anything does, so long as the eye is somewhat beguiled), he becomes discriminating, as it were. The thing that matters, then, in a woman, is whether or no she is a good sort; whether she is, not mentally attractive, or physically attractive, but *temperamentally* attractive. To my mind, 'temperamentally attractive' sums up the whole. I would rather talk with one woman a year than flit from tea to tea, and ingénue to ingénue. There is no stimulus in that sort of thing for me.

"You cant be *with* the doers of deeds if you are not *of* them. In that field, the fields of activity, like attracts like more than in any other province. A drone is almost terrifically eliminated.

"That's what I mean by the social, or contact, end of it.

"And then the work itself, the solidity of it, the satisfaction, the way it will stand bv you when all things have failed. It is of you, you yourself, emanates from you, is wholly your own. It's a sort of bread and staff and cannot be overestimated."

"What specific thing do you want to do?" I asked.

"There's one specific thing I *dont* want to do—or be," he said, with one of his frequent lapses from gravity into ingenuous humor, (I'd call it "boyish humor," only I stand in awe of one of the custard pies he has in store for certain of my species of the blonde variety).

"And that?" I prompted.

"A matinée idol. There is almost nothing I would not rather be than that."

He literally spat forth the words.

"I think you are infinitely more a *villain,*" I vouchsafed, with consummate tact.

He appeared to be comforted.

(*Continued on page* 74)

Altho he has quite recently come to the front, Bert Lytell finds his greatest happiness in continuous work, and no sooner does he finish one picture than he sets to work on the next. His recent work in "The Right of Way" and "Alias Jimmy Valentine" will not be forgotten soon by film lovers

'Way Down East

Fictionized from the D. W. Griffith Photoplay

By
GLADYS HALL

"I dont think I understand . . ." the girl shrank into the chair. Suddenly Sanderson's kisses had acquired a distaste for her, a shrinking of some super-sensitized fibers within her of which she had become, suddenly, aware.

The man laughed. How light his laughter was! No vibrancy, none of that timbre making laughter either sonorous or imbecile.

"What dont you understand, fledgling? You are here, with me. We are not married. The ceremony thru which your virtue dragged me was a mock ceremony, a sop to your scruples, that my hours of love might not be dimmed by reproachfulness. A reproachful woman is an abomination, probably to the Lord. Now, now I am being frank, truthful. We are not married, we never were. You are the timid country lass; I am the suave, mustachioed villain. I have roo-ned you!"

Anna put her fragile hands over her ears. Every added word was a stroke, hurting her. And when she stopped listening, memory assailed her—and that was worse. To a woman, memory is, no doubt, of all things, the most unbearable. Especially where her heart has been involved . . .

It had all been so sudden a tempest in so dreamful, so tranquil a life. She had gone, after her father's death, to her wealthy aunt's in Boston to borrow some money for a course she had planned to take. In a sense, it had not been borrowing. The dead man was solely responsible for his sister's affluence, and Anna was, by every moral right, entitled to, not bounty, but rightful heritage.

She had arrived in Boston at night, and when she arrived at her aunt's munificent residence a ball had been in progress. There had been introductions, among others, Lennox Sanderson. She had not realized how quaint a figure she had cut, or how, in the medley of perfumes and powders, boxed, hoaxed beauties, her fragile appeal had shone forth, bell-like, wistful, clear . . . Lennox Sanderson had lost his head. That he was in the habit of losing it and that it was a none too steady appendage to his six feet of svelte good looks was not conveyed to Anna's unenlightened perspective. She only knew, very simply, that he thrilled her when he bent over her and talked to her as the poets had written, the poets who had thrilled her, too, in her romantic garret, back home . . . So she had dreamed that, some day, a man would talk to her. She had dreamed, too, that he would bear the general manner of Lennox Sanderson.

When he asked her to marry him she gave him her heart, with a little, throaty "Yes."

He pleaded that his love was consuming, and that he feared obstacles, hence his whirlwind plan to carry her off, at once, and make her his own. The fact that her aunt had refused her the aid she asked; that she felt very much alone and very sad; and that Lennox Sanderson made her nerves dance like tiny wires when he came near her; these things together had urged her to go . . .

And then, after a fortnight, this . . .

"Do you understand *now?*" he was asking. He seemed to take, today, as keen, as thrilling a delight in probing the wound he had inflicted as he had, a short time ago, delighted in lulling her with the lights of his fervency.

"I dont see why . . ." Anna stared up at him. He had said her eyes were the blue of forget-me-nots. They were dimmed to grey today, with the tears she kept in her heart.

"My dear child, strive for some *savoir-faire*. Take the world as the world is. Men as men are. With so *many* women . . . butterflies . . . roses . . . exotics . . . surely you could not suppose a man of my type and taste would tie himself for the rest of his days to a field flower, however charming? Surely . . ."

But Anna did not hear him. She had fainted, and when she returned to consciousness, Lennox Sanderson, bag and baggage, had gone.

After her baby's birth, Anna sought the country, for work, for some sort of relief from all the dead things pressing in upon her, and about her . . .

The baby was dead . . . her faith was dead . . . her heart and all its bright romantic dreams was numbed . . . She felt, solely, a craving for the feel of cool grass, the smell of new flowers when the spring should be enough advanced, the heavy repleteness of midsummer in the country when fields and forests and gardens and homes were ripe and refulgent.

The city ground her down like a monstrous heel. Even as it had, with literalness, ground her . . .

And then there was work. She had to find work. The only thing she could do, now, was some sort of housework. She and her father had lived very simply, out of preference. They had kept no help, and she had always been able to please him. He had been fastidious, too . . . Once, she had thought she might write, write verse. That had been when all her illusions were singing, gossamer-winged, in her heart. It was quite different now. Lennox Sanderson, sneering, mocking the sweetest gift she had had to give him . . . Her baby, dead . . . The dreary, endless months just passed . . . Yes, the country was best. The country—and work.

The Bartlett family were more or less known to Anna by hearsay. They had lived in a neighboring town, at one time. She had heard that they were a God-fearing, kindly sort of family, and when she applied and they agreed that she could be helpful, she felt an immense relief.

From the first she warmed to them. The Squire, with his ponderous voice, his ponderous, omnipresent Bible, his dire threats of the Law and the Prophets—and the twinkle in his eyes. Mother Bartlett, shrewd and comfortable. Kate Brewster, a cousin who lived with them, merry, robin-like, jolly, with a glow for the whole world and a solid sort of belief that the world held an answering glow for her. The "butterfly professor," who sort of gamboled about the fields with his scientific and acquisitive butterfly net and who cast, from his remote and vision-seeing eyes, sheep's glances at the buxom Kate. And David——

"I dont think I understand . . ." the girl shrank into the chair. Suddenly Sanderson's kisses had acquired a distaste for her, a shrinking of some supersensitized fibers within her of which she had become, suddenly, aware

David was different. He was different from his family. He was different, Anna thought, in her newly grave, abstract sort of way, from the whole world as she had known it. He was practical. He was romantic. He was kindly. He was safe. There could be no harm in a life, she thought, where the men were Davids.

If her baby had lived and had grown up to be a woman, she would have liked her to have had for a friend a man like David.

When she could not sleep at night because the past pressed against her with sharp, poisoned finger-tips, Anna would think of David's face, reassuring, infinitely steady, and she would be calmed . . . and sleep . . .

She only knew very simply that he thrilled her when he bent over her and talked to her as the poets had written

She did not think of it as being love.

She did not think of it because she felt so done, so dreary, of all emotions. Love had been a blast from an evil-smelling furnace—it had seared her and then cast her forth—so much, so little for love. But David had not been seared. His had been a fine reserve and a high dreaming. Thus far in his simple, hard-working life no person had touched this reserve or pierced this isolated dreaming. It had taken Anna's delicate white face, her dream-hallowed, dream-emptied eyes, her uncertain, yet skilful white hands, her fragile body wherein, he thought, dwelt a waxen white flower in lieu of a soul . . .

The Bartlett family had taken it for granted, after the matter-of-fact manner of such people, that David would, one convenient day, wed Kate Brewster. It was so obviously and comfortably the thing to do. Kate was on the premises, in the first place. They had always been chums, in the second place. Thirdly, she would make a good, sensible wife for David, who was a bit inclined toward the whimsical, and a capable, lovely mother for his children. In the minds of the Squire and his good wife the wedding was as good as consummated.

They were little given to subtleties, the Squire and his wife, and youth was very far behind them. They did not bethink themselves that the healthy comradeship of David and Kate was the most powerful obstacle to their marriage; nor did they sense the drift of things with the "Butterfly Man," as they called the young scientist, with the eager eyes and the mellifluous voice. Kate's interest in him was, to them, inconsequential. Blushes and tremors escaped them . . . Kate was a sensible, likely girl and meant for their David. So be it.

Certain persons, it would seem, move in certain circles. However divisible their interests, their hearts, their essential lives, their paths seem to twine and intertwine with an almost deliberate insistency.

Lennox Sanderson happened to have a country place almost adjoining the Bartlett farm.

He also happened to be occupying the place, which was an infrequent occurrence. He was occupying it for a twofold reason. The first was a sort of necessity. He had been hitting rather a desperate pace, in town. He wasn't as young as he had been. His physician had advised him . . . rest . . . perfect quiet . . . the usual routine. He had rested and had been quiet, and then he had seen Kate Brewster. After the first sight, he assured himself of a second, then a third, etc. The second time he beheld her with her Butterfly Man. They had been skimming over the fields together and Sanderson had not got a look at her eyes. They had been on the Butterfly Man, so he couldn't. If he had he might—*might*—have had the discrimination to back out. There was love shining with a glowing frankness in the eyes Kate turned to the lovable, whimsical Butterfly Man.

'WAY DOWN EAST

Fictionized by permission from the D. W. Griffith photoplay, adapted from the story by Lottie Blair Parker. Directed by D. W. Griffith. The cast:

Squire Amasa Bartlett	Burr McIntosh
Louisa Bartlett, his wife	Kate Bruce
David Bartlett, their son	Richard Barthelmess
Kate Brewster, their niece	Mary Hay
Professor Sterling, a summer boarder	Creighton Hale
Hi Holler, chore boy	Edgar Nelson
Anna Moore	Lillian Gish
Lennox Sanderson	Lowell Sherman
Martha Perkins	Viva Ogden
Reuben Whipple, the village constable	George Neville
Seth Holcomb	Porter Strong

PROLOG

Aunt Mary	Josephine Bernard
A society lady	Mrs. Morgan Belmont
Her neighbor	Patricia Fruen
Mrs. Elliott	Florence Short
Anna's mother	Mrs. David Landau
A landlady	Emily Fitzroy
A gossip	Myrtle Sutch

And then he had seen Kate Brewster. After the first sight he assured himself of a second, then a third, etc. The second time he beheld her with her Butterfly Man

Later on, Sanderson made the acquaintance of the Bartletts. Kate was his motive. She gave him a freshened-up feeling. After the languid, orchidaceous growths he had been running about with in town—after Anna Moore, with her pallor and her forget-me-not eyes——

Like all small natures, he hated the persons he had hurt. He hated them unreasonably, and because he knew it to be unreasonable he hated them all the more. Anna he hated peculiarly. She disturbed him in the most primary ways. She came between him and his later amours. She came between him and food, between him and sleep. She was the motivating reason for his having to seek the farm. Whenever he saw a baby, he cursed.

The first day he went to the Bartlett farm he saw her. First, he could not be sure. It was as if across the bright gleam of a pearl an irreverent hand had drawn a veil. She wore black, too, and across the palpable invitation of her youth there had been an invasion . . .

The whole thing was abominable to him. He felt outraged and personally insulted. Besides, he had other fish to fry—what would the buoyant Kate Brewsfer think? Kate, with her untarnished vision of men and things? What would young David think, the Squire, the Butterfly Man, if this girl's sordid tale got out among them? And it would. Inevitably, it would. Women could never keep a secret. A moment of hysteria, a touch of emotionalism . . . A small town, too . . . the gossips would ferret it forth. There was the Perkins person, Martha Perkins, who lived on the dregs of the sins of others . . . Martha would have it, assuredly. Already, no doubt, the slim, black-clad figure of Anna Moore, moving about with the wistful smile, the eyes, still blue, but hurt with her broken dreaming, already Martha Perkins was fitting some sort of past to Anna Moore. Sooner or later, the past would fit Anna . . . and himself, Lennox Sanderson.

It was easy to draw Anna aside. Her first glimpse of him had hypnotized her, with the fear a bird feels of a snake. He had hurt her so that helplessness enveloped her at his presence.

"You must leave here," he told her, the rasp of his impatience roughening the silken tones of his customary voice; "you have no right, my poor girl, to foist yourself as what you are not upon these people. You must know the Squire's opinion of . . . of . . . well, of unconventionality in general. Especially with a young girl on the premises—and a young man. Where are your sensibilities, my good—er—-Anna?"

Anna raised her hand. Because it quivered and she could

not stop its quivering, she felt a loathing of herself. He, being he, would attribute the quivering to quite an erroneous well-spring.

"You," she managed, at length, "it is you who must go."

"I? I? But, my dear girl, how absurd! I have a home here. I—I have interests here."

"So have I. I—I have to live."

"Of course, of course. That goes without saying. But not here. Not among this sort of people. Not—surely I do not have to be franker than I am?"

"*You* are here—among this sort of people——"

"That is quite different. I am a man. You have not, it seems, quite 'caught on' yet. There is the question, too, of desirability."

Anna set her small chin, and into her blue, forget-me-not eyes there crept something akin to steel. David's face came before her, with its unquestioning tenderness, its calm, its ineffable assurance. "I am not going," she said, and was saved further dispute by the boisterous arrival of Kate Brewster, her Butterfly Man in tow.

Nevertheless, with the perspicacity of persons to whom mental sewerage is the everyday fare, Sanderson was right when he presupposed that Martha Perkins would "get a-hold" of Anna's past. He had never, however, been so optimistic as to suppose that she would only get a-hold of *half* of it—*Anna's* half. Such was the case.

How Martha found it out, by what channel, Sanderson did not know, nor does it matter. The outstanding fact was painfully sufficient unto itself . . .

And love is the conqueror, and there is both a quick and a dead . . . her eyelids fluttered under his breath; her hands stirred to meet his; her lips moved and uttered his name . . .

Anna had been with the Bartletts for nearly a year—it would have been a year in the spring. During that time there had grown across the rough edges of her hurt a sort of healing peace. David had placed it there. His touch had been sweet and sure. Not once had he failed. His sensibilities were delicately fine and unerringly true. The day before Martha Perkins' visit he had told Anna of his love for her. Sitting before the fire, she had dreamed the dream he sketched for her in the glowing of the coals—and had said good-by to it. David was too sweet . . . too sweet . . . Like wants like . . . She, she who thru him had learnt love, real love, to come to him dragging the tatters and remnants of her griefs as offering . . .

"I wish that I could," she told him wistfully.

"Then you dont, dear?" he had asked, so softly. He seemed, always, to know that she needed a gentle touch . . .

"Yes, I do." They dealt in simplicities. "I do . . . but that isn't the part that matters . . ."

"It is *all* that matters . . . Why, Anna, love . . ."

(*Continued on page 78*)

It seemed, to the stricken group at the table, almost as tho a wraith, a ghost, an unreality, were passing from them. She went so noiselessly, so unprotestingly, so vaguely and yet so definitely, that it did not seem as tho it could be she, delicate as had been, invariably, her presence among them

Mr. Tearle On Ambition

Photo by Witzel, L. A.

Conway Tearle is a radical departure from the usual run of film players. He refuses to sign a long-term contract because he cannot tolerate the bondage of such a contract. He dislikes, personally, the electric-sign rating of the stars, for, as he says, "I'd never know whether I were Conway Tearle or a breakfast food"

THE gentle art of interviewing holds many temptations, even for the most seasoned. One resists or succumbs according to one's individual resistive powers. I have just encountered an overwhelming temptation and, modestly enough, I may add, have resisted it.

I was tempted to call this interview "Who Took the Tea Out of Tearle?"

It is only fair to Mr. Tearle, to the gentle reader, not to mention myself, to again reiterate that I *have* resisted, not without, however, succumbing to the lesser evil of narrating the conquered Waterloo.

It all arose, the temptation and the victory, too, from a remark made by Mr. Tearle as we sat, and *I* sipped tea at Reisenweber's, where, for the past ten years, Mr. Tearle has stopped while in New York.

I had commenced my tea, having had reason to suppose, from a conflict of time, that Mr. Tearle was not going to appear. When he did, a bit out of breath, with rumpled hair and his wife reminding him that she had *previously* reminded him of this, I said, "Wont you join me?"

He replied that tea was one liquid he could never learn to imbibe, and this despite the fact of having been bred in England. Just shows what the individual *can* do with environment.

"There are three things," he said, rather in the manner of a reverie, "that I cannot understand—tea, college men and society girls."

I didn't care very much about the psychological aversion to tea, but college men . . . and society girls . . . I made inquiries.

"In England," he said, "all men are college men, so to speak. The term a college man, said, in America, with such a mark of differentiation, always amuses and rather puzzles me. It is the same with 'society girls.' What *are* 'society girls'? *Which* are they? How is one to know them? By what earmarks are they distinguishable? I fail to get the nice discrimination."

"Speaking of girls," I said, "what *sort* of girl do you prefer? Not to be so banal as to say blondes or brunettes; I mean the ambiguous society type, the——"

"Actresses," he cut in quickly, "I like actresses best. Just for the matter of that, as I like actors best. My wife often tells me that I should cultivate other people, people I know outside the profession. But I say, why should I bother with

By
PEARL MALVERN

them? What can they do for me if they dont interest me? Actors and actresses are mine own people. I know them because I have been *of* them for the past twenty-two years, (a give-away on my age, but I'm wonderfully well preserved, dont you think?), and my *family* have been of the stage for God knows when. Knowing them, I understand them, and, understanding them, I love them. That is all. What can I get from persons who do not interest me? Mutual interest is, it seems to me, the only coin of advantage in the human relationship."

"Pictures?" I said, and paused suggestively. I surmised that the single word would open up a field of spoken thought. Mr. Tearle has a habit, a handsome habit, we admit, with obviousness, of sort of gazing into space and putting some naïve thought into words.

"At present," he said, "I'm free-lancing it. Selznick wants me to sign up, but no three-year contracts for mine. I'd hate the bondage, I'm afraid. Nor electric signs, either." He added, "I'd never know whether I were Conway Tearle or a breakfast food. It would prove confusing."

"But ambitions?" I persisted.

He said, irrelevantly, "I've a country place, and I get my pleasure there. That's ambition, of a sort. Perhaps the truest. Of course, I wouldn't want to lie down and do nothing. The punch of pleasure would forthwith go at the same time. Still—ambition—I played Hamlet when I was eighteen. What ambition *could* I have now? I played it abominably, no doubt, but I played it, nevertheless. I had one other ambition, but it was nipped in the bud—by John Barrymore. I wanted to do Jekyll and Hyde for the screen. Otherwise——" He waved a disclaiming hand.

"How about financial ambitions?" I urged.

"I dont know anything about them," he said. "These Aladdin Lamp salaries are all out of my line. I've worked for my living and I've never had any mint poured into my pockets for so doing. I dont know how they do it. I dont know anything about it. Some one wrote an interview with me once and called it 'Hard Luck Tearle'—and that will tell you a story in itself. It's like the Jekyll and Hyde episode—sheer hard luck plus hard work!"

There then appeared Mrs. Adele Rowland Tearle with announcement of the car and an impending date, and "Hard Luck Tearle" excused himself.

Photo by Witzel, L. A.

"I played Hamlet when I was eighteen. What ambition could I have now?" asked Mr. Tearle — and the interviewer, hardened by past experience, gasped with surprise that there existed a film player who had no desire to out-Herod Herod!

They Aren't Satisfied With the Pacific

There's no pleasing these comedy bathing girls. No mere Pacific Ocean seems to meet their tastes. Teddy Sampson and Helen Darling, the two Christie cuties here caught in aquatic attire, insist upon a bathing pool—exclusive, shaded, marble-tiled and all that sort of thing

We sort of suspect that Teddy — very much at the left of the right-hand picture — is about to push Helen into Mr. Bryan's favorite liquid. And Helen, we must admit, acts kind-of-reluctant-like. Maybe Helen doesn't approve of wa—— But perish the thought

Photo Ince Studio

Photo by Monroe

Photo by Abbe

Screen Impressions

By
LOUISE FAZENDA

LOUISE GLAUM—Robert Hichens' heroines—White lotus—Peacock feathers—Incense and myrrh—Smoke of opium—Futurism—Spider webs on a white rose

BEBE DANIELS—California poppies—Chime of old mission bells—"La Paloma"—Odor of crushed flowers in warm lanes

DORIS KEANE—Sunlight thru stained glass on marble—Miniatures—Magnolias—Pressed flowers—Minuets on the spinet

ETHEL CLAYTON—Young widows alone in Egypt—"Divorçons"—Dinner at Rector's—Palm Beach—White parasols on boardwalks

DOROTHY DALTON—Hollyhocks and peonies—Alexandria—Cleopatra on the Yukon—Waters of Lethe

SHIRLEY MASON—Raindrops on violets—An echo—Little girls in party dresses—"Madame Butterfly"

VIVIAN MARTIN—The first long skirt—Gardens on sunny mornings—A pink rose on a grey bonnet—Mauvis

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE—Lollypops—Spanked babies—Blimps—The man in the moon

THEODORE ROBERTS—Southern Colonels "reminiscing" in mint beds—King Lear in a three-ring circus—"David Harum"—Lost collar buttons

Photo © Lumière

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Photo by Ira L. Hill

Photoplayers Studio

Photo © Underwood & Underwood

Photo by Abbe

Letter of a Leading Man to His Interviewer

Leading Man, et al. . . Charles Meredith
Recipient (of letter) . . . Olga Shaw

Photo by Evans, L. A

Charles Meredith studied architecture in college, and it was while applying for a job to do the scenic "investiture" of a Broadway production that he was offered a good part for the stage, which began his professional career

LAST week I went to the Talmadge studio to interview Charles Meredith, leading man for Constance Talmadge.

I did—so to speak.

That is . . .

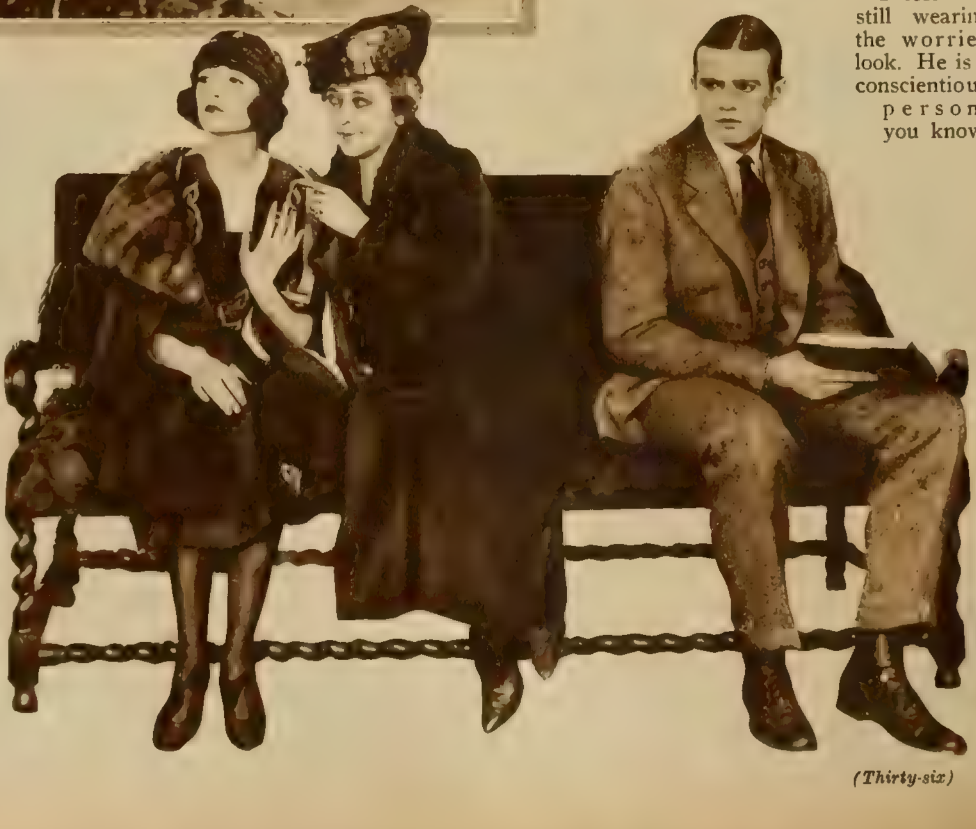
Charles Meredith is a very serious young man. He is a worker, and it was quite glaringly apparent to me, despite his regrets and his infallible courtesy, that his work comes first and his publicity second. Which is, after all, being the true devotional to the G. A. P. (Great American Public)

In other words, we had a few snatched words in between scenes and close-ups and stills and various other integral parts of an actor's day in a studio. I would achieve a "Do you believe in the uplift of the——" And he would say, "Well, now, I'll tell you——" And then some stentorian voice would roar, "Mr. Mer-e-dith!" And there I would be, interrogatively suspended in mid-air.

This continued for three or four hours. It had something of the effect of a mental treadmill. Also an endurance test. When that petered out, I said, desperately, "Constance is waiting for you now, Mr. Meredith . . . I'll tell you . . . suppose you *write* me . . . write me a letter . . . just telling me, impressionistically, some of the things we have tried to enunciate, not to say elucidate, today."

Mr. Meredith, looking rather worried, assented. "I'll do that," he promised; "I'm awfully sorry about today. I hope you wont think—things go this way sometimes, you know——"

I left him still wearing the worried look. He is a conscientious person, you know.



A few days later his letter came. It is now here, on my desk. It is written in green ink upon hotel stationery. It covers several pages and keeps all its promises. Because of these and other things, it tells something of him better than I could do. Here are a few excerpts:

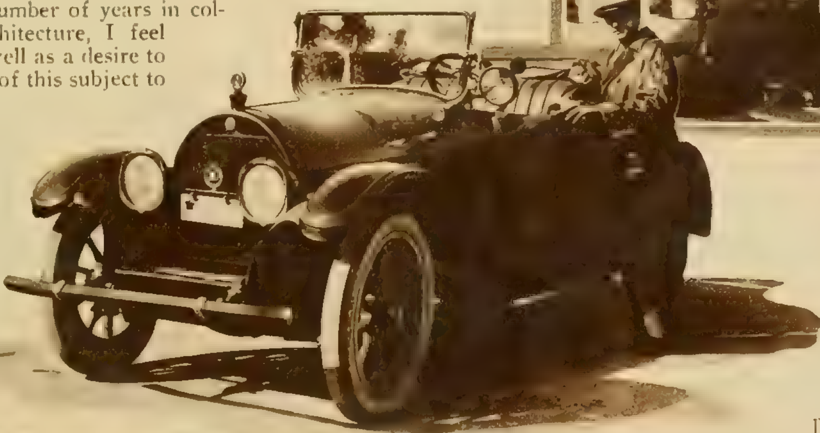
First, he observes that for one of the "literati" to express themselves thru the medium of ink may be all very satisfactory and well, but . . . "As for an actor," he writes, "really interesting the public thru another medium than his chosen one—well, it is too much to expect." He adds, "As for one really saying what one thinks of any art popular in our present stage of civilization—well, it would be extremely easy to become as unpopular as Schopenhauer is with a débutante."

After a few further remarks anent the inability of himself in particular to present a picture of himself in words, (we admit the difficulty thru precedent, but not by achievement), he becomes agreeably autobiographical.

He says: "I have only done ten pictures, but have been very happy and fortunate in being with very fine and lovely people, and, of course, this made the last eleven months more than enjoyable. These so-nice people are Marguerite Clark, Marjorie Wilson, Mr. King Vidor and his charming wife, Blanche Sweet, Mary Miles Minter, Constance Talmadge and the lovely Ethel Clayton.

"I, like everyone else in the profession, perhaps, am looking forward to the time when I can be a part of an organization presenting pictures in which I might play, but in which I might also have a large part, such as selection of story, of director and organization and a sort of general interest and supervision of the entire production.

"As I spent a number of years in college, studying architecture, I feel I have a right as well as a desire to put my knowledge of this subject to some use. Also, I designed the scenic 'investiture' of a number of Broadway productions of a couple of years ago. That, in fact, is how I started in the profession. I went to an office to inquire for a commission of this nature, and as I entered the 'man at the desk' exclaimed that I was just the type he wanted and offered me a good part at a too-generous salary—and here I am! After that engagement I played in various productions on Broadway for almost two years, culminating in the leading rôle in William Faversham's production of 'Allegiance' at the Maxine Elliot Theater. I have been out of college—Carnegie Institute of Technology at Pittsburg—three years this June. There—now you have my long and 'interesting-to-no-one' career, but *I* have enjoyed it, and especially the fine people with whom I have associated in the profession."



Mr. Meredith feels that the personal elements in the life of an artist should be given to the public only thru the work that artist does

Photos by Evans, L. A

Mr. Meredith goes on to say that he feels the personal elements in the life of an artist should be given to the public only thru the work that artist does. It "tells," he says. He says: "Whether an actor should 'feel' the emotions he portrays has been an open question as long as there has been a theater, but there seems to be some agreement to the fact that he must be *capable*, at any rate, of experiencing these emotions to a considerable degree. The crux of the matter is not the *fact* of it, but the *capability of* fact. Therefore, any innate refinement of, and sensitive reaction to, emotions in general could best be seen in an actor's work, provided his part were in any degree adequate to his skill."

There follows another plaint about the inadequacy of the written word in this specific instance, then Mr. Meredith launches bravely

(*Continued on page 70*)

A Grown-Up Ingénue

By
ELIZABETH PELTRET

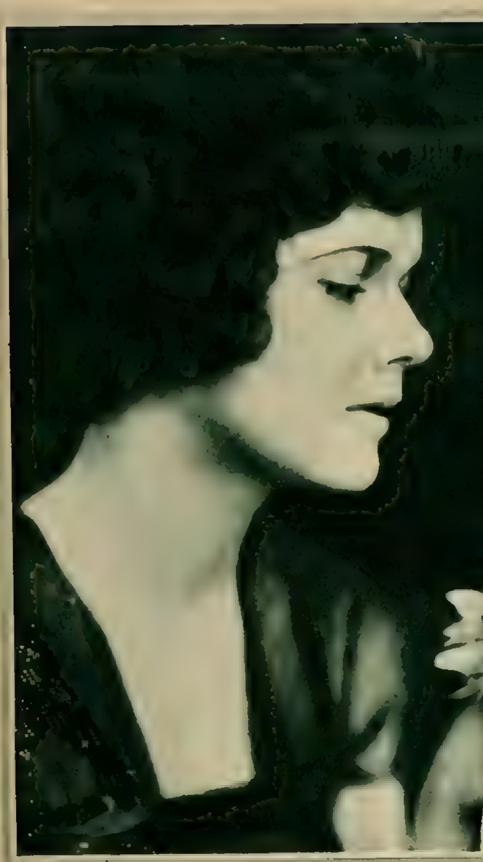


Photo by Evans, L. A.

Betty Bouton has distinguished herself by her screen work with Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark, William Farnum and Douglas Fairbanks. She is a college girl and takes a keen interest in the woman's rights movement

MACK SENNETT recently told Betty Bouton that there was one thing which might disqualify her from making a really great success in moving pictures.

"What is that?" she asked.

"You have too much education," he answered.

However, that, as Ruddy K. might say, is another story. This is the record of a meeting which came very near never taking place at all.

Three o'clock, three-fifteen, three-forty, three-fifty-five, the minutes passed while I sat in the lobby of the Hotel Alexandria in Los Angeles waiting for Betty Bouton and amusing myself by seeing if I could identify her on her entrance. At this time, I had never seen her either on or off the screen or stage. I had heard, of course, that she had distinguished herself, not only by her work in support of such stars as Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark, William Farnum and Douglas Fairbanks, but also by the way in which she played a leading part in the Marshall Neilan production, "Dont Ever Marry," which had not been given its Los Angeles showing.

We had agreed to meet on the balcony at "the Alex" at three o'clock, but I arrived to find the balcony closed for repairs and the lobby crowded, not only with guests and people from outside there by appointment, but with workmen in white overalls who seemed, literally, to swarm all over the place. One could not turn one's head without a scaffolding appearing in the line of vision, nor move without being in some danger of walking under a stepladder.

So, being of a superstitious temperament, I sat quite still, near the Fifth Street entrance, and watched the crowds come and go, paying particular attention to those girls who were small and young and fluffy. This was more in the nature of a pastime than anything else, for she was to have me paged as soon as she came in.

There were a number of amusing false alarms. One I remember particularly—a girl wearing a bizarre little hat, made-up face, blouse practically sleeveless, skirt about two inches below her knees and stockings of so openwork a pattern that they looked more like a species of very wide cobweb than lace. A man sitting across from me looked at the stockings at the same time I did, our eyes met, and we both laughed. The girl went directly to a bell-boy, standing over against a post, and I waited to hear my name called. But she was looking for some one else, and I settled back in my chair again.

I was not surprised that Betty Bouton should be late. She was leaving for New York within the next two

(*Continued on page 72*)

Parlor, Bedroom and Bath

Fictionized from the Metro Photoplay

By
ESTHER STEELE

Said the M. E. to the Town Tattler, "Polly, Reggie Irving is in trouble with his wife."

Said the Town Tattler to the M. E., "Heavens, they've just went and did it. What's the racket?"

"That's just it. There isn't any racket."

"You mean . . . ?"

"I mean that Angelica Irving was and is a sensation seeker. She married Reggie because, to the best of her fond belief, he was a devil. He turns out to be—a husband. Angelica is throwing fits."

Polly Hathaway, known as the Town Tattler, with a perfectly reputable reputation for doing and unearthing disreputable things, elevated her perfect eyebrows. "What," she demanded, "and *where* do I figure in?"

Then followed perfumed notes. The perfume was what might be described as violent. It assailed the nostrils in whatever part of the house one happened to be in

The M. E. fixed her with a contemplative eye. "Cant you . . . er . . . write him up?" he suggested. "Your colyum has given more than one man a scarlet aureole."

"But this—this must be *all* imagination. I demand an increase in salary. I have to manufacture the man's sins for him. Idiotic!"

Nevertheless, Polly got busy. After a bit of work the situation took hold of her imagination, and Polly was *there* with the imagination—especially when it came to scandals. The idea of Angelica wedding Reggie for the thrills he could give her, only to be confronted with the daily and nightly view of carpet-slippered respectability, was enough to prod her feminine sympathies. None knew better than she what life would be like without scandals. No doubt Angelica had been dutifully brought up. Polly had been. Such being the case, scandal in one form or another was her just meed and due.

Polly took pen in hand and waxed eloquent.

Result: the colyum called "The Tattler" of *The Society News* fairly blazoned innuendo, some of it none too veiled, anent the doings of the "debonair dilettante, Reggie Irving."

Reggie, in his slippers, feet slightly elevated above the ground, was astounded and indignant. He waved the paper at Angelica, his voice quavered, he denounced the iniquitous press and vowed he would institute libel proceedings, his face was very red and his hands pawed the air. Angelica was secretly ecstatic. Reggie, she thought, was acting *perfectly guilty*. After all, she had *not* been duped nor de-

Reggie agreed to the party. It was to take place in the most notorious place along the coast. "No one who goes there is quite the same afterwards," said Nita, enthusiastically

ceived. The man she had married was a perfectly good devil. He was fast. He was dissolute. He was a heartbreaker, a homewrecker, an insidious Lothario. He had married her . . . well, put it down to infatuation. *Her* job would be to see that the future affairs did not go *too* far. If all "The Tattler" said were true . . . heavens, how had he accomplished so much in the past fortnight, home as he was practically all of the time. What a consummate villain he must be! The "debonair dilettante" . . . just what she had thought him! And he was hers! She regarded him with a thrill of pride in her own prowess. Not every woman could have so neatly caught and impaled this butterfly on the wing! Everywhere, no doubt, he had trodden upon the hearts of women . . . hers he had not been able to trample under foot. What romance it was to have this love o' women for her very own, to bear his name, to introduce him to a languishing femininity as "my husband."

She thought of her own mother's domestic life. Her unimpeachable father! The endless monotony of home evenings. The dish-watery drabness of it! How *had* her mother endured it? *Any* woman could have held her father, could have caught him, in the first place. It took her, Angelica, to captivate the elusive, the captivating, the devilish Reggie. She wept aloud and derided him for his infidelities. It was her rôle. She must never let him know that, secretly, she gloated over his vices.

"But, darling," he was protesting, (still nervously, still *nervously*, noted Angelica, thru the corner of her eye), "you *know* these are infamous lies. Why, I've been with you every minute. It's that damned Hathaway girl—always stirring the mud up somewhere. *I* know. I'll go down to their offices tomorrow and force them to substantiate their statements. Worst of it is, there *aren't* any statements . . . just a lot of nasty implications a man 'd have to be a worm to wriggle out of. It's outrageous, that's what it is! It's . . ."

Angelica went to bed with the mien of a martyr and the heart of a seraph. She was happy! Reggie was a devil and he was making a devil's explanations. Life would be just one thrill after another.

There followed perfumed notes. The perfume was what might be described as violent. It assailed the nostrils in whatever part of the house one happened to be in. Angelica took them to come from some exotic . . . a Peruvian, she thought most likely. Reggie hid them, rather obviously, Angelica thought. She almost always saw him hiding one with an air of ostentation. Probably, she comforted herself, he was more than customarily desperate over "this one" . . . hence the lack, or loss, of discretion. The matter required thought, and Angelica called in a handwriting expert. She made the most of it. It gave her a magnificent opportunity to wear willowy negligées and wallow in eau de cologne. She also acquired a plaintive voice and found that reddening her eyes, ever so slightly, was not unbecoming. Angelica had never had so good a time.

The handwriting expert ruined it. He nearly ruined her life. To go further, he *all* but ruined the marital life of the pair. He informed Angelica, after much research and comparative study, that Reggie himself had written the perfumed notes. He added that he had probably *perfumed* them himself as well. Not a houri, he said, would anoint letters like *that*.

Angelica's eyes were reddened in good earnest. Now, now *indeed* was she deceived, misled, made ridiculous. Here, while she had been living in thrilling proximity to a devil, there had dwelt by her side a pasty angel, with not a *liaison* to do him credit and *her* proud. She could never condone him, who had never sinned. She could never be forgiving, with nothing to forgive. She could never pity her mother, whose own fatuous fate was worse. *Diable!* She had married a hypocrite, whose thin veneer of evil slipped from him and revealed a plaster saint.

Polly, doing her best in the colyum of "The Tattler," was unable to counteract the damage the handwriting expert had done. Angelica's faith in her spouse's evil ways was irretrievably shattered. She was again disconsolate. God knew where, *now*, she would seek the thrill Reggie had failed her in. Polly, admonished by the M. E., sensed the fact that it was her duty as a humanitarian and a sister in the sex to avert Angelica's probably direfully impending fate.

Polly 'phoned Reggie. Polly had a way with her. She confirmed Reggie's worst suspicions in no uncertain tones.

"My boy," she said, "you've got to cut up, that's all there is about it. The safest thing for you to do, since you cannot seem to achieve anything that *isn't* safe, is to do it with *me*. We—you and I—will beat it together. We'll go to a summer hotel. I know of no place better calculated to scandal and wifely suspicion. Take it from me. Also, I'll see that 'The Tattler' narrates the worst. You on?"

Reggie, rather palely, consented. He felt a certain faith in Polly Hathaway.

"We'll register as man and wife," pursued Polly, "and

Friend Wife will happen in upon—the register. It ought to last her for a while. It *should* pass by the summer months quite pleasantly for both of you. It will take you a month to break down her injured pride. It will take her another to grant her forgiveness. It will take another for the pair of you to mush the thing over together. Still another will be consumed by a honeymoon of reconciliation. And there you are!"

"I dont understand women," moaned Reggie.

"That's obvious," agreed Polly, briskly. "I dare say, however, that you will come to some sort of an understanding after you and I are—er—discovered."

Reggie had a sort of terrified thrill when he recalled some of the things he had heard about "newspaper women"—this newspaper woman in particular.

However, he *did* love Angelica . . . and so . . .

And so he let himself in for more than he had bargained for—more, also, than Polly herself had bargained for. He discovered in the very beginning that there was more than one marital complication extant. He further discovered that his fame had gone before him. Literally awaiting him on the front porch of the hotel they had selected was Nita Leslie, one of the members of the set in which he had been wont to move. Nita was a clingy, effusive young person, with what might be tactfully described, had she been literary or professional, as "temperament." Being neither, what possessed Nita was not nominated in the bond—save by her husband, and then none too delicately, as Nita tearfully explained upon Reggie's astounded bosom. Polly, watching from the window of "their" suite, chuckled. Angelica, she foresaw, would get her bargain full this time.

"Fred has been a perfect devil," Nita was explaining to Reggie; "the last time it w-was a b-blonde chorus g-girl. I *know* it! The very worst variety . . . and I said to mommer, and mommer said, 'Well, you *would* do it' . . . and then I just got desperate, and it came to me that there is only o-one person to settle one's troubles in this vale of t-tears and t-that is one's self, and then I read about you in 'The Tattler' . . . that perfectly frightful column in *The Society News* . . . and it all came to me . . . oh, *Mister* Irving!"

Reggie mopped a brow with a handkerchief. His voice had deserted him.

"W-what was it that—came to you?" he demanded.

Nita opened her eyes roundly. If, cogitated Reggie miserably, Angelica's sea-green eyes were not so persistently, so everlastingly before him, he, being a reasonable man with a pair of eyes of his own, would have conceded the really perfect baby blueness of Nita's. As it was . . . damn it all . . . why were women like Angelica thrust upon the earth to thus muddle up the cardiac regions, not to mention the cerebellum, of a man like he, Reggie?

"Why-ee," Nita was saying, "I read about your carryings on, and I heard someone say you were rather—well, indiscriminate, and I looked 'indiscriminate' up in the dictionary and found it meant that you ran around with almost *anybody*, and then I heard that you were coming here, and, 'The Tattler' inferred, 'not alone,' and I thought, 'No, I should say not. I'll go, too, and Reggie and I will go h—go to—*you know*, Mister Irving, be naughty together." Nita smiled sweetly and wished the hero of her deviltries would not perspire so or look so perceptibly wilted. Reggie, at present, did not answer "The Tattler's" word pictures of him at all. Still, she might have known . . . a pack of lies . . . newspapers . . .

"But, Mrs. Nita," spoke up Reggie, then, "how is all this . . . er . . . between you and me . . . to . . . to solve your husband?"

"He'll be jealous, of course," explained Nita; "he'll probably be *so* jealous he'll commit a murder or do some sweet, adorable thing like that, and then I'll *know* he really loves me. It's all quite simple."

"Yes, I see," said Reggie, putting the overworked handkerchief into play again, "yes, of course. It is. It is *quite* simple. Oh, very."

That evening Nita planned a party. By night Reggie had cunningly concluded that Nita was in reality the "Town Tattler," masquerading. No living woman, he averred, could be such a fool as Nita, so-called, had represented herself. He had heard, too, that the "Town Tattler" was rare at covering her tracks. She was, no doubt, covering them now.

The party was in progress in Reggie's room when Polly trailed in

Reggie found himself embracing Polly . . . when Angelica entered, accompanied by Nita's outraged and palpably murderous husband

He agreed to the party. It was to take place in the most notorious place along the coast. "No one," said Nita, enthusiastically, "no one who goes there is *ever* the same afterward. It's delicious."

"I dont see how *she* can write," growled Reggie.

The party was in progress in Reggie's room when Polly trailed in, accoutered with lingerie and other "evidence" to scatter about "their room." Reggie had been having champagne, and the haunting quality of Angelica's too-green eyes had lost some of its poignancy. Polly was deuced attractive. It penetrated the haze in which he moved that she was the "Tattler." She had been clever enough to plan all this. He recognized her, remembered her voice now. He never had been good at voices, anyway. What did it all matter? . . . jolly time . . . pre' girls . . . 'specially Polly . . .

He found himself embracing Polly, telling her she had wicked hair . . . wicked hands . . . was altogether the most heavenly little devil he had ever had the gr' goo' fortune to put his arms about . . . He loved brains, he said . . . she had 'em . . . a girl like her with brains . . . Lor' . . . ummmm!

Upon the "ummmm" entered Angelica, accompanied by Nita's outraged and palpably murderous husband.

There was sincerity in the "ummm." No amount of explaining could *ever* explain *that* away, felt Angelica. She had a pang at the tableau. Not quite so pleasurable as some of the others had been. Polly's arms, for instance, were wound with a rather desperate intensity about Reggie's soft collar. She seemed to be playing up nobly to the "ummmm."

Nita, in a corner, was weeping. She was declaring that Reggie Irving was a worse devil than he had ever been pictured. He had, she informed her husband and Reggie's wife, kist her and tossed her away. "He's broken my heart," was her champagne-made moan, "the beast, the pig, the pirate . . . oooohh!"

This was all Fred Leslie needed. He had suspected the worst. This *was* "the worst." The notorious creature had not only lured his Nita to a shady summer hotel, kist her, but he had thereupon thrown her in the discard and "taken up" with another woman, before Nita's very eyes. He had come to murder him. He would be exonerated under the unwritten law. This he had ascertained before making the trip. He would proceed to murder him on sight.

A chase ensued.

Reggie, or Reggie's champagne, or the fortuitous combination of the two, led him into the bedroom of a solitarily sleeping woman. The woman thought Reggie her husband, who had these methods of home-coming at night, and held out her arms to him. They were ample arms and afforded a shelter, a screen. Reggie took to them. Hard upon the taking, her husband burst in upon them. The din and clatter caused by Nita, Polly, (on the track of her story), and Fred was increased by the clamor set up by the irate husband, who was observing what horror he called the gods to bear witness to.

In the midst of it all, Reggie disentangled himself from the ample arms and again made good his escape, to fall into the clutches of three house detectives, who loudly proclaimed that they were bound to arrest the notorious Reggie Irving.

"Your escapades, sir," they said in unison, "are enough to give any house a black eye. You are a disgrace to this respectable hostelry, to your

(*Continued on page 75*)

PARLOR, BEDROOM AND BATH

Fictionized by permission from the Loew-Metro production, based on the scenario by June Mathis and A. P. Younger, adapted from the play by C. W. Bell and Mark Swan. Directed by Edward Dillon. The cast:

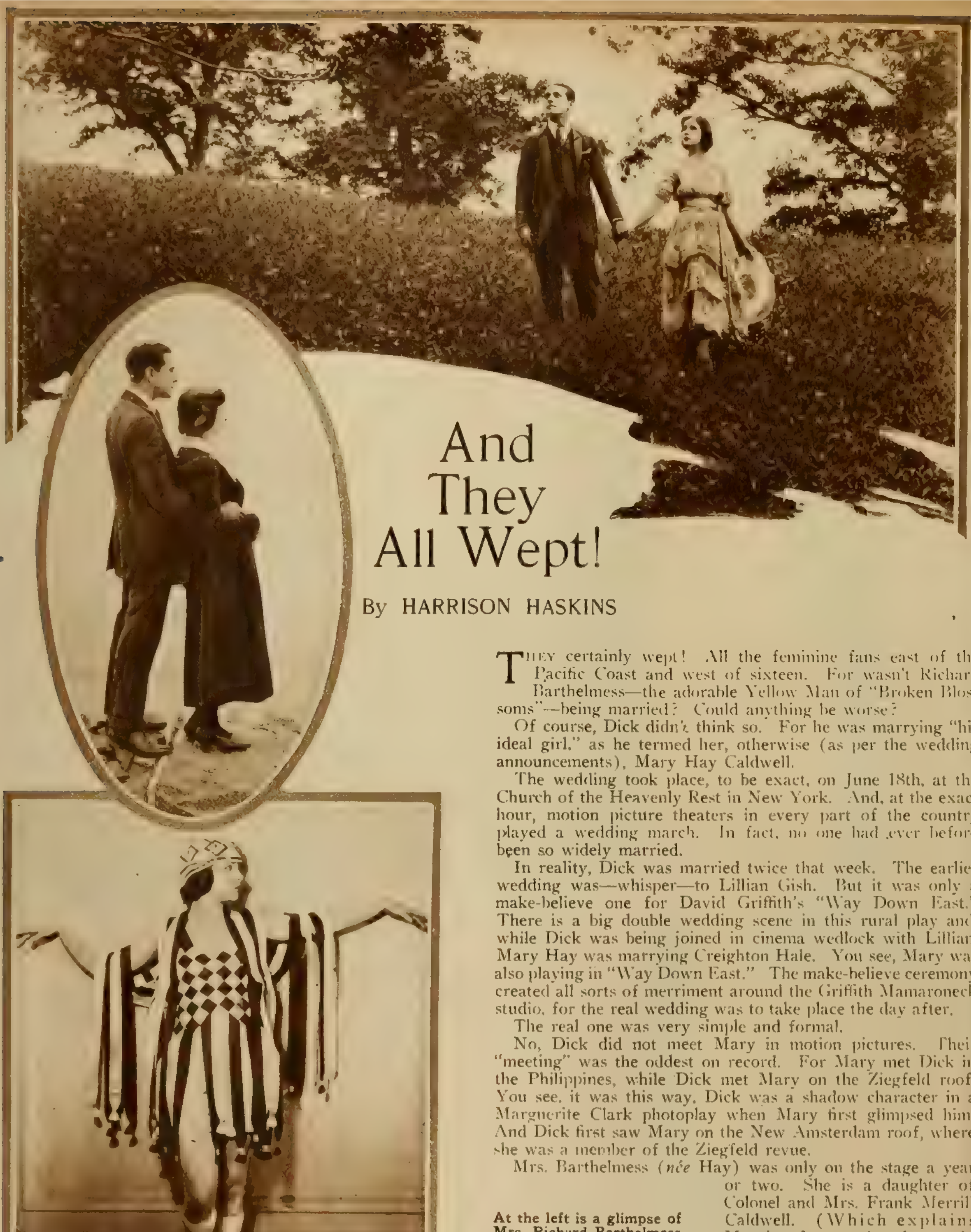
Reggie Irving	Eugene Pallette
Polly Hathaway	Ruth Stonehouse
Angelica Irving	Kathleen Kirkham
Jeffery Haywood	Charles H. West
Virginia Irving	Dorothy Wallace
Leila	Helen Sullivan
Ferdie Eaton	Henry Miller, Jr.
Fred Leslie	George Periolat
Nita Leslie	Josephine Hill
Barkis	Graham Pettie

Autumn à la Sennett

Some day a poet is going to immortalize the Mack Sennett bathing beach in autumn. Until then observers will have to confine themselves to cold, prosaic prose

The bathing beauty with the hat atilt and the checkerboard—er—attire is Marie Prevost

The young woman just above, carrying the fur to guard against autumn drafts, is MariePrevost. She is in the act of signalling a sea-going taxi. At the left are, reading from left to right, Jane Allen, post and Sibye Trevilla



And They All Wept!

By HARRISON HASKINS

THEY certainly wept! All the feminine fans east of the Pacific Coast and west of sixteen. For wasn't Richard Barthelmess—the adorable Yellow Man of "Broken Blossoms"—being married? Could anything be worse?

Of course, Dick didn't think so. For he was marrying "his ideal girl," as he termed her, otherwise (as per the wedding announcements), Mary Hay Caldwell.

The wedding took place, to be exact, on June 18th, at the Church of the Heavenly Rest in New York. And, at the exact hour, motion picture theaters in every part of the country played a wedding march. In fact, no one had ever before been so widely married.

In reality, Dick was married twice that week. The earlier wedding was—whisper—to Lillian Gish. But it was only a make-believe one for David Griffith's "Way Down East." There is a big double wedding scene in this rural play and, while Dick was being joined in cinema wedlock with Lillian, Mary Hay was marrying Creighton Hale. You see, Mary was also playing in "Way Down East." The make-believe ceremony created all sorts of merriment around the Griffith Mamaroneck studio, for the real wedding was to take place the day after.

The real one was very simple and formal.

No, Dick did not meet Mary in motion pictures. Their "meeting" was the oddest on record. For Mary met Dick in the Philippines, while Dick met Mary on the Ziegfeld roof. You see, it was this way. Dick was a shadow character in a Marguerite Clark photoplay when Mary first glimpsed him. And Dick first saw Mary on the New Amsterdam roof, where she was a member of the Ziegfeld revue.

Mrs. Barthelmess (*née* Hay) was only on the stage a year or two. She is a daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Frank Merrill Caldwell. (Which explains Mary's aforementioned stay in the Philippines.) She studied dancing with Ruth St. Denis at Denishawn in California and, oddly, played a small rôle in Griffith's "Hearts of the World."

(Continued on page 83)

At the left is a glimpse of Mrs. Richard Barthelmess as she appeared in the Ziegfeld Nine O'clock Revue. The other two snapshots were taken close to the honeymoon bungalow on Rye Beach

Photograph by Geissler & Andrews, N. Y.

The Celluloid Critic

The Newest Photoplays in Review

By
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

THE early summer dog days were not quite so dull as usual this year. Take Basil King's "Earthbound," (Goldwyn), for instance. This is going to cause discussion. It is going to be widely overrated. In reality, it *is* unusual. With the whole world delving more or less into the psychic, the motion picture has been slow to deal with it. David Griffith started in "The Great Question" and then lost courage. "Earthbound" dashes full length into the question.

Remember the story of "On With the Dance": two men and a woman, the murder, the subsequent trial and the regeneration of the woman's soul thru the way she saves the murderer by her testimony in open court. George Fitzmaurice treated the story from an emotional and wholly materialistic view-point.

Oddly, Mr. King's story has almost an identical groundwork, but the treatment is wholly from the spiritual angle. We see the spirit of the murdered man, at first defiant of God, moving thru the scenes of his earthly activities—a figure of hate. But, as he comes to realize the limitlessness of the other world, he brings about the woman's regeneration thru his unseen influence. Then, having adjusted two broken homes as best he can, he shakes off his earthbound shackles and moves on into the infinite—that is, via camera tricks, he walks over the tree-tops in the generally accepted direction of heaven.

Mr. King's story is not only a psychic one, but it preaches a certain doctrine of right living. The lives subsequently torn apart by murder are linked by a false and dangerous theory of life. "No God—no sin—no future life" has been the college creed of the two comrades, and Mr. King depicts how this destructive theory brings its inevitable disaster.

"Earthbound" was a tremendously difficult thing to visualize. We understand that T. Hays Hunter, the director, was months working it out at the Goldwyn coast studios. It was a vastly hard thing to show the spirit of the murdered man moving thru reel after reel and yet keep the right spiritual tempo. A false step anywhere would have meant a slip into the ridiculous. Sometimes Mr. Hunter lapsed into the banal and obvious, and sometimes the theatric is baldly apparent, but, on the whole, it is an elusive thing rather well done.

"Earthbound" held our interest strongly. It is a vivid clash of human passions and the spiritual. It is not our province to debate Mr. King's psychic theories here. They command thought, whether or not you dismiss them as banal. And we believe that the average person will get a message of uplift from "Earthbound."

(Continued on page 88)

Top, Thomas Meighan finds that a monocle is of great service in revealing the charms of Lila Lee, who comes back quite effectively in "The Prince Chap," Meighan's first starring vehicle. Center, Pearl White still serials in "The White Moll"; below, a close-up of the popular variety, of Ethel Clayton and Jack Holt in "Crooked Streets"

The Convictions of Conrad

Photo by Woodbury, L. A.

Conrad Nagel is the incarnation of Youth in real life. He is impulsive, earnest and realizes keenly his responsibilities towards the world. He has not permitted his profession to absorb him to the exclusion of other interests

CONRAD NAGEL suggested lunch at the Garden Court.

"Mrs. Nagel will be there, too," he said over the telephone.

But Mrs. Nagel couldn't come, after all.

You see, they had just bought a house. Not a blatantly new house, but a big house with a "homey" air, such as a house only gets when it has been built for quite some time.

(The rose-bushes were bearing heavily. One especially, a red climber, on the side-front porch, was a riot of full-blown blooms. And there was a white bush, too, in the center of the front lawn, so covered with flowers that you could scarcely see the bush for the roses.)

We drove around to see the house after lunch.

"I wont promise how Mrs. Nagel will look," her husband said on the way, but, from the tone of his voice, you would have felt quite certain that Mrs. Nagel could never look otherwise than perfectly adorable.

By this time, if you didn't know it before, you have probably guessed that Conrad Nagel is married. He is. More than that, he is a newlywed, and not a bit ashamed of it.

His wife is a non-professional; a sincere, generous, comradely sort of girl, not beautiful, as beauty is known in Hollywood, but rather more than that—wholesome-looking. She has an exceedingly expressive face, large, dark eyes and dark hair. Conrad, on the contrary, is a blond. His hair is taffy-colored, his eyes blue and his complexion rather pale. He is six feet tall.

But if I am to begin at the beginning, which is the logical place at which to begin, I'll have to get back to the Garden Court. We were seated at a little table near a French window overlooking the Hollywood hills. Luncheon began with a fruit cup, progressed thru lamb chops, French fried potatoes and string-beans, to strawberry parfait and coffee at the end.

At first, Conrad Nagel's conversation was all of the house. They had rented it furnished and grown to love it so much that they bought it just as it stood. Of course, now that the house belonged to them, innumerable things were to be done. Certain uncomfortable, old-fashioned pieces of furniture that, he said, reminded him of his childhood in Keokuk, Iowa, had to make way for furniture more modern and comfortable. New draperies were to be selected and the front porch was to be arranged so that they could almost live on it and still retain some privacy. Included in their plans were a vegetable garden for the back yard and more flowers for the front. One gathered that, as much as possible, they wished to do all this themselves. They are enjoying the romance, only too often denied newlyweds in the profession, of making their own home.

There would, in all probability, be fewer divorces, both in and out of the profession, if more young married people could start this way instead of as flat dwellers, moving around from place to place, with all the sense of irresponsibility towards each other and towards the community that comes from not having a thing to call their own.

By
ELIZABETH PELTRET

The Conrad Nagels are not going to be like many young married people, spending every penny they get as fast as they get it with nothing to show for it after it is gone. Rather, they have the property-owning fever and are putting their surplus into real estate . . . and Los Angeles real estate at that. They discovered the West, literally, in a day, and loved it on discovery.

"It is really funny," he said, "that both of us should have become converted into Californians so suddenly. I think our house must be responsible, because I hated Los Angeles at first and made up my mind that we would go back to New York as soon as I could finish with Mayflower. (He was making "Athalie.") We even secured our reservations." He drew from his pocket two tickets for New York which, he remarked, he could probably sell to some one. "Then we rented our house, the neighbors made us welcome and, before we had been there a week, the corner groceryman knew us by name. Why, if your corner groceryman called you by name in New York, you'd fall over from astonishment!

"Not only that, but we had room and freedom. You've no idea how strange it seems to look out of your window and see attractive lawns and flowers and know that friends and acquaintances are all around you, when you've been living cooped up in a New York apartment without even knowing the people next door."

Nevertheless, he had a clause inserted in the five-year contract which he recently signed with Famous Players-Lasky to the effect that he should make at least one picture a year in New York and that he may appear on the stage if he so desires.

Photo by Apeda

The father of Conrad Nagel is a composer of note and also dean of the Highland Park College, of Des Moines, from which Nagel received his bachelor's degree when he was seventeen years old

"After all," he remarked, "one should keep in touch with the center of things."

Conrad Nagel played Youth in "Experience" for two years, and he certainly looks the incarnation of Youth in real life and acts it, too. He is impulsive, earnest and realizes keenly his responsibilities towards the world. He has not yet permitted his profession to absorb him to the exclusion of other interests. On the contrary, he talks politics enthusiastically and his religion enters into his daily life and influences all he does. He says, quite frankly, that whatever success he has gotten, or may get, will be due to his faith.

"I do not think an artist has any more right to shirk responsibility towards the community in which he lives than has a man in any other walk of life," he said, emphatically. "For instance, take the matter of voting. I think that a man who has a vote and doesn't use it is as bad as the man who has a vote and sells it."

He is also, by the way, an advocate of total prohibition.

Photo by Woodbury, L. A.

(Continued on page 74)

A Pictorial Avalanche

Photograph by A. M. Annis

Photograph by Starr, N Y

Photograph © by Strauss-Peyton

Top, Dorothy Peabody, Berkeley Calif.; center, Marion MacDonald, Syracuse, N. Y. Lower left, Violet de Barros, New York City; and, lower right, Almeda Fowler, New York City

By the time this magazine goes to press the Fame and Fortune Contest of 1920, which has been conducted by THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, THE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND, will have been finally closed so far as the receipt of photographs is concerned. Altho there has been a definite warning issued in each one of our publications to the effect that no photographs will be entered in the contest which have been mailed after August first, there has been no let up in the receipt of photographs from all parts of the country. It would be rather interesting to our readers, we are quite sure, if they could drop in and see the editorial offices these days, literally snowed up under an avalanche of photographs.

Inasmuch as the most difficult part of the contest is the fair and impartial judgment on these same photographs, and the final selection of the honor roll winners from them by the judges, it is needless to say that quite some time is required in this selection. Despite the fact that we have announced in all three of our magazines that the final decision of the judges would be published just as quickly as possible, this has made no difference to all those interested in the contest, for daily the editorial offices receive overpowering barrage attacks of telephone calls, telegrams, special delivery letters, etc., all containing inquiries as to the outcome and all frantically desirous of knowing whether or not the sender has been made one of the winners.

We are quite ready to concede that it is extremely difficult for those interested in the contest to overcome their desire to know what the outcome of the contest is to be, but as we have stated before, the final announcement of the winners will be made just as soon as possible. The cultivation of patience is a meritorious occupation!

Every Sunday there has been a swarm of contestants out at the Brewster estate at Roslyn, Long Island, where a thoro camera test has been given every honor roll member and all others who were notified to appear.

Just as soon as the committee finish their laborious task of separating the wheat from the chaff among

Last-Minute Photographs Inundate Editorial Offices

the photographic mountain now looming before them, the final honor roll members will be selected, and from these final honor roll winners, and all of those who have already appeared in The Motion Picture Magazine, The Classic or Shadowland, there will be chosen those contestants who will be the fortunate winners of the contest.

The judges who will make this momentous decision are Mary Pickford, Mme. Olga Petrova, Howard Chandler Christy, Thomas Ince, J. Stuart Blackton, Maurice Tourneur, Samuel Lumière, Carl Laemmle, Jesse Lasky, David Belasco, Blanche Bates and Eugene V. Brewster.

The honor roll winners for this issue of the Classic are as follows:

Dorothy Peabody, 2622 College Ave., Berkeley, Cal., who has had some amateur dramatic experience, is a brunette, with brown eyes and light-brown hair.

Marion MacDonald, 102 Shonnard Street, Syracuse, N. Y., is a student of voice culture who has appeared in amateur theatricals. Miss MacDonald is the proud possessor of blue eyes and dark-brown hair, while her complexion is very fair.

Violet de Barros, 217 West 110th Street, New York City, has had some dramatic experience. She has green eyes, light-brown hair and fair complexion.

Almeda Fowler, 340 West 86th Street, New York City, has had some musical comedy experience. Miss Fowler has brown hair, hazel-colored eyes and fair complexion.

Florence Campbell, 44 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass., has never had any previous dramatic experience. Miss Campbell has brown hair and blue eyes.

Helen Richardson, P. O. Box 181, Los Angeles, Cal., has done some extra work with various film companies. Miss Richardson is a blonde with very dark-blue eyes.

Hazel Donnelly, 1228 Morris Avenue, New York City, is a member of the Ziegfeld "Follies." She has chestnut-brown hair and blue eyes.

We are quite sure that all of the contestants and their friends will be greatly interested to know that for some time past we have been receiving visits from the personal representatives of the very largest and most famous motion picture companies. These representatives are following the Fame and Fortune Contest with close attention, and have informed us that they are willing to take care of the future of one of the final winners.

This fact is of the utmost importance, and should add greatly to the enthusiasm among those who are taking part in the contest, for it means that the lucky winner who is chosen by these men will be immediately signed up on a contract with a substantial salary, and the future film success of the one who is selected is practically assured.

Owing to the success of last year's contest, there were four final winners chosen instead of one, as was originally planned. Up to date, we find it impossible to state just what the number of winners for the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest will be, but this announcement will be made at the earliest moment.

The filming of the five-reel feature drama, "Love's Redemption," is progressing rapidly.

Photograph by Apeda, N. Y

Photograph © Henry Shaw

Photograph Witzel, L. A.

Top, Hazel Donnelly, New York City; center, Florence Campbell, Boston, Mass., and lower left, Helen Richardson, Los Angeles, Calif.

The Glass of Youth

By
OLGA SHAW

Photos by Lifshey & Anderson, N.Y.

Gaston Glass is the godson of Sarah Bernhardt, and it was from her that he received his dramatic training. He has only been in America a little more than a year and still possesses a charming French accent. His work in "Humoresque" has proved him to be a player of the first rank

It was a sultry afternoon. Not that the sultriness or the time of day has much to do with it, save that the sultriness was forgotten in the quality of the ensuing talk, atmosphere *in toto*, etc., etc.

I went to a predirected address in one of the West 40's near th' Avenue, and rang a bell inscribed, neatly, "Barthelmess-Glass."

The former of the two names had, impulsively, a pencil mark thru it. The simple line denoted the fact that Barthelmess had flown to a new, a hymeneal nest.

I ascended some stairs and was admitted by a neat-appearing colored maid with a capable air, who directed me to an ample chair in the shaded living-room and told me that Mr. Glass would join me immediately.

In the brief interim, (he is not the sort to keep one waiting), I glanced about me. I couldn't help but suppose that this room had been the shrine of many dreams and ambitions, of many, many talks and introspections, of philosophies and intolerances and prejudices and the many-hued, many-colored faiths and unfaiths of youth. "Barthelmess-Glass" had had, no doubt, much of mutual sympathies and aims.

The room itself was comfortable and unobtrusive and in excellent taste. There was a piece or two of sculpture. There were books on low racks, one or two good prints, a huge desk, a huge couch, smoking conveniences, and thru a flutter of immaculate scrim curtains a glimpse of an equipped kitchen showing the ingredients of a domestic ménage.

Then Gaston Glass came hastily in.

I had an impression, (which remained), of sweet and enthusiastic youth. He seemed to be eager with hope, with ideals, with aspirations, with opinions. He was charmingly unassertive and delicately self-depreciatory. In his interest in himself, (and, of course, he has it, else he would not be an artist or a *man*), there was a delicacy of touch sans all irritation to the mere listener. It may be, I thought, the French birth and breeding of him. Whatever it may be, it is inherent and will not be marred or decreased by the inevitableness of his success.

He is the true artist. One feels that, or senses it, rather, in his own sensitiveness, to you, to impressions, to other persons.

Having been, or being, whatever the tense, no matter, the godson of Sarah Bernhardt has been, no doubt, a molding, a finely molding factor. I asked him about her, and his face lighted up with the fervor, the keen-edged interest a responsive person just naturally portrays for all truly great things of life, of art.

"She is a tremendous person," he said, with his still unflawed accent; "a great, a *very* great woman as well as artist. She gave me all my training and what I am, whatever I shall be, whatever there

(*Continued on page* 90)

Her First Interview

By
MAUDE CHEATHAM

THEY were having a party.

There were music and flowers and refreshments and everything.

The *everything* consisted chiefly in noise, for the laughter and merriment could be heard to the far corners of the Lasky lot, while everyone who could possibly slip away from his post was crowding about the set to enjoy the fun.

"There's Viora Daniel," they told me. "That little girl in pink over in the corner with Roscoe." Eagerly I looked at the point mentioned, interested to see this new feminine lead of the rotund comedian.

Viora Daniel, by her prettiness and promise, has made fast strides in the realm of motion pictures, for after being in the Lasky Stock Company less than eight months, she was selected to play opposite Roscoe Arbuckle

I saw a slip of a girl whose vivid, sparkling face was framed in dark curls which were caught up in a huge satin bow. The frilly skirts just touched the round, bare knees, while pink socks and Mary Janes completed her "little girl" costume.

A scene from "The Life of the Party," Irvin Cobb's humorous story, was being transferred to the screen, and Roscoe was in the act of pulling Viora about the set while the orchestra jazzed a merry tune and the camera clicked.

Fatty, or Roscoe, as he is called now that he is making feature comedies instead of the old two-reelers, was a scream in blue gingham rompers, a child's round hat a-top his solemn face and "cunning" socks that failed by half a yard or so to hide his battered and bruised knees.

He must slapstick, and if not on the screen, it creeps in between acts and he tumbles about like a rubber ball. He is continually interpolating bits of hilarious comedy into his work—his strenuosity is remarkable—that keeps everyone in a roar, for there is no denying that Roscoe Arbuckle is just naturally funny at all times.

When the lunch hour was called, Viora and I started for her dressing-room. "Oh, look! There's Tommy Meighan. Isn't he *adorable?*" she exclaimed, grasping my hand, and we stopped to watch the handsome Thomas and Kathlyn Williams during a tender little scene in a Venetian garden.

"I've never met him," confided Viora, "but I've made up my mind that I am going to play with him some day. He is just my ideal of a hero," and she sighed romantically, even while her eyes danced.

"I remember I used to go and see Roscoe's films, and how I did enjoy them, but, of

course, I never once dreamed that I would ever be *playing* with him. It is all so wonderful—sometimes I wonder if I'll wake up and find it isn't true."

It is indeed wonderful, and Viora Daniel, by her prettiness and promise, has made fast strides in the realm of motion pictures, for, after being in the Lasky stock company less than eight months, she was selected to play opposite Arbuckle.

"This is my first lead and my first interview—what shall I do?" she asked, happily, as we entered her dressing-room.

It was an Oriental shrine with gorgeous Chinese hangings, Chinese prints and several good specimens of their art needlework adorning the walls, while the dressing-table was quaintly set with various treasures from the countries beyond the Pacific.

"I'm crazy about the Orient and I love every one of these things," she exclaimed, enthusiastically. "My greatest joy is to prowl about the curio shops, and I know if I ever get to Japan or China I'll become light-fingered and probably be put into jail, for I'll never be able to control myself with all those lovely things about.

"See, this is my good-luck feather," and very carefully she handed me a tiny, narrow, white feather. "It has an interesting story. The first picture I made was with Jack Gardner in 'So This Is America,' and we spent some time up in Yellowstone Park. There was a Hawaiian there who used to go about with us, and when we left he promised to send me a rare gift from the islands. Sure enough, he sent me three feathers. They are from some sacred bird that brings the owner good luck, and I touch this every morning before I go to work. I was so afraid something would happen to them that I tore them apart and keep one at home, one in my bankbook and one here at the studio. That makes it pretty safe, doesn't it?" and the smooth brow wrinkled in concern as she spoke.

"Oh, I'm terribly superstitious—that's my chief characteristic," and Viora laughed at the joke. "I look in the dream-book the first thing every morning and read the signs—and I have a hundred and one things that I do before I begin a new bit of work."

Glancing about the little room, I saw three dream books, a volume of Kipling's poems and Laurence Hope's "India's Love Lyrics."

What is she, I thought, child or woman? For books are revealing, and this combination was decidedly unusual. Questioning her a little regarding the lyrics, which had been puzzle number one, I decided she was child—with a child's love of beauty and exquisite rhythm, with the romantic quality highly developed, which, of course, is in keeping with her emotional temperament.

Viora is a native daughter of California, having been born just eighteen years ago on a ranch near San Luis Obispo. Losing both father and mother while still a baby, she has but one relative, a brother, in the East. While attending the Cœur d'Alene College up in Idaho, she met a little girl fresh from Norway, Lorrie Larsen, who also is alone in the world, and these two have been the closest friends and chums ever since.

They have a pretty little bungalow up in Laurel Canyon, where they live all by themselves.

"The house is on the side of a hill, with a mountain stream running thru the garden. We have a balcony dining-room and, oh, it's

(*Continued on page 95*)

Viora is a native daughter of California, having been born just eighteen years ago on a ranch. Her début into filmland was made thru a small part with Robert Warwick in "The Fourteenth Man"

ATHALIE

Told in story form from the Mayflower Photoplay

By
DOROTHY DONNELL

People in Pineport said that Athalie Greensleeve was "different"; some of them whispered that she was "queerlike in her head, seed things as warn't there to see." There were odd instances they could bring up to prove their contention, the time she sat on the tavern steps and told a posse of excited farmers that they would find the lost Higgens baby under a juniper bush on Blueberry Mountain; the time she warned old Bill Edwards not to go fishing, and he went, scoffing, and was drowned.

"The moon shone on her cradle out of a stormy sky," the old wives whispered; "her mother died the same moment she was born. She's got the look o' the other world on her!"

Certainly Athalie, at eighteen, was not like the other, plump, noisy Pineport damsels, with their red, hard cheeks and their big hands, always ready with a slap not *too* discouraging for the first sign of "freshness." She was rather unusually tall and slender, without being meager, and her oval face, with its amazingly large, luminous blue eyes and frame of soft brown hair, was only faintly tinted. But her white, beautifully cared-for hands could work as deftly as any hands, and her mouth, tho usually sweetly grave, could smile as it smiled now under Henry Laidlie's adoring gaze.

"Henry! You promised!" she reproached him, drawing back slightly from the great, importunate bulk of him into the syringa-scented shadow. "You know I told you two years ago that I wasn't the girl you would marry."

"You're usually right, Attie," the big fellow beside her on the porch said, grudgingly, "but I aint willin' to leave this thing up to the sperrits! It's too almighty important to me—t' both of us. I want you, dear—I've wanted you for years, an' I'll be good to you, Attie; I promise you that before my Maker. Now mother's died and the tavern's got to close. You cant stay here and there's nowhere for you *to* go. 'Sides, why should you go to traipsing over the earth, trying to earn enough to keep soul and body together, when I've got plenty, and I need you so?"

He was wily, big, earnest Henry, in appealing to her thru his lonely need, his forlorn, uncared-for state, but still she shook her head, dimly shining in the fragrant dusk.

"No, dear. I couldn't, truly. Why, Henry, we've been brother and sister, almost ever since we were children!"

"But not since we was grown," he countered; "you're too purty, Attie, so purty it makes me feel like being in church, somehow, looking at you. You wasn't made to take care of yourself, but for a man to take care of. Attie, say you'll let me take care o' you!"

But still she smiled, and shook her head, and suddenly he cried, with the violent tongue of a long-hoarded jealousy, "Who is it, then? That city feller who was so sweet on you two year ago, and skipped out without even saying good-by? Day your father died, that was—I thought then all those tears you cried on my shoulder warn't for th' old man! Are you still thinkin' of him, Attie—when he didn't give you no right to think of him?"

The chair had stopped swaying. It was quite still for the space of an entire moment on the porch, then, tiredly, "Dont, please—speak of—him——" she controlled the tremble in her voice gallantly. "It is strange, Henry, when I can see so far ahead for most people, that I cant see into my own future at all, but I think—I have a queer certainty that I shall never marry."

Henry Laidlie made an uncouth noise; a sob, strangled fiercely. She saw the big, shaggy head twist downward against the low, white moon, then lift resolutely. "All right, dear," he said, with a great breath, "whatever you say. I wont bother you again. And now, what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to New York," Athalie said slowly. The moon was full on her lifted face, and he saw that it wore the look of "differentness" he had learnt to dread and hate because it seemed to separate her so far from him. Her eyes were fixed upon something beyond reality, her lips moved stiffly as tho without her volition. "I—have work to do there. I dont know exactly what it will be, but I know that I must go."

Pineport folks shook their heads over her going. No need, they murmured, for 'Gus Greensleeve's girl to go away from home to earn her livin'. New York was no place for a female, except maybe onct or twice a year to see the Hippodrome show or do a little shopping. There'd be no good come o' it—mark their words! And after a little, for lack of news of her, their tongues ceased to wag, and Athalie was forgotten, except by one big, silent man who had an irritating way of starting up sometimes out of a reverie and looking around him as tho he had heard a call, a way that exceedingly irritated his wife—for Henry Laidlie allowed himself submissively to be married by one of the efficient, red-cheeked damsels of Pineport a year after Athalie went away.

When she took the train for the city on that afternoon in midsummer, it was as tho Athalie Greensleeve took the train out of the world, for it was another woman who got off in the Grand Central. In her four hours' journey she had gone over all possibilities and made her decision. She could not do anything which people would pay her for doing, except to "see clearly," to glimpse events as yet undreamed of. She had a childlike faith in her own powers. Not a single tainting suspicion of dishonesty troubled her—more than that, she felt something akin to the exaltation of one who is "called to preach." God had given her a strange, very precious gift, and she must use it for Him. That was all. Very simple, surely!

She spent the first disillusioning, agonizing week in seeking a room, shuddering away from some of the women who answered her bell. Once she electrified a rouged slattern by bursting into tears. "No, no! Not *that* room! I couldn't—after what had happened *there!*"

The woman turned ghastly under the purple paint. "How'd you know?" she muttered, with stiff lips. "You couldn't know!" But Athalie had gone, and the woman went in, cowering as if from the menace of black, rushing wings.

Presently she found a dark, dingy front parlor on a once pretentious street, with a faded landlady who called her "child" and offered to make her a cup of tea. The room had belonged to a fortune-teller, and was hung with the cheap and tawdry stage setting of her profession, dusty, velvet draperies, charts, and on a table stood a crystal like a drop of pure light in the dank, dreary room. "Madame La Rene had a very high-class cle-antel," the faded landlady assured her, in the whine that served for a voice, "but she drank up all she made, poor dear, and was took away to Bedloes screaming something terrible. Are you a second-sighter, my dear?"

Athalie did not quite know what she was. For three days she sat in the terrible room, among its theatrical tinsel, with folded hands, waiting to be shown what she should do. On the morning of the fourth day there was a rap on the door and an old man, immaculately dressed, stood hesitating on the threshold. He stared down at her with ludicrous amazement at seeing such youth and loveliness in a place like this.

"Madame La Rene—but, good God! It's impossible!" he burst out finally. "I came here because I am so desperate that I am willing to plunge my hands into the vileness of professional charlatanism, but—I must have come to the wrong place." He was turning, but her soft voice called him back.

"You wanted to know about the children—yes!"

"You've heard?" He was actually panting with excitement. "Of course! They told me all mediums and star-gazers had a card catalog of the easy marks. Yes, I came about my grandchildren, who disappeared two years ago in this city. What can you tell me? But, of course, you can tell me nothing!"

"Only that they are in Belgium." Athalie spoke bewilderedly, as if she repeated something whose meaning she could not guess. She moved to the table, stood staring down into the crystal. "At a convent—yes, a great stone building on a hill—near Brussels——" She sank suddenly down at the table, passed her hand across her eyes and looked up at him blankly. "What was I saying? I cant remember—only I seemed to see—it all—so clearly——"

Her words were the regulation cant

"She—loves you?" Athalie asked, "that woman with the red hair and the red sparks in her eyes?" "No! She never did," Clive groaned, "she wanted my name, and she will cling to it"

"He's seeing that fake fortune-telling woman almost every day," she told Arnold Wayne, viciously, just after they dined together at the Ritz, "and last night, what do you think? He actually came to me and asked me to release him!"

of the mediums, to which he had grown accustomed thru disheartening days, but her eyes were different, like the purest water in the sun. Elisha Symes had not lived for seventy years without being able to judge people. He laid his hat methodically on the table, with a hand that trembled, and sat down opposite her. "Now, suppose you tell me about yourself," he suggested, trying to speak casually. When her soft voice faltered to silence presently, he leaned toward her. "Tell me, did you ever hear of a man named Dane?"

Athalie half rose. Her delicate face was twisted as with sudden pain. "Dane—he was an explorer? Yes, I knew him. He—he came to my father's inn one summer with a friend—a friend of his, to shoot ducks. He told me he was going to Africa, and I told him"—she touched her forehead with fingertips wearily—"I told him to be careful of the injury he would receive in his arm."

"The same man!" her visitor gave the effect of shouting, altho it was his look that clamored, rather than his tone. "I had luncheon at the club with him yesterday, and he wore his right arm in a sling from the effects of a lion's claws. He told me of you—said if anyone could help me, it would be little Athalie——"

The girl was swaying, hand at her throat. "Did he speak—of anyone else? Any friend? The—man who was with him that summer at Pineport?"

But Elisha Symes, unheeding, was intent upon his own affairs. After weary months of seeking, he had found; after days of doubting he believed! He went away from the dingy front parlor, after having his generous check gently refused. But he had exacted a promise that Athalie would let him find her better quarters, worthy of her great gift.

She was settled in these, a bit awed at the quiet luxury of the apartment which old Symes had leased for her before he set sail for Belgium. "I'm going to find my darlings, I know it!" he told her, "and I shall bring them to you as soon as I come back! Meanwhile, help others as you have helped me."

The news of the beautiful girl with the strange powers spread, and the charming grey-and-mahogany drawing-room on the Drive was filled with the curious, the anxious, the despairing. Sometimes it was a stout, elaborately upholstered woman with a Pekingese and a tale of missing jewels, sometimes a white-faced girl whose lips faltered out some sordid story of wrong and misery. Athalie made no pretenses with them all. "I dont know whether I can help you, but I will try," she told them, gently. "I cant always see ahead. Sometimes there is a veil between."

One day, Dane, the explorer, came and bluffly renewed his acquaintanceship; his eyes, reddened by the suns and winds of strange, far places, watched her pale face with a sort of wonder. "You're looking tired," he declared, as he was going; "too much seeing! You need a vacation. I'm having a house party at my lodge in the Adirondacks this week. I'll expect you."

"Oh, no! I—I couldn't," she began breathlessly; "I'm not—one of you. I'm only Athalie."

But he brushed her objections aside, in the ruthless way of a man who is used to denying difficulties. "Nonsense! Do you good—besides, I'm having someone you used to know—young Clive Bailey! That's settled! Good-by till Saturday, Athalie."

It was the name that brought her, the name that she had shut away in her heart for four denied years, as a woman shuts away dried roses or other remembrances. There was a new beauty about her when she stepped into the hall of Dane's great lodge and looked about the group gathered before the blazing fire. So a woman looks when she comes to meet love with outstretched hands.

Many of the visitors stared, hostilely; some whispered, for

"So small . . ." the strange tone was saying yearningly, and Athalie held out her arms as a woman to a child, "so sweet! But it needs someone to love it! Babies must be loved or they die . . ."

her reputation had preceded her, and she was already labeled a curiosity. But there was one who anticipated the host's advance of greeting. Tall, lithe, with a teasing look about him as of a faun startled at finding himself in evening clothes, Clive Bailey had leaped to her, her name blazing on his lips. "Athalie! You—after all these years!"

An instant the huddled group of mortals, holding sickly, sticky cocktail glasses in bejeweled fingers, had a blinding glimpse of what happens when the gods meet, the amazing simplicity of it, the blinding glory on their faces; then, being a woman, Athalie came back to earth first.

"Why, has it been so long as that? It's ungallant of you to remind me!" she smiled falsely up into his dulling face. "Captain Dane tells me you've been too busy shooting lions to care for anything as tame as ducks!"

The group blinked, and began to chatter as tho to cover up something. A striking young woman with a dark, sullen prettiness which the arts of the masseuse and hair-dresser had coaxed into beauty, came up and took Clive proprietarily by the arm. Her chin was held just a fraction too high, her voice was a bit too sugary as she addressed him, "Clive, dear, do present me! A wife has so much in common with a man's old sweethearts——"

The surge of the sea was in Athalie's ears as she heard his voice, inflectionless, at a great distance, "Mrs. Bailey Mrs. Laidlie——"

They call men gallant who perish without crying out on the battlefield, but there is no medal for the woman who comes bravely thru the agony of a moment like this without wincing. Athalie laughed, quite gaily, quite naturally. "Oh, no, not Mrs. Anything," she corrected, "only Miss Greensleeve."

She caught the stricken look on Clive's face. Perhaps it gave her a strange comfort to feel her suffering was echoed in him.

It was bound to come, of course, the explanation, the futile remembering. "You went without a word—after that kiss—— I saw you in Henry Laidlie's arms. What should I think?" "He was comforting me—my father had just died and we were like brother and sister."

While Dane's guests played bridge within the great room, Athalie and Clive walked the length of the piazza many times under a cold, winter moon that was like the corpse of the palpitant moon under which they had kist four years ago. "I married Winifred because I wanted to forget that I had lost you," he told her, lips set in a white line, "and as soon as I had done it the thought of you came and lived with us. Whatever we said or did, you were there; it was as tho I had put another into your rightful place. Marriage cant make it right for people to live together always, and my marriage is wrong—wicked and wrong!"

"She—loves you?" Athalie asked, "that woman with the red hair and the red sparks in her eyes?"

"No! She never did," Clive groaned; "she wanted my name, and she will cling to it. We may as well face fact. She wont let me go, Athalie, and I cant stay. What are we going to do with the mess I've made of our lives?"

He was humble, like a sorry little boy, and she did not reproach him, tho she knew that he was right. It had been his blunder, his lack of faith that had made life for him regret, and, for her, remembrance. "We are going to do nothing," she told him quietly; "there is nothing we can do. I shall go on with my work. You will make Winifred as happy as you can, and we'll leave the rest to God."

"Your work!" he fumed. "I—yes, I *hate* your work. It takes you away where I cant follow. I'm so earthly, Athalie—men are creatures that live pretty close to the ground, and I cant substitute dreams and ideals for things I can touch. I—I want to touch you, Athalie——"

But he held his hands rigidly at his side, and only his glance kist her lifted face. Even in the days that followed, when he came to her grey-and-mahogany drawing-room again and again, because there was no strength in him to stay away, he never so much as laid a finger upon her hair, tho the want to do so shook his great frame piteously. After a bit she gave up begging him to stop coming. She lived such a strange, unworldly life among her crystals and visions that it did not even occur to her people could think unkindly of his coming. But Winifred read in their friendship the evil of her own suspicions, and, being an essentially practical young woman, determined to coin the situation to her own advantage.

"He's seeing that fake fortune-telling woman almost every day!" she told Arnold Wayne viciously, just after they had

ATHALIE

Fictionized from the scenario by Jack Cohen adapted from the novel by Robert W. Chambers. Directed by Sidney A. Franklin Produced by Mayflower The cast:

Athalie Greensleeve	Sylvia Breamer
Clive Bailey	Conrad Nagle
Arnold Wayne	Robert Cain
Captain Dane	Sam DeGrasse
Winifred Bailey	Rosemary Theby
Mr. Bailey, Sr.	Edward Martindel
Elisha Symes	Fred Warren

dined together at the Ritz, "and last night, what do you think? He actually came to me and asked me to release him! He said we weren't making each other happy—*happy!* I told him I was satisfied with my end of the bargain, and was living up to it"—she cast a glance at the handsome, cynical face opposite, almost eager "if—if you wanted it, tho, Tony."

Wayne lighted a cigaret before he answered. His eyes avoided hers. "Oh, come now, Winnie! I thought we'd argued that out long ago! Things are pretty comfortable as they are, what's the use of changing at this late day? It isn't as if—there were any reason, you know."

The light went out of the shallow eyes, like a blown candle, leaving them cold and dark and empty. "No, there's no reason—now," Winifred agreed, lifelessly beginning to draw on her gloves. Her face hardened. "You men make me sick! You think you can toss a woman aside whenever you're done with her, like an old shoe. But I'm not going to be tossed! And what's more, I'm going to drive that *creature* out of town!"

She was a vindictive woman, and she hated Clive because she was married to him and not to another. There was no one she could hurt except Athalie, and the pent rage of disappointed love and humiliation must find an outlet. So she went deliberately about the task of hurting Athalie. The newspapers were temporarily out of a sensation, the district attorney needed political backing, and the matter was really quite simple, after all. A test of Athalie's mediumistic powers was demanded and arranged for, despite Clive's white anger.

"Let me take you out of this, dear!" he raged, while they waited for the others in the little drawing-room. "There's still time! What do we care for any one else in all the world? We'll go to Europe, to Italy, to Egypt, where we cant hear anything they say—come with me *now*, Athalie! Dont submit to this test! It will kill you—let me take you out of this! *Now!*"

But she put him aside, gently. "I am not afraid, Clive. I've never pretended anything. I've only tried to help people when I could. Whatever happens, I *know*—I know it will be all right."

She faced the battery of cruel eyes with unassuming simplicity. "What do you want of me?" she asked them, tho she looked straight at Winifred's triumphant face. "How can I show you what you ask?"

"By telling us," Winifred answered vindictively, "something that has already happened, something that no one knows except the one whom it concerns. The future wont do for us. It cant be proved, and you will have to *prove* yourself, Madame Athalie!"

"Something—that is passed," the girl's tone was dreamy. Her gaze, still on the handsome,

(*Continued on page 94*)

"If you love me, Clive, you cant lose me," she said. "I'll be near you all your days and nights. Because the love part of me wont die"

[illegible]

The Coming Collier

By

C. BLYTHE SHERWOOD

It was my first day in Hollywood—and, incidentally, my first day of sunshine. Months of slush and storm had passed since last I'd romped, a pagan of the summertime, abandonedly in exercise and perspiration. A boy passed by in comfortably soiled flannels and a ditto sweater. He was swinging a dreadnaught driver.

"Is there a tennis court near here?" I asked.

"Indeed, in back of the hotel—nice and sunny, too. If you want to play, I'll be there with a friend of mine, and you can join us."

A mussed rush on the trunk followed, and a general scurry; and on the courts this chap offered that we double up. "Let's take the sunny side," he advised. "Sunburn will do you good."

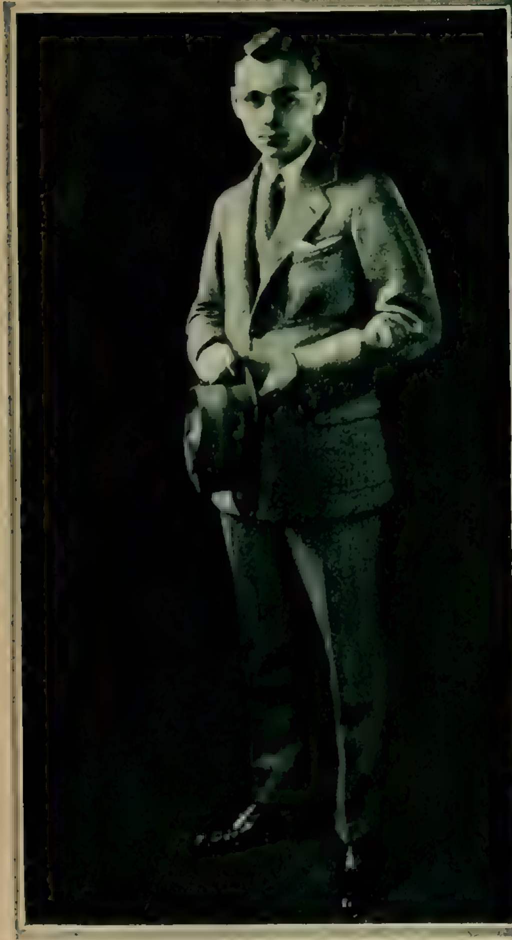
"But your nose?" It was extravagantly peeling.

"What's a little grease-paint, more or less?" he retorted and started the volley.

A few points, a few faults, a few games, the usual deuces and the usual darns, then, "Where do you come from, partner?"

"New York."

He dropped his racket. "Great Scott! Now we can form an Eastern club." He picked up his racket. "That's my country, too!"



Photographs by Lifshey Anderson, N. Y

Buster Collier, whose pictures used to run in all the magazines sitting on his father's knee, is now a player of great promise. Being the son of William Collier, one of our best-known comedians, Buster naturally displays a deep tendency to the serious side of life, and expects some day to become a great producer

The young Mr. Carr opposing us, single-handed, was from Washington. For the moment, he didn't count at all.

"How's the new 'Midnight Frolic'?"

I told him and he served into the net twice.

"How's 'The Hottentot' going?"

I reported. He cut a gorgeous slam.

"Gee, it's great to meet someone who can talk your own language," and he suggested that we quit playing. Under the shade of a sheltering palm he continued, "How's Ed Wynn? Who's ahead for the Equity president? Have you seen Dick Barthelmess? He's one of my best pals? How's Mary Hay? Where's . . ."

"Say, Collier, I think I better be going. So long, old man," and our Washington victor, (the score was something like 50-40), disappeared.

"Collier?" I stared at him.

"Yes."

"Buster Collier, whose pictures used to run in all the magazines sitting on his father's knee?"

"The same."

"William Collier, *Jr?*"

"No other."

"Oh, Lord!" . . . (I had been playing such rotten tennis.)

By fanning his racket, he brought me to . . . He was impatient to hear more. "Tell me . . ."

But when my voice returned, I managed to summon enough strength to inquire, "Why your mention before of grease-paint? What are you doing here?"

"What everybody else does—movies. I am under contract with

(*Continued on page* 82)

Double Exposures

Conducted by F. J. S.

THE CINEMA CREDO

(With all due apologies to Messrs. Menken and Nathan)

That every movie star either has a divorce or is getting one.

That vampires always burn incense around their homes.

That villains are always kind to their wives.

That leading men lead notorious lives.

That cinema kisses are never real.

That directors tear up their scenarios before "shooting" their first scenes.

That scenario editors steal every good plot that appears.

That directors always use megaphones and camera-men always wear their caps reversed.

That doubles always do all the daring stunts while the star sits in his limousine.

That interviewers always have gay times with the stars—said gay times being omitted from said interviews.

That home pictures of the stars are faked and that anybody's home is borrowed for the eminent one to pose in front of.

That Mack Sennett bathing girls cant actually swim.

That scenario writers never on any occasion read the novel from which they make their script adaptations.

That feminine stars go to bed at nine o'clock because any dissipation shows the next day.

That tears are always produced by onions or glycerine.

That a screen star cant walk down the street without drawing a crowd.

That players really use the things they approve of in the magazine advertisements.

That stars never say the things credited to them in interviews.

That a star frequently changes the whole motion picture story around, if it doesn't suit her or somebody else gets a good chance.

That Griffith directs his pictures from notes written on his cuff and that he never uses a script.

Vera Stedman in Christie Comedies

OUR FAVORITE MOMENTS OF THE MONTH

A dull harem afternoon as depicted in "The Right to Love."

Mae Murray's *robe de nuit* in the same.

"What Do Women Love?" is the title of a new photoplay.

And the advertising offers the following suggestions: "Kisses? Clothes? Jewels? Cavemen? Home? Children? Romance? Adoration?"

Take your choice!

And the desert island cuties still come.

If the cinema has produced anything more appealing than those close-ups of Lila Lee in the final moments of "The Prince Chap," we want to know about them.

THINGS WE'RE TIRED OF—

Close-ups of bottles of home brew exploding.

Allan Holubar, the director, contributes the following advice to extras attending a movie reproduction of a Ritz reception:

"Do not lift your dancing partner by her ears.

"Do not drag back your right leg in making a bow.

"Do not nudge your hostess in the ribs to attract her attention.

"Under no circumstances must men playing 'diplomats' engage in fist fights while the camera is clicking.

"Dowagers must not shoot craps with the property men; it interferes with their work.

"Dinner guests must not eat all the food until it is certain that a retake will not be necessary."

A FAREWELL

By JOHN HANLON

Harlequin and Columbine,
  Hand in hand with yesterday,
Vanish o'er the sunset's rim,
  Dancing all the way

Once love kindled at her laugh,
  Maidens' eyes were soft for him.
Hearts were young then; now, alas,
  Memories grow grey and dim

Harlequin and Columbine,
  Uncrowned rulers of romance,
Fade like half-forgotten dreams,
  Dying in their final dance.

But the world heeds not nor cares—
  Days of dreams are done for ay—
And the player folk pass on,
  Hand in hand with yesterday.

THE END OF SUMMER

By THELMA STILLSON

I never knew a dance could be
  So sweet a thing before—
The viol's throbbing ecstasy,
  The gleaming stretch of floor,
The little breeze whose melody
  Crept thru the opened door—

Outside I knew were starlit skies
  And summer's scented dusk;
But, gazing up, I found your eyes.
  A fragrance sweet as musk
Upbore me into Paradise.
  The world was but a husk

I never knew what fragile things
  Life's fairest treasures are;
How fleet the wave whose passion flings
  Her beauty on the bar;
Our love, as frail as moon moth's wings,
  Was dust upon a star.

Johnny Jones

By FRITZI REMONT

Photograph by Clarence S. Bull

THAT isn't really his name, you know, but because it is easy to remember, is typically American, and pleases Booth Tarkington, who wrote "Edgar" especially to fit the Goldwyn boy-star, we shall so think of him. Besides, the powers that be wont divulge his real name, and all that one knows of Johnny Jones' previous history is that he did a bit with Mary Pickford *once*, and appeared in some of the Franklin kiddie pictures. *Nobody* knew much about Johnny, but he presented himself among about four hundred other little boys for Booth Tarkington's critical inspection.

The author had in mind a well-behaved little boy, one who would be pepful and thoroly American, but obedient, able to act and quite original. Casting director and Mr. Tarkington sorted thru the entire aggregation and finally hit on Johnny Jones, whom they had seen in "The Walls of Jericho."

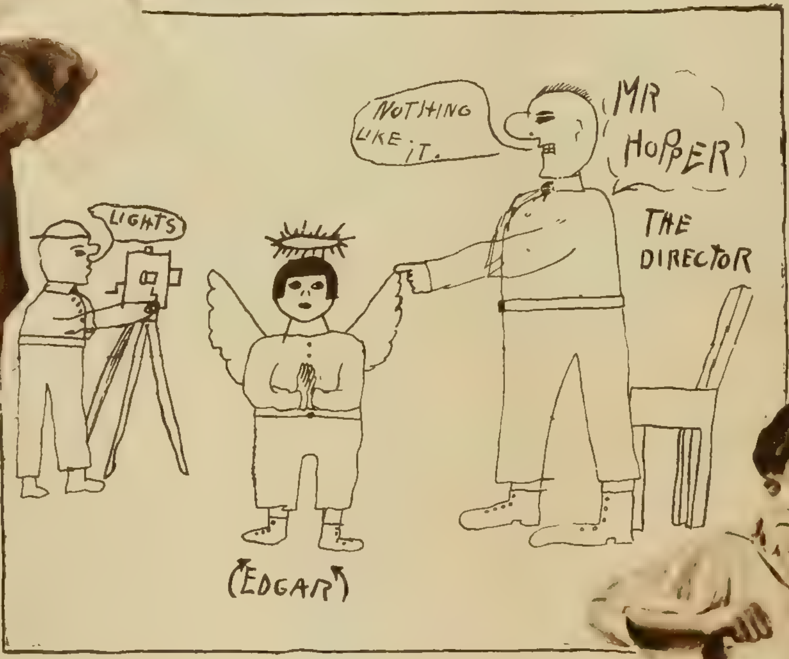
Johnny's family consists of a well-to-do business man father, a young mother and a tiny sister. He has been sensibly "raised" and still retires at eight-thirty without a murmur. His parents have taught him to be self-reliant without resorting to forward behavior, and Papa Jones is always saying:

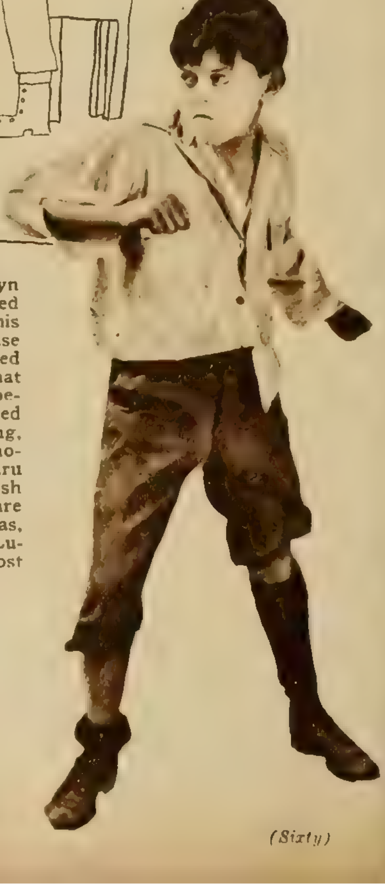
"Now, Johnny, dont get a swelled head because you are an actor. Just remember that there are hundreds of other little boys who could do the part just as well as you, and the minute you think you are *it*, you are going to be fired and one of those other boys will fill your place. All you have to do is to be thankful for this opportunity and the interest Mr. Hopper takes in you."

I believe Johnny Jones would be plain and without conceit [illegible] parental admonishments. He's just all boy. When told to stand for a "still," he looked about eagerly for a stick to whittle into some pet toy, and whipped out a tremendous jack-knife, the sort one gets as a gift when purchasing "American Boy" clothes. Johnny would make a fine magazine advertisement for ready-to-wears. He photographs beautifully, with his bright, big grey eyes, which are as alert as those of a squirrel, and his brown hair stays in place *when* he slicks it down with lots of soapy water, he admits.

There's no neglect of Johnny's education, for the Los Angeles school-board has set aside a number of teachers who look after the three R's for the studio kiddies. Johnny dotes on Sallie Sykes, his schoolmarm at Goldwyn. Sounds like a stage name, doesn't it? Just the same, Miss Sallie was born that way. There are not many in Johnny's regular class, but tho he's the oldest, he doesn't lord it over

(*Continued on page 76*)





Johnny Jones, the Goldwyn boy-star, has been selected by Booth Tarkington for his "Edgar" comedies because he, (Johnny) is one hundred per cent American boy. That is to say, he is a well-behaved, scientifically inclined youth who adores fishing, hose-battles, chasing innocently-protesting cats thru back alleys—and the lavish expenditure of all his spare change for ice-cream sodas, which his leading lady, Lucille Ricksen, accepts most graciously

Another Comedy Deserter

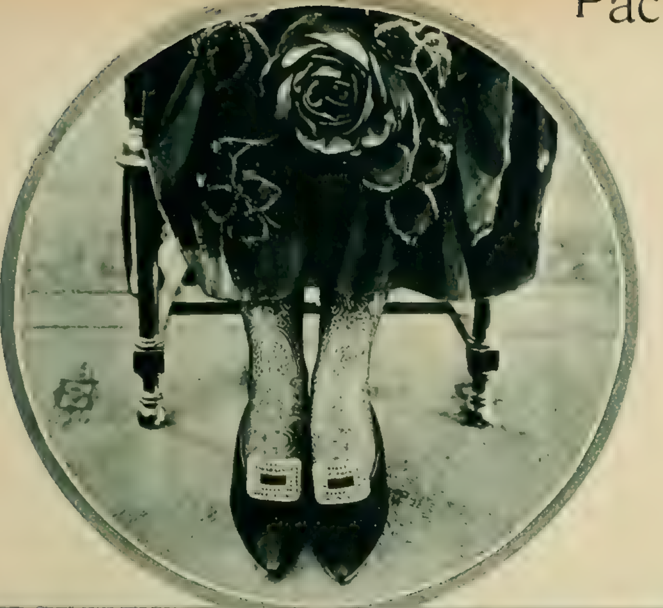
All photos by Evans, L. A

Miss DeVore established herself in Christie comedies and, if she scores in Mr. Ray's visualization of the George M. Cohan drama, she will very likely follow in the footsteps of Bebe Daniels, Gloria Swanson, Alice Lake, Betty Compson, Mary Thurman and many other comedy charmers now dedicated to Art, (with a capital A)

The Christie Studios follow an interesting and unusual custom in loaning their comedy players to various dramatic organizations. Following out this idea, Dorothy DeVore was recently "farmed out" to the Charlie Ray company. Now Miss DeVore is playing the leading rôle of Mary in "Forty-Five Minutes From Broadway"

Pacific Coast Paragraphs

By
HAZEL SHELLEY



Top, Bessie Barriscale's foundation of success; center, Mildred Moore, Universal leading woman, whose life is one thrill after another, stops to powder her nose before taking the next leap; below, Eileen Percy, Fox star, enhances the beauty of the California beach

STUDIOS spring up as quickly in Hollywood as do dandelions in our best kept lawns back East. Especially now that almost every star and star-director has his own studio, is one amazed at the increasing number and size of the shadow-stages.

Out on beautiful Santa Monica Boulevard is the Hollywood studio, very large and imposing and really charmingly encased in its light pink stucco exterior. Here Marshall Neilan is at work on his newest picture, and Dorothy Phillips and Allan Holubar started work on their first independent production, only to be interrupted by a severe cold which settled in Miss Phillips' throat and brought on a nasty attack of bronchitis.

Half a mile beyond is the Jesse D. Hampton studio, glistening in its white coat of stucco. Here the emotional Blanche Sweet is completing "That Girl Montana." H. B. Warner and William Desmond pictures are shot here also, but Warner was taking a fishing vacation with Mr. Hampton and William Desmond had been "loaned."

Still farther out is the new King Vidor studio, a quiet tan-and-brown structure furnished very tastefully. Mr. Vidor is anxiously awaiting just the *right* story before he begins another production. He has two stories on hand, but neither quite suits him. Meanwhile, Florence Vidor is emoting at the Ince studio.

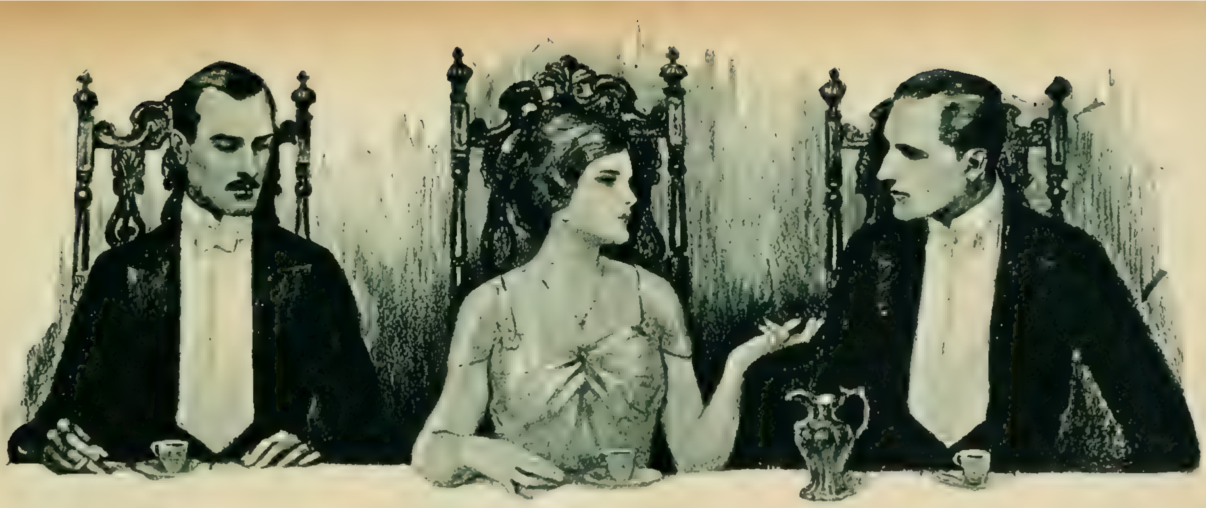
Down on Sunset Boulevard is the rambling, ramshackle, green, wooden Haworth studio, which used to be the famous old Griffith studio; it is now fairly oozing Orientals of all sizes and ages who parade the streets during every momentary lull in the screen production of Otis Skinner's "Kismet," which Gasnier is producing there. And just opposite is the Charlie Ray studio.

Ray is a very serious worker, and for that reason objects to any visitors whatsoever. The other day I was made one of the fortunate exceptions, and when I slipped in on the banquet scene for "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," I was very interested in seeing the charming Ray bent over a piano, playing the same tune sturdily over and over again, while he waited for some lights to be adjusted. It seems that he had to play the piano in the picture, so he took lessons and wasn't satisfied until he could play the exact piece correctly. Persistency is one of Ray's chief characteristics.

When the lights were repaired, he acted a scene at the table with Eugenie Besserer, that excellent actress. He has a way all his own of going over and over his comedy business until he attains the exact result he wishes.

In direct contrast to the slow, careful, painstaking manner of Ray is the quick, hearty method of Donald MacDonald, who is supporting Charles Ray in his "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway." Donald MacDonald is a native of Brooklyn; in fact, used to live opposite our very own editor, Mr. Brewster,

(*Continued on page 92*)



Why his downcast eyes spoiled her evening

Has this ever happened to you?

WHAT a good time she was having! Every minute she was growing more elated by her success. Her partner was absorbed in her conversation, charmed with her chic, enthralled by her beauty.

Little by little she grew conscious of other eyes. She glanced to the right. The man at her other side was gazing intently at her hand.

Quickly she doubled up her fingers. How long had he been staring at those nails? Had other people also noticed them?

Gone was her peace, her unconscious gaiety. Every eye seemed fastened on her rough cuticle —on that one wretched little hangnail. What a horrid evening!

You can never know when people are looking at your fingernails. Every day, often when you least suspect it, you are being judged by them. People no longer excuse ill-kept nails. They know that nowadays it is very easy to keep your nails lovely.

Thousands of busy women the country over are learning to look after their nails with the same regularity that they do their teeth and hair.

Fifteen minutes' care, once or twice a week, will keep your nails looking always well groomed.

But do not cut your cuticle. The more it is cut, the thicker and tougher it grows—the more sore and unsightly it becomes.

You can keep your cuticle smooth, firm and even if you manicure your nails the right way. Wrap a little cotton around the end of an orangewood stick and dip it into the Cutex bottle. Then gently work the stick around the base of the nail, pushing back any dead cuticle. Wash the hands, pressing back the cuticle when drying them.

For snowy white nail tips apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails. Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish.

To keep the cuticle soft and pliable so that you do not need to manicure as often, apply Cutex Cold Cream at night

You can get Cutex at all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and at all chemists' shops in England. Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 35c and 65c bottles. Cutex Nail White, Nail Polish and Cold Cream are each 35c.

Six manicures for 20 cents

Today send two dimes with the coupon below and we will mail you a complete Introductory Manicure Set large enough to last a month. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

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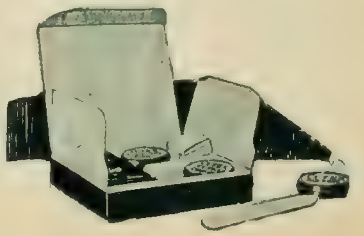

Where the Brook and River Meet

By
MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

THE windows of Lila Lee's dressing-room at the Lasky studio in Hollywood open right into the pepper trees that line Vine Street. Here hundreds of mocking-birds build their nests while they spend their hours in joyful songs and carols.

"It is quite like 'Swiss Family Robinson,'" laughed Lila, "and we are all very chummy in our little world up among the trees. Hear those lovely notes!" and, breathlessly, we listened to the softly repeated tones with their pensive sweetness.

"No wonder they sing so beautifully," whispered Lila, "for they practice and practice—their patience seems infinite."

Photograph by Apeda

Photograph by Karl Struss

Lila Lee was the big screen find of 1918, and for seven years before that was known to the admiring public as "Cuddles" of vaudeville fame. Her rôle as Tweeny in "Male and Female" will not be forgotten soon by film lovers

The dressing-room itself was a veritable garden, with its glowing pink walls and draperies, while the fragrance of roses from a huge bowl on the table furthered the illusion.

Then, there was Lila, looking like a lovely flower in a gorgeous pink negligée, its satin folds clinging to the slim, girlish form. Hattie, the efficient and popular colored hair-dresser of the studio, was diligently curling and twisting the long, dark hair into wonderful puffs and rolls, for Miss Lee explained she was scheduled to have some pictures taken and "had to be all dressed up."

"Of course, I like to dress up once in a while, but it's an awful nuisance," she cheerfully confided. "I always enjoy wearing ginghams and calicoes in my pictures, they're so comfy.

"I loved Tweeny, my rôle in 'Male and Female,' the best of anything I have done," she went on. "That is the kind of character I like to play—something serious, but still comedy—do you know what I mean? You see, all the events meant everything in the world to me, yet they were funny to anyone else. Like Mary Pick-

(*Continued on page* 80)

Three common mistakes that mar the skin

Much homeliness is caused by three common little mistakes

FIRST of all many women powder the wrong way. Then they are troubled all the time with an ugly glisten.

If powdering is to be at all lasting, the thing to do is always to apply a powder base. For this a special cream is needed, a cream which disappears instantly and will not reappear. Pond's Vanishing Cream does just this. It is made entirely without oil. It vanishes the moment you apply it, never to reappear in an unpleasant shine. Before you powder, take just a little Pond's Vanishing Cream on the tips of your fingers. Now powder, and don't think of it again. Pond's Vanishing Cream holds the powder fast to your face two or three times as long as ever before.

A SECOND mistake that many women make is failing to protect the complexion from the wind, sun and dust. Wind dries and roughens your skin; sunlight darkens and coarsens it; dust works into the pores and injures them. You can protect your skin from this injury by applying the right protective cream.

For this purpose, as for a powder base, of course you must have a cream that will disappear and not reappear. Pond's Vanishing Cream disappears instantly and will not crop out again in a hateful shine. It has a special softening ingredient which protects the skin. Before every outing lightly touch your face and hands with Pond's Vanishing Cream. It leaves your face smooth and protects it from wind sun and dust.

BECAUSE you have learned to depend upon Pond's Vanishing Cream for a powder base and to protect the skin from the weather, do not make the mistake of forgetting the importance of cold cream. The very oil which makes cold cream impractical for use before going out is what the skin requires at other times. The pure, cream oil base, in Pond's Cold Cream makes it the most perfect cleanser you have ever known. Before going to bed, cleanse your face with Cold Cream. You will be horrified to see how much dirt comes out. Do this regularly and your skin will be kept clear and free from dullness.

Pond's Cold Cream has just the consistency that is perfect for working well into the skin, giving a wonderful massage.

Get a jar or tube of each of these two creams today at any drug store or department store. Every normal skin needs both.

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Cold Cream &
Vanishing Cream

One with an oil base and one without any oil

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Please send me, free, the items checked:

Sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
Sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Instead of the free samples, I desire the larger samples checked below, for which I enclose the required amount:

A 5c sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
A 5c sample of Pond's Cold Cream

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"Love's Redemption" in the Making

At the left is Dorian Romero in a character study as he appears in "Love's Redemption," while Blanche McGarity, who has the leading rôle, is to be see at the right

Edwin Markham, the poet, appears prominently in "Love's Redemption." Mr. Markham in a scene from the photodrama

A group of Fame and Fortune contestants watching the filming of a scene from "Love's Redemption"

Special photographs by Albin

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Eastern Studio Gossip

Above, George Fitzmaurice directing Mae Murray and David Powell in a scene from "Idols of Clay," the much-expected Famous Players production. The scene is being filmed on the Florida coast. Center, Mme. Olga Petrova at her Great Neck, Long Island, home. Below, Creighton Hale as the Butterfly Professor, hiding from a prospective catch in "Way Down East"

Now that Mae Murray has finished her last George Fitzmaurice production, "Idols of Clay," and sailed for Europe, considerable interest centers in the next photoplay to be made by this master of light and shade. Its title has not yet been announced, but it is known that Dorothy Dickson, the dancer, has a leading rôle. Penrhyn Stanlaws, the artist, is again assisting Fitzmaurice on this production, which is being "shot" at the Fifty-seventh Street Famous Players studio in New York City.

Lillian Gish has started work upon her first Frohman Amusement Corporation production, and her initial screen effort away from the Griffith hand. Her first vehicle is an original story by Anthony Paul Kelly, altho, for a time, she contemplated doing a romantic costume comedy. Miss Gish is working at the Biograph Bronx studio.

Out at the Griffith Mamaroneck studio Bobbie Harron is busily at work on the Vance romance, "The Brass Bowl," with Elmer Clifton directing. This is his second Metro star production, and Gladys Hulette is returning to the screen as his leading woman. Chet Withey, who directed his first Metro vehicle, is leaving the Griffith staff. Mr. Griffith himself has been finishing "The Love Flower," with Carol Dempster and Richard Barthelmess in the leads. All interest here has centered in the Griffith repertoire season at the Forty-fourth Street Theater, where "Way Down East" had its première.

(Continued on page 82)

TRUMPET ISLAND
TRUMPET ISLAND

ALBERT E. SMITH
presents

"TRUMPET ISLAND"

This picture, the biggest in the history of Vitagraph, is a magnificent and thrilling story of love and adventure, fashioned into form for the screen from one of those delightful and inimitable stories of Gouverneur Morris. The picturization was made by Lillian and George Randolph Chester and the master hand of Tom Terriss directed its making on a stage that had as its boundaries the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts.

Coupled with this effort to give it the very last touch of realism is an all-star cast, months spent in the making of it and an expenditure of more than a quarter of a million dollars. It is probably richer in spectacular value than any story ever transferred to the moving film.

"Trumpet Island" tells the story of Richard Bedell, Eve le Merincourt and Valinsky, the human derelict. Bedell goes through a period of hardship and deprivation in which he can find neither work nor the hand of good fellowship. He becomes bitter and discouraged. Eve is taken from the quiet seclusion of a finishing school to wed a man she loathes. Valinsky, with a perfected invention for airplanes and starvation staring him in the face, cannot find anyone who will consider him seriously.

Thus these three travel the roads that Destiny has put them on—Bedell, the Stony Path seeking Success and Fame; Eve, the Road of Roses with its thorns and Valinsky, the Road of Mud and Muck. After many windings and twistings these three roads converge, bringing happiness and content to Eve and Bedell, while Death looms for Valinsky at the end of his journey.

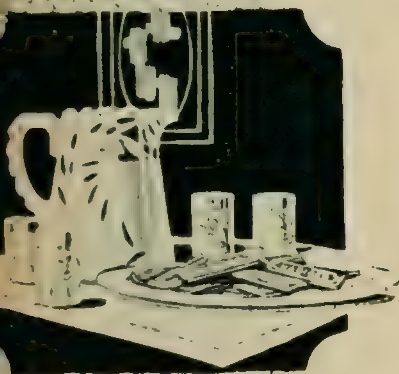
Bedell's metropolitan orgies—his dissipations resulting from a too-bountiful Luck and a hopeless Love—his trip to Trumpet Island to become a *man* once more—Eve's fateful marriage—the airplane honeymoon — the storm—the wreck—the meeting which results in the strangest, the most alluring love story ever told—from this point on, sensational levels are touched in the unfolding of the story of Trumpet Island.

A VITAGRAPH
SUPER-FEATURE

TRUMPET ISLAND
TRUMPET ISLAND

One lump, or two lumps? With or without cream? Whatever the fancy, a cup of tea is always better for being served with NABISCO.

And ice cream tastes better, too, with NABISCO. The cool, creamy inner layer blends deliciously with the cream itself.



And, as for beverages, from lemonade to punch, whoever would think of offering them without NABISCO, sugar wafers incomparable?

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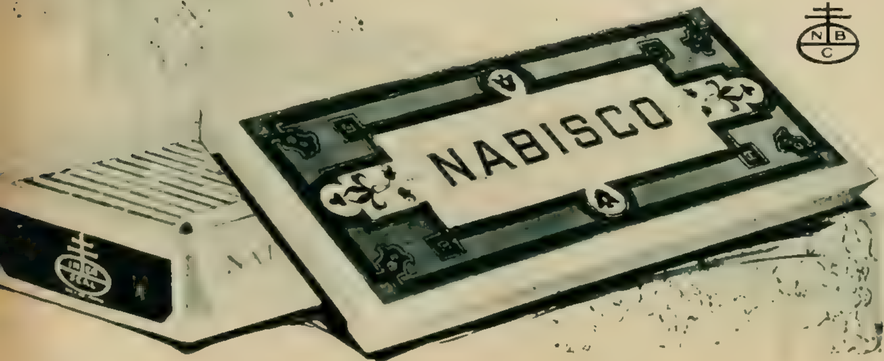
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



Letter of a Leading Man to His Interviewer

(*Continued from page 37*)

forth again, saying: "I should like to take advantage of this opportunity to state my opinion as regards photographs. In the course of one's labors, one often receives many requests from the most indulgent public for a photograph of one's self. Of course, one would like to comply with these kind requests, but what to do in *my* case, I dont know. I *loathe* photographs. I haven't had mine taken in years, except in my work. That I dont mind, for then one isn't one's self, properly speaking, but to a large extent one has assumed the personality of the rôle he happens to be playing. . . . Or photographs that have an artistic substance, irrespective of being reproductions of one's features . . . these may be worth while, but one meets very few of them. The tragedy of the photograph is that only the features are reproduced, and the real person is entirely omitted. I have no photographs of my friends. I have better pictures of them merely by closing my eyes a moment and seeing them as I know them. If I am like *my* photographs, I dislike being reminded of the fact."

He concludes, (I mean *almost* concludes—there are two postscripts), by remarking, with rather masculine plaintiveness, that he is sure he hasn't said anything interesting or clever, as one should in "this sort of thing," but that "perhaps it is your kind office to make living substance of even the driest old bones."

I dont know about the kind office, but then, neither do I know about the old bones . . . Mr. Meredith is a very stalwart, very robust, rather Herculean young man, and there is nothing of the shrinking violet about him, save the essential qualification of modesty, which he does seem to possess, quite largely.

The aforementioned postscripts are as follows: "I have just received word which makes it look as tho I am going to have a sort of company of my own. It is really thrilling."

The second observes, naïvely, "I think it looks terrible to say an actor loves music and literature and is kind to his mother, etc., even tho this is probably the case. The discerning know these things without being told; the others wouldn't understand anyhow—and there you are."

A third postscript is mine own. I accept the responsibility, tho I dont know why I should. When I talked, or endeavored to, with Mr. Meredith, he was a bridegroom of, I think, five weeks' standing, and one of the nicest things about him was that he admitted it with a blush and the *very* proudest smile, saying, hopefully, "Dont I *look* it?"

EUREKA

For three days he had been poring over a big book, oblivious to the world about him. Suddenly he gave a piercing cry of triumph.

The movie press agent had discovered an adjective never before used by his rivals.

How Young Is Anne?

(*Continued from page 23*)

surprised her sisters in the chorus by announcing her intention of "breaking into" pictures. She went to the World studios in the East and was cast in a very small part with Alice Brady. After that she went back to her show, danced some more, and got a call to be in another picture with Miss Brady. Almost everything Anne has ever done on the screen has been with her—until she played the ingenue rôle in "The Copperhead" with Lionel Barrymore.

That rôle, of course, established her. The Universal people saw her work and decided to "import" her to their West Coast studios. And there she was, working in one of those downtrodden-factory-girl parts in a story called "The Girl in the Rain" when I saw her.

One of her outstanding characteristics is her unpretentiousness, a somewhat unusual trait to find among the film-famous.

Her frank admission of her deficiencies is one of the most truly delightful things about her. She admitted that she bought a small car because she couldn't afford a more commodious one; that her "flat," as she styles her apartment, isn't done up in the most expensive luxury; that she hasn't a maid at the studio because she's not yet one of the screen's larger luminaries; that she's always more or less gripped with heart failure when she goes into the projection room to view the day's "rushes" or film footage. She's very much in apprehension lest she will do a "flop," as she terms a failure, and yet the one thought that buoys up her hopes, she remarks, is that she cant absolutely "flop" until her contract expires—at least, she'll draw her salary until then.

She isn't very much interested in matrimony, altho every time she gets a "fan" letter from a man it gives her a thrill. Yet, when she is around men, she says that they always treat her so like a child that it makes her furious!

It's Anne this, and Anne that; Anne, have you your rubbers, and Anne, aren't you afraid that you'll catch cold?

All of which makes her think that if you're small, you must be a baby.

And all of which prompted me to ask the question, "How old is Anne?"

That Anne refuses to divulge. Her eyes sparkle, she laughs her infectious little chortle and shakes her head.

"Old enough to know better!" she sassed back. "And old enough not to tell my age."

But at that, with her natural chirpiness, her bird-like physical qualities—and the fact that she wont eat certain things, among them rye bread, which children dont like—makes me venture a guess.

Anne is nineteen. I thought she was, but when I asked her, she shook her head and mumbled an ominous "No-o-o! Lots older." But I asked Joe Martin, the monkey, and he shook his head "yes" and grinned his broadest. And Joe Martin is the wisest bird on the Universal lot.

He can even tell you what kind of perfume Priscilla Dean uses!

"Keep Your Eye on Jim!"

"It's not alone what a man does *during* working hours, but *outside* of working hours—that determines his future. There are plenty of men who do a good job while they're at it, but who work with one eye on the clock and one ear cocked for the whistle. They long for that loaf at noon and for that evening hour in the bowling alley. They are good workers and they'll always be just that—ten years from now they are likely to be right where they are today.

"But when you see a man putting in his noon hour learning more about his work, you see a man who won't stay down. His job today is just a stepping-stone to something better. He'll never be satisfied until he hits the top. And he'll get there, because he's the kind we want in this firm's responsible positions.

"Every important man in this plant won out in the same way. Our treasurer used to be a bookkeeper. The sales manager started in a branch office up state. The factory superintendent was at a lathe a few years ago. The chief designer rose from the bottom in the drafting room. The traffic manager was a clerk.

"All these men won their advancements through spare time study with the International Correspondence Schools. Today they are earning four or five times—yes, some of them *ten* times as much money as when they came with us.

"That's why I say that Jim there is one of our future executives. Keep your eye on him. Give him every chance—he'll make good!"

Employers everywhere are looking for men who really want to get ahead. If *you* want to make more money, show your employer that you're trying to be *worth* more money. If you want more responsibility, show him you're willing to *prepare* yourself for it.

For 28 years the International Correspondence Schools have been training men and women right in their own homes after supper, or whenever they had a little time to spare. More than two million have stepped up in just this way. More than 110,000 are studying now. Ten thousand are starting every month. Can you afford to let another priceless hour pass without making *your* start toward something better?

Here is all we ask—without obligation, mark and mail this coupon. It's a little thing that takes but a moment, but it's the most important thing you can do today. Do it now!

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- ☐ Gas Engine Operating
- ☐ CIVIL ENGINEER
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping
- ☐ MINE FOREMAN OR ENGINEER
- ☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER
- ☐ Marine Engineer
- ☐ Ship Draftsman
- ☐ ARCHITECT
- ☐ Contractor and Builder
- ☐ Architectural Draftsman
- ☐ Concrete Builder
- ☐ Structural Engineer
- ☐ PLUMBING AND HEATING
- ☐ Sheet Metal Worker
- ☐ Textile Overseer or Supt.
- ☐ CHEMIST
- ☐ Navigation
- ☐ SALESMANSHIP
- ☐ ADVERTISING
- ☐ Window Trimmer
- ☐ Show Card Writer
- ☐ Sign Painter
- ☐ Railroad Trainman
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A Grown-Up Ingenue

(Continued from page 38)

days, she had told me over the telephone, and there were still a number of scenes to shoot for "The Mollycoddle," which she was making with Douglas Fairbanks.

The picture had been dragging on for an unconscionably long time, until the entire company were probably sick to death of it. Doug had broken a finger and so had been unable to work for several weeks. Then had come his marriage to Mary Pickford and the Nevada suit to declare the marriage illegal by annulling her divorce from Owen Moore. The entire profession was almost as indignant over this as were the principals. Thousands of people have gone to Nevada every year for no other reason than to get divorces and nothing said. But just because they are famous, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks may not be allowed their happiness. This was the general tenor of the conversation wherever the subject was discussed, and it was being discussed everywhere. Undoubtedly, this notoriety played its part in delaying the Fairbanks production.

No, I wasn't in the least surprised that Betty Bouton should be late and I decided to wait for her as long as possible.

It was five minutes of four. For perhaps the ninth time, I glanced at the girl sitting next to me, a pretty girl with large, dark-brown eyes, set rather far apart, and chestnut-brown hair. She, too, was obviously waiting for some one who was very late. It occurred to me that a conversation with her might relieve the tedium.

"Pardon me," I said. "Are you, by any chance, Miss Bouton?" It was on the tip of my tongue to add, "I'm sorry, a chance resemblance," when she answered, "Yes, I am," and we shook hands, laughing. It seems that she had been there since ten minutes of three and had had me paged four times! Ah, well, the carpenters had been making so much noise . . .!

In the tea-room, we selected a little table against the wall, where we could talk undisturbed, and while the waiter was getting our tea and toast, "cut thin"—("That is a little trick I have learnt here," she said. "If you order it cut thin, they have to make it fresh; otherwise you are as likely as not to get toast left over from breakfast")—I had a chance to really look at her for the first time.

She wore a dark-blue suit and her blouse was of a lighter shade of blue linen simply trimmed with pleating and rows of hemstitching. She wore a conservative little hat and veil.

The daughter of a successful inventor, Betty Bouton was born in Philadelphia and educated at the University of Pennsylvania. She and her sister both took, and, for that matter, still take, a keen and active interest in the woman's rights movement.

"I'm not much of a moving picture fan," she said, frankly, when we were discussing recent pictures.

She doesn't know how long she'll stick to the acting phase of the industry.

"I'd like to go into a scenario department and write continuity," she said, seriously.

"Because you are tired of acting?" I asked.

"Not exactly! But I've been doing it for a year and a half, and I've never stayed so long with anything else in my life.

"I was in Morosco's play-reading department for a while. I've also been a probation officer, a social investigator for a psychological clinic and a secret service agent, the latter during the war.

"My first job was as an investigator for a charity organization in Jacksonville, Florida, at a salary of sixty-five dollars a month. It was a very large salary for a woman; every one in the office told me so. There was one man especially who didn't see how I could possibly be worth so much!

"And how we had to work! We even had dictaphones installed so that we could work on Sundays. It was just case after case of illness and poverty, until I could almost have believed that there was nothing but misery in the world.

"I began my stage work by going to Sargent's dramatic school in New York, and my first part was with Nat Goodwin in 'The Merchant of Venice' as Jessica." She smiled at the recollection. "I just romped thru that part, without any knowledge of its traditions, just enjoying every moment of it! I shall probably never enjoy a part that much again."

Followed "Amarilly of Clothesline Alley" and a season of stock at the Shubert Theater in Newark, N. J. Her most recent stage appearance was with Bertha Kalich in "The Riddle—Woman."

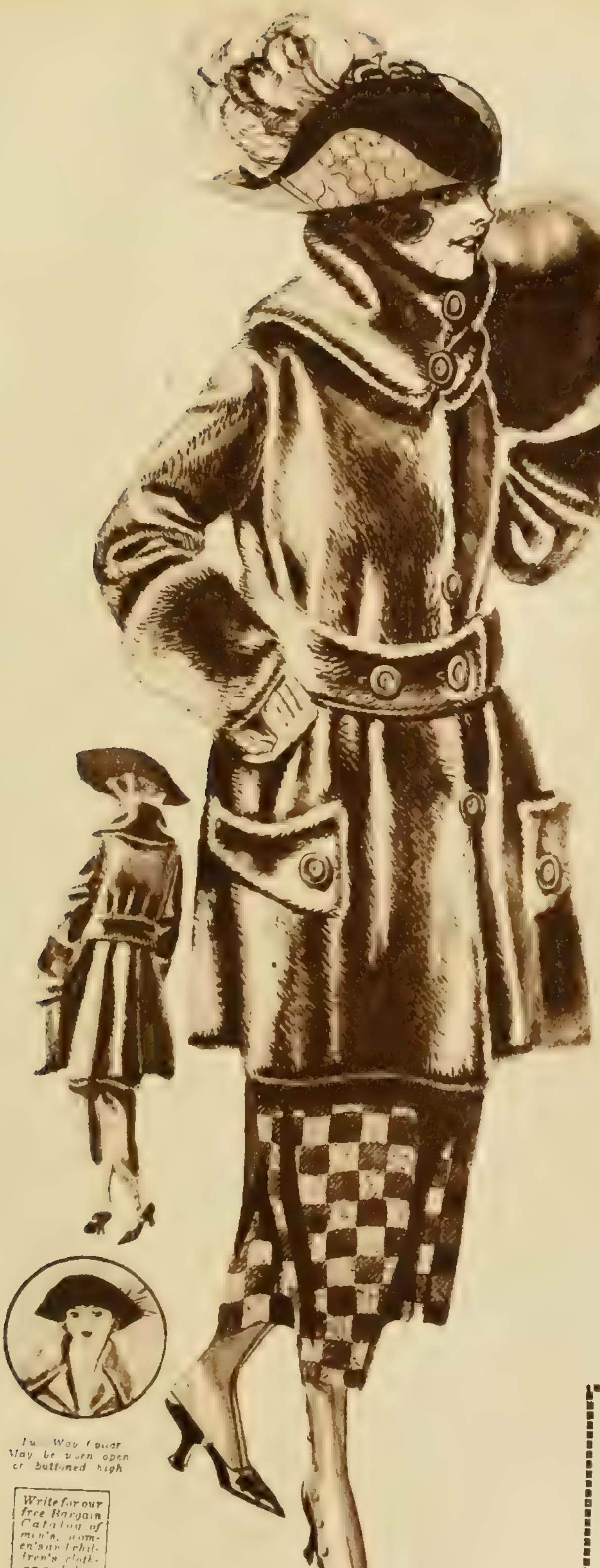
On the screen, she appeared in "Three Men and a Girl" with Marguerite Clark; "Daddy Long Legs" and "Heart of the Hills" with Mary Pickford; "Man's Fight" and "The Man Worth While" with William Farnum; "The Final Close-Up" with Shirley Mason; "Dont Ever Marry" for Marshall Neilan and "The Mollycoddle" with Douglas Fairbanks.

It was during the making of "Dont Ever Marry" that she married Arthur Jackson, whom she met in the Alexandria tea-room thru Rose Mullaney, a Los Angeles casting director.

"I've been married for three months," she said, "and I've scarcely seen my husband for as many days! He had to go to New York to write his new show, 'Scandal,' and I had to stay here and finish my work with Mr. Fairbanks. But I'm going to join him at last. I haven't any professional plans at all—just a great many ideas about marriage that I intend to put into effect at once."

Doubtless, that was just a mood of the moment. I can hardly imagine her dropping the thread of her professional life; she appears much too ambitious for anything like that.

(Seventy two)



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The Convictions of Conrad

(*Continued from page 47*)

Conrad Nagel was born in Keokuk, Iowa, in 1896. His father is a composer of note and also dean of the Highland Park College of Des Moines, from which Nagel received his bachelor's degree when he was seventeen years old. His mother, too, is a musician—a singer. Conrad Nagel drifted naturally to the stage. While in college, he was constantly producing plays and acting in them himself.

In athletics, he won several medals for sprinting. An interesting coincidence is that his first part on the professional stage was that of a sprinter. He was supposed to have fallen and had to come running on with a bad "cut" painted on his leg. Exactly the same sort of accident had happened to him in real life and the cut was painted over an actual scar. His first professional engagement was with a stock company in Des Moines, of which Fay Bainter was also a member. Followed "The Natural Law," "Experience," "The Man Who Came Back" and "Forever After." While he was appearing on the stage in New York he was also making pictures—a strenuous existence for any one who wants to try it, working all day and half the night into the bargain. Pictures he has made are "Little Women"; "The Lion and the Mouse," with Alice Joyce, "Redhead," with Alice Brady; "The Fighting Chance," a Robert W. Chambers story, for Famous Players-Lasky, and "Athalie," another Chambers story, for Mayflower.

Mrs. Nagel has made one appearance on the screen, because the director wanted just her type, but she does not expect to enter the profession.

This, That and the Other Thing

(*Continued from page 26*)

Incidentally, and this may carry more weight than even I am aware of, *he admitted it.*

"But the specific thing?"

"Oh—that. I'm looking for a play. In the market for a play. A speaking play, something with a character rôle—just so long as——" He waved expressive hands, indicative of the banishment of the aforementioned idol. "A play that will amuse, first of all," he went on, seriously, "for, after all, that is what the theater is for; that is what *life* is for. A great play, to my mind, is a play that thrills, that makes the man or the woman watching it forget, even if for the moment, the burden that is pressing upon him or upon her, that makes that man or that woman feel a sort of flaming, sorrowful but wonderful contact and sympathy with the whole world of tears and laughter—and the great artist is the artist who makes that play alive; the purpose of it an animate, vital one. Forgetfulness with inspiration is the work the theater has to do and *can* do better than any other institution known to man, and to carry on that work is the gift given to every artist, to every man and woman in the drama."

We talked of a great many other things. Marriage, for instance. Mr. Lytell believes in the infinite possibilities of marriage. He thinks the very young marriage is the serious deterrent to successful consummations. The getting-on-in-life folk not knowing their own minds, how can the hardly more than adolescent be expected to? They cant be. And there you have it; have most of the tragedy, most of the divorce, most of the unhappiness. Not marriage, but the age of marriage, is the point.

The rest of it must go under the titular heading. It leaves a great deal to the individual imagination, which is what every good writing should do, to be good, and which is what every man should do, to be interesting, and which is precisely what Mr. Lytell did, to be quite honest. And there you have it! Exert your imaginations and let them run riot! You wont go wrong and you probably wont go right, but as you wont know the difference in any case, it wont *make* any difference, and Mr. Lytell will still be the subject of your intensive wondering!

Parlor, Bedroom and Bath

(*Continued from page* 42)

county, to your state, to your country and to your God, sir. We arrest you in the name of a violated law which means order. *Order!* Sir!"

There was a sob from the onlookers. The sob was from one lone onlooker. Said onlooker was said wife. She crept from her sheltering corner. She wound loving, even passionate arms about the disreputable Reggie. She faced, disheveled, defiant, the officers of the law, the "Town Tattler," the Freddie Leslies, one or two others.

"He may," she said, with fine dramatic intonation, "be a disgrace to his county, his state, his country and his God. He is *not* a disgrace to his wife. His wife who l-loves him. His little wifie who for—who forgives him all. All. *All!*"

"Oh, d-a-r-l-i-n-g!" sobbed back Reggie and fell upon her neck.

The "Town Tattler" fell upon her trusty Waterman and wrote the witching hours away . . . and they all lived happily ever after.

BAFFLED

By Wright Field

I kneel here in this quiet place
And gaze upon your calm, dead face,
Not knowing if this thing be grief,
Or what I feel be vast relief.
I only know the tears I shed
Are for myself, not for the dead;
I only know, that, all my life,
Since, for some whim, you made me wife,
Your mind and heart were locked from me,
And tho I sought and sought the key,
I never found it, never knew
The secret, inner road to You!
Death levels all, they say, yet see,
Death has not brought you low for me
I dare not say of you, "My own . . . ."
The same proud look is carved in stone
Upon your lips. You hold me still
Aloof and waiting, at your will,
And secret still you hold from me,
Half smiling thus, inscrutably . . . .
The path outside was dark and drear,
The inner road was sweet and near . . .
Yet, still denied the key by Fate,
Baffled, I kneel outside the gate!

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The ordinary tooth paste does not end film. So the film remains—much of it—and may do a ceaseless damage. Nearly all people suffer from it, more or less.

It is the film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So, despite the tooth brush, all these troubles have been constantly increasing.

New methods now

Dental science, after years of searching, has found new ways to fight film. All have been proved by many clinical tests. They are so efficient that leading dentists everywhere advise them.

These methods are combined now in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. It has brought a new era in teeth cleaning. This is the tooth paste we urge you to try.

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Only one tube to a family

Johnny Jones—(*Continued from page* 60)

Buddy Messinger, of "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp," "Babes in the Wood" and "Jack and the Beanstalk" fame. You all remember little fat Buddy, and how funny he looked trying to chase villains in those entrancing fairy-tales?

The one distracting circumstance is that Lucille Ricksen, who plays leads with Johnny Jones, is the object of adoration of both Johnny and Buddy. Of course, the star has a better chance, partly because he's older, and again because his pocket-money is about double that of Buddy's—and you know the deadlier of the species, no matter how tiny, do love a spender!

Johnny has a mechanical turn of mind. Acting is just a means to an end, he thinks. He is going to be a civil engineer when he grows up—at present twelve birthday candles are all that he can "blow out"—but he spends his spare time enjoying the mechanical toys which his father gives him in great profusion. He has all sorts of building arrangements and tools and reads scientific magazines with zest.

Johnny loves to draw, and one of the funny things I viewed was a cartoon they had discovered that morning, in which Johnny, as Edgar, is portrayed as a pugilistic-looking infant with wings and a halo that resembles a centipede more than anything else, taking orders from Mr. Hopper, who is saying "Nothing like it!"—a favorite expression of the director's when the children do not get his idea at rehearsal. They all dote on their director, and no wonder, for he is play-fellow, story-teller and purveyor of sweets to them.

Johnny is temperamental, for all he's a lively lad. For instance, they had a violinist on the lot to purvey soft strains, the sort of cat-calls and woodland trills which were supposed to enthuse a new star.

Johnny Jones stood that sort of music for three days, then he said, impulsively, "Aw, say, Mr. Hopper, cant you cut that violin out? It makes me *sick!*"

Always obliging, the director got an accordionist, Charlie Fessia, who is brother to the famous vaudeville actor, and now Johnny enjoys doing emotional scenes and gets right into the action without difficulty.

There are some awfully cunning uniforms for Johnny Jones, one as the general, one as the President of the United States, in which garb he lays down the law to the Senate. They've built a little model of the White House just for Johnny Jones' new picture, and quite as much money and trouble have been expended on his sets as on any that Pauline Frederick might demand.

I saw them one day working on the Long Wharf at Santa Monica. The small village had turned out *en masse* to do honor to a great general's return with his soldiers. Johnny came marching home in his best new suit, preceded by the Santa Monica band of thirty pieces. He wasn't keen about the gaping multitude, but he did enjoy that noisy band!

When I got a chance to talk to Johnny again, I said, "Wasn't that great? It must be lots of fun to wear a suit like that and pretend you're the biggest man in town!"

Johnny looked wistfully at Long Wharf, where boys and men stood minding fishing-poles, for halibut and dog-sharks were a-plenty that day.

"Aw, gee, I'd give anything to cut this stuff and go fishing," he returned. Later there's a scene in which Johnny and Buddy are permitted to squirt hoses on each other, and then the real *joy* of acting begins. No two boys ever had a grander time! In fact, director and helpers were drenched when trying to separate the aquatic combatants finally.

Buddy Messinger laughed and chortled until his fat sides shook. "Say, Skinny, didja getcher feet wet?" he shouted facetiously.

"Slim" is the joy of Johnny's existence. "Slim" is the property man, a real pal, an understanding sort of chap, about six-foot-two as to length and one foot wide. Johnny took me aside seriously and said, "Did you ever hear the story of the nigger who described a skinny man? He said, 'His head is just a knot tied in his neck to keep his spine from slipping thru his body!' I always think 'Slim' looks that way—but he's just *awful* nice . . . every other way . . . and he may get fat later, you know." "Slim" helps Johnny make up, walks about with powder-puff and lip-rouge, and, as Johnny says, "is just a second mamma to me—only I've got three mammas, one at home, 'Slim' here, and the one in the play."

Virginia Madison, Edgar's mother, is another who shows keen interest in the little brood. Taking it altogether, it really is a wonder that Johnny is not spoiled by petting. You just cant help loving him, he's so human and funny—and blest with lots of common sense and good deportment. It would be a strange thing indeed to walk out of a door without having Johnny Jones rush ahead to open or close it for one. He is always finding chairs for standing onlookers, and doffs his cap in the most cavalier manner, so that I'm not surprised to find Lucille showing a tiny preference for him.

Honestly, the best time Johnny ever had in pictures was when he and Buddy Messinger were allowed to chase a cat up a set alley while the camera registered. If that doesn't prove Johnny is one hundred per cent. American boy, I dont know what would.

"It was *such* a wild cat," said Johnny Jones, ruefully, "that instead of running straight thru the alley to the back lot, as we wanted it to, the puss just beat it right up the fence and across into the caféteria window—gee, wasn't that tough luck? Afterwards we had to get a nice, tame tabby-cat for the retakes."

(*Continued on page* 79)

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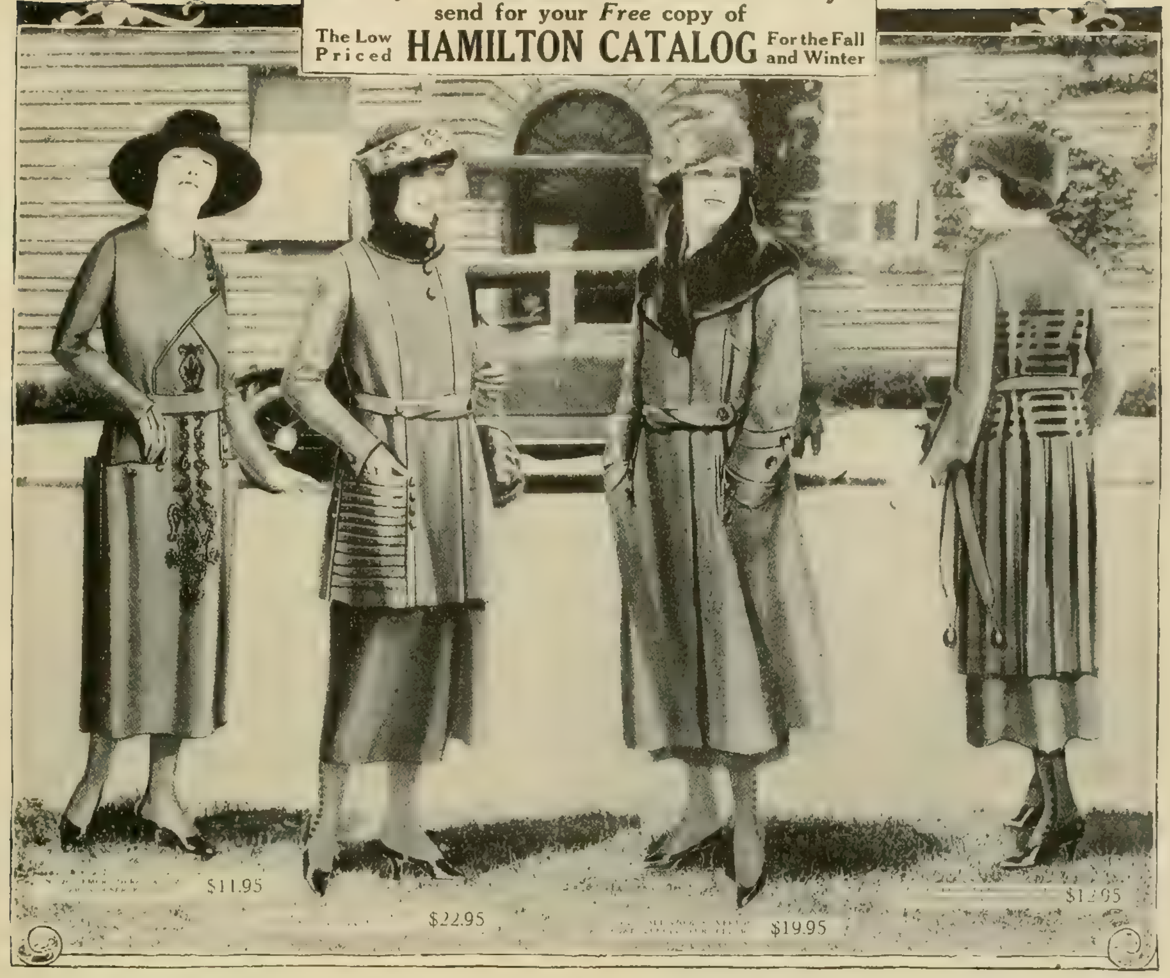

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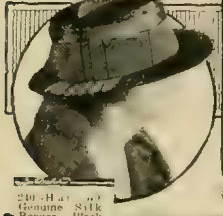

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HERMO CO. 542 E. 63rd St. Dept 310 CHICAGO

Johnny Jones—(*Continued from page* 60)

Buddy Messinger, of "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp," "Babes in the Wood" and "Jack and the Beanstalk" fame. You all remember little fat Buddy, and how funny he looked trying to chase villains in those entrancing fairy tales?

The one distracting circumstance is that Lucille Ricksen, who plays leads with Johnny Jones, is the object of adoration of both Johnny and Buddy. Of course, the star has a better chance, partly because he's older, and again because his pocket-money is about double that of Buddy's—and you know the deadlier of the species, no matter how tiny, do love a spender!

Johnny has a mechanical turn of mind. Acting is just a means to an end, he thinks. He is going to be a civil engineer when he grows up—at present twelve birthday candles are all that he can "blow out"—but he spends his spare time enjoying the mechanical toys which his father gives him in great profusion. He has all sorts of building arrangements and tools and reads scientific magazines with zest.

Johnny loves to draw, and one of the funny things I viewed was a cartoon they had discovered that morning, in which Johnny, as Edgar, is portrayed as a pugilistic-looking infant with wings and a halo that resembles a centipede more than anything else, taking orders from Mr. Hopper, who is saying "Nothing like it!"—a favorite expression of the director's when the children do not get his idea at rehearsal. They all dote on their director, and no wonder, for he is play-fellow, story-teller and purveyor of sweets to them.

Johnny is temperamental, for all he's a lively lad. For instance, they had a violinist on the lot to purvey soft strains, the sort of cat-calls and woodland trills which were supposed to enthuse a new star.

Johnny Jones stood that sort of music for three days, then he said, impulsively, "Aw, say, Mr. Hopper, cant you cut that violin out? It makes me *sick!*"

Always obliging, the director got an accordionist, Charlie Fessia, who is brother to the famous vaudeville actor, and now Johnny enjoys doing emotional scenes and gets right into the action without difficulty.

There are some awfully cunning uniforms for Johnny Jones, one as the general, one as the President of the United States, in which garb he lays down the law to the Senate. They've built a little model of the White House just for Johnny Jones' new picture, and quite as much money and trouble have been expended on his sets as on any that Pauline Frederick might demand.

I saw them one day working on the Long Wharf at Santa Monica. The small village had turned out *en masse* to do honor to a great general's return with his soldiers. Johnny came marching home in his best new suit, preceded by the Santa Monica band of thirty pieces. He wasn't keen about the gaping multitude, but he did enjoy that noisy band!

When I got a chance to talk to Johnny again, I said, "Wasn't that great? It must be lots of fun to wear a suit like that and pretend you're the biggest man in town!"

Johnny looked wistfully at Long Wharf, where boys and men stood minding fishing-poles, for halibut and dogsharks were a-plenty that day.

"Aw, gee, I'd give anything to cut this stuff and go fishing," he returned. Later there's a scene in which Johnny and Buddy are permitted to squirt hoses on each other, and then the real *joy* of acting begins. No two boys ever had a grander time! In fact, director and helpers were drenched when trying to separate the aquatic combatants finally.

Buddy Messinger laughed and chortled until his fat sides shook. "Say, Skinny, didja getcher feet wet?" he shouted facetiously.

"Slim" is the joy of Johnny's existence. "Slim" is the property man, a real pal, an understanding sort of chap, about six-foot-two as to length and one foot wide. Johnny took me aside seriously and said, "Did you ever hear the story of the nigger who described a skinny man? He said, 'His head is just a knot tied in his neck to keep his spine from slipping thru his body!' I always think 'Slim' looks that way—but he's just *awful* nice . . . every other way . . . and he may get fat later, you know." "Slim" helps Johnny make up, walks about with powder-puff and lip-rouge, and, as Johnny says, "is just a second mamma to me—only I've got three mammas, one at home, 'Slim' here, and the one in the play."

Virginia Madison, Edgar's mother, is another who shows keen interest in the little brood. Taking it altogether, it really is a wonder that Johnny is not spoiled by petting. You just cant help loving him, he's so human and funny—and blest with lots of common sense and good deportment. It would be a strange thing indeed to walk out of a door without having Johnny Jones rush ahead to open or close it for one. He is always finding chairs for standing onlookers, and doffs his cap in the most cavalier manner, so that I'm not surprised to find Lucille showing a tiny preference for him.

Honestly, the best time Johnny ever had in pictures was when he and Buddy Messinger were allowed to chase a cat up a set alley while the camera registered. If that doesn't prove Johnny is one hundred per cent. American boy, I dont know what would.

"It was *such* a wild cat," said Johnny Jones, ruefully, "that instead of running straight thru the alley to the back lot, as we wanted it to, the puss just beat it right up the fence and across into the caféteria window—gee, wasn't that tough luck? Afterwards we had to get a nice, tame tabby-cat for the retakes."

(*Continued on page* 79)

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Way Down East

(Continued from page 31)

"Wont you please believe me, dear? Wont you . . . wont you stop?"

He had kist her hand and gone away.

After a little she crept away, too. The glow of the coals had grown so dull and cold.

The next day was the day of the blizzard. About dinner-time Martha Perkins "dropped around." It was one of her many—peculiarities. Lennox Sanderson did, too.

The family entire collected about the usually genial board, yet somehow, on that night, it was not genial. There was not only a storm without . . .

The soup had just been brought in when the asperity of bearing of Miss Perkins congealed and became a definite thing. Her puckered lips, her darting glances, each one holding so many ounces of actual venom; her outraged hair, each bristle rampantly erect, all . . . At last:

"I must say, Squire Bartlett, that I, a God-fearing woman, believe in limits even to *charity* . . ."

There was a general stir about the table. Lennox Sanderson coughed, almost, it seemed, unnecessarily. It was obvious to even the unobservant that Anna Moore shrank against the back of her chair.

Then: "That woman, there," the pitiless Miss Perkins went on, "is—has a past. She—she had a *child.*" Whereat Miss Perkins gargled in her throat and retired in great confusion amongst the folds of her mammoth linen handkerchief.

Squire Bartlett brought his grizzled brows together. The atmosphere seemed to hang, for a period of minutes, thick, definite, suspended, then came the righteous thunder of his voice, ordering the "unchaste woman" into the turbulent night.

It seemed, to the stricken group at the table, almost as tho a wraith, a ghost, an unreality, were passing from them. She went so noiselessly, so unprotestingly, so vaguely and yet so definitely, that it did not seem as tho it could be she, delicate as had been, invariably, her presence among them. The door closed after her and a squall of wind and snow whistled and shrieked in the room for a second after she had gone.

The silence succeeded her. Then David rose and faced his father.

"I am going after her," he said. "I've already lost a part of my self-respect in sitting thru your denunciation of the woman I so love. You——"

The anathema his father hurled at him, the imprecations, the threats of punishment in this life and hell in the life hereafter, he did not hear.

The faces of Miss Perkins, Lennox Sanderson, Kate Brewster, her Butterfly Man, he did not see . . .

He heard only that wraithlike passing, saw only that veiled white face . . .

Four hours later he came upon her at the bend in the river, where the ice had clogged too thickly to carry her farther. She had come to this as a merciful outlet to some wider, more kindly sea where there might be, at the least, oblivion.

He kist her closed eyes, her sweet mouth, her still hands. He promised her life and love if she would return from the dim recesses, the cold withdrawal . . .

And love is the conqueror, and there is both a quick and a dead . . . Her eyelids fluttered under his breath; her hands stirred to meet his; her lips moved and uttered his name . . . He took her home . . . so reverently that they had naught to say, so preciously they could but step aside, with such an air of One who, long ago, forgave where love was great, they could but give their tender benediction.

Johnny Jones

(*Continued from page 76*)

Does Johnny love to study? Sad confession, but Johnny does *not*. He would rather act than tackle the books—then go to college—later travel as civil engineer thru India and South America. With the joyful abandon of youth, with endless animal spirits and perfect digestive processes, he wants to let off steam and hasn't the faintest idea at present that the four hated study hours daily with Sallie Sykes are stepping-stones to a scientific career.

So the only time I saw him scowl—altho he was too obedient and polite to actually demur—was when Miss Sallie pulled the small chairs about in a circle after recess and crooked one slim finger in a beckoning welcome to her corner of the stage.

Johnny turned to me for sympathy. "Did you ever hate spelling? I do. I love geography, 'specially about the unexplored countries—the kind Teddy used to visit—and 'rithmetic, because an engineer has to learn estimating—but I cant see what difference it makes how you spell a word as long as it sounds all right, can you?" Johnny practices what he believes in and spells *camera* with three a's.

Then he rushed off, whistling gaily—and when I turned to see why he'd faded out so quickly, I noticed Buddy dropping into a chair beside Lucille, who was smiling her very sweetest.

LYRIC

By John Hanlon

The ashes of my dreams I sift
  To find a memory
Uncharred by pain, without a rift,
  Some treasured ecstasy;

Sometimes the fragrance of a flower,
  Buoyant beneath the dew;
Sometimes the rapture of an hour
  With silence, love, and you;

A sparkling cobweb's elfin lace;
  The echoes of a song;
An unfamiliar, smiling face
  Amid a sullen throng;

But this I cherish thru the years,
  Its charm can never die;
Your blue eyes clouded up with tears
  That day we said good-bye.

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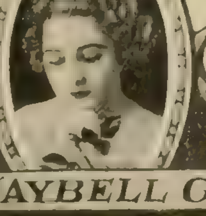

"The MAYBELL GIRL"

Where the Brook and River Meet

(Continued from page 64)

ford's Pollyanna, in the scenes where she was scolded and had such a hard time, they were serious enough to her, but amusing to the audience.

"Some day I want to play big, emotional rôles. I should like to be a second Pauline Frederick. Wouldn't that be wonderful? I say to myself, tho, whenever I begin dreaming, that I'll do what I can do best and be satisfied in developing my own talents. So many girls ruin their future careers by insisting on playing rôles which are absolutely unsuited to them.

"See my mascot?" and Miss Lee pointed to a rusty horseshoe hanging over the door. "I found it here on the lot and I wouldn't part with it for *worlds.* I always say that I'm not superstitious, but I find there are three things I cant get away from: first, a good-luck horseshoe; then, I like to see the new moon over my right shoulder. Really, I have noticed that if you do this your whole month will be happier. Silly, isn't it? Then, I wont let anyone whistle in my dressing-room; that is an old stage superstition that still clings to me."

"There!" announced Hattie, pinning up the last refractory curl and stepping back to view her work. "It looks mighty nice and you are as sweet as a peach."

"You must be a favorite," I commented, watching Hattie's admiration.

"Oh, no; never believe that. There's only one favorite, and she's Gloria," (referring to the beautiful Gloria Swanson). "The rest of us merely strive for second place," merrily chided Lila.

"Oh, go 'long now; you know I like all my girls," chuckled the pleased Hattie.

As Miss Lee slipped into a wonderful frock of the new exaggerated hoop-skirt model, made of lovely shades of yellow satin and trimmed with bands of ostrich, we chatted on many subjects.

I enjoyed watching this young girl, who is fast winning a firm hold on the hearts of picture fans. There is a childlike frankness, a radiating sweet good-humor and an innocent spirit of mischievousness that are all very charming. She is passing thru the fascinating "growing-up" process, and alternating flashes of the poised woman and the ingenuous girl keep one guessing.

"So many amusing things happen while we are making pictures," Lila remarked. "I remember that I ate six big slices of bread and jam while we were trying to perfect one scene in 'Male and Female,' and I'll never be able to look at jam again.

"I have just finished making 'The Prince Chap,' William de Mille's first special production, with Tommy Meighan, and oh, I had a splendid part, and Tommy is wonderful to work with. I am now having a nice little rest—except when I have to come over to the studio and doll-up in finery to have pictures taken," and Lila twirled gaily in front of the long mirror to get a full view of her costume.

She was indeed a vision, for she is a very beautiful girl, with clear-cut, perfect features, wide dark eyes and lovely complexion, while the soft curves of cheek and throat are most alluring.

It is always interesting to learn how one starts on one's career, and Lila gave me a glimpse of hers. She was born in New York, but her mother being quiet and old-fashioned in her ideas, they were far removed from the theatrical atmosphere, and she probably would never have touched it had the family not become acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Gus Edwards. They took a fancy to the little girl and taught her songs and dances and later, under the quaint name of Cuddles Edwards, they made her a star feature of their clever vaudeville sketches. For seven years Cuddles played thruout the country on "big time," and, with her natural dramatic qualifications and magnetism, she became a great favorite.

"And your advent into pictures?" I asked.

"It was when I was in Los Angeles several years ago that I visited the various studios," Lila explained, "and, like everyone else, I became enthusiastic over motion pictures. On our return to New York, Mr. Edwards took me out to see Mr. Lasky; he had a test made and signed me with his company. It will be two years in June since I came out here, and they have been the happiest and gloomiest I have ever known. You see, I thought if my first picture was good, I would never need worry any more, that I'd be *made*, but I found that to succeed on the screen one must keep right on working and learning all the time. I realize that my work improves every time something happens that develops my nature, that tends to stir my own feelings. I dont believe I knew what emotions were all about when I first began."

Miss Lee lives in a pretty bungalow in Hollywood with her mother and small nephew, whom she adores. "We live much to ourselves," she told me. "I guess I became used to that while I was in vaudeville and traveling about all the time. I love to read, and my fad is embroidering lingerie pillows—I have stacks of them. Then, I am taking piano lessons and studying dancing at the Denishawn School. I love to dance best of *everything!*

Lila went on to tell me that her only sister, Peggy Lee, was playing in Belasco's "The Son-Daughter" in New York, and Lila hopes some day—oh, there is plenty of time, for she is still in her early teens—that she can appear on the great Broadway in a big, smashing play.

Meanwhile, this happy, high-spirited young girl is growing up into a very sensible and well-balanced woman, as well as a beautiful one, and is giving us some refreshingly wholesome screen characterizations. There is no doubt that Lila Lee possesses the qualifications for a successful actress, the best one being the willingness to work, and work *hard!*

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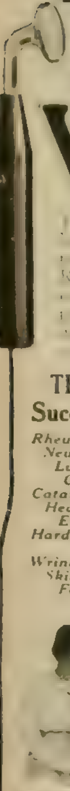

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The Coming Collier

(Continued from page 58)

Famous Players-Lasky and have just finished 'Young America,' to be called 'The Boy.' My next is with Ollie Thomas in 'Nobody's'—some fun! We're to be orphan, rural, dirty, disheveled kids. F. P. L. is lending me to Selznick."

"What does your father say?"

"He's proud that I want to do something. Oh, he's a brick! He even helped me get up my contract. I must make good for him . . .

"And mother," he added. "I'm the only one they have and the two of them bank an awful lot on me."

There is no doubt but that he feels his filial responsibility. He intends to do big things *for* the name of Collier, not *by* it. He depends upon it for stimulus instead of support.

The son believes his forte to be managing and producing rather than acting, altho he has already appeared with his dad in a number of his hits, and at the prophetic age of six displayed a streak of family humor when he made his début in "Caught in the Rain" by hiding under an umbrella and carrying it across the stage.

"I want to be in the business end of the theater. I am practical and commercial enough for that. I want to *see* a show. I want to cut out what I know doesn't belong and put in what I feel is lacking. My real desire is to get together musical comedies and present them on a colossal scale—in cooperation with my father."

The comradeship between the William Colliers and their son is one of the most unusual—not only of the theater, but out of it. Buster realizes it, too, and claims his was an unusual childhood, because he was brought up in a *sane* way. The three of them, (quoting Buster), have been "on the square"—always. They have not made unreasonable demands, or argued, or laid down doctrines, dogmas and decrees. Theirs has been the principle to "talk things over." He was never once commanded to "do this" and "you must not do that," but "do this *because* . . ." His mother has never wrangled with him, or doubted or mistrusted him. From the first he's stood and talked; he's been placed on his own and relied upon to do what is best for himself and them. His name has always evoked fidelity. He cannot forget he's a *Jr.* and not only has something to live up to, but to carry out. For, all his eighteen years of life——

The creed imbibed in him has been *thoroness.* His father has persisted that whatever he learn, he learn diligently, from the beginning and all thru. It was that way when he was taught baseball, tennis, billiards, pool, and no doubt accounts for the golf father-and-son tournament the two of them won last spring. One winter, because of ill health, he had to stay away from school, so he went down to the Long Island home and finally occupied himself with becoming

(Continued on page 104)

Eastern Studio Gossip

(Continued from page 68)

New York has had a number of visitors from the Coast recently. These included Lew Cody, the he-vamp. Maurice Tourneur was another. Mildred Harris Chaplin and Helene Chadwick are visitors.

"Babe" Ruth, the home-run king of baseball, has been signed by Kessel and Bauman to make a feature or two. The first, "Headin' Home," will be released just about world series time this fall.

Goldwyn signed a Broadway theater, the Astor, for the run of its special production, "Earthbound," which opened August 11th. And they say Allan Dwan may hire another to show his "The Scoffer."

Mme. Olga Petrova departed Europeward after a brief vacation at her Great Neck, Long Island, home, following an Orpheum tour. Mme. Petrova, be it noted, broke every previous vaudeville record all over the circuit. She is booked for a thirty-seven weeks' Keith tour next season. And still we hear rumors of a return to pictures.

Justine Johnstone has been busy, both in Florida and at the Famous Players Fifty-seventh Street studio in New York, on her first Realart star vehicle, "Blackbirds." Jack Dillon is directing and William Boyd is playing the lead.

Hobart Henley, the director, sailed for Europe on July 24th, taking along his bride, who was Corinne Barker, the actress.

Lowell Sherman, well known on the stage as a "heavy," has been signed by Famous Players. He is playing opposite Alice Brady. Recently he was doing "Way Down East" with D. W. Griffith, playing the villain who lures the fair heroine away from the farm.

Whitman Bennett, the independent producer, placed Kenneth Webb under a three years' contract immediately after he finished "The Master Mind," the first Bennett production in which Lionel Barrymore is starred. Webb is now directing Mr. Barrymore in "The Devil's Garden" for Mr. Bennett. First National will release these productions.

Doug Fairbanks and his bride, our own Mary, made a triumphant return from Europe and were fêted and dined in New York before they departed coastward. Europe is reported to be slowly returning to normal.

Geraldine Farrar has been using the old Thanhouser (New Rochelle) studio for her Associated Exhibitors' screen work. Her first A. E. vehicle, "The Riddle: Woman," was made there by Edward Jose. Pathé will release it, together with other Farrar productions. Adele Blood and Montagu Love appear prominently in the cast. Many of the scenes were shot at Marblehead, Mass. Following its completion, Miss Farrar went to the Adirondacks with her husband, Lou-Tellegen.

Speaking of the Adirondacks, Mrs. Sidney Drew is turning out a number of stories in her camp at Paul Smith's.

Carol and Her Car

(Continued from page 17)

"The very first day I drove it to Sing Sing. (Miss Dempster lives with her sister at Mamaroneck, her mother having died but a few months ago, thus ending a comradeship that was rare and unusual.) I know every motor-cycle policeman in Westchester. They're all awfully nice to me."

We admitted, (mentally), the discernment of motor-cycle officers.

"I am up at seven these days and out along the hill roads. I used to ride horseback a great deal in California, but, gracious, I love motoring much more. And I love Westchester and the Sound far more than California."

Whereupon Miss Dempster offered to motor us to the Mamaroneck station, after grimly remarking that she had not hit anything *much*—yet. We accepted. Which proves one of two things: either the charm of Miss Dempster or our fearless attention to duty. And (we hope the owner doesn't read this) attention to duty is something exceedingly elusive on the edge of Long Island Sound in the dusk of a midsummer day. Particularly when said charm is thrown into the balance.

P.S.—We hit nothing en route. That is, nothing that prevented us reaching the aforementioned station on time.

And They All Wept!

(Continued from page 44)

Then she came East and, in 1919, went into the Ziegfeld "Follies" and later into the Nine O'clock and Midnight Revue.

Thus the meeting of Mary and Dick came about. When Clarine Seymour died suddenly, Mr. Griffith decided to help along the romance by giving Miss Hay the rôle intended for her.

The Barthelmesses have been honeymooning in a little cottage on the Sound, close to Rye and within easy distance of the Griffith studio. (Dick's mother has a bungalow nearby.) There is just one honeymoon intruder — a pet alligator yclept "Nasturtium." And we sort of suspect "Nasty," as Dick terms him, has been neglected o' late.

"DUST OF THE DESERT"

By Margaret Cable Brewster

Dust of the desert, tawny, gold,
Rhythmic with life, with joy untold
You run, you leap in the morning light;
You sleep like a nestled child all night;
And I, a human bodied thing
Know all your heart and the song you sing.

Dust of the desert, your lips are mute;
But the breath of your spirit is like a flute
That has thrilled from ages strange to man,
And calls thru the dusk that no thought can
span.
And I—when the world shall term me dead
Shall be one with this buoyant dust I tread.

My body shall crumble, with yours shall merge
My soul with your passionate life shall surge
We shall dance, brave comrades, on pulsing
sod
In the open reaches touch hands with God.
And all the while my body shall be
Dust of the desert—exultant, free

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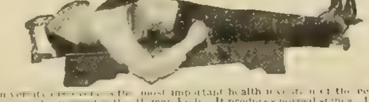

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A TEXAS BLUE B.—Greetings. Everybody's excited about election. You point with pride to the extract from Kipling which reads, "That lying proverb which says that the pen is mightier than the sword." Perhaps, in ages to come, history will note that the pen of President Wilson did more to end the Great War than all the swords in the universe. You can write to Blanche McGarity at this address, or San Antonio, Texas.

INQUISITIVE EVE.—*Je suis pret.* So you want an interview with Constance Talmadge soon. Ora Carew is playing in "His Friend and His Wife." Yes, Pell Trenton is starring. You will find Helen Jerome Eddy in "The First Born" for Sessue Hayakawa.

SWEET SIXTEEN.—No, I am not angry. Tho thou callest me all the vile names in Webster, still thou canst not raise my ire. With all thy faults, I love thee still, and the stiller you are, the more I love you. I would advise you to write to the Griffith Studios for her photo. Thanks, but I take that *airc* weekly. Write me again.

ALAN M. R., BRIDGEPORT.—I have answered you.

H. M. P.—So you want more addresses of the players. Most of them change about so often that the address wouldn't be correct when it appeared in print. California and New Mexico are the only states where a marriage license is not required.

WANDA AND ANNA.—I used to drink lemonade every day that I could not get buttermilk, but now I substitute grapefruit whenever I can afford it, because a grapefruit is nothing but a lemon that has grown fat and prosperous. You want to see more of Anna Q. Nilsson and Wanda Hawley. 'Nuff said!

G. T. R. 16.—Dont trust me with your secrets. A man who can be trusted with secrets can be trusted with anything, and it is usually not safe to trust a man who is getting $9.00 per. Theodore Roberts in "The Old Homestead." Thomas Meighan in "The Frontier of the Stars." Call again.

PANKY.—Thanks for the gum. I had a chew on you. No, indeed. So you live in a dull town and it is not Philadelphia. But just you dont forget that happiness is the ability to recognize it. Remember the *Blue Bird?*

LOVER OF WALLY REID.—Memory is what makes us young or old. Wallace Reid has one child, and "The Golden Fetter" was produced in February, 1917. Wallace Reid in "The Charm School" and Billie Burke in "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson."

NOBODY HOME.—Sort of an appropriate name! My favorite player? That's telling. Theda Bara is yours. Nell Shipman in "Back to God's Country." You seem to be able to believe anything you wish. What a lucky creature! Enid Bennett in "Her Husband's Friend."

WANDA HAWLEY FAN.—Oh, yes, I am a fine singer and have a fine range. I use it to get my breakfast on. You want Wanda Hawley on the cover. See the CLASSIC for August. Ruth Roland in "Ruth of the Rockies." Bert Lytell in "A Message from Mars."

THE GROVE.—Thanks, old chappie. Mabel Normand is not dead, Irene Castle is 27 years old, and as to her salary—nobody knows, and nobody seems to care. You say I have a wit which Touchstone would envy. Who's he? Juanita Hansen in "The Phantom Foe." Write me some more.

ESTELLA E. B.—Why, of course, that's Mary's own hair. And if it wasn't, what's wrong about it? Mary will continue in pictures. Some prominent English producer offered both Mary and Doug an enormous sum to play together in a picture, but they refused. Oh, yes, the great philosophers live under different conditions; Diogenes lived in a tub, Seneca in a palace, and I live in a hall room. Why, Marguerite Courtot in "Velvet Fingers" and "Pirate Gold."

MARJORY GOLDFINCH, 30 Falcon Avenue, West Adelaide, South Australia, wishes to write to some of our American girls.

ARTHUR A. I.—Well, here are just a few of the leading stage stars who have appeared in motion pictures: Sarah Bernhardt, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Lillian Russell, Lew Fields, Edwin Ables, Tully Marshall, Robert Edeson, Elsie Janis, Cyril Scott, James K. Hackett, Betty Nansen, and Rose Coghlan. No, Lillian Walker has not been with Vitagraph for some years. No, I doubt if Caruso will appear in pictures again.

BETA.—I agree with you about those gowns. Some of the players with good figures display bad form. Ouch! Ethel Barrymore and W. B. Davidson played the leads in "The White Raven," Cleo Madison and Richard La Reno in "Black Orchids," Marguerite Clark and William Lorelli in "The Fortunes of Fifi," Viola Dana and Robert Walker in "The Mortal Sin." You're welcome.

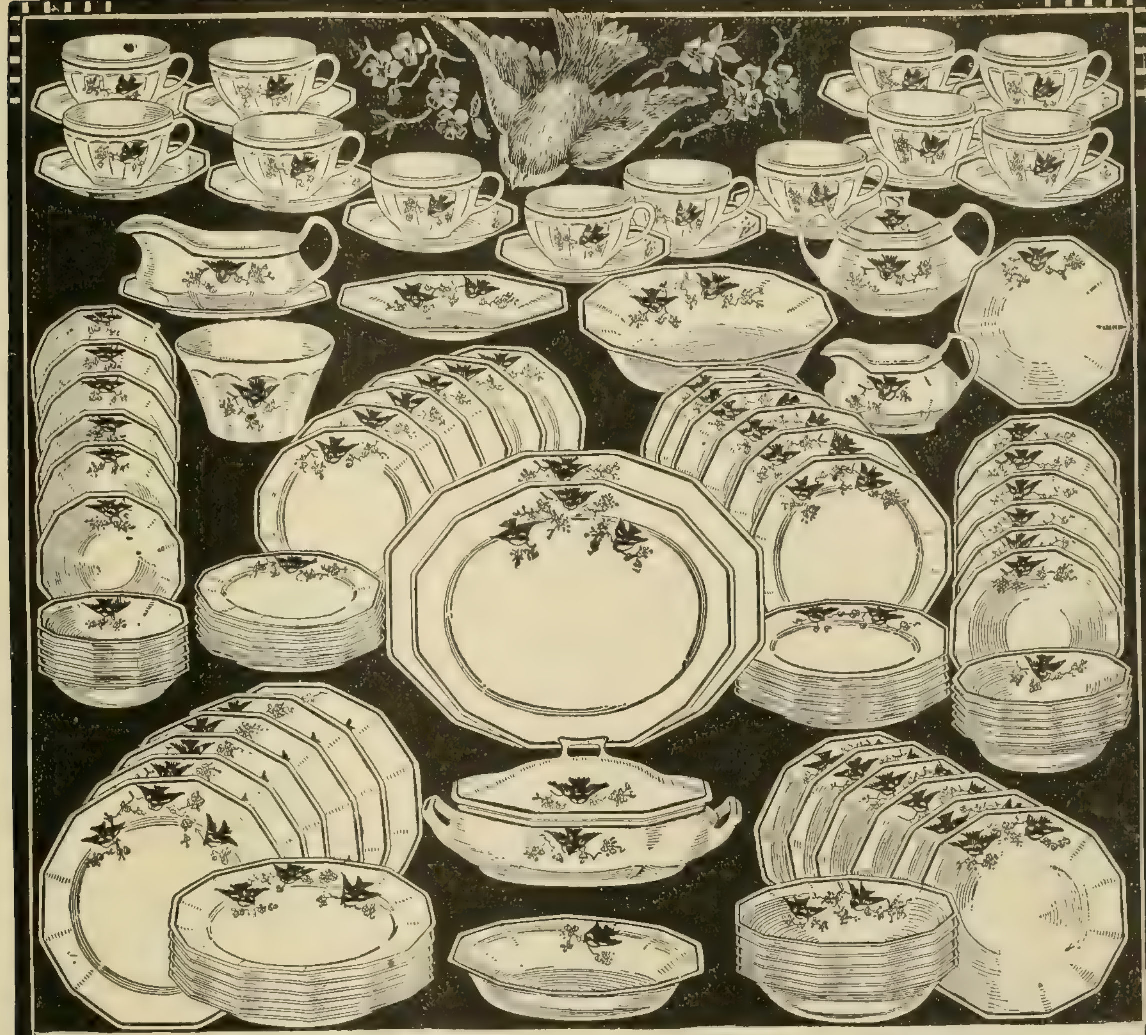
FILLUM FAN.—I dont know, try California. So you think H. B. Warner dresses in exquisite taste. You are a clothes observer. June Caprice was on the stage last. Sorry I cant help you about the contest.

ELMHURST.—Yes, things fly in pictures. At fifteen a girl wants fame; at twenty she wants wealth; at twenty-five she wants a Rolls Royce. Natalie Talmadge is about two years younger than Constance. Constance is 5 feet 6 inches. Your list of players who are Jewish cannot be printed here. It is immaterial what one's religion is.

HELEN H.—Perhaps it was a slapstick comedy, and then anything is possible. Clara K. Young is not married now. Elsie Ferguson is, also Conway Tearle. Sure, they all like it. Never an actor born who does not appreciate applause. As Cowper says, "O popular applause! what heart of man is proof against thy sweet, seducing charms?" And since the players cannot hear you applaud they naturally like to read it.

FIFIRE.—Enjoyed your first letter very much. The correct quotation is, "Tho the mills of the God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small; tho with patience He stands waiting, with exactness grinds He all." Of course, I go in the ocean. Yes, there are several excursions up the Hudson.

(Continued on page 87)



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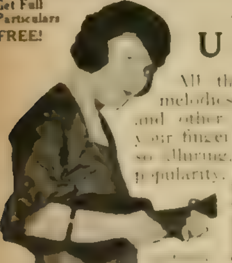

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That Youth From Second Avenue

(Continued from page 19)

completed pictures under my arm. I vanished one day and made a round of the motion picture studios. Shortly thereafter I landed my first job. I was on my way! Not family nor feud could stop me then!"

"And you've never wavered in your choice?"

"Never. Never once."

"You've been unusually successful—unusually young." I was thinking of his playing last season in "Martinique"; of his recent pictures with Constance Talmadge; of his rehearsal at the time of our talk for his new play to open the next month.

"I've had my struggle," he told me, "down to my last cent; not enough to eat; no place to lay my head. I might almost say; the gamut. And I'm glad. I dont want ever to forget that side of the ledger. I dont believe that I ever will. Just so long as we do remember it we preserve a balance; we hang on to the happier today; we appreciate the awards. It was a priceless experience."

I asked Mr. Coleman whether he intended to keep on with both stage and screen.

"I want to," he said; "I am anxious to establish myself on the stage so definitely that I may return to it at any time after a lapse."

"What type of work," I said, "in a general sense?"

"Oh," he said, "in a general sense . . . for instance, or for instances, Otis Skinner, the Barrymores, Leo Ditrichstein, William Gillette . . . once you have achieved standards of that sort, nothing short of death or general disability can take them from you."

"What of the screen?" I asked.

"The screen," he said, "is for the very young; that is, importantly. After youth . . . I want to do my best work on it *now,* but I want, also, to have laid the cornerstone for all the years that are coming after."

One feels, strongly, a sense of potential productivity in Mr. Coleman. He is one of those from whom, reasonably, the great may come. He is possessed of youth, sensitiveness to a marked degree, a passion for his work, for life, for the things of today and tomorrow. He has foresight and common sense. He is unlimited, (illustration, to wit). He says the feminine plays a large part in his very young life. He believes in marrying in his own profession, because of the inestimable bond of better understanding. The query arises: What good fairy was absent from his cradle of Second Avenue at the surely auspicious christening?

DIFFIDENT

By George S. [illegible]

A little breeze sighed,
And murmured, "I tried
  To whisper your love in her ear;
But a blustering gale,
With grandiose tale,
  Was holding her spellbound, I fear."

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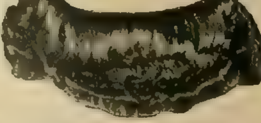

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ROSSLYN PHOTO STUDIO

447 S. Main Street Los Angeles, Calif.

The Movie Encyclopædia

(*Continued from page 84*)

O. J. B.; Edith P.; A Merry Couple, Tourmaline; Florence Billings Admirer, Ed M. D.; Carolyn F.; Mae; June L.; Annette Y.; Mulhall Fan; Elizabeth K.; Master Richard; Jack D.; Francis M.; F. G. H.—Your questions have been answered elsewhere. Let me hear from you next month. Good night, and God bless you all.

H. C., Olean. Greetings! Warm enough for you? (This question is enough to make even Job mad.) You can reach Wallace Reid at the Famous Players Studio, Los Angeles, Cal. Of course, I want all of you readers to write to me. That's what I'm here for, to wait on you.

Gussie T.—Never heard of the player you mention. Florence Turner is playing in "Blackmail" with Viola Dana. But it is very probable that Job never had to answer questions. Why, Wallace MacDonald is playing opposite May Allison for Metro. No, he isn't married.

Goddard W. S.—Horrors! You write that you find an inconsistency in "Male and Female,"—that when the party was rescued after being on the island long enough to grow a beard, they were all clean shaven. Nevertheless, you say you hand it to Thomas Meighan and Theodore Roberts. Thanks for the good wishes.

Hattie H.—You say you want to keep on the right side of me. That's the idea, I'm a little hard of hearing on the left. What a question you ask me—Does Dick Barthelmess care for girls? Hattie! Dont you know that he now has a wife of his own! Charles Meredith is 23, and has brown hair.

F. R. F.—Well, I cant say nice things to each and every one of my several thousand correspondents. I haven't enough wit to go around. But be patient—all things come to the patient waiter. Yes, Cleo Madison was Judith and Rose in "The Trey of Hearts," while George Larkin was opposite her.

Chin Chin.—Have no fear, ye who enter here. Shadowland has had a wonderful career during the first year of its existence. You want to see more interviews with Kenneth Harlan and Webster Campbell. I had a royal time reading your brilliant letter.

Edna M.—Glad to hear that you patronize our advertisements and that you always get what you want from them—sweet are the uses of advertisements. You refer to Huntley Gordon as the doctor and Walter Neeland as Red in "The Dark Mirror." Alex Onslow was Jerry.

Marie, Hartley, Ia.—I have such a large family that I cannot remember you all. Have I met you before? Sorry, but I haven't the cast for "Mothers." Allan Forrest was married, but I dont think he is at this writing. Pat O'Malley was the husband of Madge Kennedy in "The Blooming Angel." By joining the correspondence clubs. Write me. By all means do.

Wanda and Anna Forever.—Good! You greet me as Philotheus. Ah ha, fair lady, I thank you. I am not acquainted with the gentleman, but it sounds good, and I believe philo means wisdom. You say Wanda Hawley and Anna Q. Nilsson are a duet of blondes which no other person can match.

Sixteen.—But it happens that oil was first struck in this country at the Drake Well, Titusville, Pa., on August 28, 1859. Put not too much faith in the Answer Man. He is getting old and is not infallible. Yes, Jack Mulhall is married. I'm sorry. You refer to King Baggot. You want to know of what faith is Bebe Daniels. Oh boy! I dont keep a church record of the players. I'm a busy person.

Usurp.—You betcha I have buttermilk every morning. Food for thought. Thanks for the joke. Yes, those 15-inch German guns were heard 150 miles away.

Caroline V.—Yes, I guess Anita Stewart did the jig-dance herself in "Old Kentucky." Mabel Normand has left Goldwyn to go on the stage. Seena Owen is going to have her own company. It's a sad month that we dont hear of somebody going out for themselves. Thomas Meighan is with Famous Players.

(*Continued on page 102*)

"Ferd, They are Playing Your Song"

Imagine the thrill these words gave Mr. Ferdinand Hohnhorst, of Covington, Ky., as he stood on a crowded street, watching the great Peace Parade, when Meyer's Military Band came swinging along playing his song, **"Uncle Sam, the Peaceful Fighting Man."** But let him tell his story in his own words:—

Chester Music Company *Covington, Ky.*
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"Gentlemen—My song entitled 'Uncle Sam, the Peaceful Fighting Man,' that your Mr. Friedman composed and arranged for me, is making a great hit. In the Peace Parade at Latonia, Ky., Meyer's Military Band played my song three times, and we have now had it arranged for orchestras and quartettes, and it is making a good impression everywhere. The Vocalstyle Music Company, Cincinnati, Ohio, a concern manufacturing music rolls for player pianos, has taken up my song, and has already sold over a thousand of these rolls in Cincinnati alone, and are placing them in their bulletin for April, which will go to all the different cities.

"My song also has made a decided hit among school children, and has been introduced into several of the Cincinnati schools. Thanking you most kindly for the services you have rendered me, I remain, Yours very truly, (Signed) Ferdinand Hohnhorst."

LEO FRIEDMAN, Our Composer

of whom Mr. Hohnhorst speaks so enthusiastically

Leo Friedman

is one of America's most gifted composers and the author of many great song hits. Among his great successes are **"Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland,"** the sales of which reached the enormous total of more than two million copies. Others that reached into the million class were **"Let Me Call You Sweetheart"** and **"When I Dream of Old Erin."** Mr. Friedman writes music to words, that cause them to fairly throb with feeling and musical charm. He has been styled "America's Favorite Composer," and properly so, for his melodies have reached the hearts of millions of the American people, and made them sing.

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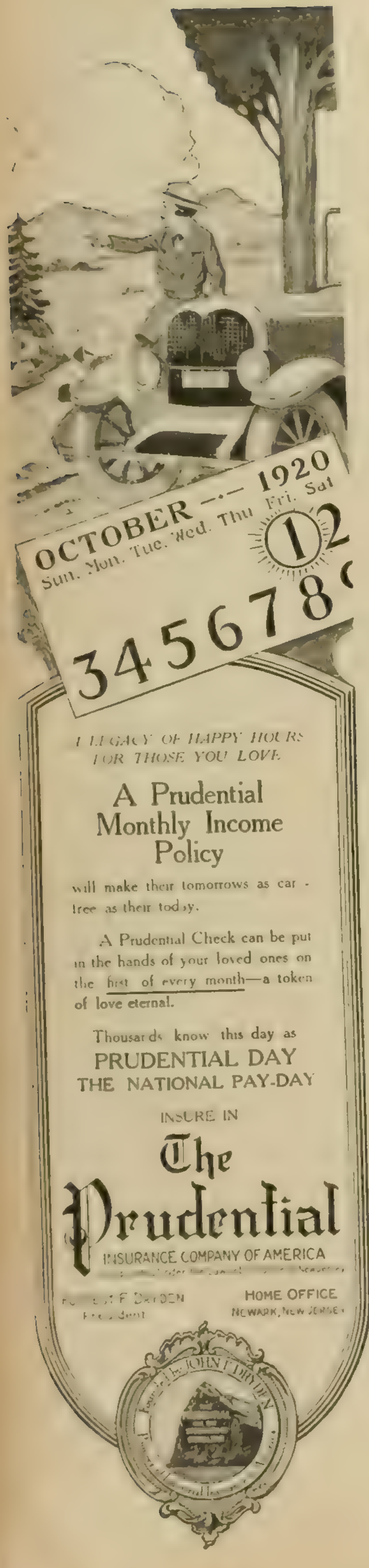
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INSURE IN
The Prudential
INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

F. DRYDEN
President

HOME OFFICE
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

The Celluloid Critic

(Continued from page 45)

There is an interesting cast. William Standing is the murdered one. Mahlon Hamilton is the murderer, Flore Revalles is the impulse, Naomi Childers is the innocent wife of the murdered man and Lawson Butt is a friend who acts as protagonist of the King creed. Thru him speaks the theory. Of this cast, we hand the larger portion of our praise to Miss Childers. Never before was she so warm and moving. Only once or twice did she lapse from a fine repression.

Somehow or other, William de Mille's visualization of the Edward People drama, "The Prince Chap," gave us a large measure of entertainment. Now, "The Prince Chap" is not technically good. The lesser-known De Mille's direction is along cut-and-dried lines. The People story itself is basically as trite as the weekly comic journals and as far from actuality as a best seller. Yet the thing stands appealing and ingratiating, even if it isn't life.

How many times have grey-haired but distinguished guardians fallen in love with their pretty wards—in fiction and the drama? Here a young artist, loving and beloved by an American girl, goes off to London to study. There chance forces him to assume charge of a little motherless girl. The child grows up and love slowly blossoms. The far-away princess, of whom the artist has many times told the child, marries another, as far-away ladies often do, but the lonely artist does not quite believe that his ward can care for him—the prince chap of her dream. But, of course, she does, and things end happily.

Out of "The Prince Chap" stands little Lila Lee. We frequently felt it our critical duty to comment rather disparagingly upon Miss Lee when she was first thrust upon the screen as a star. But Miss Lee had the courage to go back to the very bottom and start anew. She has justified herself in "The Prince Chap." Her playing of the girlish Claudia, just budding into life, is a charming and infinitely touching study of melting girl-womanhood. Anyone who can play so sympathetically is sure to go far.

We thought Thomas Meighan adequate as the artist, altho he does not suggest the prince chap of our conception. Nor is Kathlyn Williams rightly cast as the princess. But Charles Ogle does some excellent character work as an old servitor who follows the prince chap to London.

On William de Mille's direction we have commented. Once he even permits the player who depicts the studio landlady to go thru an elaborate pantomime indicating eviction when she tries to collect her bill. Subtlety is missing—and yet "The Prince Chap" stands as good entertainment.

Allan Dwan's "The Scoffer," (First National), is above the recent Dwan average. Here is a sort of combination of the spiritual uplift of "The Miracle Man" and the regeneration note of "The Right of Way." His wife having disappeared with another, and having been sent to prison unjustly convicted of an illegal operation, a young doctor, cursing God and man, goes off into the Northwestern lumber camps. He has resolved never again to aid man thru his science. How his cynicism gives way before the faith of a mountain girl and how he comes to save a little boy from death form the story. There is a picturesque scene in which misunderstanding lumbermen mob the cabin where he is performing an operation upon the boy. They destroy his lights before they understand. In desperation, the doctor calls upon God for aid, whereupon a bolt of lightning hits a hut nearby and the resultant flames provide the necessary illumination for the successful conclusion of the operation.

James Kirkwood is the cynical one who is redeemed. Somehow his cynicism seems too lightly shaded. One never quite believes him so lacking in godliness as the subtitles try to make us believe. Noah Beery really stands out as a drunken lumberjack who gets religion.

Marshall Neilan has blended Poe's "Murders of the Rue Morgue," the recent newspaper tales of transplanted monkey glands and a dash of journalistic romance, plus a serial view-point of life, in making his "Go and Get It," (First National).

Page your credulities when you go to see it. First of all, there is a wicked newspaper publisher who is trying to wreck his paper, owned by a rich young woman, so that he can buy it in with the help of the rival publisher. To do this he 'phones all his news stories to the rival and holds them out of his own paper. To the office comes a returned soldier-reporter and a young and pretty girl news-gatherer.

At this time the city is startled by a series of murders. These, it develops, were committed by a monkey to whom a surgeon has transplanted the brain of an executed murderer. This is revealed as the film unfolds, but Neilan finds it necessary to send his hero-reporter leaping from aeroplane to aeroplane and from 'plane to speeding train before he lets him discover the same thing. Finally the boy gets his news beat, the unscrupulous publisher is unmasked and everything ends happily, for the girl reporter whom the young chap has come to love turns out to be the newspaper owner herself.

This sounds involved. But "Go and Get It" is involved. Indeed, it is almost "Intoleranceian" in its leaping from thread to thread. We doubt its wide success. To us it seems an elaborate effort to develop a thrill melodrama, and the effort is apparent all thru. Pat O'Malley is the fearless stunt reporter and Agnes Ayres is the pretty owner, but the real honors go to the young and freckled Wesley Barry, who burns up the produc-

(Continued on page 100)

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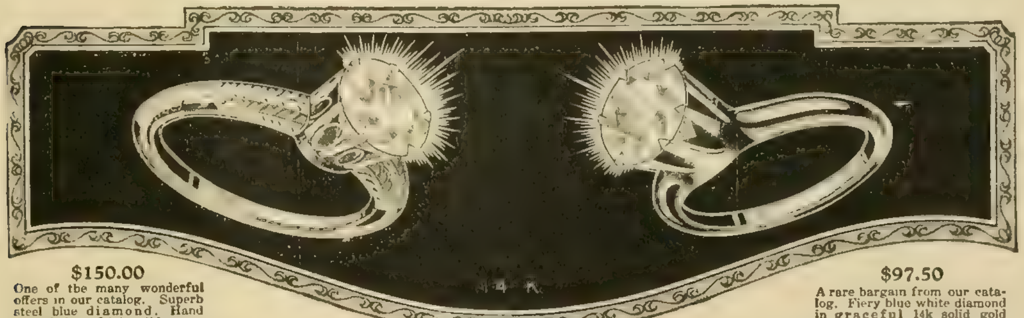

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30x3	$6.00	$1.75	32x4	$8.75	$2.60	36x4½	$12.00	$3.40
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32x3½	7.60	[illegible]	34x4½	10.50	3.00	37x5	13.50	3.75
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The Glass of Youth

(Continued from page 50)

shall be in me of success, of promise, I owe to her. She had a limitless patience with me, as she has with all persons and all things saving only when she is in a temper."

"*Has* she a temper?"

"Oof!" He threw up his hands and told me of an incident, or more than an incident to him, when on a tour with her. I think it was in Havana.

He had been told, he said, that the tour was to end rather abruptly. Thinking the information was to be accredited, he, in turn, passed it on to someone else. Madame Bernhardt sent for him and accused him of misinformation. He appealed to her secretary for confirmation and the secretary denied the truth. The youthful Gaston told said secretary what he thought of him, and Madame lost her temper to the extent of hurling some silverware about and informing Mr. Glass that he was a fool, would never be an actor and, in brief, to be gone from her sight and her company.

Later on, she telegraphed him for his return—which he did not make.

He told me this with a certain plaintiveness and regretfulness. A certain hesitancy and fragmentariness. He has a perspective in it, but the regret he felt at it tinges his memory still. He has, it is evident, an admiration of Bernhardt mixed with love, and a love mixed with admiration.

"She told me," he said, "that I would never be an actor. How did I dare to suppose I ever would be? And I told her, 'But, Madame, you, *you, yourself*, are the one who told me that I should be an actor, nothing but an actor, all the time an actor'—and now I have but the one ambition—when Madame Bernhardt returns to this country, I want to be playing on Broadway. I want to make her see, I want her to know that once she was right and once she was wrong, but that it was the first time, the early years wherein she was *most right*."

In "Romeo and Jane," the comedy which played on Broadway for a short while and which is to return there in the fall, Mr. Glass made a notable success. The critics compared him to Lou-Tellegen to the extent of warning Mr. Tellegen to look to his laurels. Gaston Glass showed me the clipping with this criticism with some glee. "I've sent it to Tellegen," he said. "I know him, of course, and I am wondering how he will take it. Probably," he observed, naïvely, "he will be as mad as anything."

When Mr. Glass first came to this country a little more than a year ago, he knew not one word of English, nothing of pictures and less of the customs of the country in general. A native pliability and adaptability, the artist who knows all things, all peoples and all conditions without, paradoxically enough, *actually* knowing them at all, is responsible for the perfection with which he has fitted into the scheme of things, screenically, socially, professionally—*every way.*

Already, and notably, he has been in "Oh, You Women," with Louise Huff; "Let's Elope," with Marguerite Clark; "The Lost Battalion," "Mothers of Men," with Claire Whitney; "Humoresque" and "The World and His Wife," with Alma Rubens; and "The Branded Woman," with Norma Talmadge. He is to do other pictures with Norma.

Previous to his picture work, Gaston Glass was a pilot in the French Air Service. He first came to this country, in fact, for the French Air Service.

I asked him what he thought was the difference between the theater in this country and in his own.

He said, "It is not so much a matter of *study* here. It is almost wholly a matter of *recreation.*"

I asked him what made him prefer the pursuance of his art in this country rather than in his own.

He said, "Money—why not?"

Having no adequate answer to so essentially sane a question, I gave none.

I asked him, further, what he thought of the American girls, comparatively.

He eschewed the query. "There is nothing comparative," he said, "about girls. I adore them—all." He added, plaintively, "There is just *one* thing about the American girls . . . they all say the same thing to me . . . and I do not know how to take it. Maybe you will tell me. They say to me, Norma Talmadge, too, 'Dont lose your accent, or you will lose your personality.' How shall I take a thing like that?"

He was quite plaintive and I had to laugh. "They all mean it in a complimentary sense," I said, with soothing reassurance, "of course . . . but . . . *dont lose it!*"

TENDER-HEARTED TILLIE

By Wright Field

She never could abide the sight of sorrow,
And other people's suff'ring made her wince;
She once cut off a worm's head in an apple,
And so she never peeled an apple since.
When baking day came 'round she shunned the kitchen,
The sight of pain she always tried to shirk—
She was so very, very tender-hearted
She couldn't bear to see her mother work!

She kept her room religiously on Sunday
Until the dinner on the table lay,
It hurt her so to see her mother cooking
And serving meals upon the Sabbath day;
About the hammock on the front piazza
On Monday mornings she would always lurk,
While mother on the back porch did the washing—
She couldn't bear to see her mother work!

'Twas bad enough to watch her parent bending
With aching back above the steaming tub,
Worse still to see her furrowed forehead sweating
When halls and floors she was compelled to scrub;
And when the day for mending and for ironing
Arrived, the sight she felt she'd have to shirk,
And so went shopping—tender-hearted Tillie
Just couldn't bear to see her mother work!

Puffed
Wheat

More Bubble Grains

Millions of dishes coming

Direct from the harvest fields we get the choicest wheat that grows. Then we seal the grains in guns, apply a fearful heat and explode them. They come out as bubble grains, flimsy and flaky—puffed to eight times normal size. Yet the grains remain shaped as they grew.

Every night of the coming year millions of children will enjoy this Puffed Wheat in their bowls of milk.

Three grains now exploded

Three grains are now puffed by Prof. Anderson's process, and each has its own delights.

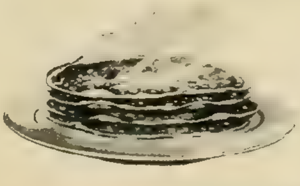
Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are whole grains. Corn Puffs are corn hearts puffed.

All are thin and airy—all have exquisite flavor. And every food cell is blasted for easy, complete digestion.

Serve all of them in all the ways you can, for no other form of grain food can compare with these.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice** **Corn Puffs**
Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

For nutty, fluffy pancakes



Now we make a pancake flour mixed with ground Puffed Rice. It makes nut-like, fluffy pancakes—the finest ever tasted. The flour is self-raising, so the batter is made in a moment. Try this new dainty. Ask for Puffed Rice Pancake Flour.

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PISO'S for Coughs & Colds

Pacific Coast Paragraphs

(Continued from page 62)

long before either of them ever took any interest in pictures.

And, speaking of Ray, I met his father, who is visiting him at present, and I want to say right here and now that the elder Ray, straight, tall and handsome, would make a real rival for his son in the matinée girls' hearts did he ever wish to invade the silent drama.

One of the most interesting stories being told around Los Angeles these days is that of Tony's house. It seems that the handsome Antonio Moreno longed for a real home, a bungalow. So he went to work and bought a beautiful little place in the foothills. Then came the task of getting servants, buying food and running the place generally. The servants imposed on Tony for special privileges and special hours, and they ate him out of house and home. Tony found that buying his own bacon wasn't so fascinating as he thought it would be, so he literally threw up his hands, sent the whole troop of parasitic servants packing, forfeited his initial payment on the house and said, "Good riddance." Now Tony is back at the Athletic Club, bag and baggage, and perfectly content to let the other fellow take the responsibility. Even the men find that housekeeping isn't what it is cracked up to be.

Actually the most thrilling event of the month in Hollywood was staged when that daredevil aviator, Lieutenant Locklear, performed for his Fox feature. I arrived on the scene just in time to have a short talk with him before he went up in his aeroplane. His flying field is a flat valley almost surrounded by purpling hills. Here a church had been built for the picture and a road wound past it. On either side of the road towers had been erected for the camera-men and directors. Locklear himself is a charming Texan, tall, boyish and sincere . . . and he actually doesn't know the meaning of physical fear. He was wearing a dinner suit for picture purposes and was as interested in whether his make-up was on straight as a child is with a new toy. Finally the signal was given that everything was ready and Lieutenant Locklear vaulted into his plane. He had his favorite pilot at the wheel, because he himself was to do the stunts. In the picture he was supposed to be pursuing a band of robbers in an automobile. Down the road past the church sped the auto, and thru the air swooped the plane, then dipped down over the auto while Locklear climbed out on the wings and, hanging just out of reach of the propeller, shot at the robbers. A shudder ran thru the vast crowd of onlookers and people held their breath until he had balanced himself along the wings and climbed back safely to his seat.

"Oh, that was nothing," he said when everybody oh'd and ah'd at him, on his landing, and he meant it.

Several times he performed the same death-defying stunt so that the camera would be sure and get it, and later he had to run the plane so that one of the wings knocked down the church steeple. None of us onlookers dared watch this exploit, so we'll have to go see the picture before we know what really happened. The next thing we knew he was back safe on the ground, a little out of breath and saying:

"Gee, this suit is a mess."

May Allison's sister, Mrs. Wright, was a delegate to the Democratic convention at San Francisco from Tennessee. At the close of the convention, almost every politician you have ever heard of begged her to get him a permit to visit the Metro studio. Poor May did her best for her sister's friends, but she says she was quite overcome, for each and every one of them wanted to know how they could get into the movies, (mainly in the business end).

Speaking of Metro, I saw Nazimova assist in directing a huge theater scene for her next picture, "Madame Peacock," the other day. Nazimova is another who allows no one on her set when she is working. Screens are placed all around it and huge placards inform one, "Madame Nazimova set. Absolutely no one allowed except those taking part." Being small, I slipped in where angels fear to tread. Over three hundred extras were playing audience in a theater scene. Madame Nazimova's newest undertaking is assisting in the direction of her own pictures.

I talked to Wallace MacDonald in a remarkable duplication of Greenwich Village's "Pirates' Den." He was playing lead for May Allison in her new picture, "Are All Men Alike?" I tried very hard to get him to admit his marriage to Doris May, which all the film colony has suspected, but he only smiled, denied it and then assured me that Miss May was quite the most wonderful girl in the world. In among the extras in the scene was Wallace's younger brother. Wallace has just brought him out here from their home in Nova Scotia, and he is getting his start and practical training in that way. He is a good-looking young chap.

Another interesting young personage in Miss Allison's "Are All Men Alike?" is Henry Miller's young son. He looked very pallid and far from strong to me, but everyone raves about his histrionic ability.

Alice Lake was busily at work on "Body and Soul." She is a rather exotic little creature and a clever actress. She was wearing a black evening frock and carrying a blue ostrich fan in the cabaret scene that was being taken when I saw her, and in between shots she could scarcely keep from shimmying, the music of the orchestra was so peppy. Stuart Holmes is the wild, wild villain in this picture, and, a queer thing, the hero hadn't even been picked out at that time. Director Charles Swickard explained to me that all the work was the villain's and

(*Continued on page* 98)

A New Art

is calling to people who have ideas

Motion picture producers and stars are searching the country for new workable story-ideas, for there's a famine in photoplays which has now become acute. New writers—now unknown—must be developed soon. So this is a call to you to take up a new profession and win a new success.

SOMEWHERE in America this year scores of new photoplaywrights must be developed, and your opportunity to win success is as good as anyone's.

Dorothea Nourse
Attributes her success as photoplay writer to the Palmer Plan.

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Ideas about life, imagination, and a willingness to try are the sole essentials.

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The Form's The Thing

NEXT to ideas, the most important phase of this new art is the *arrangement* of ideas. And that is what is now being taught most successfully by correspondence through the Palmer Plan—taught to people who have never written and who never thought that they *could* write.

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Producers are paying from $250 to $3000 for successful *first attempts* by unknown writers. They must hold out these inducements to *get the stories*, to *develop new writers into photoplaywrights*.

On this great wave scores will rise to new fame, and you may be one of them. Don't think you may *not* be—"what you think, so you are," is a truth that all should seriously ponder.

In addition to those whose pictures are shown, the following novices have lately won success under the Palmer Plan:

George Hughes, of Toronto, Canada; Martha Lord, now staff writer for Clara Kimball Young; Idyl Shepard Way of Boston, author of "Keep Him Guessing" (Selznick); Elizabeth Thacher of Montana, author of "Reforming Betty" (Ince); James Kendrick of Texas, creator of six stories since enrollment less than a year ago; and Frances W. Elijah, author of "Wagered Love," recently purchased by D. W. Griffith.

G. Leroi Clarke
Formerly a minister. Sold first photoplay for $3,000.

You have as good a chance as these to succeed and sell your stories.

The Palmer Plan

THE Palmer Plan of Education in Photoplay Writing teaches the technique of photoplay writing. It is indorsed by the substantial men of the profession because it represents *their* ideas of the proper kind of training—and the training of new writers, they plainly see, is the industry's vital need.

So on our Advisory Council are such famous producers as Cecil B. DeMille, director-general of the Famous-Players Lasky Corp., and Thos. H. Ince, head of the renowned Thos. H. Ince Studios. Also Lois Weber, noted director and producer, and Rob Wagner, who writes of the industry in the Saturday Evening Post.

Twelve other leading men and women of the profession contribute lectures to the course.

Mrs. Caroline Sayre
She wrote "Live Sparks" in which J. Warren Kerrigan starred.

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THE Palmer Plan also includes a vital aid to students—the Palmer Marketing Bureau, headed by Mrs. Kate Corbaley, acknowledged judge of stories and author of photoplays for William Farnum, Frank Keenan, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew and many other stars.

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Athalie

(Continued from page 57)

malicious face of the other woman, grew fixed and far away. "There are mountains, white, with cold black shadows, and a hut among them——"

Winifred Bailey started, sat upright and cast a quick, hunted look at the man beside her, Arnold Wayne. "What is she saying?" she whispered. "How does she know?"

"So small," the strange tone was saying yearningly, and Athalie held out her arms as a woman to a child, "so sweet! But it needs some one to love it! Babies must be loved or they die——"

"Stop her! She shall not—oh, my God!"

Arnold Wayne, his own face grey, jerked at Winifred's arm. "Sit down! Are you mad! She cant prove anything. It's all guesswork, I tell you!"

But Winifred did not heed or hear. Her wide eyes were turned toward the unseeing figure before them, cradling emptiness in her arms. "See! Cant you see it! My baby! Our baby, Tony—that I left in Switzerland! The old woman said she was dead, but—I see her—plainly——" and she slid, crumpling, down upon his shoulder. With sudden tenderness the man took her in his arms, as one who holds what is his own, and faced the room manfully.

"I dont know how she guessed our secret, friends," Wayne said slowly, "but by heaven, I'm glad! Bailey, it's the truth. Winifred belongs to me, and I shall take her. You will have to give her her freedom, and I'll marry her, as I should have married her five years ago!"

Pineport lapped up the news as a cat laps up the choicest cream. Athalie Greensleeve back, eh? And that city feller Bailey hanging around, looking like he didn't see nothing else in all the world 'cept her. Well, jest as we always said, the city warn't no place for a gal—look how she's fell away! She aint long for this world, that's certain . . .

Clive Bailey was the only one who would not see that Athalie was very ill. He was full of breathless plans for the future, their future, that they would enter upon together as soon as the legal formalities of the divorce were ended. He knelt beside her chair under the budding spring orchard and talked eagerly, passionately, as tho to drive away by the very impetus of his words any fear. And Athalie listened, smiling faintly, saying little, tho her eyes, on his flushed, boyish face, were compassionate.

Then one day, he came and threw himself down on the grass by her chair and silently laid a paper on her lap. She read the first words of it, laid it aside, and their eyes met. "Tomorrow—this afternoon!" he begged her, "and then—forever afterward, oh, my dear! my dear!"

"I think—I have been waiting for this," Athalie said faintly. "I couldn't—go until you had kist me, Clive. And now you shall kiss me—good-by."

At that he gave a desolate cry, and, rising, flung back and forth under the pink boughs, defying God to take her away just when he had got her, begging

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God, saying wild things. Presently he was beside her again, head on her lap, crying the tearing, difficult tears of a man. She waited until he was quiet, touching the rough, dark head with pitying fingers. Then . . .

"If you love me, Clive, you cant lose me," she said; "I'll be near you all your days and nights. Because the love part of me wont die."

"But it's all of you I want, Athalie!" the earth-bound soul of him cried agonizedly. "What am I going to live on all my years? What have I got to remember?"

"This!" Athalie whispered. She drew him up to her, lifted her face to his face. For the moment she was not spirit, but all woman, warm, tremulous, passionate.

"Kiss me, Clive!"

With his lips on hers, his arms around her, she let go her frail hold on Life joyously. For her the glory of Love's promises would never be tarnished by fulfillment, for her the rose of joy would never fade and wither in her hands.

Her First Interview

(*Continued from page* 52)

heavenly! We did have a maid, but she thought it was too lonely. We never get lonely, do we, Lorrie?" and Viora squeezed her friend's hand.

"She's the settled one," she continued. "Sometimes she has to sit on me, but I always mind her, dont I?" and Viora beamed on Lorrie, while Lorrie beamed on Viora.

"What in the world would you have done if you hadn't found each other?" I asked, for they seem such kiddies to be alone.

"Oh, I dont *know!*" they exclaimed in unison, while Lorrie slipped from her chair into Viora's lap and they hugged each other close.

"It was Lorrie that started this picture business," began Viora. "I was away on a little visit, and when I came back I found Lorrie working as an extra here at the Lasky studio. Of course, I came right out to see about it. Louis Goodstadt, the casting director, picked me out and gave me my chance. Everyone says, 'My, how lucky you are,' and I know they are right. I have been lucky, for, you see, I just bumped into it, for, really, I was never even stage-struck."

"Viora was going to be married——" began Lorrie.

"Yes," sighed Viora, pensively, "but after I began in pictures I didn't want to give them up, so I chose a career rather than a husband. I'll only be twenty-three when my contract expires, and that will be plenty of time to marry. I want a whole family of children, too."

The first thing Viora did was a small part with Robert Warwick in "The Fourteenth Man." Then things began to happen so rapidly that she hardly had time to get her breath. She played the rôle of a widow in Bryant Washburn's "The Sins of St. Anthony" so seriously that she went from a hundred and thirty pounds down to a hundred and twenty-three.

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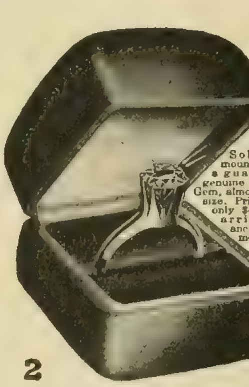

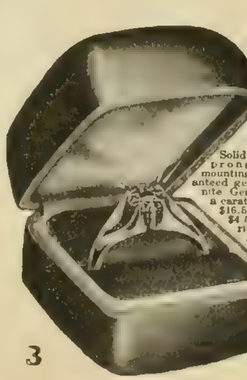

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"We hike and ride so I'll never get fat," she remarked, serenely. "I used to ride in rodeos when I was a youngster on the ranch. Lorrie and I wear boy's clothes at home. The first time I met Roscoe I had on my hiking togs, and I guess he thought I was a little boy coming to work with him," and both girls indulged in a giggle-fest.

"Roscoe is so funny, and a darling. In fact, the whole company are such fun, and they all help me in every way they can. I dont always know what to do, and Roscoe will say, 'Now, just what is it you want Miss Daniel to do in this scene?' and the director will explain it all over again.

"The greatest fun of all is receiving fan letters. I'm beginning to get them, have had twenty altogether. We get so excited when one comes. First I read it, then Lorrie reads it aloud. One came the other day from Illinois, and it spoke of me as a famous star. That tickled me. Oh, how I do prize them! Why, they are worth millions, and I know I shall never, never, *never* be bored with them."

While this embryo star loves comedy, she dreams of becoming an emotional actress. She adores Nazimova and worships Pauline Frederick, and she wants to play with Richard Barthelmess, too, some day. "He's so *wonderful!*" she exclaimed, which phrase means about everything to an enthusiastic, effervescent girlish point of view.

As we started back to the set, Viora grew serious. "Did I say the right things? Was that the way to be interviewed?" which shows how unspoiled she is.

With her beauty, her vivid imagination, her sweet, girlish enthusiasms and hopes, Viora Daniel promises to become a favorite twinkler.

FAIRY STORIES FOR FILM FANS

By Frank H. Williams

Once upon a time there was a star who objected to having his name appear in type larger than the names of the rest of the cast.

Once upon a time a comedy was produced in which there were no bathing girls nor slapstick.

Once upon a time there was a large-sized town in which there wasn't a single girl who thought she looked like Mary Pickford.

Once upon a time the screen version of a popular novel was produced just as the novel was written.

Once upon a time a screen star lived happily with his first and only wife.

Once upon a time a motion picture cameraman actually felt that he couldn't have done any better than the director for whom he turned the crank.

Once upon a time a famous studio didn't receive a single letter from aspirants anxious to enter the movies, for an entire day.

Once upon a time in a big movie theater during an entire evening not a single person read a title out aloud.

Once upon a time a very beautiful girl who had a chance to go into the movies said she preferred to stay at home and marry the son of the corner butcher.

Once upon a time a great picture success was produced and the director, camera-man, scenarist, star, leading man, producer and everybody agreed that the entire credit for the production's success was due to the author of the story.

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After you have dreamed over
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coming poet of America;

And after you have lived thru
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by Gladys Hall and Dorothy Donnell,
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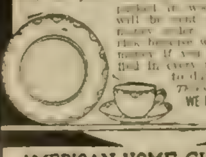

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Pacific Coast Paragraphs

(*Continued from page* 92)

the hero only came in at the last second to save the "gal."

I met Earl Rodney, that good-looking leading man in Christie comedies, in Hollywood the other day. He was all broken up over the sudden death of his mother, and I wish to express here our own sincere sympathy for him in his bereavement.

Out at Vitagraph I found that serials and comedies are the rage. The reason is that they make nearly three times as great a profit on serials as on feature productions.

Jean Paige was just completing "Hidden Dangers." As we stood beside the Vitagraph swimming pool, I almost envied her the necessity of diving in, but she assured me that the dangers encountered in serial making were really nerve-racking. They had been trying to get a picture of Joe Ryan saving her from drowning in a sewer-pipe. Up to that time all that had been accomplished was the cutting-up of Mr. Ryan's head when he dived in three feet of water to "save" her. Miss Paige was eagerly anticipating a three weeks' vacation in New York.

Our friend Antonio Moreno is also serialing, and this time he is directing himself in "The Veiled Mystery," while William Duncan and Edith Johnson have completed "The Silent Avenger" and are starting "The Wizard Spyglass."

And, by the way, while I was in the Vitagraph office word came thru that "Lady Fingers" had been purchased for Earle Williams' next production.

Vitagraph is spending a great deal of money on Larry Semon and his comedies. He is given *carte blanche* for his productions and writes, acts and directs them himself. He is as funny behind the camera as in front of it.

Rumor says that Charlie Chaplin's long absences from the screen have necessitated the arrival of a new comedian to fill his shoes, and Harold Lloyd and Larry Semon are spoken of as the only possibilities. Frankly, Harold Lloyd has already nearly topped him in the heart of the public. In all the large Western cities I have found Lloyd comedies advertised as the main attraction, ahead of the feature.

Besides Ann Forrest and Forrest Stanley, other members chosen for Cecil B. de Mille's new all-star cast include Clarence Burton, Ann May, Theodore Kosloff, Kathlyn Williams, Theodore Roberts, Shannon Day and Bertram Johns. The picture is still tentatively called "The Other Wife."

Mildred Harris Chaplin is the recipient of an offer to star on the stage in New York from A. H. Woods. Whether she accepts or not, she intends to make her next First National picture in New York.

And, by the way, a bitter legal battle for the custody of Baby Marie Osborne, highest paid juvenile actress in the world, will probably mark the divorce suit and

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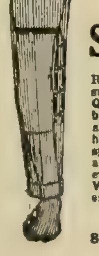

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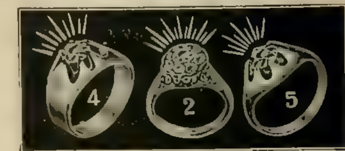

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counter complaint of pretty Edytha Osborne and Leon T. Osborne. So far, all attempts at an adjustment out of court have failed.

Carlyle Blackwell, long a star in the early days, is now a leading man for Marion Davies.

The plans for producing the picture, "Foolish Wives," at Universal City, under the direction of Erich von Stroheim, called for too much attention to detail to suit Captain George W. Hazen, secret service agent for the Treasury Department, and consequently warrants were sworn out for the arrest of von Stroheim, Clarence E. Riley of the Riley-Moore Engraving Company, Gleb de Vos, artist and designer employed in the art department of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, and three others, on charges of violating section 161 of the Federal penal code relating to counterfeiting money.

The extreme penalty for the offense charged against them is a fine of $5,000 or five years' imprisonment, or both, according to Captain Hazen.

"Moving picture producers have been flirting with the counterfeiting laws for some time," said Captain Hazen. "We have warned them repeatedly and have confiscated counterfeit money from them on several occasions. There is no such thing as 'stage money.' Money is either real or counterfeit. We are going after motion picture people the same as we would any other violators of the law."

The scene of the picture, "Foolish Wives," is laid at Monte Carlo, and the script called for great quantities of French money. This, it is charged, the producers undertook to reproduce with too great accuracy of detail.

A get-together meeting between representatives of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce and motion picture producers recently resulted in a love-feast at which all grievances dissolved into thin air and a spirit of cooperation developed. The meeting was held following complaints that those interested in motion picture work had been discriminated against by Los Angeles merchants.

Bill Hart and I had an interesting confab out at his studio one hot day recently. Bill's greatest concern at present is his law suit against Thomas Ince, for, as Bill puts it, "all the money he has in the world." So far, things look optimistic for Hart. Our great Westerner is really pleased with the picture he has just finished, called "The Testing Block," a story of the Sierras. Bill is writing his own stories these days, "The Cradle of Courage" being from his pen.

Clara Kimball Young is taking a two-weeks' rest before beginning work on another picture, the title of which has not yet been announced.

P.S.—We exceedingly regret to announce the receipt of a telegram notifying us of the death of Lieutenant Locklear, who was instantaneously killed while performing an extremely difficult aerial "stunt" for the camera. The interview contained in this article was the last one he gave.

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The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page* 88)

tion as a bespectacled newspaper office boy. You'll like him.

Far and away the best thing of our month—in points of workmanship and humanness—is the latest Mrs. Sidney Drew comedy, "The Unconventional Maida Greenwood," of her series of Julian Street's "After Thirty" stories. This is another near-amorous adventure of the susceptible Jimsie Wickett. This time his understanding wife returns just in time to diplomatically cure Jimsy of his *affaire* with a Bohemian studio dweller whose soul, according to the best seer information, is just in tune with his own. The lack of dramatic overemphasis, the adroit filming of thought rather than physical action and the closeness to reality all stamp this little photoplay as a gem of its kind. Mrs. Drew is one of the two or three directors whose faces are towards the movie Mecca of tomorrow. These "After Thirty" stories, subtle and slender tho they are, are actually milestones of progress. A word about John Cumberland. No player on the screen is doing finer or more carefully conceived playing.

We found George Fitzmaurice's "The Right to Love," (Paramount), to be rife with the splendid direction and fine photography characteristic of this admirable director. But Fitzmaurice has not duplicated his "On With the Dance," because here his story is weak, trite and hectic. CLASSIC readers are familiar with it thru its appearance in these columns under its original title of "The Man Who Killed." Fitzmaurice, however, never evolved more singularly beautiful cinema moments than in this fetid Constantinople tale. Mae Murray is a colorful heroine, to say the least.

Robert Vignola's draggy screen adaptation of "The World and His Wife," (Paramount), completely disappointed us. Announcements presented this as adapted from the play by Charles Frederic Nirdlinger, in turn based upon a "poem" by Jose Echegaray. Which, of course, is a fearful injustice to a vigorous Spanish playwright. Echegaray is a leader of the younger Spanish school of the drama.

"The World and His Wife" is a study in the destructive power of gossip. Echegaray takes three people of Seville, a husband, a wife and another man, a young poet, and shows how, without a single real atom of wrong, they are wrecked upon the shoals of tittle-tattle. Echegaray told his tragic tale in terms of psychology. The theme has reached the screen in terms of obvious physical action. The whole opus becomes feverish melodrama. Vignola has failed in points of subtlety, atmosphere and shading. The striving for Spanish atmosphere is plainly labored. And there are numerous slips, such as the moment when the unmarried Theodora comes down to the gate of her house to meet her affianced husband. No well-bred Spanish girl would do this.

October 1920

No member of the cast seems wholly in his or her rôle, but Montagu Love easily contributes the most vigorous acting as the husband whose life is sacrificed to gossip. Alma Rubens is the wife and Gaston Glass the young poet.

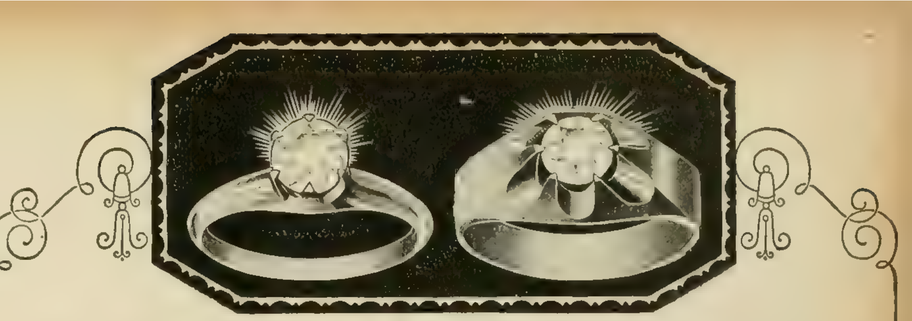
We cant imagine why anyone filmed the old Rex Beach-Paul Armstrong farce, "Going Some," (Goldwyn), unless it is part of a systematic effort to do every play and book ever produced. Elaborate changes have been made to brace up the thesis. "Going Some" is just a skit built about a young college boy, a cheer leader, who masquerades as a crack runner in order to impress his sweetheart and who is thereupon forced to run a race as the candidate of a lot of bloodthirsty cowboys. Of course, he wins. We've forgotten how just now, but that is of no consequence. Cullen Landis is the rah-rah liar, but, to our way of thinking, Willard Lewis runs away with the film as a slangy trainer.

Bessie Barriscale's "Life's Twist," (Robertson-Cole), failed to even begin to get our interest. Miss Barriscale plays two rôles: a society girl and a factory worker who look exactly alike. When the rich girl and her husband become estranged, the double brings them together again. Turgid.

Strangely enough, "Yes or No," (First National), turned out to be Norma Talmadge's best vehicle in some time. Based upon a disastrous and crudely melodramatic Broadway stage failure by Arthur Goodrich, it transforms into an effectively theatric celluloid offering. Not life, obviously, but offering contrasting rôles. At once Miss Talmadge plays a young wife in the tenements and, plus a blonde wig, a luxury-loving matron of Central Park West. A scoundrel appears on the horizon in each instance. To their pleas, the poor wife says "No," but the other responds with "Yes." The motion picture shows how prosperity comes to the loyal lady of the negative, while suicide follows the butterfly's "Yes." Hectic stuff, but vivified by Miss Talmadge's playing and by R. William Neill's rather above-the-average direction. Neill has tried to keep away from a conventional handling of his scenes and has inserted little human touches here and there. We rather liked Rockcliffe Fellows' playing of the workingman husband.

Constance Talmadge is rather amusing in John Emerson and Anita Loos' "The Perfect Woman," (First National). Constance plays a cutie with a conquest system all her own. Her first collision with disaster comes when the young business man she fancies from afar turns her down when she applies for a job, because, by every point of his efficiency system, she falls short. So she goes home, rebuilds her face, minus powder and other aids, returns plus horn-rimmed spectacles and—wins the position. The employer is a man after Attorney-General Palmer's own heart, for he is engaged in rounding up "reds" and the lady with the system lends first aid, thereby

(*Continued on page* 104)



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..Weight Lifting
..Advanced Course
..Weak Eyes
..Insomnia
..Youthful Errors
..Impotency
..Vital Losses
..Short Wind
..Flat Feet
..Stomach Disorders
..Constipation
..Biliousness
..Torpid Liver
..Indigestion
..Nervousness
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which remove lines and "crows feet" and wrinkles; fill up hollows; give roundness to scrawny necks; lift up sagging corners of the mouth and clear up muddy or sallow skins. It will show how five minutes daily with Kathryn Murray's simple facial exercises will work wonders. This information is free to all who ask for it.

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The Movie Encyclopædia

(*Continued from page 87*)

K. K. K. K.—You say, "Ever since I first purchased a CLASSIC, the very first one published, I haven't missed a number. I have decided to take the bull by the horns and sell the cow, as it were, and make myself a source of amusement to your staff." Welcome, and I am glad to know you. You can address all of those players at Los Angeles, Cal., and I am sure it will reach them. Owen Moore is in New York playing for Selznick.

JUST JEAN.—Fat men are not always funny, nor thin men solemn. No, I'm not fat, been following "Eat and Grow Thin" to retain my girlish figger. Virginia Faire is sixteen, and you can reach her at Universal Company, Universal City, Cal.

J. R. W., KOKOMO.—Yes, there is a limit to everything—even my patience. Go ahead, tho. Monroe Salisbury was born in New York. He studied art and music and in 1898 went on the stage. Played with Richard Mansfield, Mrs. Fiske, John Drew, Nance O'Neil, and later in stock. Mahlon Hamilton is playing opposite Blanche Sweet.

RUTH A. M.—Sorry. Yes, Frank Keenan is married. The highest mountain in the world is Mount Everest, in the Himalayas, with an elevation of 29,002 feet. Just met a friend who saw the sun rise at Mount Everest. Yes, Robert Warwick in "The City of Masks."

TALMADGE FAN.—Well, it is pleasant to hear that many appreciate me, but it is sad to think that all do not. Accent on the "zim" always. Geraldine Farrar was born in Melrose, Mass.

IRRESISTIBLE.—Dear me! I'm in the best of health, thank you. I rather like your description of love and malaria. You say love begins with a fever and ends with a chill, and malaria begins with a chill and ends with a fever. I think I get you. Referred to Darwin's.

C. M. E.—Nay, nay, I never get angry when my correspondents make fun of my bald head and long beard. I have had them too long. (But neither is too long.) Yes, I rather liked Mary Pickford in "Suds." It certainly was a touching scene when Mary saves the horse from going to glue, and when she takes him up to her boudoir.

JESSIE A.—Enjoyed your very interesting letter about Hawaii. You must write me again.

MRS. SIPPY.—Cannot tell you where Charlotte Claire Pierce can be reached.

PHANTOM, PEKING.—Guess you received my letter by now. Why, Kenneth Harlan was born in New York City in 1895. Yes, he has played with Gertrude Hoffman. Has dark complexion, dark hair and black eyes. Sessue Hayakawa is playing in "Li Ting Ling." Jack Mulhall is playing opposite Bebe Daniels.

JACK MEREDITH.—You are too intemperate with your praise. Admire, but dont adore. Doris Lee in "Hay Foot, Straw Foot." Larry Semon was in to see us the other day. He is as fine and as funny as they make them. He does some mighty clever stunts in "Solid Concrete."

G. P. M.—You say you are five feet six, and want to know if Mildred Davis is taller. You're welcome, keep the change.

MISS M. T. HEAD.—Well, just because your mama has given her consent you think that nothing stands in the way of your becoming a photoplay star. There may be other obstacles, alas! Oh, pshaw! The Shah of Persia possesses an armchair made of solid gold, inlaid with precious stones. If I had it I'd melt it up and buy me a houseboat and a buttermilk cow. Drop in and see me when you come to New York. If you have an aeroplane, I might say, drop down to see me.

NINA G.—Yes, to all of your questions. Every one of them.

ZARAGATIN THE BOOB.—I understand the *Imperator* is the first steamship to be equipped with a full-fledged bank. Phyllis Haver is about nineteen. Norma Talmadge about five feet two. Married, of course. But you cant expect me to be nice if you call me a woman.

MAX C. B.—Mary Pickford was born April 8th, 1894.

(*Continued on page 104*)

Wanted: Screen Faces for the Movies
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For the first time in the history of moving pictures it is now possible for you to get consideration from the big film directors. No matter where you live, we get your photograph before the directors, many of whom are in urgent need of new "screen-faces."

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It also contains endorsements of our service from famous people, statements from directors, portraits of celebrated stars and direct advice to you from Mollie King.

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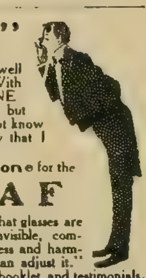
Unless you are sincere in your desire to get in the movies, please do not send for this printed guide.



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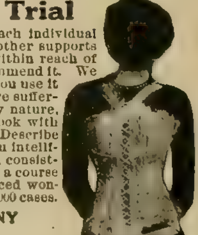

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CASTING DIRECTORS' EXHIBIT
1211 Pontiac Building Dept. 150 Chicago, Ill.

The Motion Picture Magazine for November

We're always on the lookout for something new. We know our readers appreciate anything that's a bit different. We have to offer in the way of novelty—a one-act play covering an interview recently had with Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks on their return from Europe. Adele Whitely Fletcher and Gladys Hall are the collaborators of this play.

C. Blythe Sherwood, who has gone to the coast, sends us an interesting story on Blanche Sweet.

Douglas MacLean, now a star with Thomas Ince, has been captured for a heart-to-heart talk by Hazel Simpson Naylor. There are new portraits of Douglas which will delight all of his feminine admirers.

Maude Cheatham cornered Ann Forrest and made her tell of her plans with Cecil de Mille. Ann, you will remember, has just been signed by De Mille as his new leading woman.

Betsy Bruce interviewed Bryant Washburn just before he sailed for Europe. She also contributes an interesting chat with the ever-increasing-in-popularity Constance Binney.

The
MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
175 Duffield Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

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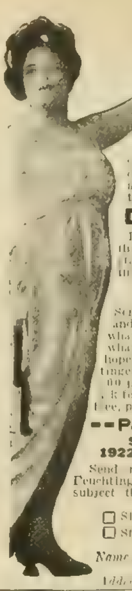

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The Movie Encyclopædia

(*Continued from page 102*)

Olga 17.—Bless you, my child. I fear you still have a feeling for Crane, because you write me on Crane's stationery. You say you are always with me. For this we have friends! I'm with you, Olga, every time.

Cutie.—So you dont believe I am 79, and you think I earn more than I say. No, child, I always speak truth when hard pressed. Charles Ray in "Old-Fashioned Young Man." Priscilla Dean in "Outside the Law." No, I never read the Hearsed Publications. Nor the "Ladies Hum Journal"—I prefer "Town Tropics," and the "New York Whirled." My favorite author is Mrs. Humpty Dumpty Ward.

Miss Lutz.—Joe Emory is not married. Elsie Ferguson is to play in "Sacred and Profane Love" for the screen. Violet Heming in "The Princess of New York." We have some queens here too. Haven't the address of the Fairbanks twins.

Silver Spurs.—You want Earle Fox to come back. If it does you any good to unburden your troubles to me, go as far as you like, and if I can say a helping word I am yours to command. Douglas MacLean in "Lucid Intervals" and "Yancona Yollies."

Baybe.—You say you are 19 and you would love to be Tom Moore's mother. I dont get you. What do you think I am running, a bazaar—send you a bit of my beard for a souvenir? Nay, I cant spare a hair. What's in a name? Rye, N. Y.; Bourbon, Ill.; Green River, Ky.; Cliquot, Mo.; Brandy, Va.; Port, Okla.; Sherry, Wis.; Brandywine, W. Va.; Tank, Pa.; Booze, Tenn.; Drinker, Pa.; Vichy, Mo.; and Lithia, Fla.

Peanuts.—So you want to see Maude Adams in "Peter Pan" on the screen. Yes, it would be a treat. You also say, "Is it true that Mary Pickford is going to retire? It makes me blue just to think of it. I dont care to live if I cant see sweet little Mary any more." Well, you will live a little longer, because Mary is still with us. Do write me again.

Angeles, Philippine.—I have sent your letter on to Kenneth Harlan. Ashton Dearholt in "The Girl in the Dark." Among the Hindus enormous sums are spent on cremation of the richer classes in sandalwood. Of course, I want to hear from you again.

Olympian.—Yours was indeed brilliant. I am afraid you are too tender to succeed on the rough journey of life. When you have a pain you insist that the whole world know about it, whereas a window may have many panes all at once, without making any fuss about it. Be like the window. Ta, ta.

Bernice H.—Thanks for the fee. Raymond McKee is 28 years old. Nazimova—I dont know whether she smokes or not, and Bryant Washburn is abroad. He is married and has a happy family. Yes, today would be sweet if we could kill yesterday, because happiness is but unrepented pleasure.

Kitty Kat.—You say you always read our magazines, from the girl on the cover to the Palmolive ad. Dear me, no, I cannot give you a list of the actors who are paying alimony. It would take a larger book than this. Alimony must be considered the biggest item in the high cost of living. Thomas Meighan in "His Friend and His Wife," and Sydney Chaplin is to play in "One Hundred Million." He's just playing in that, not getting it.

Eddie.—Thomas Meighan—yes, he is married.

Rebecca.—Write to the Talmadge studio for that picture. Harrison Ford is not married. "Peter Pan," "What Every Woman Knows," and "Little Minister," are to be produced soon.

Emma C. H.—You say all the fortune-tellers tell you, you are made to be a movie star. That's looking ahead. You can reach Virginia Faire at the Universal Studio, Hollywood, Cal. Enid Bennett in "I Wonder If" and "Incubus."

Wallace Reid Fan.—Thanks immensely. So you want more chats and stories about Wallace Reid. Cleveland is the fifth city in population of the U. S. That's going some, isn't it?

Eugenia Bibby.—I read with a great deal of interest your charming letter. I do hope you succeed as a story writer. Yes, women can vote for the Presidential electors and in a large number of other states. Lincoln was a Republican.

S. C. C.—And yours was a very interesting letter. John Barrymore is to play in "Amos Judd" from the novel by John Ames Mitchell. Fatty Arbuckle in "The Life of the Party," "The Traveling Salesman" and "Brewster's Millions." *Nous verrons.*

A. D. Gishadn.—Sorry, but I can give you no information about Clarine Seymour. The author of "Pollyanna" was Eleanor Hodgman Porter, a direct descendant of Governor William Bradford of the Mayflower. Yes, an affinity is a high-priced luxury since the cost is alimony.

F. O. B.—Charge it, please! Glad to meet you. I really dont know of any star who would carry on a correspondence with you. They are all very busy. Yes, that's true about Pearl. You should have enclosed a stamped, addressed envelope. Write me again some time.

David H.; A Little Blonde; Norma's Admirer; Mrs. R. F. E.; R. C.; Sweet Cookey; Ruby; Ethel M. F.; Just Minie; Fan Tail; Claire L.; Lillian Aho; Marguerite Bruce; Girl Named Mary; Florence F.; Buck; and Chuchi.—Thanks for your interesting letters, but they have been answered elsewhere in this department. Better luck next time.

Dadedeer's Girl.—Yes, I certainly missed you. So you are seeing our Great Romantic West. Write me again.

Jackie Star.—And your ambition is to see me face to face. No, I dont have a license to run this department. Perhaps I ought to have. Gold teeth take black on the screen. You cant tell the difference between artificial and real ones.

J. B., Yarmouth.—Well, you call me old Sphinx. Then you say a stone face often hides a warm heart. I dont know which candidate I shall vote for, altho I am nominally a Democratic Republican.

The Coming Collier

(*Continued from page 82*)

interested in a neighboring garage. Consequently, there is no piece of automobile machinery he cannot analyze, or any species of car he cannot drive. He took up boxing that way, also—from the beginning; and because he didn't think he would want to finish college, he didn't start.

"I gave up the idea of college because these next four years are what count. At twenty-two I want to be definitely started—ahead—on my life's work, whatever it may develop to be."

The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page 101*)

winning his love. There are smiles in "The Perfect Woman," altho the story is pretty shallow.

This Harold Lloyd goes speeding along. His latest, "High and Dizzy," (Pathé), is made up of the oldest farce ingredients; *i.e.*, humor based upon intoxication and sleep-walking, but Lloyd invests the whole fabric with such adroit by-play and such lively touches of fun that it is easily his best celluloid farce to date—a classic in subdued slapstick. There is some tricked sleep-walking along the high window-ledge of a hotel which will keep you gasping, no matter how much you know about camera faking.

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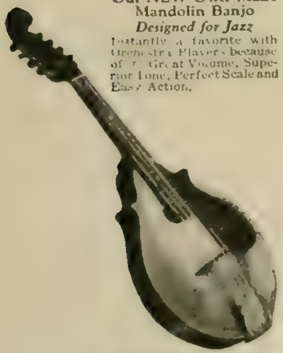

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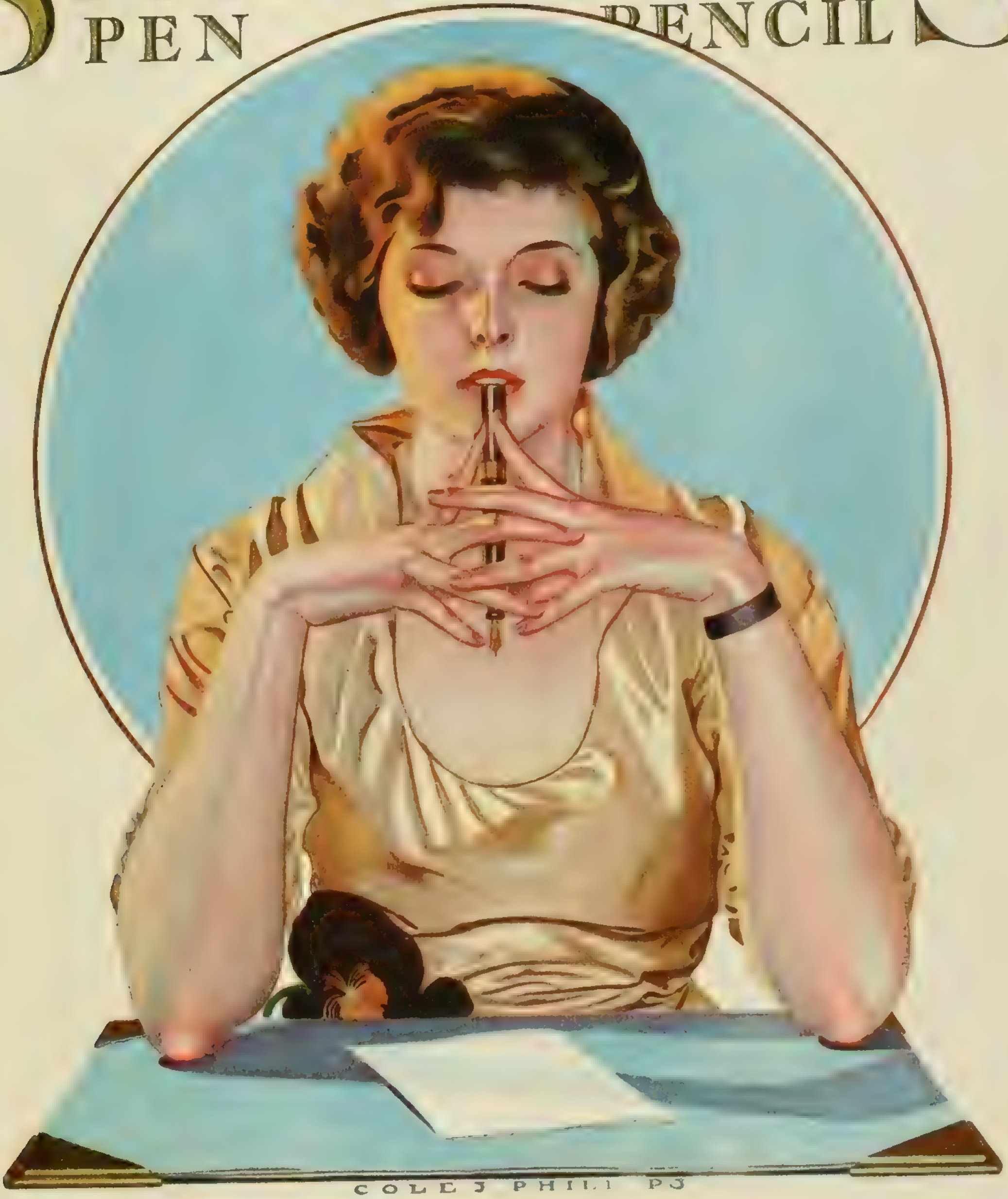

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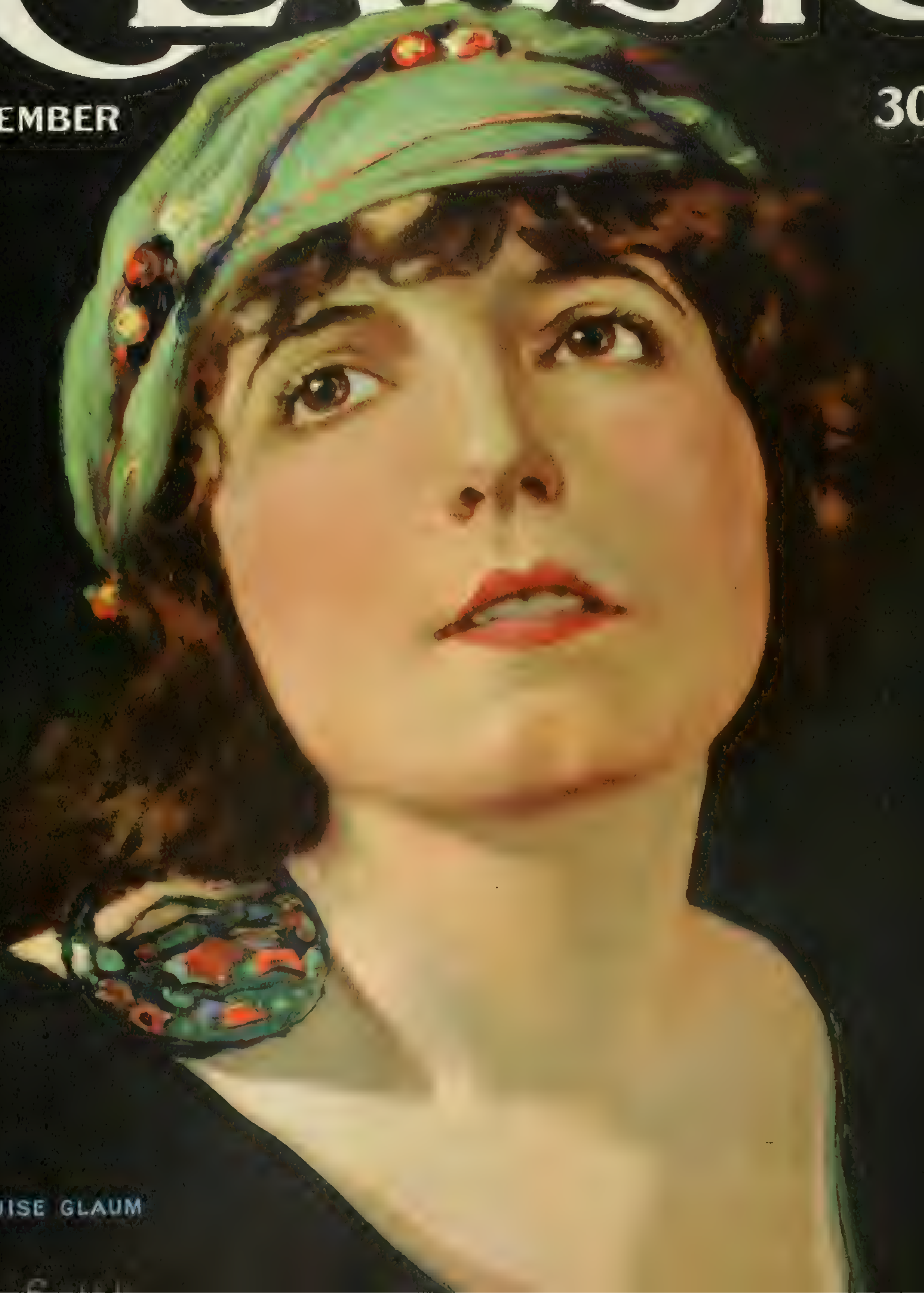

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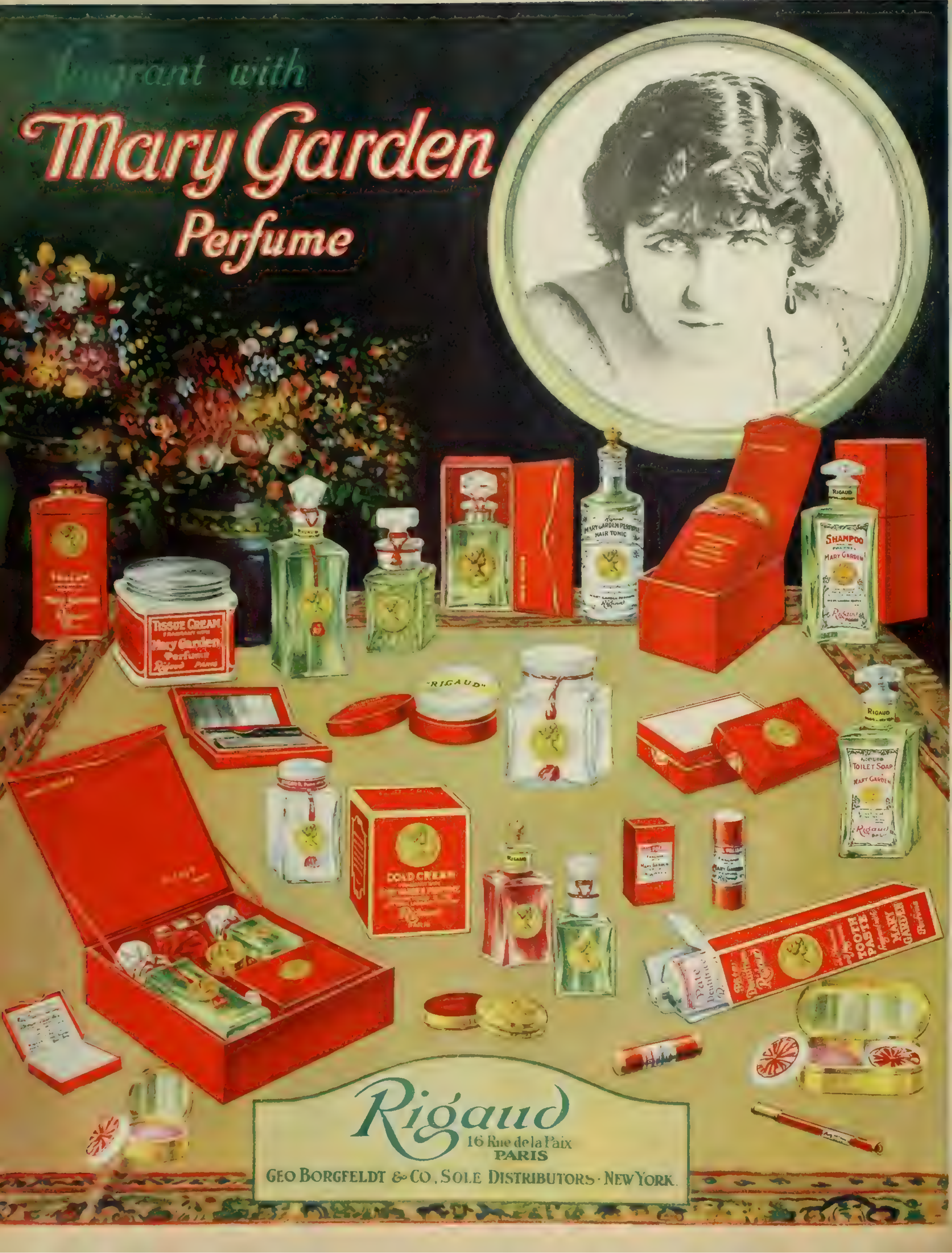
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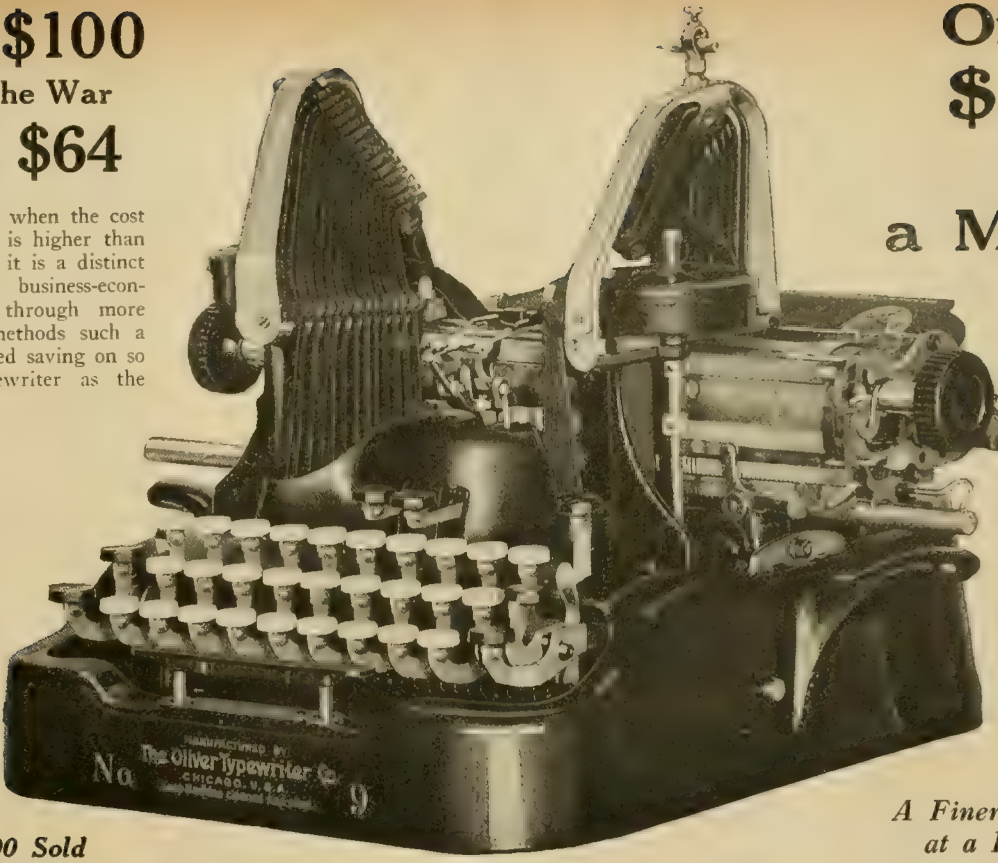

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Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle in
"The Round Up"
A George H. Melford Production

*Enid Bennet in
"Her Husband's Friend"

Billie Burke in
"Frisky Mrs. Johnson"

Ethel Clayton in
"A City Sparrow"

Ethel Clayton in
"Sins of Rosanne"

A Cosmopolitan Production
"Humoresque"

A Cosmopolitan Production
"The Restless Sex"

Dorothy Dalton in
"Half An Hour"

Dorothy Dalton in
"A Romantic Adventuress"

Cecil B. DeMille's Production
"Something to Think About"

Elsie Ferguson in
"Lady Rose's Daughter"

George Fitzmaurice's Production
"Idols of Clay"

George Fitzmaurice's Production
"The Right To Love"

Dorothy Gish in
"Little Miss Rebellion"

William S. Hart in
"The Cradle of Courage"
A Wm. S. Hart Production

*Douglas McLean in
"The Jailbird"

Thomas Meighan in
"Civilian Clothes"

A George H. Melford Production
"Behold My Wife!"

An All-Star Production
"Held By the Enemy"

*Charles Ray in
"An Old Fashioned Boy"

*Charles Ray in
"The Village Sleuth"

Wallace Reid in
"Toujours de l'Audace"
("Always Audacious")

Wallace Reid in
"What's Your Hurry?"

Maurice Tourneur's Production
"Deep Waters"

Bryant Washburn in
"Burglar Proof"

Bryant Washburn in
"A Full House"

*A Thos. H. Ince Production

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When you read the article by **Walter Prichard Eaton,** you will gain a new insight into the complicated character of the American playwright.

Everyone knows **Heywood Broun,** the sometimes sarcastic, but nearly always truthful dramatic critic of the *New York Tribune.* **Mr. Broun,** offers a thoroly enjoyable book review, which will delight our most fastidious readers.

Oliver M. Sayler is a well-known authority on the dramatic life of foreign countries. He has a story on the Japanese drama, which is one of the most absorbing articles in the magazine.

The photoplay of today and the photoplay of tomorrow are two entirely different things, says **Frederick James Smith.** We learn a good deal about it in an unusually interesting article.

Our own **Wynn Holcomb** has sent us a new lay-out of Parisian cartoons and pertinent paragraphs on things pertaining to Paris which will probably startle you.

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CONTENTS OF MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

Vol. XI NOVEMBER, 1920 No. 3

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

(*Painted by Leo Sielke, Jr., from a photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston.*)

Louise Glaum stands foremost at present in the vacillating line of film lorelei. Miss Glaum made her debut on the stage as a member of a stock company in Chicago, and has been numbered among the leading women of the screen for the past four years.

When Louise is not breaking up cinema homes, and depicting the more tragic side of life on the screen, she peacefully indulges in her real passion; i. e., the raising of chickens, and her chicken farm out at the coast is one of the most widely discussed places in California.

PAGE

Rotogravure Gallery of Players. Full-page studies of Douglas MacLean, Barbara Bedford, Mary Thurman, Eva Novak, and Elinor Fair........ 11-15
What Time Is It? Asked Muriel Ostriche as she granted a somewhat brief interview........ *Frederick James Smith* 16
Enter Julio. Rudolph Valentino becomes the hero of "The Four Horsemen"........ *C. Blythe Sherwood* 18
Myrtle of the Mountains. Presenting the background of the blonde Myrtle Stedman........ *Elizabeth Peltret* 20
With the Season's New Plays........ 22
The Rise of Beatrice. Miss Burnham's rise to stardom reads like a fairy tale........ *Willis Goldbeck* 24
That Swede From Ystad. No offense, but we mean Anna Q. Nilsson........ *Harrison Haskins* 26
The Charm School. The latest feature picture of the ever charming "Wally" Reid told in story form........ *Faith Service* 27
The Story of Flora Revalles. A danseuse of the Russian ballet, Flora now adorns the silversheet........ *Elizabeth Peltret* 31
Aye, Aye Sir. Tom Forman is now a maker of players instead of soldiers........ *Hazel Shelley* 32
The Twentieth Marriage. One out of twenty is supposed to be a success, and here it is........ *Elizabeth Peltret* 34
The River Shannon's Namesake. Otherwise Shannon Day, the latest screen recruit from the Follies........ *Emma Lindsey-Squier* 36
Screen Impressions........ *Louise Fazenda* 38
Peaceful Valley. Interesting story version of Charles Ray's forthcoming feature film........ *Pearl Malvern* 39
The Celluloid Critic. Review of the photoplays of the month........ *Frederick James Smith* 43
Peter Pan Dana. The fads and fancies of Metro's popular little star........ *Hazel Shelley* 44
The Last Act. The finale of the Fame and Fortune contest........ 46
Dorothy Makes Her Bow. Dorothy Dickson of the gay little feet, now trips across the screen........ *B. F. Wilson* 48
Pacific Coast Paragraphs........ *Hazel Shelley* 50
Eastern Studio Gossip........ 51
Double Exposures........ *Conducted by F. J. S.* 52
The Branded Woman. Fictionization of the Norma Talmadge photoplay........ *Dorothy Donnell* 53
The Cinema Sport Girl. Otherwise Hope Hampton........ 58
But the Fellers Call Him Bill. This is justifiable in the case of Billie Boyd........ *Lillian Montanye* 59
The Amazing Interview. A somewhat unusual chat with a somewhat unusual girl, Marie Mosquini........ *Willis Goldbeck* 60
The Movie Encyclopedia........ *The Answer Man* 85

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Stage Plays of Interest

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these spoken plays appear in their vicinity.)

Bijou.—"The Charm School." An appealing light comedy with music, based upon Alice Duer Miller's story of the handsome young bachelor who inherits a young ladies' finishing school. Minnie Dupree runs away with the production as an old maid teacher, while James Gleason, Sam Hardy and Marie Carroll are effective.

Booth.—"Happy-Go-Lucky." Ran a long time in London as "Tilly of Bloomsbury." A typical British comedy by Ian Hay. O. P. Heggie runs away with the comedy as the baliff's bibulous aid.

Broadhurst.—"Come Seven." Amusing adaptation of the Octavus Roy Cohen negro stories which have been appearing in *The Saturday Evening Post.* All the characters are negroes, played by white players. Funny, but of little depth. Arthur Aylsworth is excellent as a shiftless darky. Gail Kane and Earle Foxe play the colored lovers.

Casino.—"Honeydew." Pleasant musical entertainment with charming score by Efrem Zimbalist, the violinist. Mlle. Marguerite and Frank Gill score with their dancing.

Century Promenade.—New York's newest dinner and midnight entertainment, "The Century Review" and "The Midnight Rounders." Colorful girl shows for the tired business man. A delightful place to eat.

Eltinge.—"Ladies' Night." About the most daring comedy yet attempted on Broadway. This passes from the boudoir zone to the Turkish bath on ladies' night. Not only skates on thin ice, but smashes thru now and then. John Cumberland is admirable.

Empire.—"Call the Doctor." Jean Archibald's slender little comedy built around a charming feminine doctor of domestic difficulties. The production shows David Belasco's smooth stage direction and is very well acted, particularly by Janet Beecher as the physician in question.

Forty-Fourth Street.—D. W. Griffith's master-production of the rural melodrama, "Way Down East." Splendid in many ways with many moving moments and the biggest—and most thrilling—climax since the ride of the clansmen in "The Birth of a Nation."

Fulton.—"Scrambled Wives." Another typical farce built on a series of misunderstandings. A divorced couple try to hide their first wedding from their new marriage alliances. Rather bright and amusing. Roland Young is excellent.

Globe.—George White's "Scandals of 1920." Lively and well-thought-out musical revue with lavish and swiftly changing scenes, plus many pretty girls. Paint succeeds stockings and tights in several numbers. Ann Pennington is the shining light of this revue.

Greenwich Village Theater.—"Greenwich Village Follies of 1920." Gorgeous and beautiful, as is typical of John Murray Anderson productions. Here is a musical entertainment with imagination and charm. James Reynolds has created some remarkable scenes and costumes and the whole ensemble is vivid and colorful.

Henry Miller's Theater.—"The Famous Mrs. Fair." Able drama dealing with the feminine problem of a career or a home. Skillfully written by James Forbes, with unusual playing by Blanche Bates, Henry Miller and Margalo Gilmore.

Hudson.—"Crooked Gamblers." A lively and thrilling comedy-melo of the financial district, in which a guileless young inventor of auto tires defeats the Wolf of Wall Street. Taylor Holmes starred.

Little.—"Foot-Loose," with Emily Stevens. Zoe Akins' well-done modernization of the old melodrama, "Forget-Me-Not."

New Amsterdam Roof.—Ziegfeld 9 o'clock and midnight revues. Colorful entertainments unlike anything to be found anywhere else.

Plymouth.—"Little Old New York." Rida Johnson Young's delightful but fragile little romance of New York in 1810, with John Jacob Astor, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Peter Delmonico and Washington Irving among its characters. Genevieve Tobin runs away with the piece—and scores one of the biggest personal successes of many seasons. Here is a Maude Adams in the making.

Republic.—"The Lady of the Lamp." A fanciful and highly colored fantasy by Earl Carroll. Built about an opium dream which reveals a tragic romance of old China. A certain charm is here. George Gaul is admirable and Henry Herbert gives a remarkable portrayal of a sinister Manchu chieftain of centuries ago.

Selwyn.—"Tickle Me." An Arthur Hammerstein early autumn show with the amusing Frank Tinney starred. Considerable fun, some tuneful music and a very personable chorus. Likewise gorgeous costuming.

Winter Garden.—"Cinderella on Broadway." Typical summer-girl entertainment designed for the tired business man. The extravaganza this year is based upon the fairy adventures of Cinderella. Plenty of girls, passable music, attractive costumes and a little humor.

ON TOUR

"Abraham Lincoln." You should see this if you see nothing else from the New York stage. John Drinkwater's play is a noteworthy literary and dramatic achievement, for he makes the Great American live again. "Abraham Lincoln" cannot fail to make you a better American. Moreover, it is absorbing as a play. Frank McGlynn is a brilliant Lincoln.

William Rock's "Silks and Satins." Another musical revue, but we doubt if it will even appeal to the tired business man. Ernestine Myers, the dancer, stands out.

"Honey Girl." Lively musical comedy built about the brisk race-track comedy, "Checkers." This has speed and humor—as well as an excellent cast.

"Lassie." A charming and pleasantly tuneful little musical comedy of Scotland and London in the picturesque sixties. Based upon Catherine Chisholm Cushing's "Kitty MacKay." Tessa Kosta sings pleasantly and Mollie Pearson and Roland Bottomley are prominent.

"Not So Long Ago." A fragile and charming little comedy by a newcomer, Arthur Richman, telling a story of picturesque New York in the early seventies. Genuinely delightful. Finely played by Eva Le Gallienne, Sidney Blackmer and an excellent cast.

"Jane Clegg." St. John Ervine's powerful drama, presented by the Theater Guild, has been running in New York all season. A drab but brilliant tale of middle-class English life.

"The Hottentot," with Willie Collier. Typical one-man farce with the inimitable farceur, Collier, at his best. Full of laughs.

"Florodora." The much-heralded revival of the widely popular musical show of some twenty years ago. Done with charm, distinction and humor. Eleanor Painter's singing stands out vividly and George Hassell's humor is highly diverting. Then, of course, there is the famous "sextette." Here is a revival that really revives.

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"Scandal." Cosmo Hamilton's daring drama which Constance Talmadge played on the screen. June Walker and Charles Cherry have the leading roles.

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But yesterday, in her girlish fancy, she deeply envied those who live and move in that fascinating sphere, the Realm of Authorship. But yesterday her hopes mingled with her fears, her doubts of herself, her simple lack of faith in her ability "TO WRITE." But yesterday she deemed well-nigh impossible the triumph that has come to her today!

But yesterday her life was a dull, drear grind in a department store. In her little niche behind the notion counter her girl's soul was slowly shriveling. The drab, grey life was deadening every spark of hope within her. Thinking of her youth and yearnings, she would oft' hopefully repeat to herself those lines from some beautiful book, "It is the Spring! It is the Spring! And Life is so FULL of Flowers! Ah, surely some of them are MINE!" But there was the monotony, the dull servitude, from 8 to 6—it never varied it went on and on and on a dumb fate that seemed to stare her in the face forever, just as it might be pictured in a story by O. Henry.

Not that all girls are unhappy who work in stores, but she—she dreamed of higher things. She wanted more out of life than the grey, humdrum existence. Why should Success be a thing OTHERS could attain and not she? She had two good hands and a brain —she was intelligent, observing, and though not a genius, surely, she told herself, she could learn to write stories as good as hundreds she had seen.

One day her sweet-faced mother noticed a small advertisement in a magazine. It said: "Free to writers —this wonderful book. Tells How to Write Plays and Stories." "Here, Dorothy dear," said Mrs. Dean, "here is something about writing stories and plays. Here's a concern offering a free book on the subject. Why not get it? See what they can do for you? You never can tell maybe you really *can* learn how to write the way you've dreamed so long, and just think how wonderful that would be!"

The Authors' Press has this young woman's letter on file. She wrote for our free book—and the picture above tells the happy sequel.

> *This is a true story, as startling as it is romantic, and here is the most startling thing of all—a remarkable discovery that will thrill ambitious men and women of all ages throughout the world! The discovery is that:* MILLIONS OF PEOPLE CAN WRITE STORIES AND PHOTOPLAYS AND DON'T KNOW IT!

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Yet only recently a great English literary authority declared that "nearly *all the English-speaking race want to write! It's a craving for self-expression, characteristic of the present century.*"

So a new light has dawned! A great New Truth that will gladden the hearts of "all the English-speaking race who want to write!" Astounding new psychological experiments have revealed that "the average person" may learn to write! Yes, write stories and photoplays; thrilling, human, life-like; filled with heart-throbs, pathos, passion, pain.

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There is nothing in all this world that so dominates the heart and mind as the fascination of WRITING. It gives you a new power, a new magic, that charms all those around you. It lends a new attraction to your entire personality. Authorship carries with it new honors, admiration, respect—in addition to glorious material rewards.

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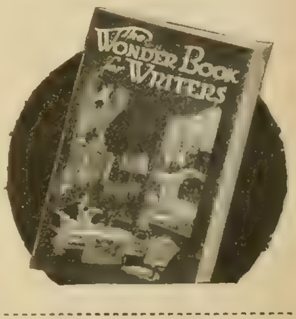

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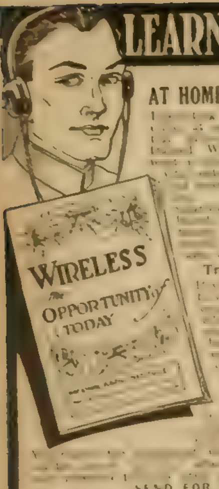

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Mary Pickford, 150,768; Norma Talmadge, 89,516; Pearl White, 36,943; Mme. Nazimova, 20,411; Constance Talmadge, 16,657; Bebe Daniels, 8,331; Viola Dana, 7,208; Theda Bara, 7,162; Mary Miles Minter, 7,048; Ethel Clayton, 6,372, Lillian Gish, 5,954; Marguerite Clark, 5,840; Elsie Ferguson, 5,637, Ruth Roland, 5,408; Dorothy Gish, 4,815; Anita Stewart, 4,626; Edith Johnson, 4,050; May Allison, 3,561; Olive Thomas, 3,374; Pauline Frederick, 3,121; Shirley Mason 2,810; Geraldine Farrar, 2,667; Gloria Swanson, 2,604; Alice Brady, 2,526; Olga Petrova, 2,483; Dorothy Dalton, 2,419; Ann Little, 2,175; Alice Lake, 2,116; Wanda Hawley, 2,064; Irene Castle, 1,872; Marie Osborne, 1,835; Alice Joyce, 1,620; Priscilla Dean, 1,558; Mildred Davis, 1,414; Blanche Sweet, 1,365; Marie Prevost, 1,320; Marion Davies, 1,170; Vivian Martin, 1,003; Kathlyn Williams, 983; Mae Murray, 960; Doris May, 901; Marguerite Fisher, 859; Clara K. Young, 846; Phyllis Haven, 822; Juanita Hansen, 815; Marjorie Daw, 761; Madge Kennedy, 755; Betty Compson, 741; Corinne Griffith, 738; Marie Walcamp, 657; June Caprice, 640; Constance Binney, 631; Bessie Love, 625; Enid Bennett, 556; Jane Novak, 549; Mildred Reardon, 533; Dolores Casinelli; 526; Sylvia Breamer, 514; Rosemary Theby, 504; Gladys Leslie, 489; Louise Lovely, 474; Billie Burke, 462; Lila Lee, 459; Winifred Westover, 452; Pauline Curley, 417; Eva Novak, 404; Lillian Hall, 396; Mildred Harris, 391; Dorothy Phillips, 385; Violet Heming, 378; Doris Kenyon, 373; Marguerite de La Motte, 367; Mae Marsh, 352; Grace Cunard, 340; Helene Chadwick, 334; Virginia Lee Corbin, 321; Ruth Stonehouse, 317; Fanny Ward, 308; Betty Blythe, 300; Mary Thurman, 293; Peggy Hyland, 288.

William S. Hart, 95,587; Wallace Reid, 56,745; Richard Barthelmess, 35,703; Douglas Fairbanks, 15,460; Eugene O'Brien, 10,624; William Farnum, 10,567; Thomas Meighan, 6,952; Tom Mix, 6,477; Elliot Dexter, 6,441; J. Warren Kerrigan, 6,334; Charles Ray, 5,919; Bert Lytell, 5,345; Tom Moore, 4,213; Gaston Glass, 4,075; William Russell, 3,819; Ralph Graves, 3,604; Harrison Ford, 3.627; Ben Alexander, 3,562; Antonio Moreno, 3,144; John Barrymore, 3,102; Charles Chaplin, 2,961; William Duncan, 2,855; Jack Pickford 2,244; George Walsh, 2,208; Rodney La Rocque, 2,196; Douglas MacLean, 2,184; Kenneth Harlan, 2,011; Eddy Polo, 1,959; Harold Lloyd, 1,756; Owen Moore, 1,600; Harry Northrup, 1,547; Earle Williams, 1,519; Lloyd Hughes, 1,462; Conway Tearle, 1,322; Monte Blue, 1,266; Robert Warwick, 1,110; Lewis Stone, 1,050; Sessue Hayakawa, 952; Percy Marmont, 888; Bryant Washburn, 854; Robert Harron, 836; Monroe Salisbury, 789; Louis Bennison, 771; William Desmond, 765; Marshal Neilan, 759; Charles Meredith, 743; Sunshine Sammy, 730; Lon Chaney, 687; Harry Carye, 671; Albert Ray, 662; Tom Forman, 659; Eddie Lyons, 652; Francis MacDonald, 646; Wesley Barry, 641; Ben Turpin, 564; Jack Perrin, 537; George Fawcett, 518; Henry G. Sell, 506; Joe Ryan, 500; Webster Campbell, 494; David Powell, 490; Theodore Roberts, 484; Robert Gordon, 447; Mahlon Hamilton, 469; James J. Corbett, 462; Harry Morey, 455; Jack Holt, 441; Creighton Hale, 416; Cullen Landis, 396; Emorey Johnson, 389; King Vidor, 380; Lee Moran, 371; Milton Sills, 363; Will Rogers, 354; Jack Dempsey, 348; Francis Ford, 336; Francis X. Bushman, 324; Fatty Arbuckle, 317.

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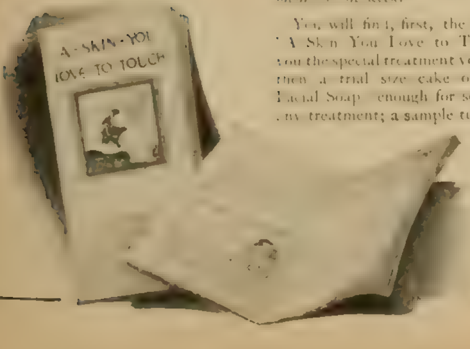
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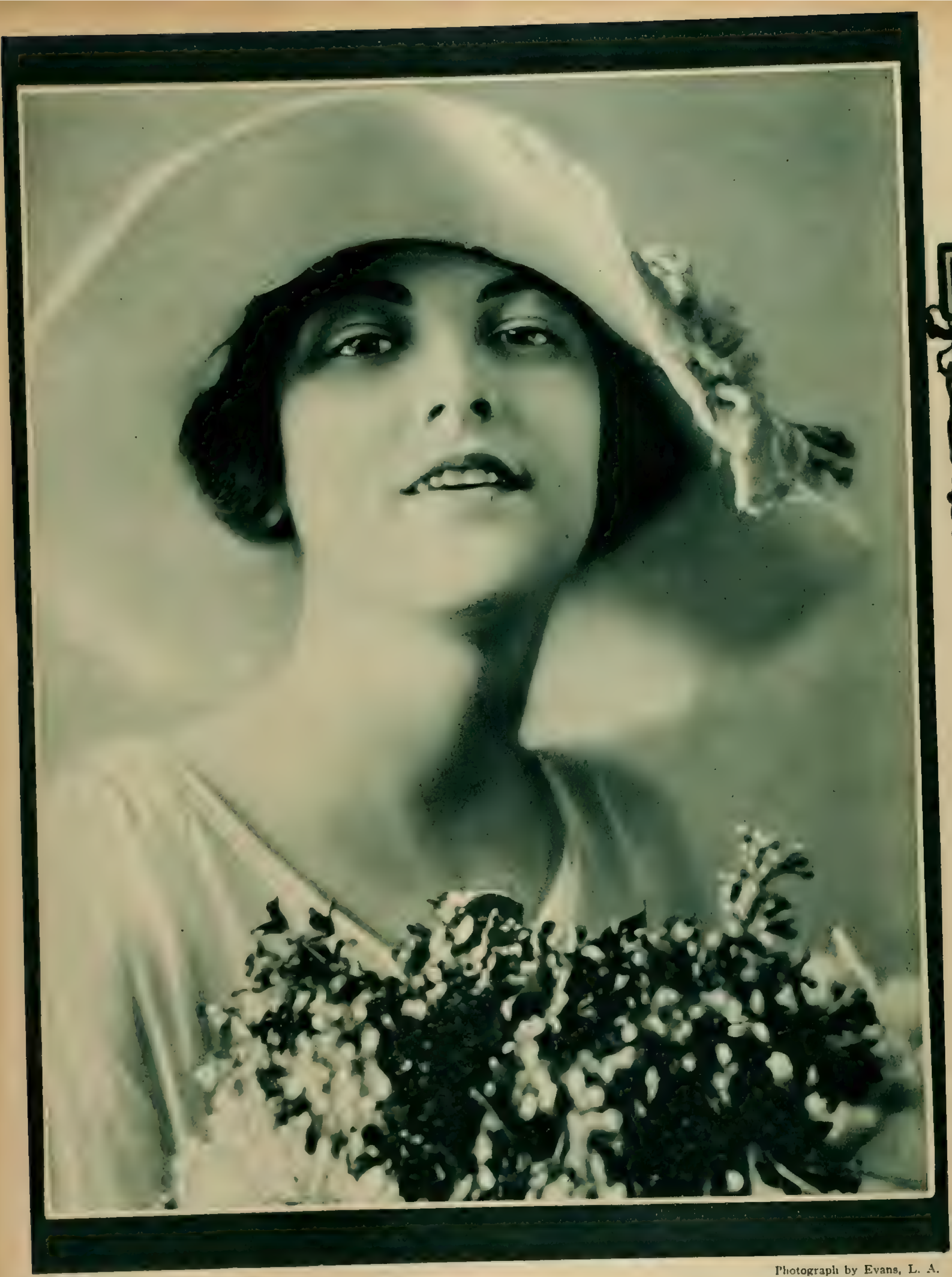
Motion Picture Classic

DOUGLAS MacLEAN

The popular Thomas H. Ince star

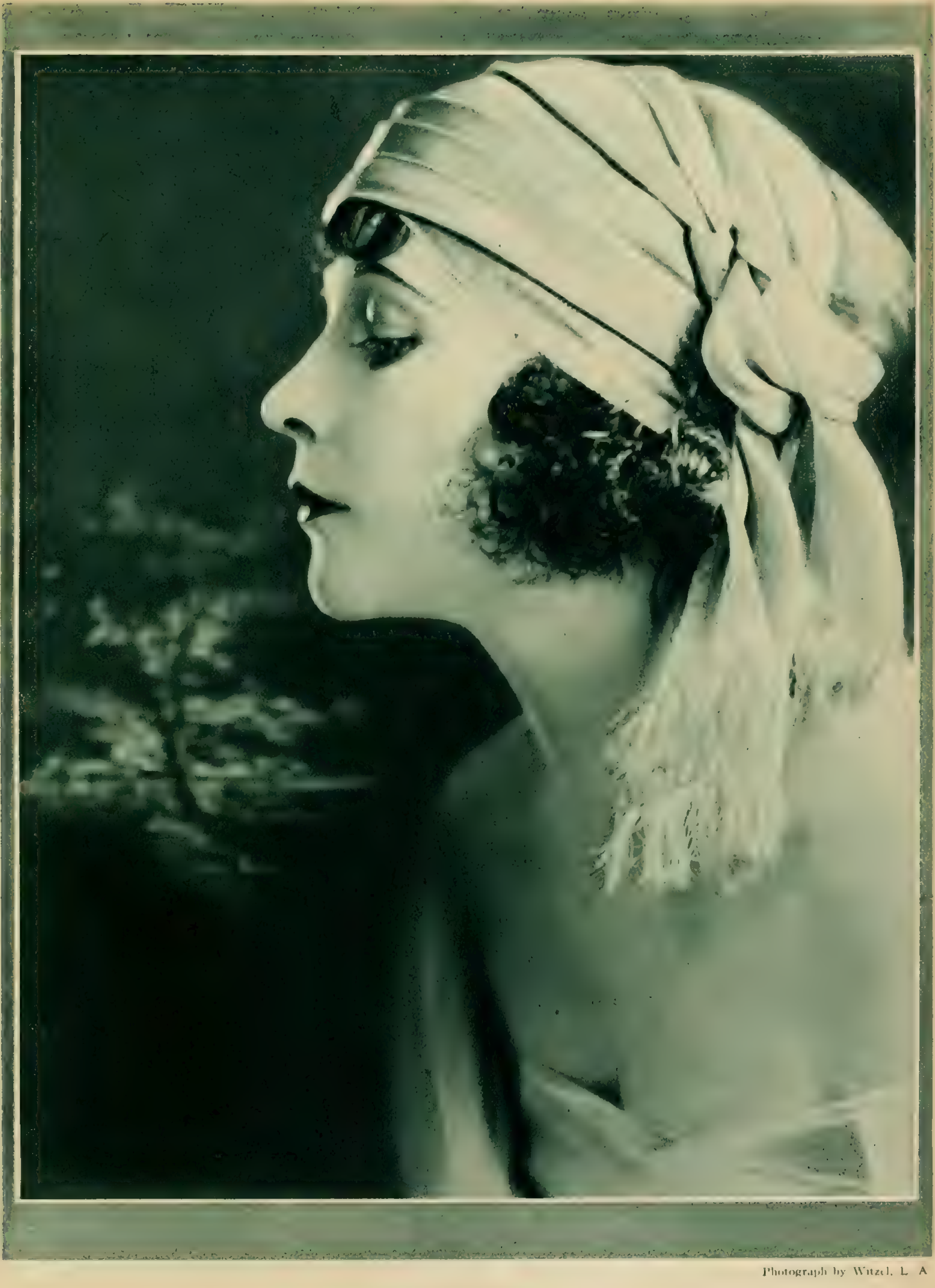
Photograph by Evans, L. A.



Photograph by Evans, L. A.

BARBARA BEDFORD

The most recent of Maurice Tourneur's "star-finds," and one who is proving herself quite capable of achieving the success of Constance Binney, Faire Binney and Vivian Martin—the other Tourneur discoveries



Photograph by Witzel, L. A

MARY THURMAN

Capitalizing her popularity, achieved as a Mack Sennett bathing beauty, Miss Thurman has turned her talent to the dramatic side of the silversheet, and is now appearing in Allan Dwan productions

Photograph by Freulich

EVA NOVAK

Little sister Eva is following in the footsteps of Jane's success, and is now being starred by Universal, proving that sometimes there is more than one swan in a family

Photograph by Hartsook, L. A.

ELINOR FAIR

Whose last name could be used first with the greatest ease, will appear opposite Otis Skinner in the forthcoming Robertson-Cole feature, "Kismet"

"What Time Is It?" Asked Muriel

WE have accomplished interviews under all sorts of trying circumstances. We have "helped" stars pick out gowns. We have motored into Westchester with 'em. We have dined, tea-d, Ziegfeld roofed, suppered, lunched and—whisper—even breakfasted with them. Many times they have been in a hurry, but, to the best of our present disturbed recollection, nobody was ever quite in so much of a hurry as Muriel Ostriche.

The task of interviewing a cute ingénue—film ingénues are becoming more extinct every day—rather intrigued us and we were exactly on time at Miss Ostriche's uptown hotel.

Two minutes later—3:32 p.m. to be exact—Miss Ostriche appeared in the hotel reception-room. She had a tiny package in her hand.

"I'm awfully sorry," she began. "You see, I'd been planning to take a 4:10 train to the beach for the week-end and I thought our interview was to be earlier and—but I'll take a later train."

Of course, we knew that she really didn't want to take a later train. Also, we could not conscientiously upset the schedule of an ingénue.

So we asked a porter to summon a taxi.

"We'll interview you en route," we confided.

"That'll be wonderful," sighed Miss Ostriche, with something that we suspected sounded like relief. "Better start now before the taxi comes. Want a—er—pencil?"

"We never use 'em," said we, trying to maintain our editorial poise in the face of the Ostriche optics. "What about your traveling bag?"

Photograph © by Underwood & Underwood

Muriel Ostriche started in motion pictures at old Biograph and played in Eclair, Thanhouser and World Film productions. Now she is starring in a series of film plays being made by Arrow

By
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

"Dont need it," giggled Miss Ostriche. "I have everything here. (Indicating the tiny bundle.) Bet you cant guess the contents."

Our poise *was* slipping. Where on earth was the taxi?

"Guess," insisted Miss Ostriche.

We mopped our brow. "It's a hot day," we said, deftly changing the subject.

"A toothbrush and a nightie," continued Miss Ostriche remorselessly. "What do you think about that?"

But the taxi arrived before we were forced to commit ourselves.

(The scene changes to the interior of an open taxi.)

"Tell me the time and ask some questions!"

"3:51—and how did you get into pictures?"

"We'll make it—— I'm a New York girl—— Did you guess it?—— Nobody ever does—— Of course, I had the movie bug—— Every girl has, some time or other—— A boy who knew me at school, Christy Cabanne, was in pictures at the old Biograph studio and he asked me to come up for a try-out—— My people objected—furiously—— What time is it?"

All photographs © by Underwood & Underwood

A French director at the old Eclair studio gave Miss Ostriche her first opportunity. The picture was half over before Muriel knew she was playing the leading rôle. At the left is a brand new studio dressing-room "snap" of Miss Ostriche

"3:56—and go on."

"We'll make it—— I didn't know a thing about pictures, naturally—— They asked me to do a scene—— You know, for a test try-out—— I was scared something awful—— Do you know what one of the camera-men said?—— What time is it?"

"3:59—what did he say?"

"'Some lamps!'—— Funny, wasn't it—— Of course, I didn't know what that sort of slang meant then—he was talking of my eyes, you know—— What——"

"4:02—and we guessed it—and we dont blame him."

"We'll make it—— Well, after the test Griffith came around and said, 'I dont know what we can do with her, she's too young to be made love to and too old not to. Tell her to come around tomorrow.'—But I told him I was going to school and could only work Saturdays and Sundays—— I guess he was angry—— Wh——"

"4:04—you'll make it!"

"I did a few extra parts at Biograph and then I applied at the old Eclair studio.—A

(*Continued on page 70*)

Enter Julio!

Photograph © Shirley Blanc, L. A.

"WOMAN is incomprehensible," said Signor Valentino one day. "No man can fathom her. In fact, the man who boasts 'I know woman' is either a liar or an idiot."

"What about man—is he more easily understood?"

"Yes—he is more practical, more elemental. Man has no caprice; no whim. He is whole—definite."

Being very much a part of those upon whom he had just passed judgment, Valentino placed himself under his own stamp. "Definite," he said man was. Yes—so, he himself is—in his extremes.

For just as it is simple to understand woman when one realizes she is a contradiction, and one makes allowances for her pros and cons, and one expects them—so, by the same code of perception, is the study of Rudolph Valentino less enigmatic.

Because one person could discuss Valentino and say, "What a care-free lad he is! Always joking, and romping; being serious only in his mania to dance and play. Give him a horse, a stretch of land, all day in which to tear over the countryside, and he is content."

And another person in speaking would offer: "That is what I call an ambitious young man. He is very determined to succeed, and doesn't lose a minute towards it. In his work he never slacks. He gives his best in enthusiasm and most in time. Opportunity wont be given the chance to knock more than once on his door."

It is also legitimate when one comments: "A sportsman! He does not tear over the country, but rides his animals judiciously. Rather than return hot and disheveled, manifesting all the signs of having had a great time, he brings his horse home warm, but carefully exercised."

And for those who know him best, it is not wrong when the opinion is that "Rudie is a lonesome soul. He isn't so much melancholic as pensive. He has many friends, and very few. Books are his

Rudolph Valentino is a youth from Italy who came to these shores in pursuit of scientific agriculture. Because of his unfamiliarity with the English language, he did not succeed and drifted into dancing where he attracted the attention of the leading dancers in America. His rôle as Julio in the film version of the famous Spanish novel, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," is one which demands the work of a great artist

Photograph by Shirley Blanc, L. A.

By
C. BLYTHE SHERWOOD

companions, and dreams, and memories. A night at home, alone, with these, he considers far better spent than jocularly abandoning himself to Bacchus and bacchanals."

His appearance, too, is untraditional. Either, to correspond with his virile physique, he should not be so æsthetically attuned, or to accord with his vigorous spirituality he should not be so immaculately groomed. One never thinks of an artist, or an appreciator of art, as being also an appreciator of cravats and imported eau de cologne. And when one is fastidious about one's menu, it is expected one would be, to the exclusion of one's choice of opera

Yet this phenomenal youth cannot relinquish his fidelity to Arthur Symons, D'Annunzio, Dante, Wilde, Fokine and Caruso, because of his adequate amount of interest in thoroughbreds, surf-bathing, Hart Schaffner and Marx, and Dardenella. He cares for both and will have both. A good piece of watermelon is as absorbing to him as a work of Rodin's. He can go one day to Shirley Blanc's to be photographed as a rigid, immobile, determined, stern mask. And the following afternoon he can drop in to have the camera catch him as illusive, lambent, unsubstantially poetique.

Photographs by Shirley Blanc, L. A.

Altho he has made extraordinary progress in pictures, having played opposite Mae Murray, Dorothy Gish and Carmel Myers, Valentino does not want to stay here forever. He longs to go to South America, China, Japan, Egypt and India and to get to know these places

Valentino with all his complexities, and because of them, is normal. He has the indolence of Endymion who would dream; the reverence of Dante who would worship; the vitality of Don Juan who would woo; the extravagance of Don Quixote who would exaggerate; the courage of D'Artagnan who would dare; the restraint of Sordello who would court in deed; the desire of D'Annunzio who would achieve; the strength of Vulcan who would excel; and the philosophy of Omar whose "yesterday is dead and to-morrow never comes."

He resembles both Dick Barthelmess and Rod La Rocque. His accent is a composite of Leo Ditrichstein's, José Reuben's, and Pedro de Cordoba's.

Ideas are what he would offer; and diffidence. Spontaneity; and a total lack of response. Yet, he doesn't waver. He is, as he says man is, definite—for all his moods.

One would not dare call this fiber of his temperament, for to him, the word "temperament" is greatly misused promiscuously thrown about. The genuine artist, he believes rather leaves that term to where it has become established—in the gutter. The artist recedes into his soul, and believes. His ego is not "I am," but "I know."

"There *is* an artistic temperament," Valentino claims. "It is a part of another much mishandled phrase, intellectuality.

(Continued on page 72)

Myrtle of the Mountains

Photograph by Witzel, L. A.

OF course, she had to get Chicago out of her system or the city would have been calling her all the time. So she went back to the place she was born and studied for the stage, which, according to the laws of Romance, was the proper thing for a girl brought up in the mountains of Colorado to do. At any rate, Myrtle Stedman not only studied for the stage, but she went on the stage, becoming a prima donna in a very short time.

But the most impressionable period of her life had been spent in a mining camp about forty miles from Denver. There she had learnt horseback riding and, being at an altitude of 10,000 feet, she had naturally become proficient in the most difficult of mountain sports. She was a child of the snows, blonde and hardy as a Dane.

It was while she was appearing in comic opera in Chicago that she met Colonel Selig and he, needing a leading lady and hearing that she could ride horseback, immediately approached her with an offer.

"But," she protested, "I dont know anything about moving pictures."

"You can learn," he answered. "Why dont you come and visit us?"

"So," she said, in telling me about it, "I went to visit the studio. I saw the making of several scenes, but wasn't greatly tempted . . . I was afraid that I wouldn't be able to do the work. Then Colonel Selig showed me a beautiful thorobred horse. 'This horse' he said, 'will be yours if you join us. You can ride him all the time.'

"So it was that that decided me to leave comic opera for moving pictures."

You might call it persuaded by a horse . . .

"My first picture was called 'The Range-Riders'," she went on, "and I was not the only member of the company making my début. A young man who had come the same morning was as strange to the screen as myself. I was introduced to Tom Mix and after that we made a number of pictures together."

Miss Stedman started her screen career at about the same time that Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet, Bobbie Harron, Kathlyn Williams and other famous "pioneers" started theirs. Her work in the popular "westerns" was unrivaled.

Myrtle Stedman started her screen career at about the same time that Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet, Bobbie Harron and other famous "pioneers" started theirs. Her work in the popular "westerns" was unrivaled

By
ELIZABETH
PELTRET

We were lunching together in a pretty little flat she recently rented in Hollywood. It is on top of a gently sloping hill and commands a lovely view of the surrounding country. For lunch, there was chicken, jellied, with mayonnaise, whole tomatoes icy cold, Saratoga chips, hot rolls, iced tea and sliced peaches, the whole especially designed to tempt appetites made indifferent by the heat outside.

We (Miss Stedman had thoughtfully called at my office to get me) had arrived to find the doorbell in the process of being repaired, not by the to-be-expected workmen, but by two portly, well-dressed ladies, the owners of the house.

"They own several houses," Miss Stedman whispered, "and whenever anything goes wrong, they insist on making the repairs themselves."

During luncheon, we could see them thru the slightly parted portieres that divided the dining from the sitting-room. One of the ladies stood on a stepladder, placed just inside the front door, and hammered from time to time, while the other held a kit of tools handy and tried the doorbell occasionally to see if it would work. At last it rang, and after making a few little repairs in the kitchen . . . it seemed that the ice-box drain needed attention . . . they left, shown out by Lucille, Miss Stedman's irrepressibly good-natured little negro maid, who rang the bell herself for good measure and then ran thru the room giggling.

(*Continued on page* 94)

Photo by Witzel, L. A.

Miss Stedman studied for the stage and became a prima donna. It was while she was appearing in Chicago that she met Colonel Selig who, needing a leading lady and hearing she could ride horseback, approached her with an offer. She has a propensity for Western pictures and has appeared in many screen versions of the works of Rex Beach, Jack London and other well-known writers

With the

Photographs by Chas. W. Schwarz

Above, Blanche Yurka in "The Americans in France," which enjoyed but a brief New York run; right, Gail Kane and Charles Meyer in "Come Seven," the laughable comedy of negro life built about the Octavus Roy Cohen short stories; and, below, George Gaul and Eileen Wilson in that colorful Chinese fantasy, "The Lady of the Lamp"

Photograph by White

Season's New Plays

Right, Ann Pennington, the piquant star of "The Scandals of 1920," who is always a delightful musical comedy figure. Left, Sally Long, one of the prettiest members of the Century Promenade

Photograph by
Alfred Cheney Johnston

Photograph
by White
Studio

Left, an amusing scene in "Ladies' Night" in which Charles Ruggles and Edward Douglas, shown at the right, invade a Turkish Bath on ladies night. Judith Voselli plays a movie vampire taking her daily exercise, much to the interest of Messrs. Ruggles and Douglas

Photograph by
White Studio

The Rise of Beatrice

Photographs by Freulich

Beatrice Burnham is either a great artist or a very little girl. That is the impression the interviewer received. She is a daughter of the South, and Texas is responsible for the sibilant drawl of her voice, the vibrant black of her eyes, the tiny suggestion of bravado that smolders constantly beneath her appearance of timidity

A SOFT, cool hand in mine . . . black eyes that flashed behind a veil . . . a sigh . . .

It was done so deftly!

It might have been a poem; but, alas, it was only the beginning of an interview—and in the conventional surroundings of the Ince studio.

Beatrice Burnham is either a great artist or a very little girl. It should have been easy to decide which . . . if her shyness had not been so confoundedly bewitching! I *wanted* to believe and yet that soft catch in her breath . . . It was done so perfectly. Almost too perfectly!

While I yet held her hand, she indicated the path that stretched away before us and disappeared into a maze of sets and stages and great swimming pools.

She barely breathed the words: "Perhaps a little walk . . . Then I shall not be so nervous."

I watched her out of the corner of my eye. In scarlet hat and coat she made a vivid figure. The only vagueness was the blue veil that covered her face, that accentuated the whiteness of her skin and the sloe-black of her eyes. And her grace was not confined to her shyness. She walked beautifully—with the balance and sway of a reed in the wind.

I thought of the ragged mountain girl in "Bullet Proof." It was hard to realize that this was she. remember talking with Harry Carey during the production and I recall his good-natured admission: "She's stealing the picture."

I had often wondered what had become of her: and now I found her playing opposite Douglas MacLean. But I am running away with my story.

Beatrice is a southern girl. Texas is responsible for the sibilant drawl of her voice, the vibrant black of her eyes, the tiny suggestion of bravado that smolders constantly beneath her appearance of timidity.

A convent and a college are the two milestones that mark her pursuit of knowledge.

Beatrice is one of those girls who never tell you things. They always confide them. It is very agreeable.

"It is ten months since I had my first part—with Eddie Polo in an episode of his

By
WILLIS GOLDBECK

Photograph by Freulich

Miss Burnham has been on the screen for about ten months; her first part was with Eddie Polo in one of his "Cyclone Smith" series. Her career with Universal was brief. Then she called on Mr. Ince, and he immediately engaged her to play opposite Douglas MacLean

"Cyclone Smith" series. It all happened in the most wonderful way. I was on the Universal lot as a visitor. I had no intention then of ever attempting to get into pictures. But Jacques Jaccard saw me and dared me to take a screen test. I did, of course, and was a little bewildered by the result."

She sighed retrospectively, leaving my imagination hanging limply in the air. That is what makes me doubt . . . her trick of always choosing the correct moment — just when you are waiting breathless upon her next word—for a sigh and a pause.

A great artist . . . a little girl . . . ?

"What *was* the result," I demanded.

"Oh, everyone got terribly excited. You see, I had had to cry and I cried so hard that they couldn't believe it was acting. But when they saw that it was, I guess they thought they had discovered a second Bernhardt — for a moment. Eddie Polo—he seemed such a wonderfully famous man in those days!—declared that he wanted me for one of his episodes. He got me without much persuasion!"

We had talked ourselves around the circuit of the studio grounds and back to the long row of dressing-rooms. I noticed on a nearby door, in bright, fresh letters the name "Beatrice Burnham." A glimpse of the room past the half-open door made it seem cool and inviting. She murmured a suggestion that we go in.

Once in, her confidence seemed to be restored, tho she sat erectly graceful, her hands still nervous, while she told me—no, confided—the story of her brief ten months in pictures. It was that test at Universal City that she regards as the start of her career. Two years ago she did one or two "bits" for different companies, but they were merely the summer larks of a school girl.

Universal realized that they had unearthed a discovery worth while and were determined to keep it for themselves, on their own terms. But they had reckoned without that bravado smoldering beneath, that bravado which, after all, proved to be an unquenchable courage.

"They were lovely," she sighed. "They took me to dinners and sent me boxes of candy and even took me to the theater now and then. I wanted it to go on forever. I forgot all about the contract."

She ventured a naïve little smile and glance.

"But it seems that they hadn't. They were even a little exasperated when I at last said 'No' to them."

There was an actual wonderment in her eyes!

It was my turn to sigh. I did.

Her career with Universal was as busy as it was brief. From the Polo pictures she went to wild animal comedies and thence to five-reel westerns. There is a hint of a playful destiny in the fact that tho she came unharmed thru the animal comedies with their inevitable lions and chimpanzees, her arm was badly lacerated by the treacherous teeth of a grouchy bruin in "Bullet Proof." She will carry the scars all her life.

In "Hitchin' Post" with Frank Mayo she did the work that brought the offer of a five-year contract from Universal, the contract which she refused—after many dinners and a theater or two.

She went to Edgar Lewis and won a good part in "Lahoma."

(*Continued on page 76*)

That Swede from Ystad

She Never Went Back

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

YOU can bet Ystad is mighty proud. Isn't Anna Q. Nilsson a Ystadian—or whatever you call an inhabitant of that distant Swedish town?

Miss Nilsson really was born there. Indeed, she is a typical blonde viking. "I should have been a boy," she says. "In fact, I was raised with a regular boy's training. Dad, who was an army officer, had hoped for a boy but he did the next best thing. Six feet two, himself an all 'round athlete, he used to put me thru a daily routine of training from my earliest baby days. So I grew up to be able to perform all sorts of stunts.

"Back in those Ystad days I did not, of course, conceive of a movie career. I was to be a teacher. There was nothing much else for a girl to do in those days, save being a housewife. So I was sent to school with the idea of making myself a school ma'am.

"Teaching never did appeal to me, I must admit. I can remember how several girls came back to the town from America—wearing silks and velvets. That settled it, for I resolved to get to the fabled land of wealth in some way.

"Later, when an old friend of my father's married in New York and invited me to come over for a visit, I hastened to accept. Mentally, I told myself I was going to stay—at least until I became rich.

"So I came. I was their guest for months. Father kept asking me to return, but finally I wrote to him, 'I'm not coming back until I'm a millionaire,' and I started out to get some sort of employment.

"The golden reward I had heard about in far off Ystad proved to be pretty remote. The best I could get was posing for artists—at fifty cents an hour. I had a terrible time making all ends meet for many months. I call those my bakery days, for it was pretty stiff sledding and a dinner in a bakery restaurant was a de luxe event.

"It was then that I met Alice Joyce, who was also an artist's model. She landed with the old Kalem company and helped me get a hearing. I had her first director when I started, Kenean Buel

"That was the beginning. I've been playing ever since before the camera. Four times I have had passage booked for home, but each time something unforeseen prevented. But I am going back to Sweden for a visit next spring.

"My people have not seen me—that is, in reality—for years. I only reached them recently on the screen. None of my older pictures were exported and it was not until 'Seven Keys to Baldpate' went across that they had a chance to see me on the screen. Right after that Ystad—and Astorp, where my folks now live—had a chance to see me in 'The Trail to Yesterday' and my pictures have been events there ever since, it seems. I suppose the little girls look upon me as a sort of goddess of fortune, just as the silks and velvets of the old days set me to dreaming."

(*Cont'd on page 70*)

Anna Q. Nilsson was born in Sweden. She is a typical blonde viking. "I was raised with a regular boy's training," she says, "Dad, who was an army officer, used to put me thru a daily routine of training from my earliest baby days." Here are several glimpses of Anna as an oarsman

The Charm School

Told in Story Form from the Wallace Reid—Famous Players' Photoplay

By FAITH SERVICE

AUSTIN BEVANS was a bright young man. Most persons conceded him that. He had two outstanding characteristics so marked as to all but completely overshade any others which he may have possessed. He was an excellent salesman and an excellent lover. *Par excellence*, in fact. Of the first, his specialty was automobiles and for the second, at the time of which I write, Susie Rolles.

Susie had an enterprising Mamma. An automobile salesman, however snappy, did not accord with Mamma's enterprise. Susie was her one branch and best bet, and she had builded greatly and rather expensively on Susie. The flavor of gasoline did not suit her.

She explained this to Susie at some length and to Austin with some asperity. Neither of them seemed to weigh her words very heavily. She had been all of seventeen years in instructing Susie that this world is ruled by Mammon. Susie was learning and Austin might be said to be her last line before stepping over into Mamma's Pet Beliefs.

Nevertheless, despite the fact that the course of love did not run smooth for Austin with Susie, the young man had a lot to thank the Rolles ménage for. They were, he later admitted, eye-openers, the pair of them. In the caustic course of her harangues, Mamma Rolles had informed him that she hadn't raised her daughter to be a laborer . . . she inferred that matrimony with Mr. Bevans would result in nothing else than that.

"Women, my dear, good Austin," Mamma would say, "are made to charm. To charm—that is, or should be, the *alpha* and *omega* of their pilgrimage upon this earth. Women have no business in business, either commercial *or* professional—their business is to be charming—to be charming——"

Evidently, Mrs. Rolles did not conceive the possibility of her Susie being able to charm as Mrs. Austin Bevans.

On one memorable occasion Susie greeted him with flushed cheeks and dilated eyes.

"You must go at once," she said, with some excitement; "I've had the dickens of a row with Mamma. I—I hate to tell you, Austin, but she is very firm in her idea. Her—her idea is that you have neither birth, breeding nor prospects and I—and I——"

Said Austin: "If you are not in sympathy with my unalterable ideas and ideals, Miss Hayes, you are at liberty to leave"

Austin laughed.

"I must have been born," he insisted, "my logical mind tells me that. Breeding has an indelicate sound to me. I refuse to discuss it. And as for prospects"—he inflated his chest: "we shall see——"

There was a melodramatic flourish of hat, and he was gone. Susie wept a few carefully becoming tears and went forth in search of other fish to fry, and Austin repaired to his office, where he was duly notified that his services would no longer be required. The implication pointed to a lady. Without an undue share of perspicacity, Austin deduced that the lady was Susie. It would be unbecoming a hero to suggest that he cursed the House of Rolles roundly and well. Rather let it be inferred that he languished and repined——

Occasionally life as an equable equation presents itself. Along with his little blue ticket Austin found an ominous looking document bearing the anathema of coming from an attorney. He opened it to be informed that his Aunt Polly Bevans had passed on to the Other Side and had left behind her on this terrestrial plane her well-known Aunt Polly Bevans' School for Young Ladies, with fifty pupils, a cottage and ten acres of well-tended ground. The meat of the matter was the fact that the whole descended to Austin.

At first he was staggered, being normal. He was a good salesman—or had been until his dismissal pricked the bright bauble of his confidence. He was a vivid lover, yet he had been ousted via the back door like any skulking Romeo. And with nothing to sell—and fifty maidens—yow! Then, like all valiant souls, he began to take stock of his experiences and determined to make them work for them. Susie was a product of a system of charm. Well—Susie would undoubtedly "get along." She would toil not, neither would she spin. She was a lily and her mission was to grow, exhaling the fragrance which was her nativity. The more perfectly she exhaled, the more perfectly would she justify her nativity—— Not a bad thought—— Who wanted college women, business women, professional women? Who wanted oracles, theorists, faddists, modernists? What did they profit a man? It was one thing to lose one's soul for the frou-frou of a skirt. It was another and quite unmanly to lose one's mind for the firm tread of an Amazonian intellectual. In that respect, as in most others, Mrs. Rolles had been right. Austin was beginning, in sooth, to look upon her as his benefactress. Viewed from afar, Susie had the aspect of something to be saved from. Mamma Rolles had thrown him the life line. The result of the cogitation was the determination to perpetuate at least one of Mamma Rolles' theories. He, Austin Bevans, would take Aunt Polly's legacy, fifty pupils, acreage and all. He would remove the Acting Principal, so specified in the bond as "Miss Hayes" and institute himself. He would revolutionize the school and the fifty young ladies. They should be taught one credo—to charm. It should be called The Charm School and its aim would be to turn out upon the male population Loreleis with every faculty trained to its acme of perfection.

Preparatory college courses, business trainings and the like should be tabooed, ridiculed, relegated to limbo. To charm—to charm—to charm—this and this only should be the rite and the religion. It was a great idea! The world went mad over ideas. Austin exulted.

There would have to be money. Austin thought hard and hit upon the last victim to whom he had sold a car. That said victim happened to be Homer Johns, president of the Corn Exchange Bank and an unapproachable proposition, did not deter the apostle of the new Educational Creed. He went to him at once and demanded ten thousand dollars.

While Homer Johns was spluttering and struggling back to equilibrium, Austin was launching forth upon his project.

He had a convincing vocabulary, had Austin. Also some gift of oratory, but he probably got what he had come for—more, because Homer Johns was fed up on the feminist movement than for any other reason. Wife, daughter and now granddaughter had gone the radical road in the Johns mênage and the old man yearned for the gentler days of the toil-less and spinless (not to say *spine*-less) woman. Here, he felt, was a young man with the right idea. A young man who might be preparing for a coming generation at least a few apostles of peace. He was *for* him.

"I'll go down with you," he said, "and look over the ground. it's bizarre—but it hits me right."

On the way down he disclosed the fact that he had a granddaughter at Aunt Polly Bevans' School. "She's been getting the same way as her mother and her grandmother," he complained, "and I am genuinely fond of the child. I dont forget her little ways when she was a baby—she was the most cuddlesome baby ever born, I think, and it gives me a shock to see her and to hear her now, developing radical views and opinions, talking of a college career, the economic independence of woman, the evolution of this, that and the other thing. It sounds like iron coming from lips where pearls ought to be. I'd like to check her up. It would be worth ten thousand dollars to me to do just that. If you can, young man, consider the ten thousand as gift rather than a loan or an investment."

We may anticipate, but in accomplishing this end, Austin was helped by the fact that Elise Johns fell in love with him and promptly lost all economically independent aspirations. However, that is anticipating my story——

Elise may hardly be said to be alone. When the fifty young ladies witnessed the arrival of Homer Johns and Austin Bevans they naturally, being pessimists, thought Homer Johns was the new principal. When Elise, still cuddlesome Austin thought, involuntarily, greeted the old gentleman as Granddaddy and Austin dawned upon them as their Principal, fifty hearts cracked like china and a cult was then and there established.

It was not all so soft, however. Austin found himself, in the first place, very much indeed "up against" Miss Hayes. Miss Hayes had been Acting Principal since the Will of God had removed Aunt Polly.

She believed vehemently in the Woman in Big Business, etc., etc. She maintained with a beef, iron and wine enunciation that this was the Day and Age of Specialization; that woman *must* meet the new demand of the new Era; that Austin was, like his sex, endeavoring to keep Woman, servile, unenlightened. She flatly denounced him as "shameless, archaic, insidious."

Said Austin: "If you are not in sympathy with my unalterable ideas and ideals, Miss Hayes, you are at liberty to leave."

The remark was, distinctly, a command.

Said Miss Hayes: "I have a three-year contract, Mr. Bevans. I am now entering upon the first of the three years. It is my pleasure as well as my duty to remain. I am a woman, Mr. Bevans."

"We are not disputing that, Miss Hayes," said Austin, and waived the question.

Let the woman rave, he thought. He would have exhaling lilies despite her. He was not without instinct and intuition. He had been there a week. A week had he been under the battery of fifty pairs of limpid, upraised eyes, blue, grey, sloe-black, leaf-brown, they met his with a sparkle, with a tremor, with a star—— No, he had nothing to fear from Miss Hayes. These young, fundamentally feminine things would be lilies or hardier growths as he should will—— Their will to charm was there. His but to call it forth, perfect it, enhance it, give it into their hands to use, consciously, an invaluable weapon.

He had felt it as a mission when it first came to him. He felt it more so now—now that he had seen Elise. Not that he admitted this to himself in so many words. He felt differently about Elise, older, more protective—— When he noted a flower on his desk every morning, a white and scent-giving flower and traced it to Elise, he felt shamed. She was so young—she would get over it—a school girl infatuation for the Acting Principal who happened, quite accidentally and certainly unintentionally, to be young and with some slight bearing—— Of course, she would get over it. Once she was thru with the Charm School, once she was launched into the brilliant prismatic circle to which she had been born, she would exhale the perfume of her charm in a rarefied circle above and beyond the Acting Principal.

At the same sacrificial moment he admitted his own love for her, and knew, too, that he had never been in love before. Love, then, was nine-tenths pain, nine-tenths self-abnegation, far more distress than joy—*ebbene!*

There were so many contributory elements going to make up the distress. There was Elise's roommate, for one, Sally Boyd. Not that Sally, *as* Sally, mattered very much either to Austin or to anybody else, but she had a brother. Brother George had been in love with Elise, it seemed, since pinafore days. When the news of the Adonis-like qualifications of the new Acting Principal reached his ears, he was consumed with jealousy. He besought his mother to remove Sally from the iniquitous surroundings and to use her influence with Homer Johns to remove his granddaughter. His stolid imagination, temporarily inflamed, conjured up vivid and vicious images—— He had never been taken very seriously, however, and found some

For a week he had been under the battery of fifty pairs of limpid, upraised eyes; blue, grey, sloe-black, leaf-brown; they met his with a sparkle, with a tremor. These young, fundamentally feminine things would be lilies—as he should will . . . .

He felt differently about Elise, older and more protective. When he noted a flower on his desk every morning, and traced it to Elise, he felt ashamed. She was so young . . . .

difficulty in changing the order of affairs.

With one gleam of perspicacity, nevertheless, when he heard the school lacked a secretary he got himself engaged in that capacity. On the spot, he felt, he could keep an eye on what he was convinced were nefarious proceedings—— Sally, with sisterly tact, had let fall all sorts of terrifying innuendos. Elise, in the so-called commission of the school's task of writing a daily, graceful, feminine note directed all of hers toward Austin, and they were, asserted Sally, convincingly graceful, not to say feminine. Then, every day, a white gardenia found its fragrant way to the vase on the A.P.'s desk. It was unquestioned that Elise was responsible. Their eyes met and held, Sally narrated, even in class, like *vises*.

When the Charm School disbanded in the early summer Elise presented Austin with four letters to cover the term of the vacation. Austin dared not let the child know what these meant to him. He looked upon her as a child. He had philandered so much, He knew what philandering means—or doesn't mean. He dared not take her seriously. So many had taken him seriously who had no right to. He was sorry for all of that now. He hadn't known, *then*, about heartache.

The day after the disbanding of the school, Austin was alone. In the evening Homer Johns was giving his granddaughter a dinner dance to which he was going, after that he thought he would run up to the mountains for some fishing and swimming before the fall term. After that the rest of the summer didn't very much matter. He would carry his image with him and forget the rest of the world—tonight loomed large——

The morning mail brought him another notice from his lawyer. The same firm, who had announced to him the legacy of Aunt Polly Bevans' School, now announced that the real will had been found and that Aunt Polly had left her school, not to her "loving nephew," but to Miss Hayes. Austin whistled, then swore, then whistled again. He paid momentary tribute to the sorority of women. Then he was conscious of a sort of ethical relief. He felt that it had all been too much—for him and for the Young Ladies. He believed that he had done some little good—but those "grace-

(*Continued on page 88*)

THE CHARM SCHOOL

Fictionized from the Wallace Reid—Famous Players Photoplay, based on the scenario by Tom J. Gerahty; adapted from the *Saturday Evening Post* story by Alice Duer Miller. Directed by James Cruze. Starring Wallace Reid. The cast:

Austin Bevans	Wallace Reid
Elise	Lila Lee
Mrs. Rolles	Adele Farrington
Susie Rolles	Beulah Bains
Homer Johns	Edwin Stevens
Miss Hayes	Grace Morse
Sally Boyd	Patricia Magee
George Boyd	Lincoln Stedman
Miss Curtis	Kate Toncray
Miss Tevis	Minna Redman
Mr. Boyd	Snitz Edwards
Mrs. Boyd	Helen Pillsbury
Europia	Tina Marshall

The Story of Flora Revalles

By ELIZABETH PELTRET

THIS is the story of a girl whose father built a railroad in Africa. Whether her inheritance from him has anything to do with the matter or not, it is hard to say, but time and space seem, somehow, to have no meaning to her.

It is a difficult thing, the moralists will tell you, to gain fame if you keep moving all the time. And yet that is exactly what Flora Revalles is doing. She has the mental restlessness . . . and the determination, too, . . . that her father must have had when he planned the laying-out of those tracks thru the jungles. She could never "sing for her own village" she must go out into the world . . . every corner of it . . . and sing for the world.

"I do not like long term contracts," she told me, "they keep one in the same place for so long a time. I hate to be tied down."

And this intense restlessness . . . a restlessness of the mind rather than of the body . . . is, I think, the most noticeably characteristic thing about her.

We were seated in a little alcove at the Beverly Hills hotel where she was staying during the production of the moving picture, "Earthbound" from the spiritualistic novel by Basil King, which marks her second appearance on the screen. Somewhere near, most probably in the dining-room, an orchestra played "Finiculi, Finicula." The strains came to us softly. Portieres, looped back but lightly, hid us completely from the main lobby.

Flora Revalles is a singer of note and a ballet dancer of international reputation. Her first appearance on the screen was in the Maurice Tourneur production, "Woman." Miss Revalles' work in the recently released Goldwyn feature, "Earthbound," is of unusual merit

Photograph by
Clarence S. Bull

From the viewpoint of the lobby, this would doubtless have been voted a very regrettable thing, if they could have known. She looked so gorgeously vivid, did la Revalles, like sunlight on snow, you would have fancied, or if you are in the habit of associating people with jewels, like a rare emerald. And yet she wore no brilliant color, and few jewels, a long ermine scarf was thrown over her shoulders, her gown, her hat, her furs formed a color combination of black and white and silver. Only her lips were red. Her clear olive skin accentuated the darkness of her eyes and hair.

There are artists who claim to paint the souls of their subjects. She makes you feel that Leon Bakst could paint hers; vivid, gloriously colorful in contrasting shades of greens and blues and purples; a thing of beauty and restlessness and life.

"I think I must have been an animal at some time," she said, "I love them so. But not the house cats; no, I do not like cats. But I like *thee* tigers

(*Continued on page* 71)

"Aye, Aye, Sir!"

Tom Forman Now Gives the Order That Turns the Crank

Photograph by Hartsook, L. A.

A BROAD-SHOULDERED, shirt-sleeved man stood under the sweltering heat of the glass-covered studio stage at Lasky's with a girl child in his arms. The baby was quite comfortable, she liked the strong, enveloping cradle of the man's big arms and she cooed delightedly and shook her curly head and gazed everywhere except in the direction of the camera.

"Baby see pretty lady? Baby look at pretty lady. Lady will tell baby nice story if baby will look at her."

Thus the voice, low, patient, drawled its request over and over to the contrary little miss until finally the child's elusive fancy was caught and she looked in the proper direction.

"Camera!" called the same voice, now grown crisp and businesslike. The baby was transferred to the arms of Mabel Van Buren and a scene for "Rozanne Ozanne" was shot.

"Rozanne Ozanne," which stars the beautiful Ethel Clayton, is of especial interest, because it is the second picture Tom Forman has directed for Mr. Lasky under his new arrangement with that company.

The story of Tom Forman's development is inseparable from that of the war. When the bugle call to the great war was heard thruout the land, Tom Forman was one of the most popular of the young leading men of the silversheet. Unlike many entertainers, he waited neither for the draft nor an opportunity for facile service, but enlisted in the coast artillery two months after our entry into the great conflict.

"Cut out the war stuff," he ordered me; "every writer has sobbed over it in the magazines. I only did the best I could for the service."

But because Tom Forman's story is distinctly an after-the-war story, I must allude briefly to his service.

When he found that the coast artillery provided little opportunity for getting "over there," Tom Forman requested a transfer to the infantry. In this branch of the service he stood so high that he was one of the two in his company to be chosen to attend an officers' training camp. Here he won his commission as junior lieutenant and was put to training raw recruits. He was so anxious to get across that he worked them harder than did any of the other officers until he had the best trained men in the lot . . . and then, because he *had* trained them so well, they were sent abroad under the guidance of another leader and he was held over here. He had proved himself too valuable a trainer to be sent over there as cannon fodder.

Tom Forman was a junior lieutenant in the Infantry Corps during the war, and proved himself too valuable a trainer of raw recruits to be sent "over there." Before the war he had been a very popular player—but found himself almost forgotten by the fickle public on his return to the screen

By
HAZEL SHELLEY

Photograph by Hartsook, L. A.

When he heard he was to be held here, Tom Forman invaded the general's headquarters in high dudgeon. Twenty times he sought his commanding officer before he obtained an audience. Then he stated his grievance, he wanted to go to France.

The general looked at the dissatisfied officer. "H——, sir," he said, "I've been training men for thirty years, and they are over there and I'm here, here because this is where my country needs me . . . H——, sir, are you any better than I am? *I'm* not complaining, why should you? Go back and train *your* men."

"Yes, sir," said Forman, and he went back to his uncouth camp and weary month after weary month he turned awkward lumberjacks and backwoodsmen into snappy soldiers, and he shipped batch after batch of them over there . . . and he read about their "snuffing out" in the papers, the soldiers he had made, and still he was held here to make new man material for German cannon to slaughter.

Mr. Lasky came along with an offer for Tom to direct—and this being the work he likes best, he is now happily building pictures that feature human types and are logical. He is bringing to the screen a certain wholesomeness and a big viewpoint. Mr. Forman's one ambition is to hunt tiger in Siberia

When the armistice was signed and he found himself again in Hollywood sitting on the side-lines of a picture studio with grease-paint on his face, waiting for some silk-shirted director to give him orders, he found a slow antipathy for the whole mockery of it stealing over him.

The woods and men, camp-fires and bugle calls, service and work, and now this—grease-paint!

Before his enlistment, Tom Forman was well on the way to stardom. His mail from fans and admirers had been the heaviest in the studio; when he returned he found he was practically forgotten. And he sat on the stage, once more dolled up, forgotten by the public, waiting, waiting for the other fellow to give him orders.

Then came his great rôle as the young soldier-husband in Cecil B. de Mille's "For Better or For Worse," one of the finest bits of silverscreen

(*Continued on page* 74)

The Twentieth Marriage

Photograph by Clarence S. Bull

Edythe Chapman and James Neill have been married for twenty-three years, and altho they have been almost constantly on tour, they have been separated for only ten weeks, altogether, in that time. People say that only one marriage out of twenty is a happy one—hence the title of this story

NO one could give an account of Edythe Chapman's home life without describing the home life of James Neill also.

"We've been so long together," said Miss Chapman, or rather, Mrs. Neill, "that we are almost like one person."

Edythe Chapman and James Neill have been married for twenty-three years, and, tho they have been almost constantly on tour, they have been separated for only ten weeks, altogether, in that time.

But, notwithstanding their years of wandering, the first thing that impresses one about the Neills is the suggestion they give of perfect stability.

They belong, you would tell yourself, to the nobility of the theater. Some players treat their art rather as the newly rich treat their money; they must forever be making it evident. Not so the Neills.

Their art has been with them for a long time. It is part of themselves They are not merely in the theater; they are of the theater and of all that is best in it. In their home and in their manner towards each other, you will find no suggestion of the mental turmoil that comes of making the pursuit of pleasure one's principal aim; the continual hanging on to a youth that has faded. The Neills accept their added years—(they are, I should say, somewhere in the late forties)—in cheerful peace, and for this reason, they seem astoundingly young. I can imagine them thirty or forty years from now, still surrounded, as they are today, by the youth of the profession who love their work and sincerely respect its traditions.

This is as it should be. Everything about the Neills betrays their tender regard for tradition. In their house there is not one single picture that they bought themselves. Photographs and paintings alike, all have some sentimental association. So, too, with the pieces of furniture that they use

By
ELIZABETH PELTRET

and value the most. One chair Edythe Chapman has on the front porch was made in 1638 and was brought to America by her ancestor, William Jones, thru whom she is directly descended from Oliver Cromwell. She is quite proud of belonging to the original "Jones" family, whose descendants may be numbered by thousands. She is a New Yorker by birth and her early traditions were all of the uncompromising mental strength and determination of the "Roundhead."

James Neill, on the contrary, is of Latin descent—Spanish and Irish. He was born in Savannah, Georgia, and while his wife's people were fighting under the Northern flag, his people fought for the Confederacy. His father and mother were enthusiastic devotees of the theater, and, far from discouraging him in his choice of a career, they were enthusiastic about it and have always been proud of him. He went to New York and began by playing small parts in road companies. His first engagement, he remembers, was in a melodrama called "Only a Farmer's Daughter." Another early engagement was with a company playing "The Hoop of Gold," a melodrama in which he played the leading part and Julius Kahn, now Congressman from California and chairman of the military committee, played the heavy. It was during the run of this play that Kahn decided to quit the stage for politics. He and Neill were rooming together.

"I dont see the use of all this," said Kahn to Neill. "I'm going to quit."

"Why, you big fat-head," said Neill, affectionately, "what do you mean?"

"Just what I said," answered Kahn; "I'm going

(Continued on page 80)

Edythe Chapman at one time was a student of David Belasco's when he used to teach in the Lyceum School of Acting. Henry C. de Mille, father of Cecil B. and William de Mille, was also a member of the faculty of this school

The River Shannon's Namesake

Photograph by
Clarence S. Bull

Because of her Irish eyes and the winsome daintiness of her, they nicknamed her for the river whose praises she used to sing nightly up at the "Midnight Frolic." That's how Shannon Day got her name

WHEN the river Shannon flowed into fame and melody, it couldn't have had any idea that very soon a wee broth of a girl was to be named for it.

If some promoter had given this river of Erin such an inkling, it might have had itself copyrighted, so that this same slip of a girl could not have stolen its name. But nothing of the sort happened; and in New York, amid the whirl of pleasure and extravagance, crowds of people thronged nightly to the "Midnight Frolic," to hear a slip of a girl sing about "Where dear old Shannon's flowing, where the three-leaved shamrock grows"—and because of her Irish eyes and the winsome daintiness of her, they nicknamed her for the river whose praises she sang. That's how Shannon Day got her name.

"My real name is Sylvia," she confided, with a fetching frankness that is characteristic of her. "But I sang the Shannon song so often, and then artists had me pose as the river, and painted me for covers, that the girls at the Roof began calling me 'Shannon,' and pretty soon everyone was doing it—so I just adopted it for good."

I think the good old Irish river must have been highly pleased, for luck has trailed along in the wake of the little colleen who looks entirely Irish, but who is, as she admits laughingly, a strange mixture of English, Hungarian and Welsh, with a grandmother born in the County Cork to give her personality its Erin-Go-Bragh flavor.

With no experience or pull, Shannon managed to induce Ziegfeld to give her a trial in the "Follies." She was just fifteen

By
EMMA LINDSAY-SQUIER

then, and a success from the start. But one night she was singled out to do a little scene with Ned Weyburn. Ambition, with a capital "A," marked her then and there. After that nothing would do but she must have a fling at pictures.

"I was just a kid," this very apologetically, "and I figured out that if I was good enough to be singled out of thirty girls for a scene with Ned Weyburn, *somebody* would think I was good enough for pictures."

So out West she came and, of course, somebody saw her right away—a Ziegfeld "Follies" beauty isn't exactly inconspicuous, even in such a beauty mart as Los Angeles, and she was signed up to play leads in comedies with Fox. But homesickness and Broadway-longing finally pulled her Eastward.

"I was so silly," she admitted, her black-fringed eyes very solemn. "I didn't realize what an opportunity I was throwing away, so back I went to New York, and got into the 'Follies' again. I thought I'd love it, with mother in the East and everything, but the girls weren't so nice as they had been. Their attitude seemed to be, 'Well, you didn't make good, did you?' And, you know, I couldn't stand that, so I made up my mind to come out again and make good, if I died in the attempt. So here I am, and at first I had quite a hard time and lots of discouragements, because everyone offered me comedy jobs, and I was determined to succeed in drama—but I'm in to win, now; I'm years and years older than when I first came West."

"Just how old are you?" I wanted to know.

"Twenty!" was her impressive response, and I said, "Oh!" in a properly subdued tone.

After six months of "hoping and hanging around," Shannon Day got the part of the Baby Vamp with Jack Pickford in "The Man Who Had Everything." The rest was easy. Allan Holubar wanted her for "The Little Charmer" in his first feature, and now Cecil B. de Mille

(*Continued on page* 78)

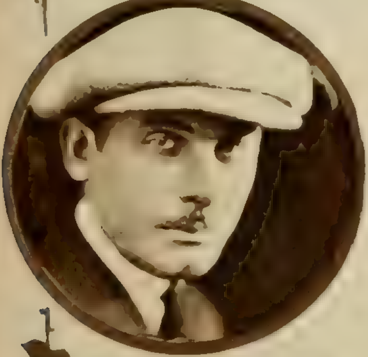
Photograph by Clarence S Bull

After six months of vain hoping and hanging around the studios, Shannon Day got the part of the Baby Vamp with Jack Pickford in "The Man Who Had Everything." The rest was easy. Now Cecil B. de Mille has signed her up for his forthcoming feature in which she plays the part of a married flirt

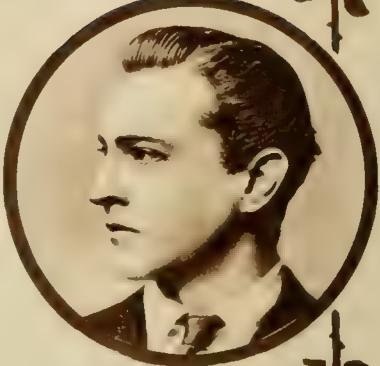
Screen Impressions

By

LOUISE FAZENDA



Photograph by Jack Freulich



Photograph by Apeda

LEW CODY—Palm Beach suits—Matinées—Ladies' gloves in strange gentlemen's pockets—Tea for two—Eau de lilac

JACK BARRYMORE—Lord Byron—Ivy-covered castles—Hamlet in a poker game

ALICE BRADY—Purple pansies—Silver spangles on black lace—Fireside at dusk—Colleens

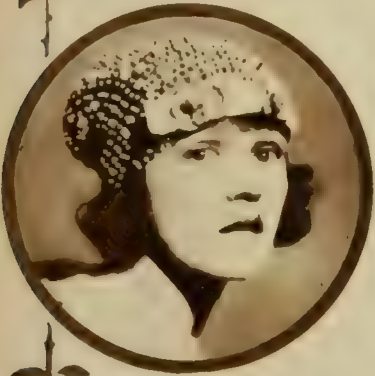
MARIE PREVOST—Red silk "Annette-Kellermanns"—Fudge parties at boarding-school—Stutz roadsters—Canoeing on summer afternoons—Tam-o'-shanters

GERALDINE FARRAR—Valkyries and castanets—Ladies in a Greek frieze—Carmen and Sieglinde—Fleurs-de-lis on cloth of gold

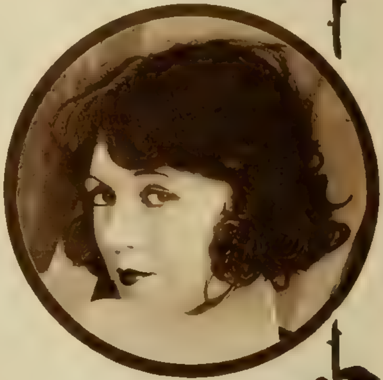
ELSIE FERGUSON—White peacocks—Opening night of the Metropolitan—Sarah Bernhardt as a mannequin at Lucile's—Diamond and pearl tiaras

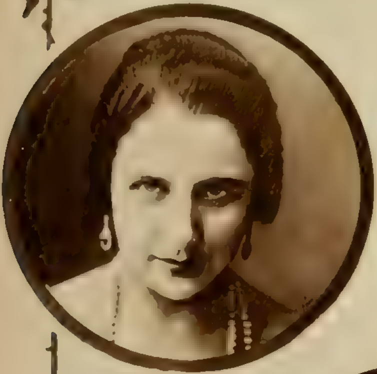
BOBBY HARRON—"The Swanee River"—"Träumerei"—Corn fields at noon—Swimming pools—Lonesome little boys

RICHARD BARTHELMESS—A young Richelieu—The first proposal—Troubadours and lutes—Ruby intaglios

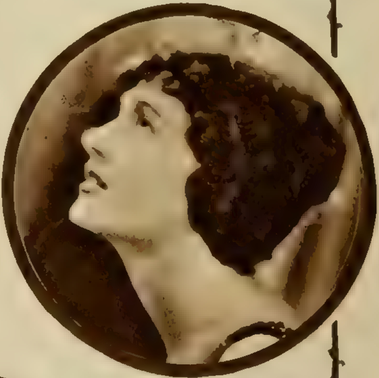


Photograph by Maurice Goldberg

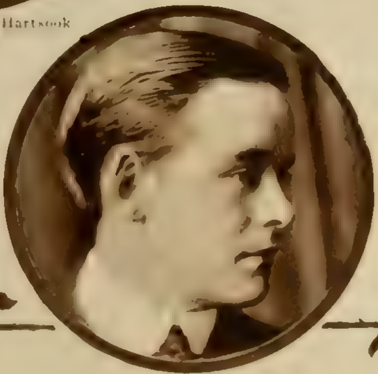




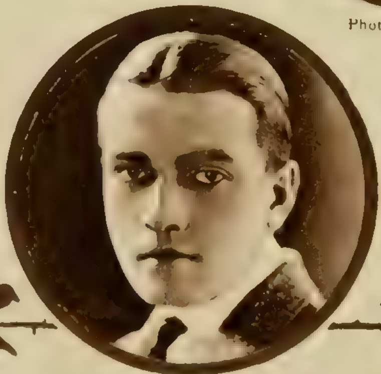
Photograph © Hartsook



Photograph by L D. Strelecki



Photograph by Hartsook



Photograph by Abbe

Peaceful Valley

Fictionized from the Charles Ray Photoplay

By PEARL MALVERN

PEACEFUL VALLEY was an interlude. In the midst of crowded things and places it came, sweet-breathing and tranquil. It conjured relief to the mind and to the body. It was devoid of all harassment. It caused one to turn away from the red raptures and redder roses to the hollyhocks, the zinnias, the verbenas and friendly small pansies.

Its people had taken on its aspect. They, too, were sweet-breathing and tranquil. They moved gently along the placid streams of living. There was no ostentation. There was no friction. The birds seemed to sing with a certain unruffled happiness. The brooks murmured comfortably. The skies bent low and were kind.

Especially there were the Howes. Mrs. Howe. Her son Hosea. Her daughter Martha. Especially because they were essentially *of* Peaceful Valley and, almost always, had been. Their father and his father before him had tilled Perpindicular Farm with varying success, according to the seasons and the rains thereof. Mrs. Howe, too, had merely stepped from a neighboring farm to her husband's hearthstone. Joint legends came down to Hosea and Martha. They knew nothing else.

There was one excitement, aside from dressing in one's Sunday best and hearing the same minister drone forth the same sermons, typed and filed according to date and biblical significance. Seasonal sermons, as it were. By the time Hosea and Martha were ten, they could tell beforehand what the sermon was to be on, by figuring back

The people of Peaceful Valley were tranquil. They moved gently along the placid streams of living. There was no ostentation. There was no friction. But this was certainly a memorable Sunday

a year, and by the time they were twelve they knew them word for word. The only fascination consisted in wondering what *might* happen in the event of a variation. They were devout and believed in miracles. But one never occurred.

The other excitement was the old-fashioned hotel on the other side of the Farm. It was run by Jotham, also old fashioned. Its chief charm seemed to hold forth for insomniacs. It looked deeply and chronically sleepy. One could but sleep within its sun-lazed, unstirring portals. Still, each summer there came to it from here and there strangers seeking one form or another of respite from routine.

Hosea and Martha had quite a list of fascinating recollections. Occasionally, there had been, in the Past, a boy or a girl unique and glamorous, giving Peaceful valley food for talk all thru the ensuing winter months. Winter was very rigorous in Peaceful Valley. Jotham and his hotel were something in the nature of a charity.

The summer that Martha and Hosea were seventeen and eighteen proved to be memorable. Jotham had put a new coat of paint on the Hotel, which may have accounted for the unusually festive guests. The first Sunday in June brought the first one. Hosea was preparing for Church when a man, obviously a "city" stopped and asked for some water. En route to the well he impressed Hosea with the evidently important facts that his name was Ward Andrews, he hailed from the very nucleus of the City and that he was, modestly enough, of course, but taken all in all a most important, worth-while-associating-with fellow. Hosea implicitly believed him. The flap of Ward Andrews' well-kept hand on the shoulder of his Sunday best suit made him quite tingle with a new self-esteem. He felt a kinship with the magical circle outside Peaceful Valley of which he and Martha and Mrs. Howe often spoke with reverence.

Ward Andrews made a wry face when he drank the water. "*Some* taste!" he observed, wiping his mouth with a very large, lavender linen handkerchief. "Some taste, I'm here to tell you!"

Hosea said he believed it was good for you, the water. His father had told his mother so when she had first come to Perpindicular, a bride, and had, herself, objected to the water.

All this gave Ward Andrews a line of thought, but he maintained silence. It was his way.

Before he left he had met Martha. "You're buried alive here," he informed her, "you ought to get out and have a chance."

Hosea colored up. "We're savin' up to send her to college," he said, with a certain red-faced pride; "she did fine in school."

"Have you ever thought of selling the farm?" Andrews put the question carelessly.

Hosea nodded. "We have," he said, "if we can get our price. We'd do most anything to give Martha her chance. She deserves it. She's the bright one of the family. And mother'd like the city. She's often felt stifled, she says. Yes sir, we'd sell."

Andrews said a word or two more, invited Martha to ride with him in his car one day soon and sauntered off with a "See you in Church."

It was all very obvious, but Peaceful Valley was very simple, and its people were the same.

In the Howe pew there were, that same Sunday, two other persons seated. A kindly appearing elderly man and a sweetly appearing young girl. Hosea stumbled over the elderly man's feet and sat, miserably, unable to keep his eyes from the delicately cut profile of the girl. His sister, Martha, had always formed for him his standard of beauty and sweetness. She still did. Yet he did not look at Martha during Church. He was able to keep his eyes away from Martha. He didn't ever wish he could touch the hem of Martha's skirt with his . . . his lips. Nor did he envision himself as Sir Walter Raleigh spreading forth his homespun suit for Martha's feet to tread upon.

The summer progressed. Hosea and Martha felt it to be a summer of which each day was scarlet-lettered

New trails had opened in Peaceful Valley and lo, at their very feet lay the Garden of Dreaming, the World . . . . . .

All at once the world of women opened wide to Hosea and the light that never was on land or sea caused his eyes to dance in his head and his muscles to twitch and contract.

The girl, on her part, used her own eyes. She, too, found it impossible to concentrate on the ministerial presence, self-engrossed and certainly pompous as that presence was. Hosea had a clean brown sweep of cheek and chin, and long slim lines of suggested strength. His hair grew strongly on his head and his eyes were bright and kind. And the little girl beside him, too. How clovery and sweet she seemed to be. And the patient-faced, capable-handed woman. It was all very comfortable and . . . and *different.*

Virginia Rand led a lonely sort of life in the city. Her father, the doctor, did the best he could for her, but the best he could was a fashionable boarding-school, and there was a strata in Virginia's nature belonging as much to the Peaceful Valleys of the world as to the smart schools, the Avenue, the hotels at tea time. She felt a kinship and, more, a yearning for what these three represented, the strong young man, the blossomy girl, the mother of these twain.

She had a sense of humor, too, and she noted Hosea's discomfiture and guessed, not without pleasure, what was the cause.

She gave a dollar to the collection, for instance, and so did he. The collector, a neighbor, stared at Hosea and wheezily inquired of him whether or no he would have any change. At Hosea's red-faced disclaimer his mother leaned over him and inquired as to his sanity and Martha's pink mouth literally fell agape.

The dog came in, too, and Hosea's embarrassment was only slightly leavened by the pleasure he felt when Virginia leaned over and made the animal secure between them. Hosea said, "thank you, miss," shyly, and from *that* moment the world became *one* woman, forever n' ever, amen.

It was, certainly, a memorable Sunday.

In the afternoon Ward Andrews returned. In the car he had with him Dr. Rand and the pretty Virginia. He said they had been talking over a project of buying the farm. He did not add what they had been talking about. The matter of the fact was that Andrew had told the doctor he believed the water on Perpindicular possessed medicinal qualities. "We could," he told the physician, "buy up the place, for little or no cost, I believe. A sanitarium on a small scale built there and properly advertised would coin money. It's an odd location. Good elevation and the hoi polloi always fall for the spring water stuff."

Dr. Rand interpolated: "I believe you said there *was* . . . " he said.

Andrews cut in with a sharp affirmative. "Of course," he said, "there *is* medicinal quality to that water. Nothing ever tasted like that unless it had some good purpose, however obscure. I tell you, it's a find."

"We'll look into it," the physician said, "as you say, this location has advantages . . . golf links . . . all that sort of thing . . . quieting for the neurasthenics . . . "

Andrews clicked his lips on a swift affirmative. The doctor did not notice the crafty gleam unpleasantly lighting the younger man's eyes. By such slight omissions are the enormities precipitated.

The summer progressed. Hosea and Martha felt it to be a summer of which each day was scarlet-lettered. The farm had never been so difficult and yet, Hosea thought, the plow ran the more smoothly because, in the evening, he could don his festive Sunday black (no longer associated merely with the seasonal sermons) and go over to Jothams, there to sit

He had her in his arms; had her, dripping, against his breast before the suddenly sinister water could touch her still face again

hazy and enchanted on the porch rail with Virginia, gossamer beneath the sickle moon.

Dish washing and mending had never been so plentiful, Martha thought, and yet there was poesy to the very suds and glamor to the coarsest sheet when, at any instant, Ward Andrews' huge car might honk-honk for her outside the wicker gate.

New trails had opened in Peaceful Valley and lo, at their very feet lay the Garden of Dreaming, the World . . .

Toward the end of the summer Mrs. Howe was called away. It had long been her custom to dispense mercy and aid the family resources by ushering the small new lives of Peaceful Valley into being. Such a call came at the end of the summer.

She never had any fear of leaving Hosea and Martha. They had always been sufficient unto themselves, prudent and reliable. They were of such stuff.

Martha was a commonsensical little thing, her mother was always wont to say, and for what lack her youth might be responsible, there were Hosea and Luke to fill in . . . Luke being the boy from the neighboring farm whose dearest dream it had long been to have Martha promulgate her mother's early destiny . . . that is, to step a piece down the road to *his* farm, change her hearthstone for his . . . Mrs. Howe liked Luke, and saw it all as he saw it, as it had been with her and the elder Hosea, the Peaceful Valley way . . .

Once or twice Luke, sharpened by the momentary pangs of his ungratified love, spoke to the mother of the danger he felt in Ward Andrews. The mother laughed at his fears. "Girls will be girls, Luke," she said, comfortably, "this bit of foolishness will make Martha all the more content to tend your home when she comes to it. Martha is uncommon commonsensical."

The dear, good woman had forgotten the running sap of May!

Occasionally Hosea or Martha would see Ward Andrews and Virginia in Andrews' car. The pangs they felt they would mutually assuage. "They're stopping at the same place," Hosea assured his sister, "it's only natural he'd spin her about a bit."

It seemed unnatural to Martha, but she didn't say so.

On one such occasion Martha and Hosea were walking to a lily pond dear to their childhood. The quiet, tree-rimmed place, odorous and rank with the lilies and the lily-pads, drew a sigh from Martha.

"When I look at this," she said, "I can understand how folks die for love. Elaine, you know, Hosey, and that lady way back in history, Lucretia, I think, who stabbed herself . . . If I were to die of love I think I'd do it here among the lilies . . . wouldn't you?"

Hosea's sturdy normality rejected at once the morbid suggestion. Instinct told him that it was the glimpse they had had of Ward and Virginia in the motor rather than the lily pond that had given his sister her sad reverie. Somehow when he thought of Martha he lost some of his admiration for Ward Andrews. It was all *planned* for Luke. Things went as things were planned in Peaceful Valley.

Jothams broke up in early September. Old Jotham was

(*Continued on page 89*)

PEACEFUL VALLEY

Fictionized from the scenario by Isabel Johnston; adapted from the stage play by Edward E. Kidder. Directed by Jerome Storm. Starring Charles Ray. The cast:

Hosea Howe	Charles Ray
Ward Andrews	Harry Myers
Luke	Lincoln Stedman
Dr. Rand	Walter Perkins
Jotham	William Courtright
Hinkie	Vincent C. Hamilton
Mr. Brown	Jesse Herring
Virginia Rand	Ann May
Mrs. Howe	Lydia Knott
Martha Howe	Charlotte Pierce
Tilly	Melba Lorraine
Mrs Brown	Ida Lewis

The Celluloid Critic

"Way Down East" and other Current Photoplays in Review

By

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

TO us there is always a tremendous personal significance to a David Wark Griffith première. It is as if our own hopes and dreams wavered in the balance. Just as we judge his productions by a standard all their own, we find ourselves consciously or unconsciously "rooting" for this singular leader of the silent drama. We want him to outdo himself. We want him to plant the standard of the photoplay at a new point of advance. All this because we know he deserves a big reward. First, as a daring and fearless film adventurer, the one man with the courage to pioneer. Second, because we know how sincerely he loves and lives his work. And third, for the positive genius he possesses, along with the limitations every genius owns.

This personal equation may or may not cloud our impressions of his work. For instance, we would like to record his newest super-production, "Way Down East," as a cinema triumph marking a new farthest north for the photoplay. Indeed, "Way Down East" is a commercial success—and, we believe, the greatest since his epic, "The Birth of a Nation." Again, he has achieved a thrill more stirring than anything that has moved across the silversheet since that electrical ride of the Ku Klux clansmen. And, better still, he has sounded a deep and

(*Continued on page* 86)

Top, Richard Barthelmess and Carol Dempster in "The Love Flower"; center, Elsie Ferguson in "Lady Rose's Daughter"; and at the bottom, Gloria Swanson in "Something To Think About"

Peter Pan Dana

Photograph by Hoover Art Studio

Viola Dana, a young veteran in pictures, simply loves her work. Her green eyes, with their long, entangled lashes, sparkle with enthusiasm whenever she contemplates doing something new. Just at present she wants drama, and her new picture will be "The Twin Cinderella," a drama after her own heart

YOU'VE seen those tiny yellow butterflies that float in the summer sun and light here and there on a perfumed flower. .Could you imagine one of those lovely creatures animated by the ambition of the busy bee, you would have a very good idea of what Viola Dana is like. But Miss Dana doesn't exercise her queenly prerogative and sit commandingly on her throne, she mingles democratically with her subjects and does her share of the work and a bit more.

"What is my philosophy of life?" repeated Viola Dana, tossing back her bobbed head and trying to look very serious for a moment.

"Why, just to live and to work."

And she does—live.

I know very few people who get the real zest out of life that Viola Dana does. Somehow or other, she has gained happiness in spite of trouble at an age when most girls are still seeking, still wondering what on earth they *want* of life.

I think that Viola Dana's secret is that she lives each day to the very fullest. She snatches every bit of joy and fun that she can out of each hour. She doesn't worry over what is past, nor does she eagerly dream of the future. She lives in the present and tomorrow can take care of itself.

Viola has always been made the baby of the family and—she admits it—the spoiled baby. If she couldn't get what she wanted one way, she would twist and turn everything about until she did find a way of getting it, and somehow or other, this is as it should be, for she is one of those people who, wanting and getting their own way, are big enough not to be hurt by being spoiled.

As a rule, she is jolly, a gay comrade, a fearless child, demanding and getting out of life—everything.

But one of the reasons that she gets everything is because she isn't afraid to give. She isn't afraid of the world, of work or of anything on land or sea or in the air.

While she is naturally a baby doll, with the lure of a vampire and the heart of a child, she hates to be perpetually dressed up—and worrying about her looks. She is not really a "prinker," for in her there is still a great deal of the primitive, a love of splashing in the ocean and running about without the shackles of hairpins and hats.

Dont mistake me, she doesn't pamper these desires; the Viola Dana that you see on the screen, beautifully costumed, pinkly manicured, perfectly groomed, dainty as a little princess, is the Viola Dana that you would see teaing at the Alexandria Hotel, dining at the Hollywood hotel where she lives, or attending the theater or swimming at Venice.

But those who know her best, know that she gets tired of always being dressed up, always on parade. The Viola Dana that I like best of

BY HAZEL SHELLEY

all is the Viola who is more proud of her sunburned shoulders and peeling nose, (from swimming at Venice), than she is of her choicest Parisian frock.

I could tell you many things about her moods; her most omnipresent one is a combination of pep and jazz and giggles. She is never bored, because she never has time to be. Often she makes good resolutions to shut herself alone in her room and read but that is as far as it goes—she's too afraid she might miss some fun, so out she trots, gaily and blithely, to "see what's going on."

Recently her fad has been flying. Miss Dana was taught by that daredevil of the air, Lieutenant Locklear, who met a tragic death recently. She manipulates an aeroplane as "safely" as a man. At first she refused to run the 'plane, being content "just" to fly, but Locklear, determined that she should learn, signaled one day for her to take the helm. (I confess my ignorance of the specific term.) Viola—she can be stubborn—just shook her head and cuddled her small body more closely in the straps of the 'plane.

All photographs by Hoover Art Studio

Some girls there are who can only be themselves in one phase of life—Viola Dana has a dual personality; when you see her daintily gowned, perfectly groomed, you think of her as a little princess. When you see her in her bathing suit, frolicking around in a shallow pool of water or about to leap from a high rock, (see snapshots on opposite page), you meet a tomboy of the jolliest variety

Then and there, three hundred feet in the air, Locklear let go completely of the apparatus.

"And I *knew* he wouldn't take hold, so it was up to me," recounts Viola.

Now she is as keen about driving an aeroplane as we ordinary mortals are about motoring.

Viola, a young veteran in pictures, simply loves her work. Her green eyes, with their long, tangled lashes, sparkle with enthusiasm whenever she contemplates doing something new. Just at present she is sick of doing comedy, (she is a fickle little lady, as variable as the winds in her likes and dislikes). She wants drama . . . her new picture will be "The Twin Cinderella," a *drama*.

She and her sister, Shirley Mason, are great pals; in fact, she is a great *pal* to anyone who is fortunate enough to have won her friendship.

She believes that marriage is a wonderful existence. She says this because her experience was so wonderful. Up until the time of his death, she and her husband worked together and played together. Theirs was a perfect companionship.

"He spoiled me as if I were a child," said Viola; "he never seemed able to realize that I had grown up."

And no wonder, for Viola, like Peter Pan, will never grow up.

The Last Act

GENTLE READER: This is the last monthly honor roll which the CLASSIC will publish for the Fame and Fortune Contest of 1920. When the January issue of this magazine reaches your hands, you will gaze upon the photographs of the final winners of this contest, which has been unique in the history of motion pictures. The announcement of the winners will be accompanied by the publication of the final honor roll members; those taking part in the filming of the test scenes; photographs of the world-famous judges, and other items of universal interest to all who have been following the contest, and to the participants.

Not only were the editors of the three magazines, i.e., THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, THE CLASSIC, and SHADOWLAND, overwhelmingly surprised by the stir and excitement which the contest caused among the readers of these publications, but they were exceedingly gratified at the interest shown by the various well-known film companies thruout the country. These companies expressed themselves as desirous of signing up some of the winners on long term contracts, and of assuring the chosen ones of future screen success and fame.

Owing to this new ingredient, and because of the fact that the contest assumed so great a significance all over the country among movie fans, and particularly among our readers, the Brewster Publications have decided to start another contest immediately, profiting by the experience of this one, which is now being completed, and striving to make the new one as nearly perfect as possible.

This is the first official announcement of the new Fame and Fortune contest which will be conducted by the three magazines representing the Brewster Publications, and any of our readers or their friends may enter the contest. Photographs may be sent in without delay, and the first honor roll of the new contest will appear in the January issues of each one of our publications.

One of the most important features in connection with the contest of the past year is the five-reel feature drama entitled "Love's Redemption," which not only includes the Fame and Fortune con-

Photograph by Grader, Seattle

Photograph by Tarr, New York

Top, Miss Evelyne Ross, Wallace, Idaho; center, Miss Orpha Dunn, Seattle, Washington, and lower right, Miss B. Markova, New York City

The Fame and Fortune Contest Closes in a Blaze of Glory

test, but is also an unusually interesting film which will stand apart in its unique story, its cast of internationally famous characters, its photography and direction. As this film-feature has developed into surprising perfection, another story is now in process and just as soon as the new Fame and Fortune Contest gets well under way, the production of the new story will begin.

"Love's Redemption" carries the Fame and Fortune contest winners, the scenes in which the judges make their final choice, and also gives the chosen ones an unusual opportunity to test their screen ability. This has now been completed, and is in the process of being cut and titled, and by the time this copy of the CLASSIC reaches your hands, the five-reel feature drama will be ready for the exhibitors. If you have been at all interested in the contest in any way, you will be able to see this film at your home town theater. Tell the manager of your theater about it and he will be able to procure it for you.

The contest manager, and the editorial staff of the Brewster Publications have worked hard and late on the final outcome of the contest, but as two-thirds of the entries came pouring into the offices at the eleventh hour (despite the monthly warning to send in the photographs early) the delay in the announcement of the final winners lies in the hands of the laggards. It is a matter of physical impossibility to do three months' work in a week or so, and as the pictures began to pour in, daily increasing by thousands, just before the contest was to close, and even after the final date, the question of an immediate announcement as to the outcome became impossible. And so we ask your patience, and being human, we cannot close without saying, "We told you so."

Above, Miss Josephine Hubatka, Elizabeth, N. J.; center, Miss Evelyn Pouch, Boston, Mass.; and below, Virginia Lee Nicholson of Baltimore, Md.

Photograph by Woody, New York

The honor roll for this month is as follows:

Evelyn Ross, of 416 Fourth Street, Wallace, Idaho, is a young classical dancer who has done some amateur theatrical work. She has also held National and Pacific Coast swimming and diving titles, and is a blue-eyed, brown haired miss with a fair complexion.

Miss Orpha Dunn, 2132 Second Avenue, Seattle, Washington, is also a classical dancer, having studied under Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn. For a period of two years during the war, Miss Dunn entertained the boys at the contonments, and also worked for charity. She is an unusual type with dark blue eyes and blonde hair, while her fair skin puts the proverbial peaches and cream combination to shame.

Miss B. Markova, 2408 Broadway, New York City, has had no professional experience. She is a brunette.

Josephine Hubatka, 312 Williamson Street, Elizabeth, N. J., informs us that while she has never had any dramatic experience, she feels convinced that anyone with grey eyes, dark brown hair and fair complexion, can make good—and looking at Josephine's photograph, we feel inclined to agree with her!

Miss Evelyn Pouch, Hotel Avery, Washington and Avery Streets, Boston, Mass., is a very youthful entry of the type that should screen well. She has dark brown eyes, while her hair is blonde.

Virginia Lee Nicholson, 2620 North Charles Street, Baltimore, Md., is a little southern beauty who has appeared in several amateur theatrical productions in Baltimore. Miss Nicholson has studied pantomime.

Dorothy Makes Her Bow

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

There is no more popular daughter of Terpsichore on the American stage than the dainty Dorothy Dickson. Her gay little feet are now scattering star-dust on the Silver-sheet, and Dorothy's début in the forthcoming Famous Players-Lasky feature "Money Mad," is eagerly expected

A VIVID little person, an oval face delicately pretty, a pair of dark grey eyes accented by the darker lines of the lashes and brows, a mass of soft, girlish hair; Dorothy greets you and most appreciatively you return a smiling greeting. A tiny figure, the suggestion of a wood-bird in her graceful movements, and you have a somewhat inadequate portrait of Dorothy Dickson, the most recent of all stage celebrities to join the rank and file of celluloid luminaries.

Flying in the face of that Providence which is supposed to guide the time of all movie stars and other celebrities, we arrived at the quiet little hotel on the west side of 44th street a few moments ahead of time to keep our luncheon engagement with Miss Dickson. Few and very far between are the stars whose diamond wrist-watches show any respect for interviewers, and so we nearly fainted with surprise as we entered the doorway of the hotel, for there was Dorothy waiting—and looking as if she had been waiting some time.

We made our way to the already crowded dining-room, stopping every other step so that Dorothy might return the cordial and friendly greeting of some friend, until spurred on by visions of our desk overflowing with work, we desperately seized her arm and firmly managed to get her seated in a corner of the dining-room.

She knew everyone. Everyone knew her. She

Photograph by [illegible]

By
B. F. WILSON

Photograph by George M. Kessler

Just three years ago, Miss Dickson made her first professional appearance via Rector's in Chicago. Not many moons after this she was under the management of Florenz Ziegfield, who advertised her as "The Greatest Dancing Personality in the World." For the past year she has been twirling merrily to the bonnie tunes of "Lassie," one of the season's Broadway successes

liked everyone she knew and they reciprocated. Q. E. D. Dorothy is a lovable girl of many, many friends.

Unspoiled, eager with the rush of youth, expressing her artistry thru the magic of her gay little feet; she has danced her way into the hearts of many a blasé audience. And anyone who has ever seen Dorothy dance cherishes a beautiful memory.

"Of course, I'm nervous about my engagement with Famous Players. I feel exactly as I did the night I danced for the first time professionally. Literally scared to death. But I've wanted to do pictures for a long, long time, and I have had a good many offers. Something has always interfered up to the present. As a rule I couldn't sign any motion picture contract because of other contracts that prevented," she said in answer to my question.

As you know by this time, Dorothy is playing the leading rôle in "Money Mad," the forthcoming Famous Players-Lasky feature, directed by George Fitzmaurice. Stars of the silversheet who have essayed the leading rôle as their first appearance on the screen are in the minority. Dorothy has never faced a motion picture camera before, save for the making of a test.

"Famous Players have had me in mind for quite some time to do a picture for them, but they have been unable to get a suitable story. This one of 'Money Mad' sounds quite exciting. Ouida Bergere wrote the scenario, and the character of the girl is one which will give me an unusual chance to show whether or not I have any acting ability.

"I have been in town shopping frantically every day for a week because I have to wear some stunning clothes in this picture," she added, "and oh, I'm quite worn out before I begin. I simply hate to shop, dont you?" she asked.

Something in the wistful little smile caused me to wonder at the undertaking of so much work by one so fragile. She had just told me that last year when she and Carl Hyson were dancing to-

(*Continued on page 84*)

Photograph by Woodbury, L. A.

Pacific Coast Paragraphs

By
HAZEL SHELLEY

THEY say that the past summer was the most sizzling this California Coast has known, but thru all the very warmest weather the studios and stars worked steadily and indefatigably. Practically every member of the coast colony, however, formed a habit of swimming, which looks as if it might continue all the year 'round. Most of the film folk prefer to take their daily dip at Crystal pier, Venice, and one sees every type of highly colored and highly priced motor-cars transporting our celluloid queens and kings to Crystal Pier when the day's work is done. Viola Dana, Shirley Mason and Lila Lee are only a few who go there daily.

Mary Thurman, however, prefers Long Beach, California. I watched her taking her swim one Sunday recently. Every man on the beach was raving about her as the most beautiful woman on the shore, while all the girls envied her, her snappy bathing suit and her—er—well, you know what Mary is famous for. No—she did not wear a one-piece suit, altho they are the rule out here. James Kirkwood also swims at Long Beach.

One of the most interesting parties ever staged at a motion picture studio took place at the Hollywood Studios when Marshall Neilan entertained three hundred Annapolis cadets who were out here for their summer cruise under Admiral Jones. All the midshipmen were per-

(*Continued on page* 104)

Top, Dustin Farnum and Mae Marsh chat for a moment between shots; center, "Micky" Neilan finds himself being used as a chauffeur by his son, Marshall Neilan, Jr., and below, an "off set" glimpse of Cecil B. de Mille, explaining some fine point to Agnes Ayre and Clarence Burton between scenes

Gossip of the Eastern Studios

BROADWAY was startled on September first by a tragic accident which resulted in the death of Bobbie Harron, the Griffith star. Bobbie wa taking a dress suit from a trunk in his room at the Hotel Seymour, New York, when the trunk cover fell and exploded a revolver which had been in one of the pockets. The bullet lodged in Harron's left chest. Bobbie was removed to Bellevue Hospital, where he lay until September 5 in a critical condition, making a game fight for life. Loss of blood was too great, however, and death resulted.

No player in the whole motion picture world was better beloved than Bobbie. He was a modest, charming and sincere boy whose hard work was just about to lead to great things. He leaves a place which will be very hard to fill. The tragic death was a particularly hard blow to David W. Griffith, for the producer and the young star had been friends and co-workers for years and were like brothers.

The shooting, of course, was wholly accidental. Harron was taking out a dress suit in preparation for the opening of the Griffith production, "Way Down East." The trunk had not been opened since its arrival from California, which explains the loaded revolver. Bobbie had carried it during the epidemic of robberies and hold-ups in California last Winter and had slipped it into his dress suit pocket, forgetting all about it.

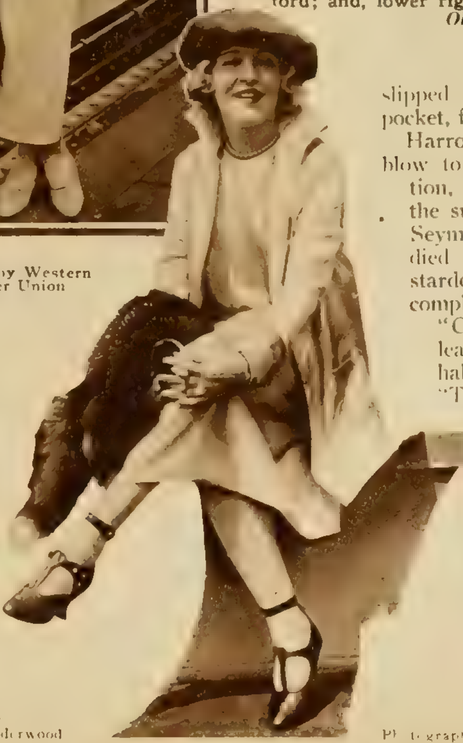
Harron's death is a severe blow to the Griffith organization, following close upon the sudden death of Clarine Seymour, who, like Bobbie, died upon the doorstep of stardom. Harron had just completed one production, "Coincidence," for release thru Metro and was half way thru his second, "The Brass Bowl," which was being directed by Elmer Clifton.

Speaking of the opening of "Way Down East," the production had a sensational première at the 44th Street Theater. The audience went wild at

(*Cont'd on page* 104)

Photograph by Western Newspaper Union

Photograph © by Underwood & Underwood



Photograph by International

Sea-going glimpses of recent stellar Atlantic voyagers to Europe. Top, Norma and Constance Talmadge on the *Imperator*; center, Dorothy Gish, also on the *Imperator*; lower left, Olive Thomas, who afterwards died suddenly in Paris, and her husband, Jack Pickford; and, lower right, Mae Murray on the *Olympic*

Double Exposures

Conducted by F. J. S.

Cinema Credo

THAT all snow in the movies is really salt, all rain comes from a hose and that an aeroplane propellor supplies all wind.

That an outsider hasn't a chance to sell a script and that any good submitted idea is immediately stolen by the scenario editor.

That producers make dinky little hired trains appear to navigate with a speed of the *Twentieth Century Limited* thru trick camera work.

That the stars always order out all scenes in which any other player does good work.

That any American film star could appear in person anywhere from Siberia to Patagonia and immediately start a riot.

That directors pay at the rate of $15 for a lost eye, $10 for a broken leg and $5 for a broken arm in settling mob scene casualties.

That Charles Ray is so good because he doesn't know a thing about acting tricks.

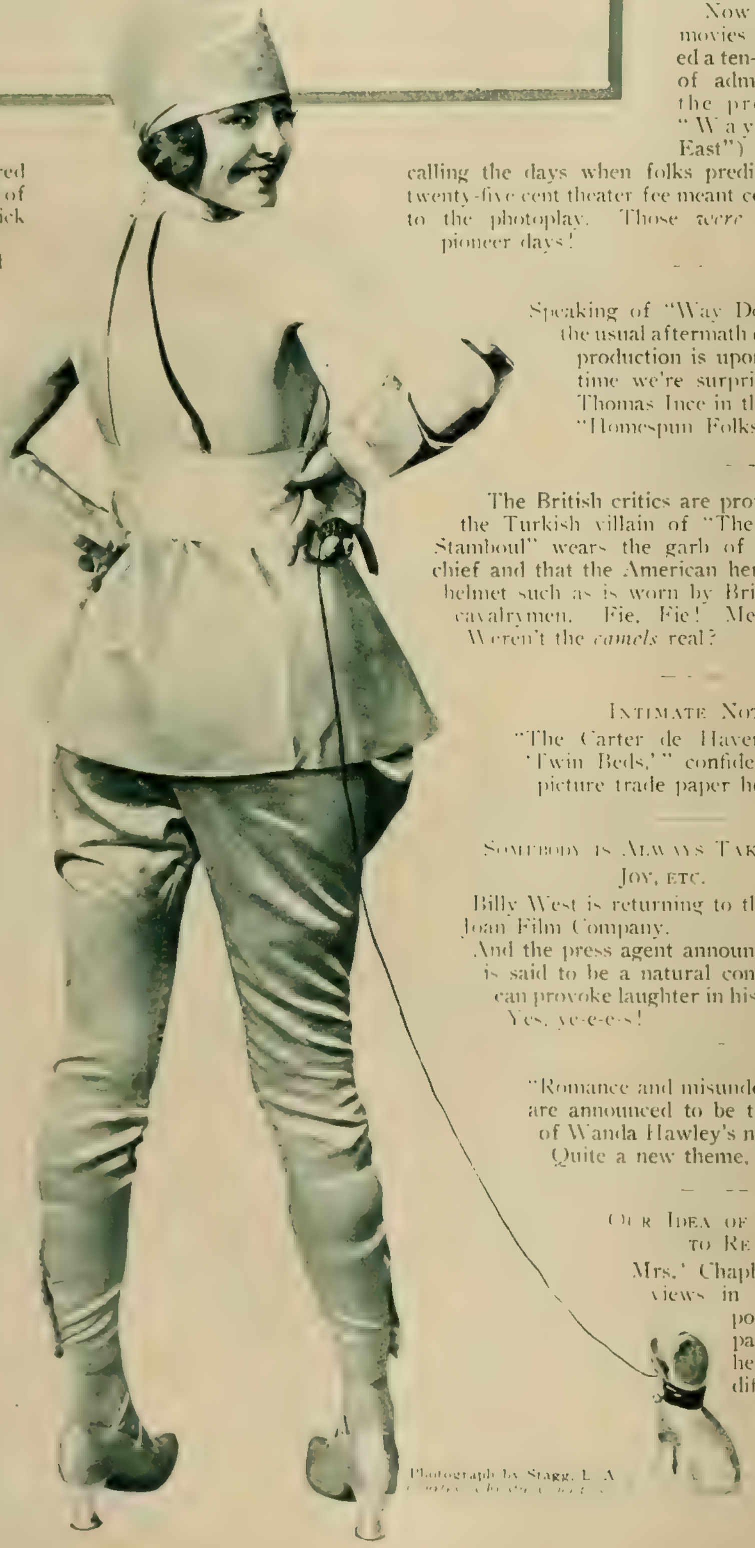
That wild animals are so doped for screen work that they do not know an actor from a camera.

That all night scenes are really taken in broad daylight.

Our Favorite Screen Moment of the Month

Carol Dempster as a deep sea diver in "The Love Flower."

Along comes a filmyclept "Uncle Sam on Freedom Ridge," which the advertising declares to have "all the pathos and heart gripping interest of 'The Music Master,' 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'The Man Without a Country,' 'Way Down East' and 'Abraham Lincoln' forged into one intense and enthralling photoplay." From which we gather, the makers believe they have a fair production.



Photograph by Stagg, L. A.
Courtesy Christie Comedies

Now that the movies have reached a ten-dollar scale of admissions (at the première of "Way Down East") we are recalling the days when folks predicted that a twenty-five cent theater fee meant certain death to the photoplay. Those *were* the happy pioneer days!

Speaking of "Way Down East," the usual aftermath of a Griffith production is upon us. This time we're surprised to find Thomas Ince in the van with "Homespun Folks."

The British critics are protesting that the Turkish villain of "The Virgin of Stamboul" wears the garb of a Bedouin chief and that the American hero affects a helmet such as is worn by British Indian cavalrymen. Fie, Fie! Mere details! Weren't the *camels* real?

Intimate Note

"The Carter de Havens seen in 'Twin Beds,'" confides a motion picture trade paper heading.

Somebody is Always Taking the Joy, etc.

Billy West is returning to the films via Joan Film Company.

And the press agent announces: "West is said to be a natural comedian who can provoke laughter in his own way."

Yes, ye-e-e-s!

"Romance and misunderstanding" are announced to be the subjects of Wanda Hawley's next vehicle. Quite a new theme, eh, what?

Our Idea of Nothing to Read

Mrs. Chaplin's interviews in the metropolitan newspapers anent her domestic difficulties.

The Classic

Has Secured a Remarkable Magazine Feature

Mrs. PAULINE BARA,

mother of the famous screen siren, has written her own story of Theda Bara's childhood for The Classic

This sensational article will be in the December Classic

The Branded Woman

Fictionized from the Norma Talmadge Photoplay

By DOROTHY DONNELL

MISS MILBURN, owner, president, and social sponsor of Milburn Hall, the most select boarding-school on the Hudson, where knowledge was indeed above price, or at least above the price of most people, surveyed the gathering on the lawn with a smile that would have been complacent on less learned lips.

"Graduation Day is, with me, a solemn occasion," she intoned to the circle of relatives, trustees and other guests gathered in a group of which she was the grey satin-and-pearl clad nucleus, "when I think of the young minds and hearts going out from this cloister of learning where it has been my privilege to protect and pattern them where they have flowered, if I may say so— "

An admiring murmur permitted her to say so. She went on in guarded and resonant phrases whose sonorous intonations rolled across the lawn and reached the punch-bowl table to the ungodly glee of several of the flowered and their friends.

"Sophie's blowing her own horn again," giggled one fluffy unregenerate, "she's a great performer at that kind of music. I wonder why someone doesn't write words to go with it!"

"Thank Heaven I've heard her say 'young ladies strive always for sweetness and light' the last time!" sighed the languid girl whose diamond ring and bold, bright eyes contradicted the protestation of simplicity of her frilled organdie. "As soon as I get to town I'm going to have a permanent wave and go to see 'Under Mary's Bed'! And *I'm going to make Mother buy me a low necked gown* without any back to it——"

"My Aunt is going to let me come out in the fall," confided another, swinging her expensively engraved, expensively attained diploma disrespectfully by the ribbon, "and a season at Newport——"

Ruth Sawyer turned her wide, slow gaze from one to another, then her dark eyes went irresistibly up to the handsome boy-face at her side, like purple pansy blooms lifted to the sun. She was one of the few of the girls to whom the unsophistication of white organdie and sashes seemed to belong by divine right of youth and innocence. Her dark hair waved softly back from a low white forehead with none of the theatrical effect of the others. The sunlight lay on a pale, clear cheek untouched with rouge or powder. The rest of the girls were full of nervous movement, restless gestures, shrill words, but Ruth was strangely silent, serene among them.

The girl colored sweetly but her eyes, meeting Billy Bolton's ardent gaze, were direct and candid as a child's. Young as he was, he realized that she was still living in a story-bookland, half reality, half dreams, a Sleeping Princess whom he would awaken

"Sweetheart!" whispered a voice in her ear, "let's get out of this mob. Just think we've been engaged a whole hour and you haven't given me one kiss yet!"

The girl colored sweetly but her eyes, meeting Billy Bolton's ardent ones, were direct and candid as a child's. Young as he was, he realized that she was still living in a story-book land, half reality, half dreams, a Sleeping Princess whom he could awaken.

They strolled a little apart from the chattering groups, but Ruth listened to him absently and when he drew her down beside him on a bench he saw that she was trembling. "I've been so happy here," she quivered with lips that trembled childishly, "I'm afraid, Billy—afraid! It's like stepping off something—of course I'm silly! But somehow I never saw beyond today."

"But if you love me, dearest," the boy flamed, and caught her hands awkwardly, "everything will be all right! It cant help being! As soon as we hear from your mother we'll be married. And we'll live with the Mater for a while, and I wont let any harm come to you ever——"

They were very young, piteously young. The wise old oak who listened must have sighed gustily, thinking of the love words it had heard since its acorn days, and how they had withered and blown away like its own leaves on the winds of change. And almost before these had been uttered, the wind which had been gathering for sixteen years came upon Ruth at last and the frail white bud of her girlhood shriveled under it.

The groups on the lawn were hardly aware of the limousine when it first rolled up the curving drive, despite its lavender tinting and gold ornaments and the scrawling flaunting monogram D. B. on its doors. Milburn Hall was used to limousines, but it was distinctly not used to the kind of woman who stepped out of this one now, or the sort of man who followed her, obviously abashed, and carrying his flashy cane defiantly to cover it. The woman for her part made no pretence of disguise. She was rather terrible as she rustled up the walk with her gold-embroidered skirts swishing about her generously displayed ankles, her plumes, her jewelry; the heavy, exotic, costly scent she diffused.

Miss Milburn was, for a moment, stricken speechless. No such emergency had faced her during many staid, spotlessly respectable years of profiteering in the higher education. The woman was not even doubtful. No one could possibly have had a doubt about her. She gave herself away in every hard glance, in every stereotyped smile. Already the guests and the girls were whispering——

"Is Miss Ruth Sawyer here?" the woman asked loudly, confronting the quiveringly virtuous preceptress. "I've come for her. I'm her mother."

The jangling tone was plainly audible all over the lawn. On the far bench Ruth rose to her feet uncertainly, staring with wide eyes of horror, as one who looks upon some nightmare thing. She heard Billy's gasp, saw the rigid scorn of the others—and with her dark head high, she walked across the grass to that impertinent figure and held out her hand. "Here I am—mother," she said clearly, "how—how do you do?"

The painted face opposite crinkled into haggard mirth. The woman was handsome enough in her outrageous style, but when she smiled she was almost hideous. Traitorously the expression betrayed a thousand tiny wrinkles filled with caked powder. "Ain't you queer tho!" she shrilled, "ain't seen me for thirteen years and you say how do you do! Give us a kiss, cant you!"

The girl moved like an automaton, but she kissed the scarlet lips. A burning blush drowned her pallor. She turned to Miss Milburn. "I suppose—I had better go. You have been very good to me——"

Virtue spoke in an acid voice. "I understood from Alderman Grayson that your mother was living on her estate in Nice. Perhaps you can explain?"

"Explain nothing!" the newcomer said violently. "I guess my money was as good as anybody's! It happened to suit me to have Ruth here educated swell, and I've done it, and kept my hands off the job. Now it happens to suit me to take her away with me and I'm going to do it too. I got a legal right—I can prove it!"

The group had moved away, leaving the grim Miss Milburn, the white girl and the red, vulgar woman together. The schoolhead drew a sharp breath. "I owe an apology to my other scholars and their friends," she said cuttingly, "but I must beg them to believe that I was wholly deceived—that this *is* as abhorrent a revelation to me as to them."

Abuse frothed on the other woman's tongue, but Ruth forestalled it by laying a small icy hand on her mother's jewel-laden one. "No! No—please," she implored with a sick attempt at a smile. "let's go—mother," she quivered all over at the word, "Miss Milburn will send my things on. We can talk about everything in the car."

The woman turned to her escort. "The nerve of some people!" she screamed. "Did you hear that old hold-up artist? Seems to me, "Velvet" Craft, you might show a little pep when your lady-friend is insulted——"

"Velvet" Craft! Some of the men guests—a highly respected church member, a father or two, the most pious of the trustees showed pitiful confusion, and furtively sneaked out of the circle. "Velvet" Craft, the manager of the most fashionable gambling hell in the city! Then this woman must be his partner, Dot Belmar, whose exploits were featured frequently in the police gazette, and who pursued her notorious career unmolested, due to a certain mysterious "pull" in the city administration. The white-ruffled girls watched their classmate move away beside the shameful plumes with greedy eyes that had no glint of pity in them. At the car, Ruth left the older woman to hurry up the path to the dormitory. When she came down stairs a moment later, with her hat jammed down on her lovely dark head ruthlessly without a mirror's aid, she heard her name spoken.

"Ruth!" Billy Bolton groaned. "Ruth! Tell me it isn't so. Tell me that that—that woman isn't your mother——"

The girl looked at him steadily. He saw that the child-light was gone forevermore from her dark eyes. "I suppose she is, Billy," she answered quietly, "I have not seen her since I was four. I didn't—remember—— But now I know why I was fraid. So it's good good-bye, Billy." She held out her hand.

"Ruth—I did love you——" that cruel past tense! "but—I suppose I'm a cad, but I cant! My Mater—that woman—God! It's beastly!" He slithered to the bottom step, sobbing wildly, but with the wisdom of women, she saw that his tears were washing away the cause of them, and that his loss would not matter to him long. She laid her hand on the shining head, as tenderly and understandingly as a mother might pat her little sorry child.

"Good-bye, Boy Dear," she said again, and was gone. And he heard the cough of the motor on the driveway.

Ruth Sawyer thought, as she sat beside the voluable woman whom the name of mother fitted as incongruously as her dry, brittle, startlingly youthful hair, that she had plumbed the depths of humiliation and grief. Waves of *Parfaite d'Amour* stifled her, until she felt her thoughts whirling dizzily, with Craft's weasel face bobbing on them like a cork on waves. "There is nothing worse," she found herself saying over and over, "there couldn't be——"

Two hours later she could have laughed at her abysmal simplicity—did laugh, wildly, without reason, beating with small fists at the mirror that showed her the dreadful thing that wore her face, a shameless woman-creature with naked shoulders in a gown like sulphurous flames. The maid who had put the gown on her despite her struggles, an immense Amazon with arms like steel, brought her out of the rising tide of hysteria by pressing down on her thumb nails till the cold pain recalled her to herself.

"That's no good," the woman said levelly, "they all do it—at first. But you'll soon get used to it."

Ruth stared at her. Then she stood quiet. Strangely quiet. She did not speak at all during the moments that followed, when she went down the gilded staircase into the drawing-rooms, thru which wandered men in evening clothes and women with painted masks of faces that smiled, while their eyes, unsmiling, peered from behind their masks. Music—music that twanged on the bare nerves and set them quivering filled the rooms with barbaric sound, a woman, dressed in a single purple veil, danced—laughter, raucous, unmodulated . . . And Dot Belmar, in a shameless gown, moved among her guests, stared at her from head to foot with appraising eyes.

Standing there in the sensuous gown, Ruth lifted her nun's face to the man whom the papers agreed in naming the most corrupt and powerful politician in the city—and told him the whole story quite simply

Then presently there was Douglas Courtenay and the new hope that stirred with the warm shine of his blue-grey eyes

"I had a hunch!" she said, gloatingly, "you can buy beauty over any drug store counter, but there's something you cant buy and that's the *manner*. And you've got it. It set me back a good many cool thousands these last fifteen years, but it was worth it. I always play safe hunches—wait till Burke Whitlock sees you!"

She turned away, uneasy under the girl's collected look. But in a moment she was back, leading a burly man who wore his evening clothes as carelessly as tho they were overalls. "Ruth ain't acquainted yet," she told him significantly, "I'm expecting you and her to be good friends, Mr. Whitlock."

Somehow—Ruth did not quite know how it came—she was alone in a small room with this great, gross mass that peered at her under bristling yellow-white brows and breathed stertorously. "Come here!" he growled at last. People were accustomed to obey Boss Whitlock when he spoke in that tone. She came trembling, smiling a vague frightened smile——

And then she discovered that her idea of the Worst that Could Happen had been wrong. Quite absurdly wrong.

It was a small thing that saved her—the catching of her lower lip between her teeth. But Burke Whitlock's mother had had the same trick. He was sixty years old and she had been dead fifty-five of them, but he remembered. He released Ruth and stepped backward, muttering. "Why you're not the sort the Belmar woman recruits," he said presently in vast surprise, "they fight—or swear, or laugh. You're different."

Standing there in the sensuous gown, Ruth lifted her nun's face to the man whom the papers agreed in naming the most corrupt and powerful politician in the city and told him the whole story quite simply, tho once her clear voice caught on a gasp when she told of the coming of the mother she had not seen since she was a baby. "And so—I'm here," she ended, and came to him swiftly, and touched his great hairy, glitteringly manicured paws, "but you wont let *her* make me stay? Oh, I'm so glad it happened to be you and not one of those others——" It was not artifice, but sheer, clear white faith in him, and his will to save her. Threats had never availed with Boss Whitlock, nor vituperation nor argument, but here, astonishingly, stood one who believed in him, trusted him for something that he did not have.

"By the Great Lord Harry!" rasped Boss Whitlock, "I'll take you away from that woman! I'll—I'll adopt you—" he stared down at her, small eyes watering with sentiment. "You're the Real Thing — eddicated, rayfined an' I'm just a low-life, but there ain't any harm can touch you if Burke W's around!"

Hereafter Ruth was to find out the truth of this, his boast. The weapon of his power was no knightly sword blade shielding her, but a sledge hammer which is, after all, just as efficacious. As Whitlock's ward, she had a position of secure respect, money, leisure and a chance to forget, if forgetting were possible. But the one evening in the red salons of the House of Lost Hopes had left a soul hurt that was long in healing. She felt a sensitive horror of going out into the bright sunshine that meant recognition——

At the end of the year, Boss Whitlock retired from the leadership of his party machine. How much Ruth had to do with it even he did not guess, but there was a father-look in his little, red-veined eyes as he showed her the steamship tickets he had bought for them. "We'll go over an' hobnob with the toffs!" he told her jocularly, "an' maybe we can fit you out with a title if we can find one reasonable." The tickets were dated for the next day. By such precipitate guile he got Ruth safely away without hearing of the long-deferred judgment that had found out Dot Belmar at last and sent her from her gaming-tables and secret, perfume-stifled rooms to prison for ten years.

With the vanishing of New York's smoky sky-line it seemed to Ruth Sawyer that she had left the secret dread behind as well and were sailing out into the clear, sun-shot light of a new day. With the scenes that followed even her memory of it grew hazed and unreal. As tho she had slept feverishly one night, and dreamed

Then, presently there was Douglas Courtenay and the new hope that stirred with the warm glance of his blue-grey eyes. Even at Miss Milburn's, she had not chatted of love as the others had, lightly, familiarly. She met it face to face now as the neophyte might meet the Miracle and when presently, he spoke of making her his wife, she lay thru the slow, still hours of the night that followed, trembling and awed at the beauty of life that had come to her, as perhaps on another night Mary of Bethany lay and thought of the angel's words.

THE BRANDED WOMAN

Fictionized from the scenario by Anita Loos and Albert Parker; adapted from Oliver D Bailey's play, "Branded." Directed by Albert Parker. Starring Norma Talmadge. The cast:

Ruth Sawyer	Norma Talmadge
Douglas Courtenay	Percy Marmont
"Velvet" Craft	Vincent Serrano
General Whitlock	George Fawcett
Dot Belmar	Grace Studdiford
William Bolton	Gaston Glass
Mrs Bolton	Jean Armour
Vivian Bolton	Edna Murphy
Henry Bolton	H. J. Carvill
Herbert Averill	Charles Lane
Detective	Sidney Herbert
Jeweler	Edouard Durand
Miss Weir	Henrietta Floyd

Old Burke Whitlock stayed on in Paris after her marriage, tho secretly his plebeian heart yearned for Fourteenth Street, and American beef stew and the old rage of battle that stirred healthily in his veins when he read the attacks of the opposition press. But still he remained. Until Courtenay's term as attaché of the American Embassy was over, he would wander listlessly thru the marble-lined boulevards, eat of their haythanish cooking."

"Maybe she'll need me yet," he thought, with a flash of that prescience that had made him powerful, "I'm thinkin' that husband of hers isn't man enough to stick by if trouble sh'd come."

He watched the beloved face vigilantly but could read in it only happiness and content. When at the end of the year her baby girl was born, Whitlock owned to himself that his fears might be groundless. A cablegram from America told him of the death of Dot Belmar and the breaking-up of her business. Courtenay was a devoted husband, a rapt father. "Still I'm thinking I'll stick around a bit longer," he mused, stubbornly, shaking his grizzled head, "tho belike I'll git me passport into the next world from a frog-eating priest and be sent to the furren quarter of the Beyond!"

It was when her baby was nearly six months old that the Shadow fell across Ruth's joy. When she looked up in the Blois, startled to hear her old name in this far land and met the leering, rodent eyes of "Velvet" Craft, she felt as tho an icy hand had squeezed her heart. "What," she asked between labored breaths. "What—do you—want?" For she knew instinctively he had come to Paris solely to meet her.

"You're not very cordial to old friends," Craft answered,

(*Continued on page 68*)

He watched the beloved face vigilantly but could read only happiness and content in it. When at the end of the year her baby girl was born, Whitlock owned to himself that his fears might be groundless

The Cinema Sport Girl

Hope Hampton, starring in productions at the head of her own motion picture organization, is a cinema star who really loves the open

Miss Hampton is equally at home on the tennis courts and golf links, and she has found time to learn how to drive a hydroplane, as the lower snapshot indicates. Hope, however, is a believer in preparedness. Hence the bathing suit

Photograph by
Stagg, L. A.

Photograph by
Stagg, L. A.

Photograph
by Central
News Service

"But the Fellers Call Him Bill"

By
LILLIAN MONTANYE

IN the office of one of the potentates of Famous-Players studio a tall, well-groomed, smooth-haired, smooth-shaven man arose to greet me.

"Mr. William Boyd?" I ventured.

His cool, inscrutable grey eyes looked straight into mine for a moment then melted into unquestioning friendliness.

"Yes," he said—"but—I suppose you know Eugene Field's poem—

Father calls me William, sister calls me Will—
Mother calls me Willie—but the fellers call me
Bill . . .

It's that way with me. I'm 'William' on the theater programs—but to my friends I am just plain 'Bill' or 'Billie'."

There is a tremendous satisfaction always in meeting a man who admits that he loves his chosen profession so much that he would not give it up or consider doing anything else—and tho he fell down over and over again he would just get up and, with quiet persistence, start all over again. Not that he talked a great deal about success or failure—Billie Boyd isn't that kind. He wears an armor of reserve, of imperviousness—something like a small boy who is afraid he will be caught showing off—a certain reticence, a saving in the use of words as tho he were afraid he might say too much—especially as applied to himself. But—in spite of his inscrutability, his apparent modesty—one knows that he is accustomed to getting what he wants. Not in any impulsive, unpremeditated or undeserved way—he is not the sort that would trust to luck. He would make up his mind what he wanted and go after it, and his dominating personality would put it across.

For instance, there was the beginning of his stage career. He was not stage struck to the venture-all-no-matter-what-happens extent. His father was a publisher of directories—Boyd's directories being well known at one time in New York and suburban cities. When William was thru college his father wanted him to enter the publishing business, which William did with apparent

(Continued on page 96)

Photographs by Moffett

Billie Boyd was twenty-three when he began his stage career, said beginning consisting of doing extra parts for which he received the munificent sum of one dollar. He is known as juvenile lead thruout the country. His last Broadway appearance was in "The Voice in the Dark," and he is now playing opposite Justine Johnston in her first Realart Picture, "Blackbirds"

The Amazing Interview

Photograph by Witzel, L. A.

MARIE MOSQUINI was a terrible mistake. I thought, when I heard it, of jazz bands and popping corks, of Jersey lightning and New Jersey mosquitos, of snapping, black eyes and daintily embossed profanity, of hysteric hands and a gay, seductive accent—and I hastened to the interview.

Marie should have been Priscilla, and a puritan. But, alas, her mother came from Bordeaux and her father from Milan; and so you must be content with Marie, and the fact that she almost became a nun—but not quite.

Dont let me prejudice you. She is charmingly gentle, and hers is not the innocence that betokens ignorance nor the virtue that suggests smugness. Watching her on the screen, where she breaks "Snub" Pollard's heart with merciless regularity, you'd never suspect a want of sophistication.

But if only I had been a cynic!

I should have taken that name, Marie Mosquini; toyed with it—politely, of course; woven a delicate satire about it and about the fresh simplicity of the girl who bore it; dissected it, giving each detail its measure of sweetened irony: and finally I should have solemnly declared it, and the girl, quite impossible.

But—I say it with a sigh—I am not a cynic; and I sat thru an entire noon hour of a hot August day humbly grateful that it was I who was giving Marie her first interview. She didn't quite know what to do with me, nor yet just what to say. But she managed to make me feel most inconscionably big and important. You've often read the expression in the papers "epoch-making." I felt like that.

Marie's history isn't history at all. It is pure fantasy. It began sixteen years ago—she was four years old then, when she entered a convent situated in the paradoxical environment of Hollywood. For twelve years her life was colored by its dim, religious light and then she left it, but with the resolve to return within the year and become a nun!

Dame Fate is a great humorist; and poor Faith is too often her butt. She guided Marie to the office of the Rolin studio, introduced her to Hal Roach, and then, with an expectant grin, sat back to enjoy her handiwork.

Her anticipations were not in vain. Marie started as a stenographer in the studio office with no intention or desire to establish a closer connection with the screen; but the date she had set for her return to the convent found her playing the "vamp," her first rôle, in "Lonesome Luke," one of Harold Lloyd's dim beginnings!

"I didn't care for it particularly at first," she confessed. "I went right back to my shorthand and stenography and probably would have been there today but for Mr. Roach. I owe everything to him."

The father of Marie Mosquini came from Milan, and her mother from Bordeaux. Nevertheless, Marie is a typical American girl with the languor of the South in her veins

By
WILLIS GOLDBECK

I had been absorbing the details of her dressing-room, our council chamber on the upper floor of the new Rolin studio. Two Kewpie dolls in saucy dress and a group of holy pictures, side by side . . . Robert Service and Maxfield Parrish . . . blue cretonne and a riding crop . . . a framed quotation from Omar beside a portrait of Harold Lloyd . . . Marie *is* amazing.

I asked that she tell me about herself—and she said she thought I was the ideal type of interviewer!

I got out my notebook and jotted that down.

And because I enjoyed her pink confusion when I asked her a point-blank question, I demanded to know her philosophy of life. I admit it was orthodox.

She looked startled for a moment and her eyes sought counsel of ceiling, walls, and floor.

"Well," she said, "I think that everything that happens is for the best—particularly Bebe Daniels who is my one and only girl friend."

She tendered me Bebe's photograph. A brief inscription testified to the new star's undying fealty.

Marie is of a composite type, with distinct suggestions of Norma Talmadge and Clarine Seymour. Her eyes are particularly interesting; large, and when they are not dreaming, brimful of mirth. But she has not the fire and verve that one might expect from such a parentage as hers. To the casual acquaintance she is an American, with the languor of the South in her veins.

Her ambitions, stirred at last by the recognition which is coming to her, are beginning to awaken. Whether her wholesomeness and sincerity can withstand the temptations of egotism and adulation remains to be seen. I for one do not doubt the outcome. She has been in the studio atmosphere long enough to separate the sheep from the goats, the sycophants from helpful friends.

"Last week I got one hundred fan letters," she said with a naïve pride. "I feel so sorry for those poor, dear people who wrote them, for my name never appears on the screen and they had to address them to the girl who plays opposite 'Snub' Pollard. But I adore them for their trouble!

"Oh dear," she sighed, "these past two days have been wonderful. Last night Harold Lloyd took me for a ride

(*Continued on page* 102)

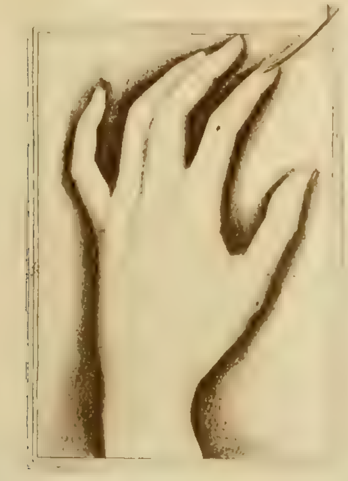
At the age of four Marie entered a convent where she remained for twelve years, leaving with the certainty that she would return to become a nun. But she is now appearing opposite "Snub" Pollard, and out at the Rolin studios, it is said that in the near future she will enter the realms of stardom instead of dreaming within convent walls

Photograph by Witzel, L. A.

The Fascinating Señor Tony

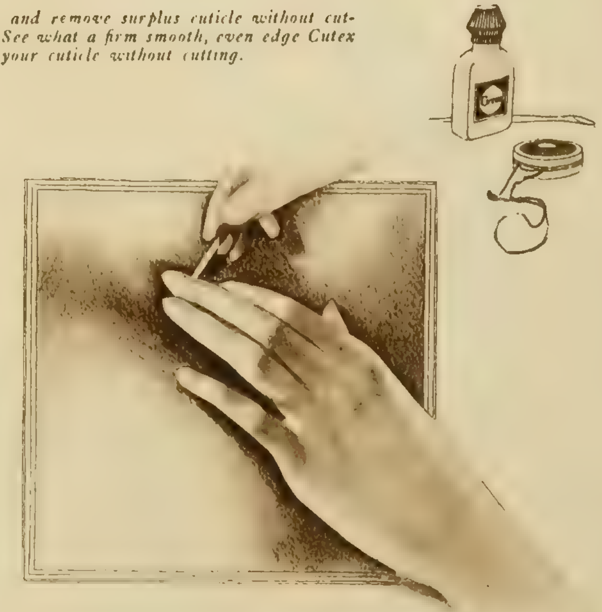
Photographs by C. Heighton Monroe

Tony Moreno is still disporting in Vitagraph serials, but we are looking forward to the day when he will launch forth in regular photoplays, for the screen has no more colorful personality. At the left, Tony has posed in a neat little fireside tableau, nicely calculated to send feminine film fans' hearts skyrocketing. Just imagine a fireside, a banjo — and Tony!



When you cut the cuticle you leave little unprotected places all around the delicate nail root, which becomes sore, rough and ragged.

Soften and remove surplus cuticle without cutting. See what a firm smooth, even edge Cutex gives your cuticle without cutting.



The wrong and the right way to manicure

CUTTING the cuticle is ruinous. When you cut the cuticle you leave little unprotected places all around the tender nail root. These become rough, sore and ragged; they grow unevenly and cause hangnails.

You should soften and remove surplus cuticle without cutting. Just apply a bit of Cutex, the harmless cuticle remover, to the base of your nails, gently pressing back the cuticle.

The moment you use Cutex you realize how exactly it is what you have needed. It does away with all need for cutting, leaves a firm, smooth line at the base of your nails.

First file your nails. Then wrap a bit of cotton around an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package), dip it in Cutex, and work around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle. Then wash the hands, pressing back the cuticle when drying them.

For snowy white nail tips, apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails. Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish.

To keep the cuticle particularly soft and pliable so that you need not manicure as often, apply a little Cutex Cold Cream at night on retiring.

Regularly, once or twice each week, give your nails a Cutex manicure. You will never again be bothered with coarse, overgrown cuticle or hangnails.

Cutex Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Nail Polish and Cold Cream come in 35 cent sizes. The Cuticle Remover comes also in 65 cent size. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and at all chemists' shops in England.

Six manicures for 20 cents

Mail the coupon below with two dimes and we will send you a Cutex Introductory Manicure Set, large enough for six manicures. Send for this set today. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 911, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

Mail this coupon with two dimes today

NORTHAM WARREN
Dept. 911, 114 West 17th Street, New York

Name ....

Street and Number......................

City ....State ....

Goldwyn sent Jack Pickford and his company to the top of Mt. Lowe for special scenes of his production, "Just Out of College." At the left Mr. Pickford and his director, Al Green, are examining the distant stretch of country, visible thru the low-hanging clouds

In the circle Molly Malone is endeavoring to locate members of the company from a lower level of Mt. Lowe. At the right Irene Rich is using the horizon for a dressing-table

Drama On the Roof of the World

Blustery Winds and the Complexion

WHAT is more invigorating than a walk or drive on a crisp, clear day in early autumn, when sharp winds bring a ruddy color to one's face, and stimulate the joy of living.

But these same keen winds produce other effects. They roughen and chap tender skin,—they catch up little particles of dust and lodge them in the tiny pores of the face, and trouble results. The natural oil of the skin combines with the dust and the complexion becomes blotched, gray-looking, and rough.

Prevent these conditions—help to keep your skin clear healthy and soft, by cleansing it with RESINOL SOAP. Let the pure, refreshing lather sink into the pores and rid them of lurking impurities.

But Resinol Soap is not only for those annoyed by complexion defects. It has been for years a favorite among women for daily use in the toilet and bath.

Sold by all druggists and at toilet goods counters. Let us send you a trial size cake. Dept. 13-G. Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

RESINOL SOAP

RESINOL SOAP
MEDICATED FOR THE SKIN & COMPLEXION
BATH & TOILET
MANUFACTURED FOR
Resinol Chemical Co.
BALTIMORE, MD. U.S.A.

RESINOL SHAVING STICK gives a creamy, non-drying lather which is alone sufficient to warrant its adoption by the discriminating man.

Zena at Play

Zena Keefe is the newest Selznick star. Above, you may glimpse her in her new car and, below, she may be viewed entertaining her young boss, Myron Selznick, with the harp. One must be nice to one's boss, you know

At the right, Zena is peeping thru the motion picture camera lens at herself

Little rules that help you look your best

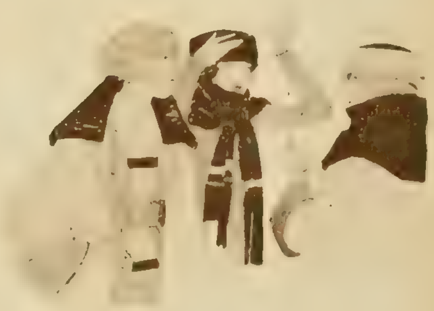
Occasionally you meet girls who are beautiful without effort; but most lovely people are lovely because *they know the rules.* Here are a few simple ones, approved by skin specialists, which every woman would do well to follow.

Never permit your face to look shiny

Powder—Yes. Just enough powder to have that soft, *natural* look. And when you powder, do it to *last.*

The only way to make powder stay on is—*not* to put on an excessive amount—but to begin with the right powder base.

For this you need a cream which will not reappear in an unpleasant shine. Pond's Vanishing Cream does not contain a bit of oil. It disappears at once never to reappear. Before you powder take just a little Pond's Vanishing Cream—a tiny bit—on your finger tips. Rub it lightly into your face. Notice the instant smoothness it gives your skin. Now powder as usual. See how smoothly the powder goes on—how natural it looks. You will find that it will stay on two or three times as long as ever before. You need never again fear a shiny face.



A rough skin a sign of carelessness

To get out even in the milder weather of winter without protecting your skin is simply reckless; for wind and cold whip the moisture out of your skin and cause roughness.

Skin specialists say you can protect your skin from this injury by applying, before you go out, a cream which makes up for the moisture that the wind whips out. For protection, as for a powder base, you need a cream *without* oil. The same pure, greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream which you use as a base for powder, contains an ingredient famous for years for its softening, protective properties. Always before going out, smooth a little Pond's Vanishing Cream into your face and hands. In this way the delicate texture of the skin will not suffer from exposure.

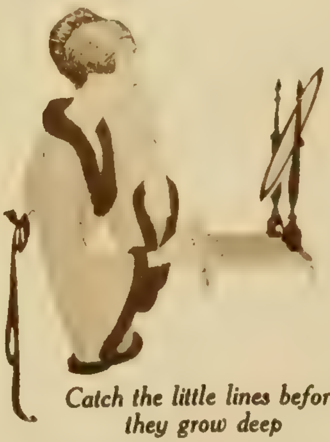
Never let your skin look tired

When you are tired, yet must look your best, you can bring your skin new freshness by applying a cream that is instantly absorbed by the weary skin. The instantly disappearing qualities of Pond's Vanishing Cream give it a remarkable effectiveness in bringing immediate freshness to your skin. Just a bit of it rubbed into the skin relieves in a moment the strained look around mouth and eyes and brings new transparency to your complexion.

The bedtime cleansing that brings a clear skin. Never retire without it

One of the chief reasons for a "muddy" look in the skin is the dust that gets lodged deep within the pores.

The only means of keeping the skin clear is to remove deep-seated dust. For this cleansing you need an entirely different cream from the one you use for a powder base, and protection. The right cream for cleansing is one prepared with an *oil base.* The formula for Pond's Cold Cream was especially worked out to supply just the amount of oil to give it the highest cleansing power. At night rub Pond's Cold Cream into the pores of the face, neck and hands, and wipe it off with a soft cloth. Cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream *regularly* and you can keep your skin clear.



Catch the little lines before they grow deep

By starting in time you can keep your face free of the wretched little lines that *will* keep starting. For this too you need a cream *with* an oil base, a cream that will work into the skin *gradually.* Pond's Cold Cream has just the smoothnes and body required to make a perfect massage cream.

Every normal skin needs both of these two creams. Neither will foster the growth of hair. Get a jar or tube of each cream today at any drug or department store. You will realize for the first time how lovely your skin can be.

Mail this coupon today—Free sample tubes

POND'S EXTRACT CO.,
116-G Hudson St., New York City.

Please send me, free, the items checked:
☐ A free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
☐ A free sample of Pond's Cold Cream
Instead of the free samples, I desire the larger samples checked below, for which I enclose the required amount:
☐ A 5c sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
☐ A 5c sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Name ....
Street ....
City.................. State..............

POND'S
Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

One with an oil base and one without any oil

The Branded Woman

(*Continued from page 57*)

falling easily into step beside her. He still was dapper, a slim furtive fellow whose yellow-stained fingers shook as they fumbled with the eternal cigaret, "but since you ask it, I want—what everybody wants—money. I'm a merchant. I've got wares to sell that I think you'll buy. How much will you give me if I dont tell your fine new husband whose daughter you are, and what sort of place Whitlock took you out of?"

The bluntness of it was like a blow. She staggered, then rallied. "You wouldn't dare!" she flashed. "Burke Whitlock would——"

"Pooh!" he flipped the ashes contemptuously from his cigaret, flipped Whitlock out of existence, "that old has-been!"

"My husband," she said proudly, "would kill you! There is nothing you can tell him unless you lie!"

"Still," Craft said smoothly, "the truth has a shady sound—eh? And I've got a flash-light of you in that dress you wore—Dot always had 'em flashed. Came in handy sometimes. What d'you say?"

In the end, she gave in to him. She gave him money, took it to his rooms in the shabby Latin Quarter. Of course, she got nothing. More demands. Pleading, and always, at last, in terror for her happiness, yielding. When she brought him the money from the sale of her pearls—her guardian's wedding present—she told him dully that she could do no more. "This is chicken feed!" Craft sneered. His tone grew ugly. "If you cant do better maybe your husband will!"

Burke Whitlock, nodding over a two week's old New York paper, had a sudden hunch. He had had them before in his career—hadn't he guessed when the meddlesome reform gang were going to raid Joe's? And when the D.A. was going to demand something? He put on his hat and left his hotel, calling a taxi with horrible mutilation of the French language. At the corner of a boulevard some distance from Ruth's flat, the light of a street lamp fell a moment on the face of a man hurrying along the pavement. Whitlock muttered an oath. "If that wasn't "Velvet" Craft I'm a damned mouseer!" he muttered, "looked mad too! Something's happened. Damn it, garsong! Gettez vous a move on! Veete!"

He was panting from the three flights when he flung open the door of the Courtenay flat and stepped into the charming little green-and-silver drawing-room. Douglas Courtenay, standing by the mantel, head on clinched hands turned at the sound, a white, drawn young face. "Hullo!" he said flatly, "you're—you're a bit late for the show!" and he laughed unpleasantly.

"Show!" snarled Whitlock. His heavy lips drew back over his great square teeth. Once more he was the fighting animal. "What d'you mean, show? Where's Ruth? What's happened?"

"Ruth is in her room," the younger man said with a distinct effort to speak quietly. "We have had a visitor. When he left—she said she was tired and was going to bed."

"It was Craft then!" Whitlock burst out violently. "I had a hunch! But I didn't have it in time. What did he tell you?"

"Everything," said Douglas levelly. "I imagine you know it already. Dont you? About Ruth's mother? And—where you found her?"

Old Whitlock brought his fist jarring down on a fragile French table that gave out a splintering sound. "Yes! I know that you find the whitest lilies in the dirtiest swamps!" he roared. "That's what I found—a white lily! If he said anything else he lied!"

A flash of hope lightened the heaviness of his look a moment, then died. "But she's paid him money—regularly. She admits it. And she's been to his rooms with it——"

The two men stared at one another. Whitlock took a step forward, shaking a great, freckled fist in Courtenay's face. "I knowed it! I knowed you warn't a man enough to stand up for her! You've lived with her goin' on two years and still you dont know she's the Real Thing! You believe the first blackmailing scalawag that comes along trying to dirty her name. Say! You'd ought to be beaten and I've a good mind——"

"I've been a fool!" Douglas admitted. He passed a hand over his haggard face, "but it was like a bolt out of the sky. I never dreamed—you can see it might have been a shock! And then she was so quiet about it all—if she'd only screamed, only cried, but she just stood still and looked from one to the other——"

"She's a thorobred!" the old man said proudly. "She wouldn't scream if you killed her. Dot Belmar's daughter? Well, the woman said she had proofs, but I'm not so sure. I've got detectives working on it now. I never knowed a ragweed to bear a rose myself."

"I've been a fool," Ruth's husband said again, gladly. He went to the door leading into the bedroom, opened it, and gave an exclamation. "Ruth! Where are you? Ruth darling!" Suddenly he sprang into the inner room. There was the sound of overturned furniture. Slowly he appeared again in the doorway. "Gone! She's left a note—says she'll never see baby or me again to—bring shame to us——"

He staggered and old Boss Whitlock caught him and held him while the awful sounds of a man's difficult sobbing filled the room.

A month later the two men, with a French nurse carrying the baby, stood on the forward deck of a steamer as it nosed its way up the familiar, crowded harbor to its Hoboken berth. The faces of both were cut with fresh lines of sleeplessness and worry, but Whitlock's tone was aggressively cheery as tho by denying fear he could avert the need for it "We're on the same side of the water as Ruth, anyhow," he said, "on'y she got the boat ahead. There's no doubt about that, me boy! She's been here a matter o' ten days. What can happen to her in ten days?"

"What cant happen?" groaned Courtenay, leaning heavily on the rail. "A lovely thing like her—alone—frightened! God! And Craft was on the same boat—in the steerage. I dont dare to think——"

"Then quit thinking!" the old politician snapped, "we wont get anywhere by thinking. It's action we need. First off I'm going to see whether they've forgotten Boss Whitlock, and if not, we'll have the whole police force and half the town besides looking for her!"

Boss Whitlock was not forgotten. As he had boasted, the whole machinery of the city was set in motion to seek Ruth Courtenay, but for a whole month the search was unresultful. Douglas Courtenay paced his hotel room haggardly, old Whitlock beside him uttering bluff words of encouragement.

"She's not here—she's nowhere," the husband groaned. "The world's so big and she was so little. Besides—perhaps—she isn't in the world."

But Whitlock would not listen to that. "She's no quitter," he said stanchly, "we'll be finding her soon. I got a hunch."

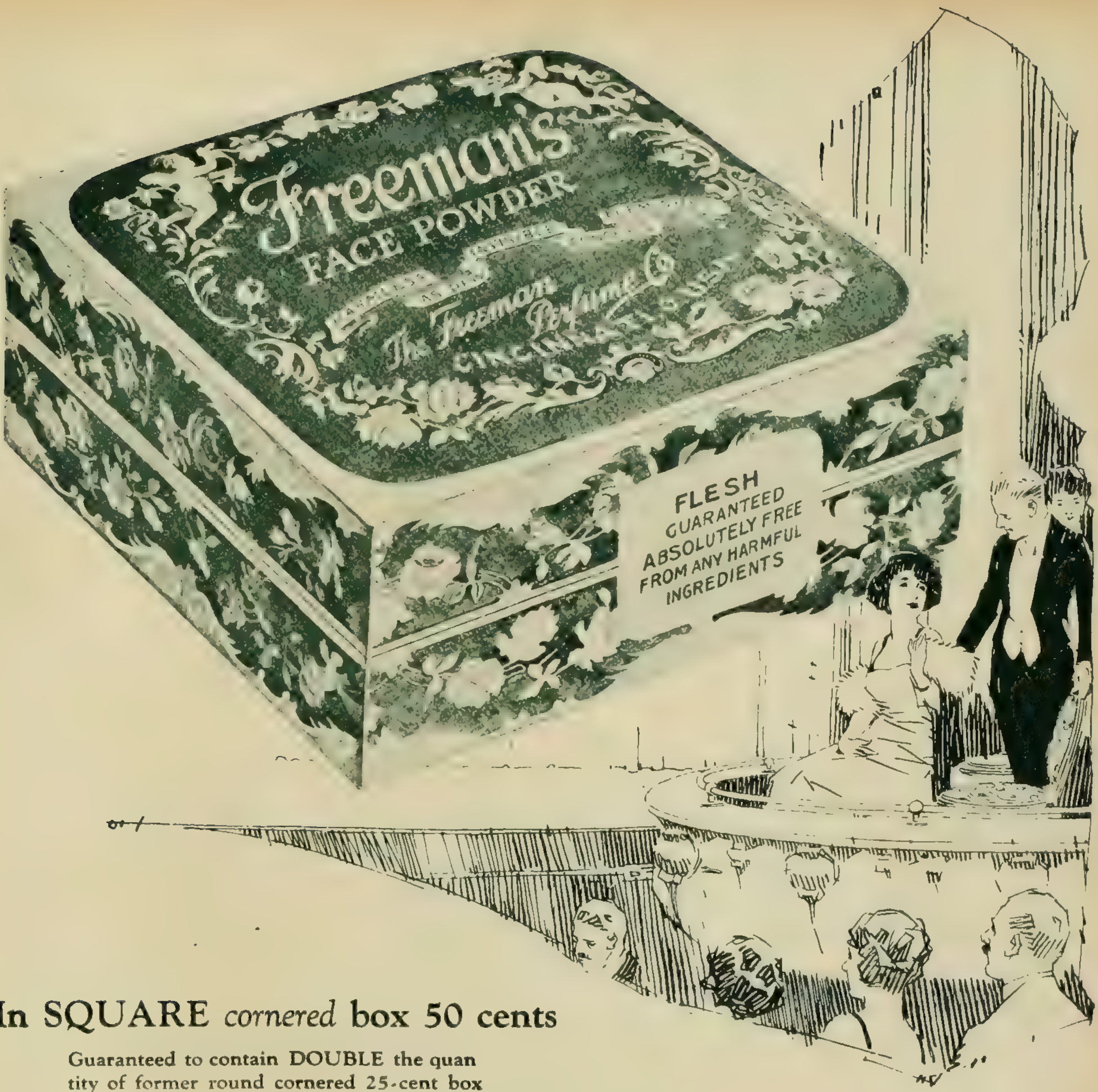
Two days later a detective brought them word that a woman answering to the description was seen to enter a chop-suey joint on the lower East Side, but when he had followed her into the place she was nowhere to be found and the blank-eyed proprietor denied all knowledge of her. "The restaurant's a blind," the man told them yawning, "I got a tip a South American named Alvarez hangs out there and recruits girls for Brazil. Maybe we'd better raid the joint."

The few shabby patrons eating at the oilcloth-covered tables of Ah Sing's looked up apathetically as the group entered, then resumed their eating of the slimy chow main. The plain clothes men and Whitlock pushed by the chattering waiter into the murky regions of the kitchen, but Courtenay did not follow. The mirror over the fly-specked cigar case had shown him a sleek, rat-colored head that he knew. In six strides he was standing, looking down into the paling face of "Velvet" Craft.

"Where is she?" he said tensely. His hand lay on the table, quivering. There was murder in the steel-blue blaze of his eyes. "Dont deny that you know. Show me *the way to get to her* or I'll choke the life out of you here and now!"

The man actually squealed with terror. He scrambled out of his chair and led the way to the hall, and up the dirty stairs into a region of tangled passageways. At the end of one he stopped, crouching against the wall. "I haven't done her no

(*Continued on page* 101)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"What Time Is It?" Asked Muriel

(*Continued from page* 17)

French director there gave me my first chance.—I didn't know until the production was half over that I was playing the leading rôle—— Of course, I had to keep working every day and I *had* to give up school—— My folks were——"

"Furious," we interrupted. "It's 4:06. Two more blocks and you'll be at the Pennsylvania station."

"After that I worked at Thanhouser, World Film and now I'm making a series of pictures for Arrow.—You must see them?—I'm going to California to do several—— Promise you'll see them?"

"Yes," we said rashly. "It's 4:08 and there's your station."

(Business of exiting rapidly from taxi and settling with driver who, naturally, has no change.)

At the train gate, Miss Ostriche remarked to our gasping self. "Thanks awfully—— Hope you've got enough material."

We struggled for self-possession. "Dont lose that package, whatever you do," we begged.

The gate closed upon our interviewee.

We turned and staggered into the station drug store.

"One Bron—er—one chocolate soda," said we hoarsely. From sheer force of habit we looked at our watch. It was 4:10. "You'll make it," we mumbled to the co—soda clerk.

"I am," said he, laconic-like.

That Swede from Ystad

(*Continued from page* 26)

Miss Nilsson smiled. A flashing smile it is, for she is dazzlingly blonde, something the motion picture camera does not always reveal.

Miss Nilsson has just finished William Locke's "Idols" under Raoul Walsh's direction. Before that, she was in Allan Dwan's "In the Heart of a Fool." And "The Fighting Chance" preceeded "In the Heart of a Fool." A company all her own is in the offing. "I hope to make my own pictures, like all the rest," she says. "But I never count on things until they happen."

Miss Nilsson indulges in no superlatives about herself. She is not one of those players who comment loftily upon art. Indeed, we detect a sense of humor. And a regular human being-ness.

Which is something of a combination, coupled with the Nilsson blonde charm.

Ystad surely has a right to be rather proud.

MOOD

By George S. Remmell

Morn,—and my soul's like an aspen tree,
Quiv'ring for the things to be;
Soaring, leaping.

Night,—and my soul's like a willow tree,
Silver-grey by a troubled sea;
Drooping, weeping.

The Story of Flora Revalles

(*Continued from page* 31)

and *thee* lions . . ." It is impossible to reproduce her accent in print. She has been speaking English for something over two years. Not a very long time, but she speaks it exceedingly well, only stressing her syllables evenly as one would in French and being noticeably careful about her diphthongs. And again she said:

"I do not like your Rocky Mountains. They are beautiful, yes; but so bleak and lonely! After you have been traveling thru them for two or three days you want to cry. But it is not so of the mountains in Switzerland. They are grand and majestic and they are not so lonely. There are villages around them and people and green things growing . . . Oh! I love Switzerland! I go there as much as possible. My mother is there, too; it is my home."

Flora Revalles was born in Switzerland of French parents. So far as she knows, no member of her family has ever been in any way connected with the stage. On the contrary, her mother was very much opposed to an artistic career for her. Her father was a well-known civil engineer. She had two brothers, tho only one is living.

"I sang from the time I was a little girl," she said. "Even then, my music was my life. And I would want people to listen: that is much, thee audience! So I wanted to sing grand opera on the stage."

Remember that back of all this was the indomitable spirit of her father and her consciousness of him, laying tracks for civilization in African jungles, surrounded by an alien people, wild beasts and the ever-present danger of some strange disease. She paused for an instant, frankly waiting for me to say something.

"And then?" I prompted.

"And then," she went on, "I went to Paris. It was for my brother; to visit him, you know. I decided to enter the Conservatoire. I knew that if I could do that, my mother would not oppose me any longer. She would realize that it meant the promise of a good career. So I went to a teacher and told him to coach me for the examinations. But to enter the Paris Conservatoire is not an easy thing. There were more than a hundred of us who took the examinations and only fifteen were chosen." Because she was among the fifteen, her mother withdrew all objections to the artistic career.

"I think that, in France, one works harder preparing for the stage than in this country," she went on. And then, skipping the intervening period, "I still had one year to study when the war broke out in 1914, the Conservatoire closed, and I returned to Switzerland." For a while it seemed that all thought of a career must be laid aside until the world was at peace again, but she kept on with her singing. She could hardly have done anything else; it had become a part of her life.

"One day I was singing at a friend's house in Geneva. The manager of the

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He was putting in long hours at monotonous unskilled work. His small pay scarcely lasted from one week to the next. Pleasures were few and far between and he couldn't save a cent.

He was down—but he *wouldn't stay there!* He saw other men promoted, and he made up his mind that what they could do *he* could do. Then he found the *reason* they were promoted was because they had special training—an expert knowledge of some one line. So he made up his mind that *he* would get that kind of training.

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opera was a guest there. He heard me and offered me an engagement. I told him, 'but I have no repertoire.' In Paris one learns to sing first, then one gets a repertoire. So he gave me eight days to learn the rôle of Marguerite in 'Faust.' "

She had never even sung with an orchestra and they could not give her a single rehearsal. But when the opening night came she sang Marguerite, and so brilliantly that she was given a contract which she afterwards broke to join the Russian Ballet.

"Mr. Leon Bakst gave me two days to decide about joining the ballet. I accepted at once and thought a little about it afterwards. Of course, it meant a law-suit for me. I had to pay the director of the opera in Geneva some few francs, but that was all right."

She feels that the art of the ballet is the highest, most perfect art of all.

She appeared with the Russian Ballet in London and Paris and came with it to New York on a tour of this country. From the pantomime of the ballet to the making of a moving picture was but a step and a step she was certain to take. She appeared as Messaline in the Maurice Tourneur production "Woman."

"That," she remarked, laughing, "was because M. Tourneur said that he did not know any other woman wicked enough for the part; which was . . . perhaps? . . . a compliment . . ." She has a French woman's ability to say slightly startling things so that you feel they are without meaning.

"I have heard that people are often disappointed on seeing themselves for the first time on the screen. Now I . . . I was surprised that I should look so well. I did not know that I was so . . . what would you say?"

"Beautiful?"

"Yes, that is it," her voice was throaty with amusement. There is, of course, nothing of the ingénue about her.

"But then I am not petite nor blonde," she remarked, implying that she could easily play the ingénue if she thought that it would be becoming; and undoubtedly she could!

She walks with a peculiar lithe grace and her hands are beautiful and expressive beyond description. The occult has a very powerful attraction for her, but she has never had any personal experience in spiritualism.

"But I believe in the existence of the spirit after what one calls death and in the possibility of communication. It is just a conviction I have . . . something I cannot explain . . ." She is also a believer in the theory of reincarnation.

"So, it is veree interesting; this moving picture 'Earthbound,' but when it is finished, I shall not appear in another moving picture right away; I shall go, I think to London and take up my work again."

She walked with me to the door. It was a warm . . . an almost oppressively warm . . . night in late December. There are comparatively few lights around this hotel in the hills . . . Beverly Hills is

(Continued on page 97)

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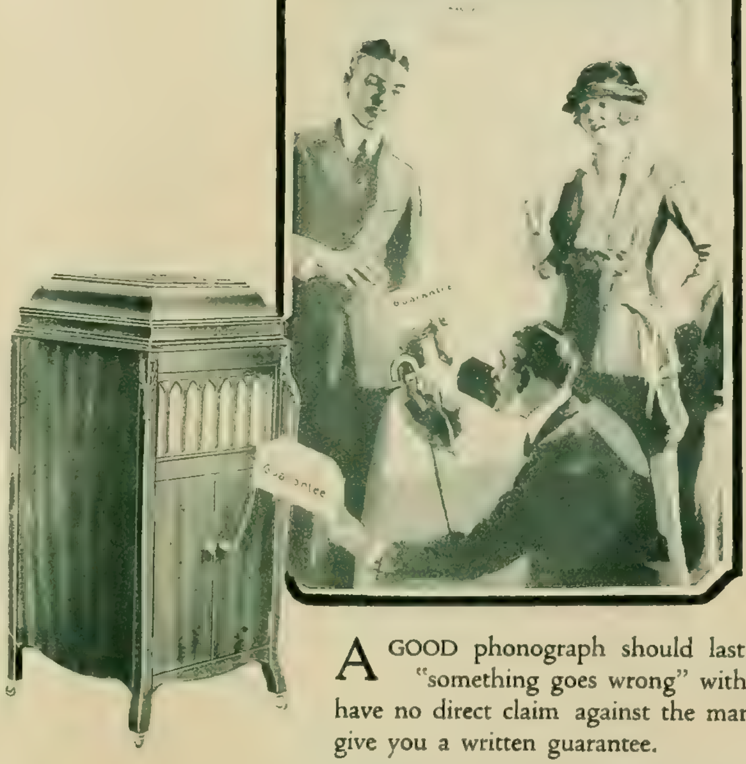

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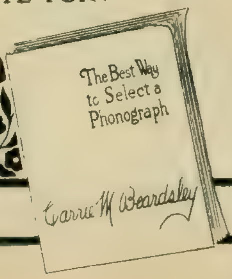
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ESTABLISHED 1913

"Aye, Aye, Sir!"

(*Continued from page 33*)

acting of the year, and what was the result, so far as Forman could see? One fan who by some chance had not forgotten him, wrote, "Oh, you mustn't take parts like that, showing your face all scarred and ugly."

Later on, when he did a couple of pretty-boy parts, ("which, heaven knows, I've outgrown," says Tom), several new fans wrote him and said, "There, that's the kind of part we like to see you take."

Is it strange, then, that Forman was filled with a disgust at pictures? A disgust which was nothing more nor less than a natural revulsion after all he had gone thru: to come down to playing pastel movie men who had nothing more difficult to do than to look handsome and stride from room to room to win back his fickle following.

It seemed unendurable discouraging, but the salary was attractive and better than could be made in anything else.

And then Mr. Lasky came to the rescue with an offer for him to direct, and Tom Forman is bringing all the patience and big, wonderful manhood that came to him out there in the training camp to the building of pictures, and he is happily working in a comfortable brown sack suit, and he doesn't wear silk shirts all the time and he isn't worrying if his nice, rather wavy light hair isn't brushed sleekly from his temples, for he is again useful, again giving orders.

When you first meet Tom Forman and hear his slow drawl, you are apt to think he possesses that Texas laziness, but as you know him better you realize that this is but a facial calm, a surface lethargy.

He wants to make good pictures, pictures that are logical and feature human types; he doesn't want any sex stuff and he doesn't object to melodrama, providing it is honest melodrama. He is bringing to the screen a certain wholesomeness, a big viewpoint, an easy-going-get-there method that has something in it of nature's slow but sure method of creating, and his one great, absorbing ambition is to *hunt tiger in Siberia*, and, when he is old, to retire to his ranch some thirty miles from Hollywood.

He loves hunting and fishing, dogs and babies, and he says he would like nothing better than to dream away his life by a trout stream, and somehow, I can see a vision of Tom Forman, when he is old, sitting by an open fireplace in his ranch-house, with his arms full of grandbabies and his old dogs snuggling at his feet, and I can hear him drawl out the story of how he made men for the great war and there will never be a mention of "When I was a great screen actor."

For Forman is, first of all, a wholesome man who discounts momentary compliments and completely lacks a swelled head.

Above everything else, Tom Forman is a comfortable man, and we may expect real stuff to come from his direction in pictures, the same as it did in the great war.

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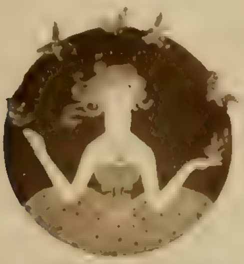
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HOWARD C. RASH, Pres. Natural Body Brace Co., 326 Rash Bldg., Salina, Kansas

For Boys and Girls Also

Enter Julio!

(*Continued from page* 19)

"I dont mean intelligence," he said, "I mean *human* intellectuality, possessing which the artist becomes more human than the ordinary mortal; not more tempestuous (temper-estuous)."

He has been here six years, having immigrated as a scientific agriculturist, but because of his ignorance of the language, he was forced to work at what did not require a vocabulary. He was lonesome when he first came. He did not know anyone. He would go from restaurant to restaurant, finally becoming acquainted with two Austrians who spoke Italian. They met every night; and he was introduced to their fair companions; and he wished he knew how to dance. One day they went for a holiday to the Bronx Zoo. Outside the monkey house, one of the officers started to tango. Young Rudolph was fascinated, and begged to learn the steps. He was given an immediate lesson, and that evening, back in the café, on the floor Bonnie Glass (Ben Ali Haggin's wife) spied him, and wanted him for her professional dancing partner.

For two years he went hungry (it is his word) for someone with whom he could talk, until one night, while performing in Philadelphia, with Joan Sawyer, he met after the party, John Fox, Jr. They talked—until 5 A.M. Mr. Fox asked Valentino his age. When he learnt it was only twenty-two he was astounded! He sent "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" to the boy-foreigner and autographed the preface with "If you use your head as well as your feet, you soon will not have to use your feet." And Valentino never forgot!

He must have used his feet well, for Nijinsky asked him to give him a lesson in the tango—this from the premier danseur of the Bohm-Diaghileff Russian Ballet!

You'll see him dance the tango in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" in which Metro production he was allotted no less a rôle than Julio.

"I did not want to be labeled a professional dancer. That is why I gave it up. I was not a dancer, anyway. Nijinsky is a dancer. In what I was doing I had nothing to express."

Altho he has made extraordinary progress, having played opposite Mae Murray, Dorothy Gish, Carmel Myers, Madame Namara and with Eugene O'Brien, he does not want to stay here forever; nor does he desire to settle back home. His longing is to go to South America, China, Japan, Egypt and India, and to get to know those places.

Those who impress him most on the screen are Barrymore, Ferguson, Talmadge, and Nazimova.

He is anxious to meet Ibañez and hear the author's opinion of his interpretation of "The Four Horsemen's" hero. "I was never so happy over any part before. I love it." Not a libertine, not a coward: just a boy with failings, hopes, *humanness*.

"All Right Then—I'll Go to Hell!"

"It was awful thoughts and awful words, but they were said and I let them stay said."

It had felt good to be all washed clean of sin and to be able to pray—but Huck couldn't tell on Old Jim no matter how sure it would make him of going to Heaven.

So he tore up the note and swore he would never reform again. He would steal Jim out of slavery, he would—and if he could think up anything worse, he'd do that too. As long as he was going to hell anyway, he might as well make it worth while.

Who ever knew the heart of a boy as does

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Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover

The Rise of Beatrice

(*Continued from page* 25)

It was her first taste of "real direction."

Her shyness stood her in good stead when she was seeking for something else. It was with more of a forlorn hope than aught else that she went to see Mr. Ince. When after a two hours' wait she finally reached the lair of the great man, she found that there were five other great men there too, all of whom began to stare at her intensely.

"It was perfectly awful," declare—er—confided Beatrice, rather breathless at the remembrance. "I just begged them not to look at me, and finally Mr. Ince made them all face the wall while he talked to me. Once Douglas MacLean, who was one of the five, turned around and hissed: 'Just the girl for me,' or something like that. I didn't hear him. They told me afterward that I was busy untangling my fingers just then.

"There are only two things I remember clearly. One is Mr. Ince's constantly repeated question, 'But why didn't you come to see me before?' It seems to me that that was all he said.

"The other is the question of Douglas MacLean. After they had all filed solemnly out to decide whether they wanted me or not and then filed back again, he came over beside me and said, 'We want you. May I look at you now?'

"I answered: 'I guess so; but look quick!' "

She sighed.

"I dont guess I can tell you any more," she said softly.

I was loath to go. I hadn't decided her in my mind yet. It seemed to me that she was unique in a profession where sophistication has become a dogma. I was fascinated.

I loitered, and in loitering discovered that for seven years she had studied under Madame Rasche, ballerina of the Metropolitan Opera House . . . the secret of her undulant grace.

I had to go, but I went lingeringly. A great artist . . . a little girl . . . ? The question recurred in my mind thruout the day; and the phrase "soft eyes and a sigh."

COMPENSATION

By Charlotte Becker

When I was twenty I felt, oh, so old,
Each passing pleasure found me more blasé;
Life was as tasteless as a tale oft told,
And there was nothing new to do or say.

Now I am forty, I feel, oh, so young,
Each day I find amusing things to do,
And life seems like a fragrant garland flung
For me to savor each fresh scent and hue.

I wouldn't be as old as youth again
If time consented to turn back the years;
I want to stay as young as age, and drain
Life's utmost treasure, even unto tears!

Keep the Luster

on your teeth—there's now a way

All statements approved by authorities

You know how teeth shine — how clean they feel—after vigorous dental cleaning. He removes the film which makes teeth dingy.

There is now a way to every day combat that film. Millions enjoy its benefits. And a ten-day test will be sent you for the asking.

The film does this:

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. The tooth brush used in old ways leaves much of it intact. And millions of teeth are wrecked by it.

It is the film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

You must combat it

To save teeth and to keep them white one must combat that film. Dental science has for years been seeking ways to do it.

Now efficient methods have been found. Careful tests have proved them beyond question. And leading dentists everywhere are urging their daily use.

The methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And desired results are now attained twice daily by its use.

Acts in five ways

Pepsodent multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

Two factors directly attack the film. One of them keeps teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily adhere. Pepsin is another ingredient.

The object is to combat film daily, also its baneful effects. And to multiply the natural tooth protectors.

You'll see and feel

You'll see and feel these good effects and quickly know that Pepsodent is doing what nothing else has done.

Send the coupon for the 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears. Let the clear results show what this method means to you and yours.

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COMPLEXION POWDER
CARMEN

The Final Touch

The River Shannon's Namesake

(*Continued from page 37*)

has signed her up for his forthcoming feature, in which she plays a married flirt.

"And when my pictures hit New York —oh, goodie!" She drew a deep, ecstatic breath. "I want the people who knew me to say, 'Well, maybe after all she will make good!' People were so skeptical!" she ended plaintively.

Sometimes, she admits, she gets horribly lonesome for the "Follies," the grease-paint, the gorgeous costumes and the chatter of the girls. Novelists, she confided, have the wrong idea of "chorus girls." They picture "stage-door Johnnies" forever hanging about, sending notes and flowers—oh, there *were* lots of flowers sent, she added, but no notes; that was an iron-clad rule set by Ziegfeld himself. If your admirer wanted to get into communication with you, he had to write a letter and trust it to Uncle Sam.

"Mr. Ziegfeld hates the movies because they take so many of his girls away," she went on. "Once, when I knew some picture people from California were out in front, I begged him to let me lead the feature song that evening so that they would notice me."

"Notice you and steal you for the movies, eh? he had demanded, and refused point-blank to allow such a thing.

Shannon looks like a great many different people; certain of her pictures look more like Mabel Normand than Mabel's own photographs do; her profile is like Mae Murray's and some of her expressions remind one of Jack Pickford. This Protean resemblance is excellent for publicity purposes, but Shannon doesn't like it.

"I want to reach the point where I will look just myself, and nobody else," she declared. Anyone would be sympathetic with Shannon. There is a naïveté about her that is captivating and disarming. It may be real or it may be cultivated. Who cares?

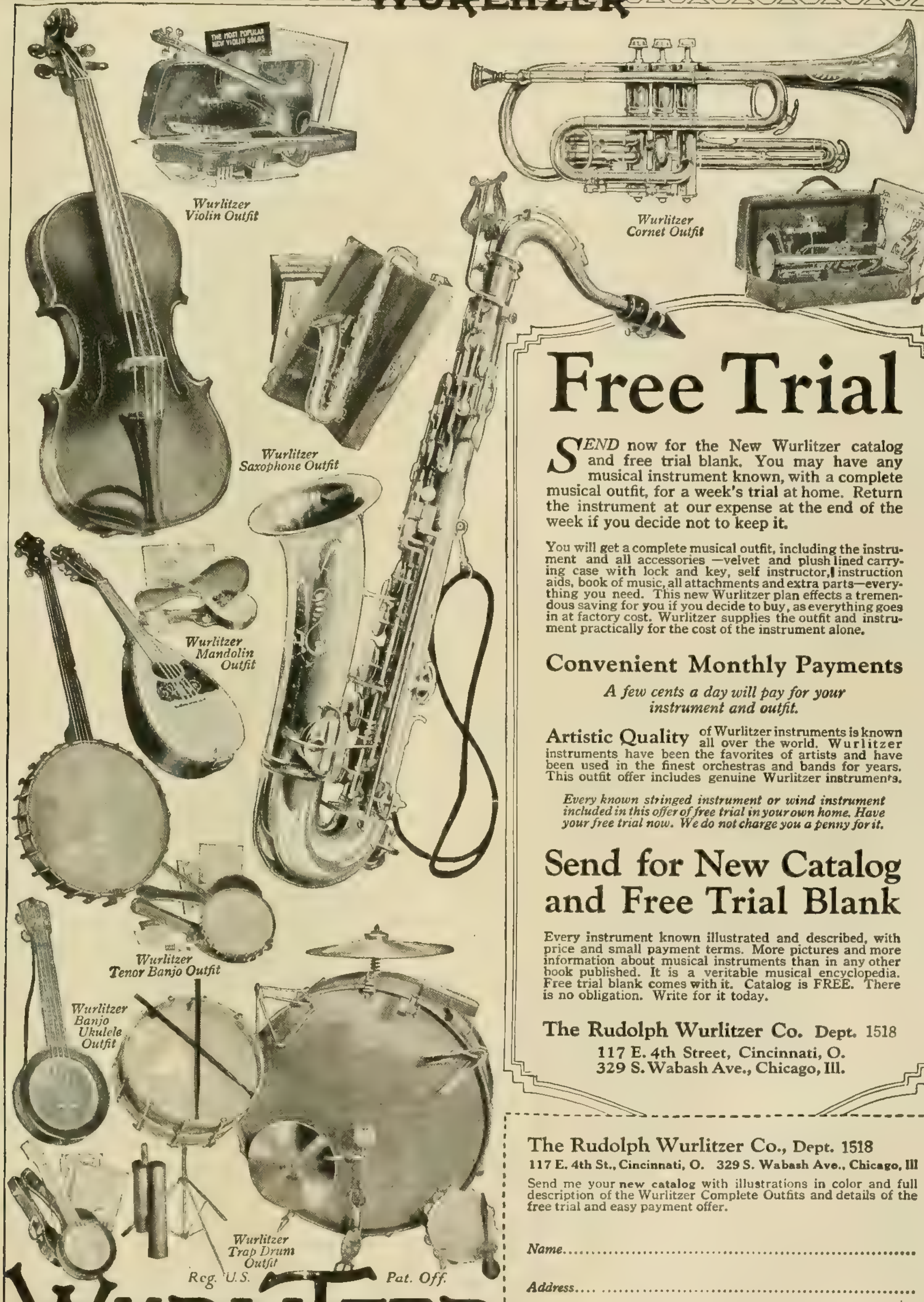
Of course, Shannon has lots of hobbies—she rides horseback, and admits a fondness for historical romances. And as for dancing——

"I keep in practice all the time. I dont ever expect to go on the stage again, but I might need the work in pictures, and besides, it's wonderful for the physique.

"In the 'Follies' I did lots of specialty dances and, in one of them, I was tossed about the stage like a bean-bag. When I came out here, 'Fatty' Arbuckle sent for me, saying I was the kind of girl he'd like to have play opposite him in comedies, because he could do anything with me—but I wouldn't take a chance—would you?"

I assured her most emphatically that I would—*not!* And after carefully surveying Shannon Day's petite prettiness, I was heartily glad that the rotund Roscoe had not made a bean-bag of her. I'm afraid that the river Shannon would have lost its namesake.

WURLITZER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HOME OFFICE
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

The Twentieth Marriage

(*Continued from page* 35)

to quit. I'm not an especially good actor; what's the use of my going on when it looks as tho the best I can do is forty a week? I think it would be much better for me to drop it all and go to Congress."

"Why dont you drop it all and go to the White House?" Neill asked, sarcastically. "It would be about as easy."

But his roommate was in earnest.

"No," he said, seriously, "I'm going to Congress!"

And he did! He left the company and went to San Francisco, where, with his brothers, he opened a hat store. Afterwards, he became an attorney, was sent to the legislature a few times, and then went to Congress from an Irish district because the leaders of that district had a row between themselves.

And again, Neill, on his first visit to the coast, was with the "Held by the Enemy" company which included in its cast such famous people as Henry Miller, Viola Allen, William Gillette, Melbourne MacDowell and George Fawcett.

However, it was not until Neill had completely served his apprenticeship and was the successful manager of his own company that he met Edythe Chapman.

The Neill Company was playing St. Paul when the engagement of Henrietta Crosman, as leading lady, terminated, and it became necessary to replace her with someone else.

"I was sent to Mr. Neill by an agency," said Edythe Chapman. "This was in 1897," she went on, "and I have never had to look for an engagement since."

Unlike her husband, Edythe Chapman was given a leading part in her first engagement, and has never played anything else.

"Until," she said, "we both grew too old for leading parts. Having our own company, we were able to be always together."

Many players, now famous, were at different times members of the Neill Company. Elsie Janis spoke her first lines from their stage. Henrietta Crosman has already been mentioned as being with the company in its early days. Julia Arthur, Blanche Bates, Julia Dean, and Reginald Barker are others.

"I had very few 'early struggles,'" Edythe Chapman went on, "and those I had were all in getting started."

She attended The Lyceum School of Acting. Franklin H. Sargent was the head then, as now. Henry C. de Mille, famous playwright, and father of C. B. and William de Mille, David Belasco and Nelson Wheatcroft were members of the faculty. At that time Belasco was a teacher in the school at a very small salary.

"At the end of my first year," said Miss Chapman, "I found myself without money, and, worse, it seemed without any encouragement to continue. Franklin Sargent advised me not to go on. He said that he did not think I had talent

(*Continued on page* 82)

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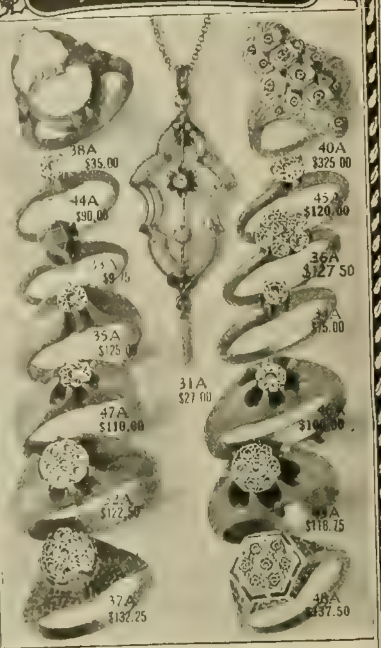

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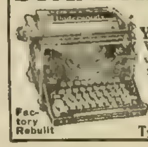

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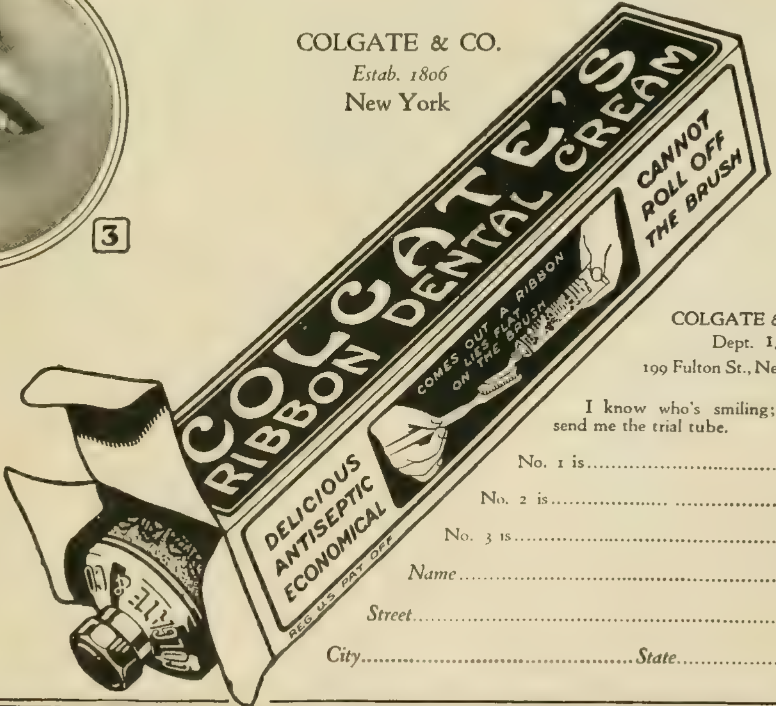
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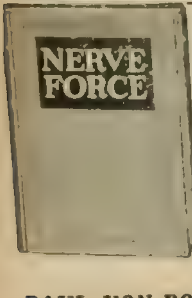

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PAUL VON BOECKMANN, Studio 138, 110 West 40th Street, New York

The Twentieth Marriage

(*Continued from page* 80)

enough to ever do anything worth while in the theater. But I was to be given some encouragement after all. David Belasco asked me if I intended coming back the following year. I said that I couldn't. My money had given out and I had no talent, anyhow.

"'But you *have* talent,' he told me. 'I'm so sure of it that, if I sell the play I'm writing, I'll see you thru and you can pay me when you are a leading lady.'"

The play was "The Charity Ball," on which he was collaborating with Henry C. de Mille. Needless to say, he sold it, but an unexpected stroke of good fortune for "Edy," as her friends call her, made it unnecessary for her to accept his offer. A distant relative died and left her six hundred dollars. So, she went back to the school and, graduating second best in her class, played the part of Clytemnestra in Sophocles' "Electra." This was followed by her first professional engagement, which was for the leading part in "The Charity Ball."

The Neill home is a sort of Mecca for the entire profession. They live very simply in a pretty bungalow of their own in Glendale. Their lot is 100 feet wide by 175 feet deep, and on it they grow oranges, lemons, grapefruit and even dates. Like nearly every one else in Glendale, a suburb where no one is either rich or poor, they have an automobile, but they do not keep any servants, and one glance at their faces would be enough to tell you of their contentment.

It is said that only one marriage out of twenty is really happy. If this is so, then the Neills have made the twentieth marriage.

Since coming to the screen the Neills have made a number of pictures together. James Neill was with Famous Players-Lasky for five and a half years, starting with them in the second picture ever made by that company. His first picture was made for Universal, and from there he went to Kalem, where he directed Carlyle Blackwell for a while. It was some time before Edythe Chapman decided to go on the screen, and then she did not sign any contract until she and her husband both joined Goldwyn, where they are at this writing.

IN THE POST OFFICE

By THELMA STILLSON

So many little doors are here, each with
its little key;
So many eager eyes that watch to catch
the gleam of white;
So many hands that flutter in gay
expectancy,
And tear the seals asunder with
tremulous delight.

So many letters come to me in writing
coarse and fine,
In big and little envelopes, white,
yellow, grey and blue;
And I would give them all away to hold
one careless line
In funny, ragged characters, scrawled
hastily by you.

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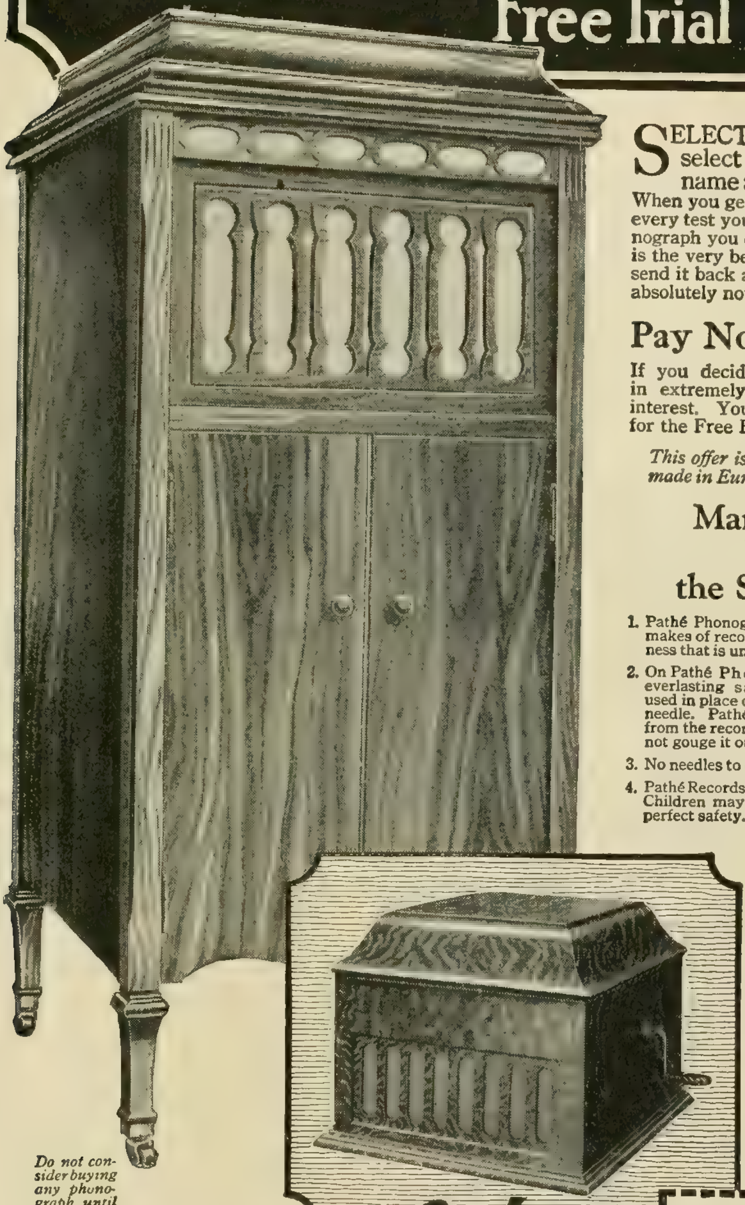

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Dorothy Makes Her Bow

(*Continued from page* 49)

gether, they appeared in three different places in one evening, something quite unheard of on the stage. Dancing at ten o'clock in one place, at half-past ten in another production, and at midnight appearing on the Century Roof, where by the way, Florenz Ziegfield had previously managed Miss Dickson, advertising her as "the greatest dancing personality in the world."

She has only been on the stage for three years. Previous to that, she lived the usual popular débutante's life in Chicago. Her father, just before she was to have had her coming-out party, made some unfortunate investments in stocks, and Dorothy awoke one day to find that when she wanted anything, she could not have it. Nothing daunted, she determined to make her own money and this is the way she went about it. She and Carl Hyson, a boyhood friend who was in college at the time, had danced together very often at parties, and had always caused great enthusiasm and admiration because of their skill. One night they decided to take up a bet made by some friends of theirs concerning a dancing prize at Rector's It happened that on this particular evening, they had as their competitors, Maurice and Walton, (the famous dancing pair known all over the world), and two other professional couples who had become household names in Chicago because of their dancing ability. All of Dorothy's friends were present and there was much excitement when she and Carl started to dance. They received an ovation at the conclusion which caused the manager of the place to offer them a contract; and Dorothy accepted.

It was while Dorothy and Carl were still dancing at Rector's (which they did for about six months after the above happened) that Florenz Ziegfield, the well-known connoisseur on feminine beauty happened to be in Chicago and while at Rector's one evening saw Dorothy dance. He immediately offered her a contract, and brought her to New York where he starred her in a play at the Century Theater. She made a tremendous success in New York, and from then on has appeared with increasing popularity in various Broadway successes. This season she has been featured in "Lassie," one of the most popular plays on the rialto, and has just left that company for a well-earned vacation before starting work with Famous Players.

"I know what a tremendous risk I am taking," she said, apropos of its being her first venture in pictures, "but even if I do fail, I will at least have assured myself that I took the chance. I realize what a huge task I have set myself to do; very few people know anything about me outside of the big cities, and it is the movie fan that makes the movie star, I think. But perhaps if this picture turns out to my credit, there will be a few people who will see it, and I hope to build up my

(*Continued on page* 97)

The Movie Encyclopaedia
by
"The ANSWER MAN"

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

THELMA F.—Greetings! How are you this nice fresh, snappy morning? Thank you. You think I am a darling, and not an old man. Wont you let me be both? Write direct to Bill Hart for his picture.

HENRY C.—The story of "The Sagebrusher" has never been fictionized in the CLASSIC.

WANDA HAWLEY ADMIRER.—Why should they be prohibited? Tsuru Aoki was born in Japan, September 9, 1892. She has been on the stage since she was eight years old. She is five foot one, weighs 120, and has black hair and eyes.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK. FAN.—Did you think I was M. S. Cheatham? Oh! You can reach Ralph Graves at Metro, 1476 Broadway, New York City. The Lee children have been playing in vaudeville all summer in and about New York City. He seems to be drifting.

ROBERT.—Good morning, Bob! Write Grace Cunard, Los Angeles, Cal. Why House Peters is playing in "The Great Redeemer" for Metro.

JUST ME.—Just you! And you want me to tell Harrison Ford that you love him so much. Will you girls never get any sense? You may admire, but not adore. Man's mind is marble, woman's mind is wax; and the one is no better than t'other. Hope you have a *bon voyage*.

OLIVE B.—Oh, is that so? You think it would be mighty interesting if I married Constance Talmadge. I agree with you absolutely. See if you cant fix it up for me. Dolores Cassinelli is playing in "The Hidden Light." Joe Moore and Eileen Sedgwick are playing in "Love's Battle" to be released by the Climax Film Corp.

H. E. C.—Thanks, old man. Keep the check. Write me any time you feel like it. You sure have some sense of humor.

FITZ & STARTZ.—So you dont agree with me. Isn't that strange! I expect that I am in the small minority with most of my opinions, still I am rather proud of that. The man who fears to take his stand alone, but follows where the greatest number tread should hasten to his rest beneath the stone—the great majority of men are dead. No, not me.

IRENE H.—And why are you so scared of me? I dont bite. Even tho I am caged in my hall room, with iron doors, and my big watch dog along side of me. Oh yes, I have a new dog—a Russian wolfhound. William Conklin in "The Haunted Bedroom." Jack Crosby in "A Daughter of Two Worlds." Come in again.

MISS ATLANTA.—Alice Joyce Admirer, H. A. E.; Roscoe; L. Mc; Nellie S.—Your letters were very interesting, but require no separate answers.

THELMA.—Of course it is much cheaper to subscribe; why dont you?

BRODIE.—Mizpah means "The Lord watch between thee and me when we are absent one from the other." Why that was Elmo Lincoln and Enid Markey in "Tarzan of the Apes." Oh, I dont mind working this kind of weather, but when the old thermometer gets up around 98 and 100 degrees—I'm thru!

H. H. H.—Well, there ain't no use. An affinity is a high priced luxury since the cost is alimony. Frank Mayo in "Black Friday." You mean Ethel Shannon in "John Petticoats." Come on.

WANDA HAWLEY.—So you think my answers are snappy. How?

JUST ME.—You here again? And so soon. I certainly do not own an automobile. I had a Ford once, but I got tired of dodging other cars and people on the street and so I sold it. Automobiles kill more people nowadays than all the other nuisances put together. The automobile is the modern Juggernaut. Brownie Vernon in "The Coming of the Law." Harrison Ford in "The Veiled Adventure." Yes, we have the October Magazine with Constance Talmadge's picture on the cover.

SINGER B.—John Barrymore says he is going to remain in pictures. Jack Holt is playing in "The City Sparrow."

RUBY.—You are all wrong about Eugene O'Brien. He is a dandy chap, and I like him. You can reach Mahlon Hamilton at Hampton Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

KITTY.—Good for you. You can reach Violet Mersereau at the Apthorp Hotel, 94th St. & Broadway, New York City. You say you want more of Ruth Roland. So do we. She is too busy to think of us these days. You will have to write a separate letter to the MAGAZINE about those pictures. You should never write to a publisher and take up matters pertaining to several departments in the same letter.

CLEOPATRA.—It was Bernard Palissy, born in Agen, France, 1510, who was the first to rediscover the art of producing white enamel. He was the leader of ceramic art in the 16th century, and his life is characterized as "the great romance" in the history of ceramics. Your letter was indeed interesting, and I hope you write to me again.

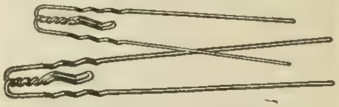
MICKEY T.—The Dolly Sisters are still on the stage.

E. L. M.—Thanks for your verse. I wish I could print it.

LUCILLE.—Cullen Landis in "Girl from Outside."

H. G.—You're not the only one. I have sad news to relate also. On May 1st, next I must vacate my hall room which I have now occupied for nearly ten years, and seek new quarters. If the editor-in-chief decides to raise my salary before then, I shall perhaps be able to have a real square room with two windows and a closet. Wont that be grand! May 1st is generally called moving day, but next year the great moving day will be March 4th.

BUGGIE.—Why, there is no reason whatever why a Roman Catholic may not become President of the U. S., altho a Catholic was never nominated for the Presidential Office. Yes, Vivian Martin is married. She is playing in "The Song of the Soul" adapted from the William J. Locke story "An Old World Romance." The picture was edited by Robert W. Chambers. Carol Dempster in "The Love Flower," one of Griffith's poor pictures. Yes, we think Carol is a real comer. She showed a remarkable advance in "The Love Flower."



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Dead Men
Tell No
Tales

The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page 43*)

fine human note in fully a half dozen places—a human note that reaches out and plays upon your heart-strings.

"Way Down East," as written by Lottie Blair Parker, was one of those perennially popular stage melodramas. This story of an innocent country girl, Anna Moore, who goes to the city, is wronged by a villainous city chap, becomes a mother after a mock marriage, seeks regeneration in work upon a farm, is exposed by gossips and turned out into a blinding New England blizzard, only to be saved by an honest young country boy who loves her despite everything, was seemingly an obvious thing of the hokum theater. Apparently, it bore no real relation to life anywhere.

We see the "Way Down East" of the stage differently. The old melodrama would not have gone on year after year had it been entirely distinct from reality. Its background of homely New England life gave it the breath of life. With all its painted scenery and torn paper snow it was redolent of the soil. But, most of all, it carried a message. It presented the struggle of woman for equality in its way as vividly, as centuries before, Euripides did in his Medea. To the simple playgoer of the nineties, Anna Moore personified womanhood in its age-old struggle for recognition—against the man-made odds of decades. Not that we consider "Way Down East" for a moment as a thing of literary or dramatic value. It was a melodrama of fearful dialog and even more fearful construction. But a compelling message and a compelling background were there.

The sawdust and the wires become flesh and blood when transferred to the screen under Griffith's hand, the canvas trees and calcium-lights transform to vast sweeps of landscape alive with summer sunshine, the torn paper to a bleak and whirling winter blizzard. "Way Down East" gains vastly upon its transfer from stage to film form, for the director endows his characters with a humanness they never possessed behind the footlights.

Griffith has taken his motion picture camera into the history of the persecuted Anna. The Parker opus started upon the arrival of the girl with her "past" at the Bartlett farm. Griffith moves back into Anna's girlhood and, step by step, shows her dazzled and destroying dip into the city and her disillusionment, along with the coming of her baby and its death. This portion of the cinema "Way Down East" to us is turgid and rather uninteresting, which seems to prove our theory that the stage "Way Down East" owes its success to its homely rural background and the vitalness of its indirect—and even claptrap—feministic single standard argument.

Once Griffith definitely reaches the countryside in this feminine "Pilgrim's Progress" his drama becomes alive with vigor. All the sweetness and fragrance

(*Continued on page 98*)

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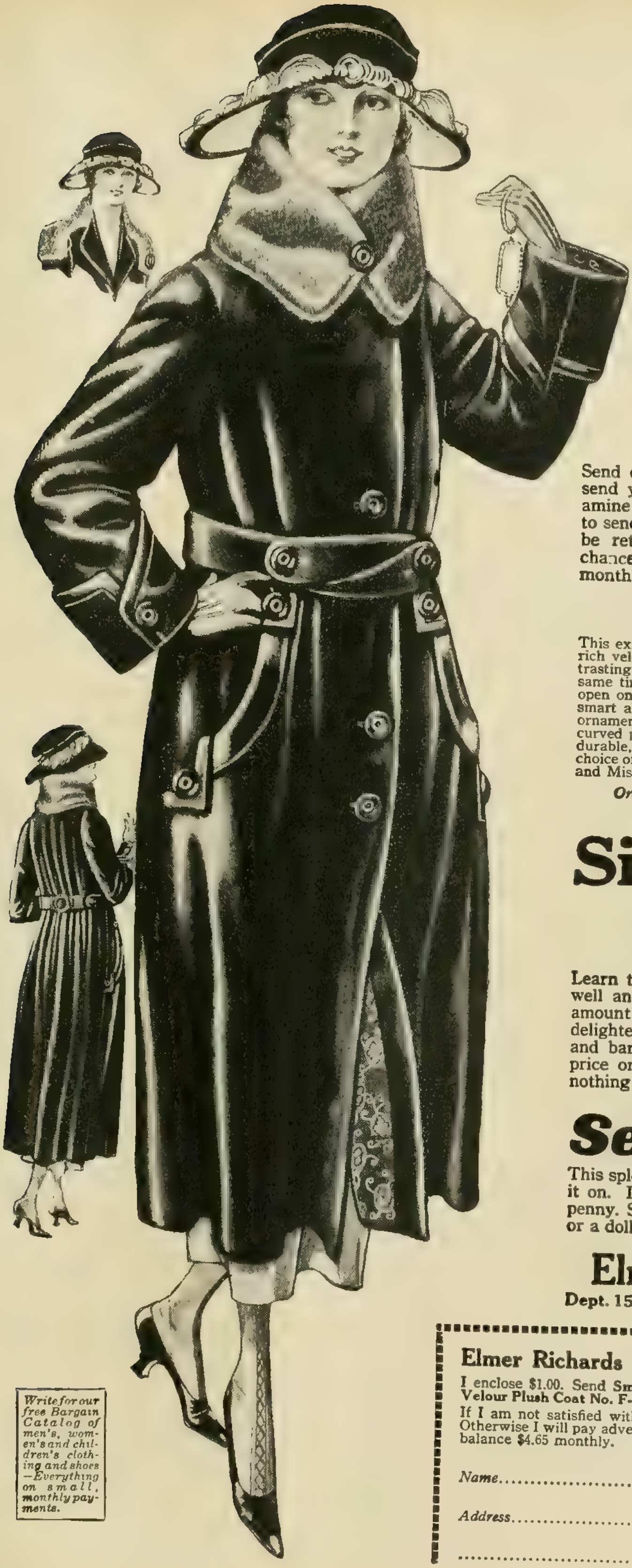

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The Charm School

(Continued from page 30)

ful letters," those fifty pairs of limpid, inquiring eyes, the flowers on his desk—no, *he* didn't do—*they* didn't do—— It was just as well—— He would tell Homer Johns about it that evening and then carry out his original plan of going away. He had resources—the pain at his heart might be a slight deterrent—but he had to figure that in——

At the dance he told Homer Johns of his aunt's true bequest. He hadn't figured wrongly. Old Johns chuckled, said he thought it just as well, altho he would have to hunt around for a school for Elise and offered Austin a $25,000 a year job, which was promptly accepted.

"Run away for a month or two, young man," the older man advised, "before you tackle the new proposition. You look a bit as if you'd been handed a blow beneath the belt."

"I have," Austin said.

It wasn't until later in the evening that Homer Johns discovered the blow beneath the belt to be Elise. Mrs. Rolles gave him, unwittingly, the information. "I hear," she said, "that young Austin Bevans is in love with one of his Charm School pupils. I am so glad. It relieves Susie of his unwelcome attentions."

Johns drew his heavy brows together and smiled. "I've just given him a heavy job," he said, "that's a comer, that young man. I should be tickled to death if his attentions were in the direction of one of my family. He's a comer and he can be trusted. Two noble traits in man."

Mrs. Rolles sought out Susie. She was quite breathless.

"Encourage young Bevans," she said, hastily, "he's a protégé of Homer Johns. That means a fortune. Give it out that you and he have long been engaged. Waste no time—most important——"

Susie gave it, with a nicely unerring instinct, to Elise.

Elise believed it. We always do believe the worst anent the one we love, so far beyond our reach does the Desired One appear.

Elise decided to vanish. It was the only thing left for her to do, she decided, with the radical desperation of the very young.

The green earth should swallow her up. Oblivion was kind.

She left a note for Austin graphically describing her intent. Then, like Ibsen's Nora, she "went out into the night"—as far as Austin's car. The low-swung back tempted her. It would be so thrilling to sit there and watch proceedings. Who knows but what Austin might do something dramatic? Might even give chase. Her essential romance thrilled to the possibilities in the situation. She waited——

In ten minutes Austin appeared. Her heart pounded, the whole of the universe was the terrific onslaught of her heart—it was like the roaring of many waters——

Then he was speaking to her. "Where were you going?" he said, but with the articulation of "where" she knew that he loved her.

Peaceful Valley

(*Continued from page 42*)

wont to say that he had had all the labor he could well stand by Labor Day. On the last day of this particular summer more than Jothams "broke up." Hosea had been over all forenoon, offering his dog to Virginia and helping her pack. She refused his dog, "because you love him so much, Hosea." While she was speaking, it came to her how much she loved his comfy, homey name. "I'll be back next summer," she told him, "we'll have the same good old times . . . they *have* been good, Hosea, haven't they? I've come to love your mother and Martha and nice Luke and . . . and *all* of Peaceful Valley."

Hosea didn't speak because he couldn't find courage or conviction to say what he wanted to, and he wasn't given to light talk.

It was going to be lonesome, but he and Martha would have lots to keep their tongues going this winter. He would plan a sensational crop for Perpindicular next summer and who knows but what . . . Their mother would soon be home and maybe, after a bit, the aching which Virginia had left him, along with the sweetness, would cease. He hoped so . . .

When he got home Martha was not there. Funny. For awhile longer he hung about, dreaming . . . Deliberately, he gave himself this hour . . . himself and Virginia . . . At sundown he would hunt up Martha . . . He didn't know why the lily pond suggested itself to him on this night, save that the facts of love and death are ever intermingled . . . He walked to it, with undue haste. It was undisturbed and the lilies, overburdened with ripe sweetness, breathed forth their dolorous breaths for the exquisite delectation of his nostrils. He walked home.

At midnight of that night there was no Martha. He and Luke had scoured the countryside, given out alarms, done all their locality could do.

The next day his mother came home, and he had to tell her.

The pallor of her face was like that of death.

That night he went to the city. He went blindly and he searched blindly. He hadn't ever *realized* the city. Every slim girl he saw he thought he saw Martha. Every vestige of distress was her distress. After a week he returned, baffled, bewildered, distraught.

The winter settled down on Peaceful Valley. Always, before, for Hosea it had been a cheery time of white snows, flashing sleds and scarlet mittens, peaceful evenings, Christmas greens and more than the usual goodies at table.

This winter the snow was like a pall, and there were no flashing sleds nor scarlet mittens.

For all Hosea and his mother, more worn now than ever before, knew their Martha might have been under the blanketing snow. Often, they hoped she might be. It would be kinder so.

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Spring broke reluctantly. Early summer opened Jotham's. Ward Andrews had written several times saying he was prepared to take up the option on the farm and Hosea had decided not to go in for too much in the way of crops. If the old place were sold his labor would be for naught. But he needed extra money. When old Jotham offered him a job as waiter he seized upon it.

His first evening was memorable. He came thru the door balancing his tray, more or less dexterously, and beheld Virginia. The tray met an instant collision with the floor. Over the débris Virginia laughed, and the few other guests laughed too. The red-faced boy and the merry girl were so palpably *together*.

After supper Hosea and Virginia sat on the porch rail together and she told him of her winter and her studies. Hosea told her of their sad winter, his mother's and his. Of Martha who had vanished from the earth.

"I'm doing this for the extra money, mostly on that account," he told her; "we've got to get trace of Martha, Mother and I. We'd not rest even in our graves if we never heard anything of her."

Virginia was tenderly compassionate. She laid her hand on his arm and stroked it a bit.

"I'm so sorry . . . " she kept murmuring; "I'm so sorry . . . " Her sympathy was very sweet.

Later in the evening Ward Andrews asked Virginia to marry him. "Your father's willing, Ginny," he ended his plea.

Father's not marrying you, Ward," she told him, "and, personally, *I* couldn't. Just couldn't. I like you . . . but it has to be so *different* for . . . marriage. I . . . well, there's just no use."

Ward Andrews didn't accept defeat gracefully. He didn't tell her not to worry, it would be all right with him. He scowled and gave her to understand he felt himself misused.

Hosea was learning to accept . . . Perpindicular without Martha, dreams without Virginia. This, perhaps, was life. Life as it must be lived.

Then, one day in June, the old couple from across the road broke in on the Howes, sitting more or less wistfully in the sunlight, and told how they had seen Marthy a spell up the road, stragglin' along and a cryin' to herself. "Actin' up as queer," the old lady vouchsafed.

Hosea wasted not a moment. His dull and weary brain made, miraculously, an instantaneous response.

The lily pond!

"If I were to die of love, I think I'd do it here among the lilies . . . here among the lilies . . . " She had said it.

She had gone down twice when Hosea caught the dank glint of her hair in the lazy ripple of the pool. The thick white of a lily baffled her curled fingertips.

He had her in his arms; had her, dripping, against his breast, before the suddenly sinister water could touch her still face again.

In the front room Ward Andrews had

(*Continued on page 92*)

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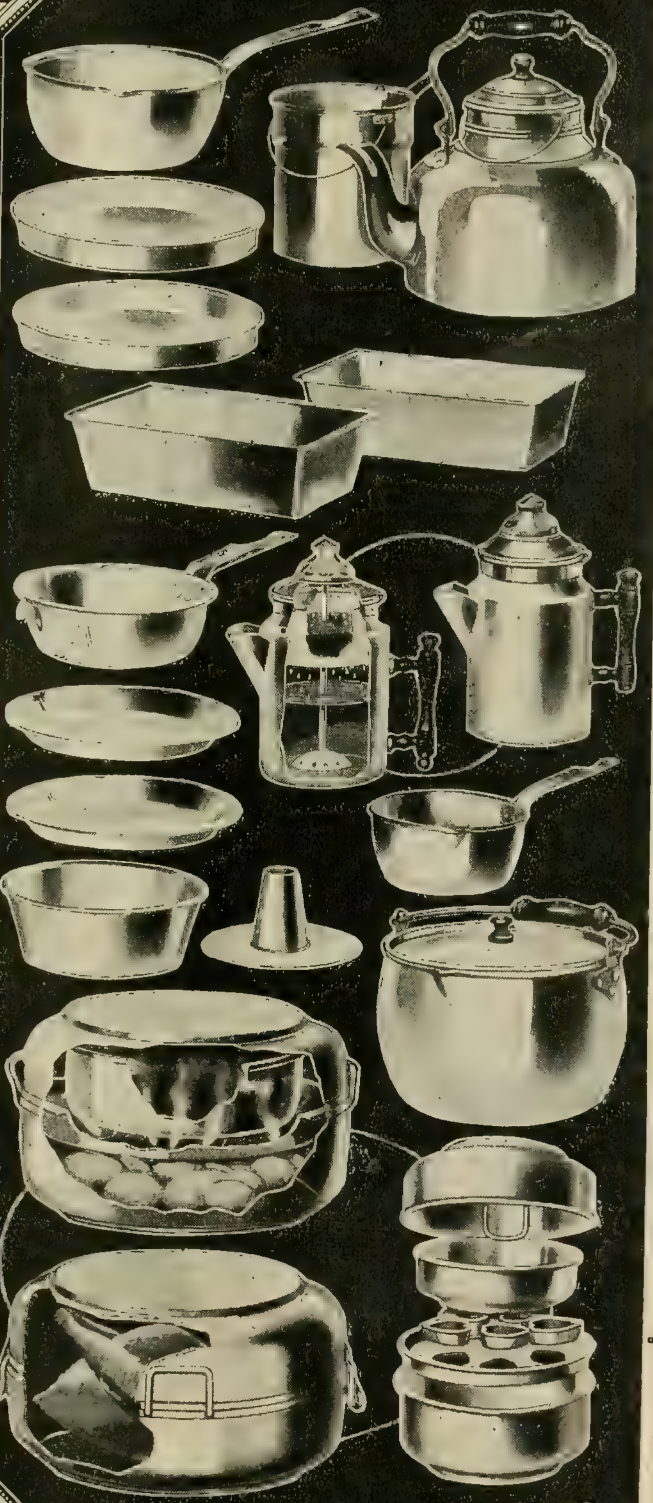

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The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Peaceful Valley

(*Continued from page* 90)

come with his option money. Somehow, they hadn't seemed to think he ever would. With it right there, before them, with Luke in the room with Martha, swearing he wanted her at once, no matter what had befallen her, it didn't seem necessary to part with stony old Perpindicular. It seemed hard and wholly undesirable. The past winter had taught values.

Old Jotham saw how it was going. Saw that it didn't need to go. His hand was in his pocket when Luke opened Martha's door to come out and Martha, catching sight of Ward Andrews framed in the front door, emitted a piercing, unmistakable shriek of terror, of appalled recognition, of appeal . . .

Somehow it struck them all, simultaneously. Ward Andrews . . . the option . . . Martha and her disappearance . . . Hosea was upon him before Luke could get there and finally out of the chaos some sort of order was evolved.

Luke went back to Martha to still the incoherence of her reiterated "I got away from him . . . I got away from him . . . he never so much . . . I did . . . I did . . ."

Dr. Rand had Hosea by the hand. "I have been investigating this young man on the quiet for some time," he said, indicating what was left of Ward Andrews, "and he hasn't borne the investigation. I have also been investigating your farm, Mrs. Howe. You and your son are to be congratulated as potential millionaires. The place is invaluable in mineral springs."

Outside the door Virginia had maneuvered Hosea. Her eyes were upon him, beseeching.

"Once you said," he imparted, "that you loved mother . . . and Martha . . . and Peaceful Valley . . . but you didn't mention . . ."

"You?" prompted Virginia, touching him, "you? Oh, darling, that was only because I was a 'fraid cat . . . I didn't dare . . . And I wasn't sure about you. But I am now. I see it in your eyes . . . I do . . . I do . . ."

Hosea took her in his arms and kist her. All at once it was the natural, the only thing to do. All at once, too, Peaceful Valley was filled with an unearthly light as of a great glory and there was the sound of singing, heavenly sweet, and the summer burgeoned and filled the twilight with a million, million roses . . . and thru it all filtered Martha's thin little happy laugh. Dr. Rand's deep pleasant voice, their mother's tremulous, eager answers . . . the singing of their pulses . . . his and hers . . .

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By Charlotte Becker

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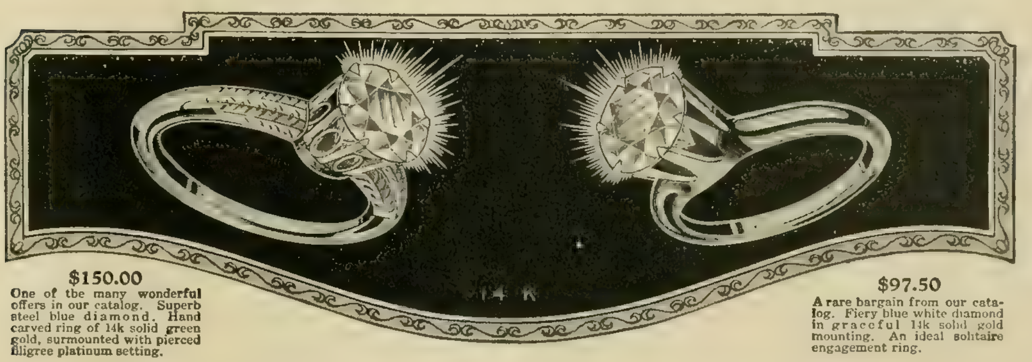

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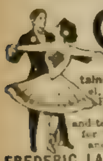

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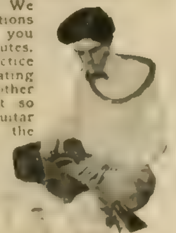

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Myrtle of the Mountains

(*Continued from page 21*)

"Funny little thing!" said Miss Stedman, laughing in sympathy.

And then, just as we left the table and started for the living-room, the doorbell began to ring.

"What on earth!" she exclaimed . . . there was no one in sight. Still the bell rang, loudly, continuously, as tho making up for lost time. After a protracted search it was discovered that the amateur electricians had in some way connected the thing with a clothes closet door. When the door was left open the bell wouldn't ring at all, but with the door closed it rang all the time. The door was propped open, to keep out the noise, and we returned to the living-room and seated ourselves comfortably on a big davenport. We had been laughing so heartily that, for a minute, conversation was impossible.

"Let's see; where were we?" said Miss Stedman, and then answering herself, "Oh, yes; at the Westerns. Of course, we worked under difficulties that producers dont have now. There was, for instance, the matter of the trademark. It was, you remember, a big diamond 'S' and it had to appear in every scene. Sometimes we would get miles out on location and find that it had been forgotten. When this happened, production was held up until the property man could get it from the studio; we never dared make anything without it."

There was, of course, the ever present possibility that someone would try and steal some of their stuff.

It was about five years ago that Myrtle Stedman left Chicago and Westerns for drama and California. She appeared as Saxon in Jack London's "Valley of the Moon," and was also in the first production of "Burning Daylight." It will be remembered that she was at Lasky's for a time playing with Hayakawa, Wallie Reid and many others.

"I suppose you've had a trying week," I remarked, referring to some re-takes for "Sowing the Wind," in which she had been working at the Mayer studio.

"Yes, I've been weeping steadily all the way thru this picture. It's an old 'Romance' play, you know—of course, they've brought it up-to-date.

"I did hope that I was going to do a Western next, but it seems that the picture wont be a Western after all. It's a mill story. However, it will be with Bill Hart and I'm delighted about that anyway!"

Myrtle Stedman has a frank, straightforward way of looking at you from clear blue eyes, a frank straight-forward handshake.

She has never lost her capacity for enthusiasms. She loves the theater and she can still watch a play or a picture uncritically, laughing at the right moments and crying at the right moments, too. With all this, her work shows her to be a remarkably finished artist.

It is not to be wondered at, that Rex Beach, seeing her in New York, engaged her for the part of Cherry Melotte in "The Silver Horde." She was an ideal choice for the part.

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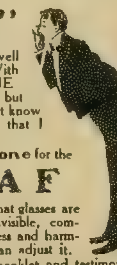

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DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES

How Every Woman Can Have A Winning Personality

You may have all those attractive qualities that men adore in women

Let Me Introduce Myself

DEAR READER: *I wish to tell you* how to have a charming, winning personality because all my life I have seen that without it any woman labors under great handicaps. Without *personality,* it is almost impossible to make desirable friends, or get on in business; and yes, often must a woman give up the man on whom her heart is set because she has not the power to attract or to hold him.

During my career here and abroad, I have met a great many people whom I have been able to study under circumstances which have brought out their weak or strong points, like a tiny spot on the lens of a moving picture machine will magnify into a very large blot on the screen. And I have seen so many people, lacking in personality, try to make a success of their plans and fail completely, in a way that has been quite pathetic. I am sure that you also are familiar with one or more such cases.

Success of a Winsome Manner

I saw numerous failures that were so distressing that my thoughts could not help dwelling upon those shattered and vain conditions. I have seen women of education, and culture and natural beauty actually fail where other women minus such advantages, but possessing certain secrets of lovableness, a certain winsomeness, a certain knack of looking right and saying the right word would get ahead delightfully. Nor were they naturally forward women. Nor were they the kind that men call clever. Some of them, if you studied their features closely, were decidedly not handsome; *yet they seemed so.* They didn't do this by covering their faces with cosmetics; they knew the *true* means. And often the winning women were in the thirties, forties, or even fifties. Yet they "appealed." You know what I mean. They drew others to them by a subtle power which seemed to emanate from them. Others liked to talk to them and to do things for them. In their presence you felt perfectly at ease—as though you had been good, good friends for very long.

JULIETTE FARA

French Feminine Charms

The French women among my friends seemed to me more generally endowed with this ability to fascinate, than did my friends among other nationalities. In the years that I lived in Paris, I was amazed to find that most of the women I met were enchanting.

"Is it a part of the French character?" I asked my friends.

"Were you born that way?" I would often ask some charming woman.

And they smilingly told me that "personality" as we know it here in America, is *an art,* that is *studied and acquired* by French women just as they would learn to cook, or to sing by cultivating the voice. Every girl and woman possesses latent personality. *This includes you, dear reader.* There are numerous real secrets for developing *your* personality. In France, where the women have always outnumbered the men, and where opportunity for our sex is restricted, those who wish to win husbands or shine in society, or succeed in their careers, have no choice but to develop their charms in competition with others.

How Men's Affections Are Held

Lately the newspapers have been telling us that thousands and thousands of our fine young army men have taken French wives. It was no surprise to me, for I know *how alluring are the French girls.* Nor could I help conceding the truth in the assertion of a competent Franco-American journalist that "American girls are too provincial, formal, cold and unresponsive while the French girls radiate warmth of sympathy, devotion and all those exquisite elements of the heart that men adore in women."

And I who am successful and probably known to you by reputation through my activities on the Faubourg St. Honoré can tell you in all candor, as one woman confiding in another, that these French secrets of personality have been a very important factor in the successes of mine. But it is not my tendency to boast of myself, the *Juliette Fara* whom I want you to feel that you already know as your sincere friend, but I speak *of* YOU and *for* YOU.

French Secrets of Fascination

My continued residence in France enabled me to observe the ways and methods of the women closely. I studied and analyzed the secrets of their *fascinating powers.*

When I returned to the dear old U. S. A., I set myself at work putting together the facts, methods, secrets and formulæ that I had learned while in France.

Of one thing I am absolutely convinced—every woman who wishes it may have a winning personality.

Overcoming Deterrent Timidity

I know I can take any girl of a timid or overmodest disposition, one who lacks self-confidence, or is too self conscious for her own good, and show her how to become *discreetly and charmingly daring,* perfectly natural and comfortable in the presence of others. I can show you *how to bring out charms which you do not even dream you possess.*

Uncouth Boldness—or Tactful Audacity

If you are an assertive woman, the kind that suffers from too great forwardness, I can show you in a way that you will find delightful, how to be *gentle and unassuming,* to tear away the false fabric of your repelling and ungracious personality and replace it with another that wins and attracts. By this method, you will succeed, oh so well, while by uncouthness or misapplied audacity you meet with setbacks.

I can take the frail girl or woman, the listless one who usually feels that the good things in life are not for her and show her how to become vigorous and strong, tingling with enthusiasm and good cheer and how to see the whole wide world full of splendid things just for her.

Become An Attractive Woman

I can take the girl or woman who is ignorant or careless of her appearance, or the girl who dresses unbecomingly and instill in her a sense of true importance of appearance in personality; I can enlighten her in the ways of women of the world, in making the most of their apparel. All this without any extravagance; and I can show her how to acquire it with originality and taste. You realize, of course, that dressing to show yourself to advantage, is a *real art* and without that knowledge you will always be under a disadvantage.

For Married Women

There are some very important secrets which married French women know that enables them to hold the love, admiration and fidelity of their men. How the selfish spirit in a man is to be overcome so ingeniously that he *does not know what you are accomplishing* until some day he awakens to the fact that his character and his manner have undergone a delightful change—that he is not only making you happy, but he is finding far greater pleasure in life than when he was inconsiderate. There are secrets in my compilation that are likely to change a turbulent course of married life for one that is entrancingly ideal. And this power lies within you, my dear Madam.

Acquire Your Life's Victory Now

What we call personality is made up of a number of little things. It is not something vague and indefinable. Personality, charm, good looks, winsomeness and success can be cultivated. If you know the secrets, if you learn the rules and put them into practice, you can be charming, you can have an *appealing personality.* Don't think it impossible. Don't think you must be born that way. Don't even think it ought to be hard to acquire it; because the secrets of charm that I have collated and transcribed for you are more interesting than the most fascinating book you have ever read.

Once you have learned my lessons, they become a kind of second nature to you. When you notice the improvement in your appearance, how you get on easier with people, how your home problems seem to solve themselves, how in numberless little ways (and big ones, too) life gets to hold so many more prizes for you, you will decide to put more and more of the methods in practice in order to obtain still more of life's rewards.

No Fad—the Success of Ages

I am well enough known by the public not to be taken as advancing some new-fangled fad. All my life I have understood the value of plain common sense and practical methods. And what I have put into my course on the cultivation of personality is just as practical as anything can be.

I could go on to tell you more and more about this truly remarkable course, but the space here does not permit. However, I have put some important secrets for you into an *inspiring little book called "How"* that I want you to read. The Gentlewoman Institute will send it to you entirely free, postpaid, in a plain wrapper, just for the asking.

My advice to you is to send for the free book *"HOW"* if you want to gain the finest of friends and to possess happiness with contentment that will come to you as the result of a *lovely and winning personality.*

Juliette Fara

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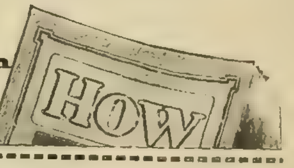

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"But the Fellers Call Him Bill"

(Continued from page 59)

willingness. He *thought* he wanted to go on the stage - but he was not sure, because he had not yet tried it —or anything else.

So he tried directories. But figures and detail work bored him. He was not interested in directories altho he honestly tried to be. His father was disappointed —his mother, well known to the profession in this and other countries, did not want him to go on the stage.

Billie Boyd was twenty-three when he began his stage career—but he began by doing extra parts, receiving, sometimes, the munificent sum of one dollar—fifty cents of which he handed over as a commission. But he had decided and there was no turning back. From these small beginnings he has advanced rapidly. Not only in all the principal cities of America, but in all the provinces he is known as juvenile lead hero of drama or light comedy, in character parts. His last Broadway appearance was in "The Voice in the Dark" and he had just finished a long engagement in Chicago with "Poker Ranch," reaching New York just in time to begin work in the filming of "Blackbirds" in which he is appearing with Justine Johnson in her first Realart picture.

"And have you deserted the stage entirely?" I asked—knowing well what his answer would be, but wishing to get him to talk about himself.

"No indeed!" he said emphatically. "I was glad of the chance to do this picture because I have finished my stage engagement in Chicago and A. H. Woods who has practically signed me for the coming season was not quite decided about the play I was to appear in. So I had time to do this and am enjoying it wonderfully. Funny business—" he commented. "Went to Florida week or so ago to take some scenes. And now, we are doing some scenes that come away ahead of those we took in Florida.

"I'm not used to that—and even tho I know the story, it's a bit confusing. You see I have done only one picture before this—'Virtuous Wives' with Anita Stewart. But I hope it will develop that I can do more. I really like the work very much. Ten years ago," he said, reminiscently, "George Fitzmaurice tried to persuade me to go with him as a director. I could not see pictures at all at that time—and turned down his proposition."

"You might have made a big success as a director—as Mr. Fitzmaurice has done."

"No," he said decidedly. "I am an actor—and while some actors are good business men—I am not. And I believe a director of motion pictures should be both. As I see it, it's up to the director to make the picture both an artistic and business success. I might take care of the artistic end—but the financial end would be a big gamble. And I couldn't give up the stage. It's my job—it's all I know. So I'll keep the faith—so to speak—and try to justify my choice of a profession. And Billie Boyd *would*.

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PISO'S
for Coughs & Colds

The Story of Flora Revalles

(*Continued from page 72*)

more a series of estates than a town . . . and the hotel is surrounded by wide grounds. There seemed to be twice as many stars in the sky as is usual and a little new moon looked very brilliant and very near. One felt as tho in the midst of a stage setting, rather than a scene of reality. There, she told me of a thrilling experience which she had while in the South of Russia. The anecdote deserves a place here because it illustrates so well the daring of her nature.

"I had been in Russia many times," she said, "but never far from civilization. On this occasion just a little stream separated us from a Tartar village where the people were wild and veree cruel. We had been warned, our party, but still I wanted to cross that stream. It was so narrow one could step across it quite easily.

"One day, I was out walking with a friend and we decided to go just a little way. We had hardly crossed the stream when we were surrounded and made prisoners. I was never so afraid in all my life. I was certain that they were going to kill us. They made us prisoners for some time, then they let us go. They said that if ever we came back they would certainly kill us!"

But she had had her own way about crossing the stream; she is that type of woman.

Dorothy Makes Her Bow

(*Continued from page 84*)

popularity with each succeeding picture, that is if I make good. I am not going into this venture with any false illusions, you may be certain. I sometimes think that I should have worked in small parts, gotten some experience before venturing into being featured in pictures, but circumstances have forced me to act otherwise, and I can only work and wait."

Miss Dickson is one of the most photographed girls in the country. Not an issue of any of the popular magazines seems complete without a photograph of her. The dainty charm of her wistful beauty lends itself with extreme aptitude to the camera, and this is perhaps what the powers that be over at the Famous Players studio realized when they signed Dorothy up with an interesting contract.

We lifted our glass of iced coffee slowly, our thoughts busy with the many gifts which the fairy godmothers had showered upon this one girl-woman. Our eyes chanced to fall on the diamond wrist watch she wore. Choking and sputtering, we came back to earth and gurgled that we had to dash—"no idea it was so late—Heavens! Much work to do."

"Can I drop you anywhere. I'm on my way to finish my shopping," said Dorothy.

"No, thank you. Have to go by subway. Many thanks just the same. Thanks awfully. Good-bye! Good-luck!"

"Good-bye. See you soon, I hope," said Dorothy—and she will!

You have always wished for it this fascinating ability to draw. And now it's yours! This power to grasp a pencil and picture your ideas, to "speak" more than a few pen strokes than your lips could tell in half hour, to spread your message farther and stronger than any you can reach this wonderful ability filled with pleasure and profit is now yours! Forget that you may have no "talent" forget that you may not be "gifted"—but REMEMBER that, regardless of these things, the fascinating ability to draw can now be yours!

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Have you ever noticed a child trying to draw? Every child does it. They also try to read and write. The faculty of reading and writing is developed in them as they grow older. The faculty of drawing is not. That is the only difference. Everyone has within him the power to picturize his ideas. The *right method of training* is the only thing needed to bring out this ability.

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The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page 86*)

of the country sweeps out from the silversheet. There is the Bartlett kitchen, the forum of the New England family, there is the Bartlett farmhouse porch, whereon mother does her churning and father reads his paper in the twilight of the departing day, there are vast stretches of hay and daisy fields by summer and frozen roads and snow-swept countryside by winter. Mr. Griffith has caught it all, from the gentle lure of the New England June to the tingling sleigh ride and barn dance days of December.

We do not mean that Griffith has been entirely successful. He has permitted a horrible overdrawing of rural comedy characters, following in the footsteps of the original stage version. How easy it would have been to have limned these folk simply and honestly, to have presented them with homely sincerity. But Griffith, we suspect, felt this necessary to meet popular favor. In our critical—and perhaps impractical—way, we doubt it. But, of course, we have no millions at stake, waiting upon the film's success or failure.

We have noted the big thrill of the Griffith "Way Down East." In the stage version, the unhappy Anna merely disappeared out the door of the Bartlett maison into a flurry of fluttering paper. Upon the Griffith screen she struggles thru a real blizzard until she falls unconscious in the midst of an ice jam. Thereupon the ice breaks and Anna is carried upon a careening and steadily dwindling ice cake towards the river falls. The country lover dashes blindly to her rescue and—leaping from one ice block to another—reaches Anna's side as she is about to be swept over the falls. Seizing her, he jumps from ice floe to ice floe until he reaches safety. This sounds tame in the narration. In reality, he seems two or three times to leap from an ice cake just as it plunges over the roaring cataract. We do not know how Griffith accomplished it, but, as we have said, this is unquestionably the biggest thrill since that classic climax of "The Birth of a Nation." At the New York premiére the audience actually leaped to its feet and shouted as Anna, alias Lillian Gish, was carried to safety, by David, otherwise Dick Barthelmess.

Here let us give Miss Gish her just due. Her Anna Moore, a ghastly colorless being on the stage, is one of the biggest things the cinema has ever revealed—if it isn't the biggest. Right now we are rather of the opinion that it tops every histrionic performance of the past. It has slashing moments, as in the hysteria of the baby's death and again when the distraught girl bursts into a denunciation of those who persecute her, but, best of all it is a big, consistent and developing performance. Anna literally grows from wide-eyed girlhood to womanhood before your eyes. Congratulations, Miss Gish!

Mr. Barthelmess is excellent as the country lover. Fine, too, is Burr McIntosh's virile and unbending old Puritan,

(*Continued on page* 100)

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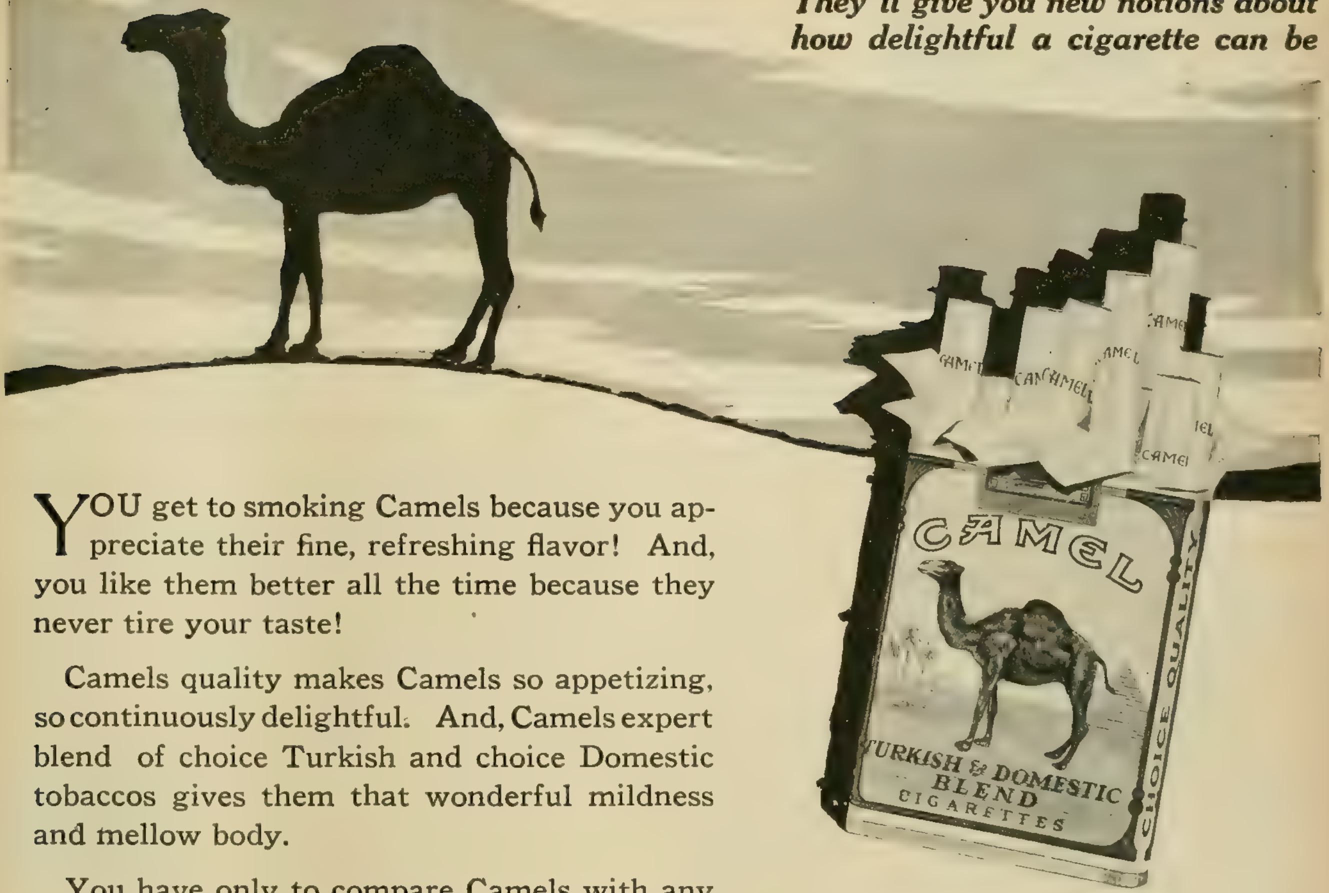

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The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page 98*)

Squire Bartlett, incarnate representative of the New England conscience. He *is* the atmosphere of "Way Down East." Lowell Sherman is a vivid villain, Kate Bruce is sweet and moving as Mother Bartlett, Mary Hay has cute moments as a city educated farm maiden and Creighton Hale plays a butterfly-hunting scientist with fine — and even subtle — touches of humor. But the rural comedy characters—horrors!

Mr. Griffith has achieved some unusual things here and there, both technically and dramatically. In the last named category comes the scene where he has dared to show the agonies of childbirth. Griffith has utilized the Brewster method of natural color photography for at least a half dozen scenes. Alongside the superb color of Bitzer's matchless photography it seems doubly crude. There are many notable moments photographically. One, which occurs in David's chase of the lost Anna, will cling in our memory. This is a fleeting glimpse of the boy caught in the whirling blizzard, framed by swaying fir trees against a haze of swirling snow.

A minor plaint can be made against the seeming confusion of time in the city and country scenes. Lucile and 1920 reign in the wicked metropolis, while the country is still in the nineties sartorially.

Griffith came near greatness in "Way Down East." He fell short in two things, slowness in reaching the real theme of his story and, in a greater measure, in constantly tearing away the homely and tenderly developed atmosphere with such palpably overdrawn horse-play characters as Hi Holler, Seth Holcomb and Reuben Whipple. But "Way Down East" is so worth while that we predict an endless sort of popularity for it.

And, let us add, you will not forget Miss Gish's performance. It is splendid in every sense of the word.

Lack of space necessitates brief reviews of the various current photoplays:

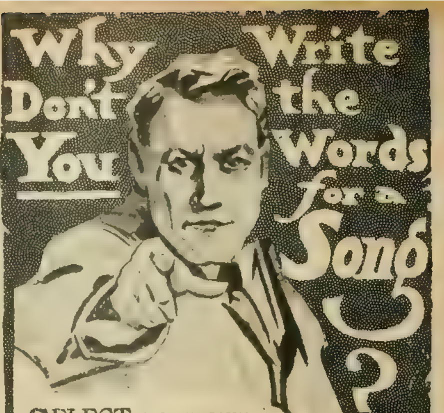
"The Love Flower."—D. W. Griffith's story of a man-hunt in the South Pacific. Griffith lost his theme in prettying a romance between the pursued man's daughter and a young adventurer. Does not seem real anywhere but it establishes Carol Dempster as a cinema personality. Here is a young girl with charm, distinction and vividness. Dick Barthelmess is not at his best.

"The White Circle."—Maurice Tourneur's visualization of Robert Louis Stevenson's "The Pavilion on the Links," another man-hunt with entirely different treatment. Griffith deals in personalities, Tourneur in backgrounds. There are some superb scenes on the lonely moors by night. Spottiswoode Aiken plays an old man frought with fear about his pursuers.

"Lady Rose's Daughter."—Hugh Ford's visualization of the Mrs. Humphrey Ward novel. A study in inherited weakness. Bad continuity and inferior direction handling. Elsie Ferguson was never more unconvincing.

"45 Minutes From Broadway."—

(*Continued on page 101*)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DEAD MEN
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The Branded Woman

(*Continued from page* 68)

harm," he whined. "Before God I haven't! All I did was to send a fake message to the day-nursery, where she was workin', for Alvarez. He was on the boat and hired me to find her. If anything's happened——"

He fumbled for a key, fitted it into the lock of a door, and pushed it open. At the moment of his entering a shot sounded. Douglas Courtenay stepped over Craft's jerking body and caught the little figure, holding the smoking revolver, in his arms. "Ruth!" he cried, "Oh my darling——"

She did not look at him. "I thought it was the Spaniard," he felt her shudder. "This afternoon when he brought me here I stole *this* from his pocket—to use when he came back—" she sighed, shuddering, and her weight grew heavy. Douglas Courtenay gathered her in his arms and strode down the stairs, stopping only for a word with those who were hurrying up in answer to the shot.

"Accidental death—I'll see to that!" the old boss said with a kind of pride in his power, "after the formalities are over I'll come to your hotel. Be gentle, boy, and dont say too much! Sure it's words that do more harm than bullets in the world!"

But when Ruth opened reluctant eyes, moments or hours later, to find herself held in her husband's arms, there were no words needed between them. For the deep lines of suffering in his face begged her "Forgive!" and the look in his eyes said "Love." With a little sigh of content she nestled closer and answered both by lifting her lips to his kiss.

The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page* 100)

Charlie Ray mis-cast as the slangy prize fighter hero of George M. Cohan's famous opus. Has the little human Ray touches but lacks Jerome Storm's directing hand. Remember how Storm could work you up to a pitch of fine enthusiasm over the sale of a mere bond? This is utterly flat. Probably you will like Dorothy Devore as the heroine.

"Civilian Clothes."—The likable Thomas Meighan in Thompson Buchanan's drama built about the handsome soldier who isn't so handsome when he dons his "civies." Cut and dried direction by Hugh Ford results in a colorless picture. Martha Mansfield is pretty but fearfully inadequate dramatically.

"Something to Think About."—This—the latest—Cecil de Mille offering will interest you. De Mille has deserted sex for the spiritual uplift, and he shows what the power of right thinking will do. We wish we had more space to devote to this, for it deserves extended comment. De Mille hits several very effective theatrical moments. Gloria Swanson is more varied than ever before. Elliott Dexter plays sympathetically, and Theodore Roberts is a strong and winning figure.

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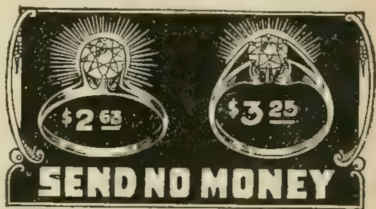

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EVERY WOMAN should be the rightful owner of beautiful eyes, the essentials of which are, First: Long, rich eyelashes; and Second: Well-cared-for eyebrows. No matter what color your eyes may be,—gray, brown or blue,—if they are shaded by thick, silky lashes, and well-shaped brows, their charm is greatly accentuated.

Nowadays, no one needs to be the dissatisfied possessor of short, thin, uneven brows and lashes; you can greatly assist Nature by simply applying a little of M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier at night. This scientific preparation nourishes the eyebrows and eyelashes, causing them to become gradually thick and lustrous, imparting sparkling expression to the eyes, and added charm to the face.

M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier, which has been successfully used by thousands, is guaranteed absolutely harmless; it is not a greasy, sticky salve, but a clean, nicely-perfumed liquid, in a cut glass bottle with glass stopper and applicator. The cut represents actual size of bottle. The active principle of this valuable article is a rare and expensive organic concentration which is unequalled for the purpose of stimulating and strengthening the particular follicles which produce rich, dark eyelashes.

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Upon receipt of 75c in stamps, coin or Money Order, I will send you postpaid, in plain wrapper, a bottle of M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier together with my copyrighted booklet on Beauty Hints.

The following preparations are of highest standard and well recommended:

M. T.'s Nature's Beauty Cream, a wrinkle eradicator	$ .75
M. T.'s A. B. A. Lotion, for Pimples and Blackheads	$ .75
M. T.'s Depilatory to remove superfluous hair	$ .50
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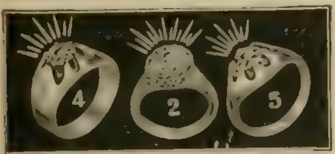
The most fascinatingly fragrant and healthful of powder perfumes for the skin. Antiseptic, prophylactic, deodorizing and refreshing, it is an ideal face, skin, baby and dusting powder. It soothes and cools, is convenient and economical and takes the place of other perfumes for the skin. Splendid after bathing with Cuticura Soap. A few grains sufficient.

Cuticura Toilet Trio

Consisting of Cuticura Soap to cleanse and purify, Cuticura Ointment to soothe and soften, and Cuticura Talcum to powder and perfume, promote and maintain skin purity, skin comfort and skin health often when all else seems to fail. Everywhere 25c each. Sample each free by mail. Address: **Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. G, Malden 48, Mass.**

Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.



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No. 4 Gents' Flat Belcher 14K Gold Filled Mounting. [illegible] Price - - - $3.50

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Write today! [illegible]

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Dead Men Tell No Tales

The Amazing Interview

(Continued from page 61)

in his brand-new limousine and now you have come to interview me!" And she sighed again.

If only I had been a cynic!

Marie does not always plan to remain in comedy. Mr. Roach has been developing plans for the production of serious drama and has urged that she stay with him a little longer—until he can put his plans into effect. It is very probable that she will. At least, if she maintains her present record, she will never be very far away, for she has never in all her life been out of the city of Los Angeles!

"But that's not half so silly as the fact that I've never ridden on a railroad train!"

She is delightfully aware of her own uniqueness; a uniqueness, by the way, in which a professional generosity is no small factor. It seemed to me that in her I had discovered the epitome of the spirit of the Rolin studio—surely the most cheery in Los Angeles.

She told me of a brief talk with Harold Lloyd just before my arrival.

"He knew the moment he came in the room that I was terribly upset about something and, of course, when I wouldn't tell him what it was he only grew more curious. In the end I gave in—somehow one always does give in to Harold—and confessed that I was about to be interviewed, and that I was dying of fear that you'd forgotten me, and that it wasn't really for the CLASSIC after all . . . But Harold laughed at me and promised not to tell anyone. You see, I dont want anyone to know until it actually comes out in print. Then I shall take it to Mr. Roach and say, 'There! Now see what you've done to me!'"

In her home, a bungalow in Hollywood where she lives with her mother, Marie is much the same as at the studio; a little less restrained perhaps, with the actress side of her for the moment obliterated, the chum of a splendid collie dog, whom she has brought up since his third day on this earthly globe. That he is burdened with the conventional name of "Shep" makes him none the less beloved.

In common with so many, many other young actresses Marie is a worshipper of the elder Talmadge. To be somewhat like her, to accomplish something of her success, to achieve a tithe of her perfection . . . that would be enough. She asks no more. But like all others who will ever rise to any greatness Marie is so essentially herself that she could never be a second anybody. She must be an "only" or nothing at all.

I was still persistent. I wanted a glimpse of her inner self. There had seemed to be a reserve, and so I said again: "But tell me something of yourself, something that is not of your work, nor of your dog, but just of you."

"I?" She looked rather frightened, but took heart at my smile. When the words came they came suddenly, as if they had at last broken out of a secret chamber of her heart . . . "Oh, I just want to be good, good now and always!"

If *only* I had been a cynic!

GLORIA SWANSON
Cecil B. DeMille Artcraft Player

WALLACE REID
Paramount Star

Hermo "Hair-Lustr"

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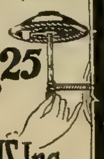

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The

Motion Picture Magazine

for

DECEMBER

VACATION time is over — and once again the world turns its thoughts to the problem of providing entertainment for the long winter evenings.

Whether it be the velvety warmth of a marble mansion or the gas-stove warmth of a hall bed room,

The

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

provides the necessary companionship.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead" that he would fail to thrill to the glory of **Clara Kimball Young**? Adele Whitely Fletcher says "no," in her story about the dark-eyed Clara.

And who can resist the blue-eyed appeal of **Hope Hampton**, the Girl on the Cover? Gladys Hall has interviewed Hope for this number.

The **Blonde Blanche Sweet** has been cornered by C. Blythe Sherwood and tells us things about herself which we knew not of.

The Rainbow Chasers is an unusually interesting story on extracts from letters to the scenario editor.

Hazel Naylor chats with **Forrest Stanley**, that handsome new leading man of Cecile de Mille's! **George Walsh, Niles Welch, Jack Pickford, Clyde Fillmore and Enid Bennett** are a few of the others whose stories appear in this coming issue. The gallery is an unusually attractive one.

THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
175 Duffield St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

Cartoonists Make Big Money

Every time Sid Smith makes a stroke of his pen, millions of people laugh, and every laugh means money for the man who creates it. Andy and Min earn big money for him every day.

Men who can make people laugh are highly paid for doing so. By capitalizing their humorous ideas and their ability to draw, cartoonists like Fox, Briggs, King, and Smith make $10,000 to $100,000 a year. *You* may have ideas that are equally good. Let Federal training give you the skill to put them on paper.

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If you really want to learn to draw, send for "A Road To Bigger Things." It describes the Federal Master Course and shows how it will develop your originality while teaching you the technical details of cartooning. Through the Federal Course you get the composite experience of more than forty of the greatest cartoonists and artists for your personal use. Send six cents today for your copy of this book. Be sure to state your age and present occupation

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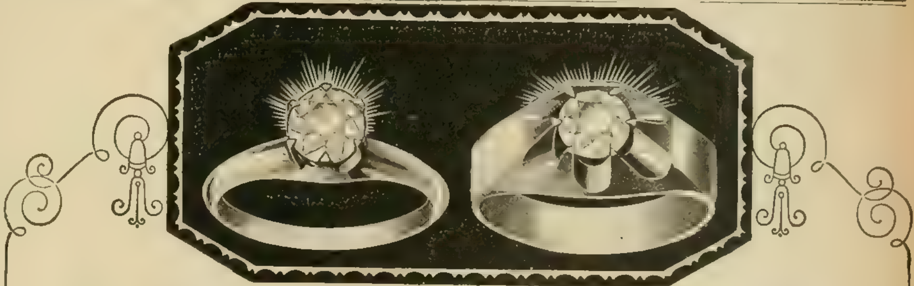

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MEASURE UP
TO HER VISION
OF MANHOOD

Are You Physically Fit?

Do you look forward serenely, confidently, towards the day when you will wed the girl you cherish? Do you see in your day dreams a loving, admiring wife and sturdy children of your own flesh and blood and a dear little, happy home?

This is the picture every man ought to be able some day to realize. But you may be one of the thousands, who, for one reason or another — known only to yourself perhaps—have stumbled into youthful errors which have discouraged and weakened you and made you almost hopeless of ever being happily married. You fear the consequences of deception. You hesitate to make love, lest you make a miserable mess of some sweet girl's life. Life looks mighty gloomy to you.

But don't be disheartened. There is hope for even the frailest of humanity, for both sexes of whatever age.

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I Want To Help You

Strongfortism has lifted thousands of weak, ailing, impotent, discouraged men out of the bog of hopelessness and despair and placed them on the broad, straight road to health, happiness and prosperity. Strongfortism has restored the manhood they had destroyed and thought they had lost forever and given the renewed vitality, ambition and the power to DO THINGS in the world. Strongfortism has enabled them to beget children who will make citizens of whom both they and their country will be proud.

And you do want children, don't you? Of course you do—and you shall be a proud father, with healthy kiddies at your feet, if you listen to my advice and take my hand and let me help you to be a real man.

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..Stomach Disorders
Constipation
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..Torpid Liver
Indigestion
Nervousness
. Poor Memory
Rheumatism
. Gastritis
..Heart Weakness
..Poor Circulation
. Increased Height
..Skin Disorders
Impotency
. Great Strength
..Falling Hair
. Weak Eyes
. Pimples
. Blackheads
..Despondency
..Round Shoulder
..Lung Troubles
..Muscular Development
. Advanced Course
..Manhood Restored
..Easy Childbirth
..Successful Marriage
..Healthy Children
..Vital Depletion
..Female Disorders
..Weak Back

Here Mention Other Subjects not listed above

Name

Age Occupation

Street

City State

Gossip of the Eastern Studios

(*Continued from page* 51)

the big climax, standing and cheering. Lillian Gish, Dick Barthelmess and Lowell Sherman were present and the audience insisted upon a speech from Miss Gish. Mr. Griffith was also called upon. Mary Hay (Mrs. Barthelmess) was unable to be present, being on a visit to relatives in Oshkosh, Wis.

News has reached New York of the death of Susanne Grandais, "the Mary Pickford of France," in Paris. Some of her films reached this country from the French Gaumont studios.

The usual autumn business changes have been under way. Samuel Goldwyn has resigned as president and F. J. Godsol as vice-president of Goldwyn Pictures. Messmore Kendall was made managing-director, pending the election of a president.

Vitagraph announces that Antonio Moreno is at last to be shifted from serials to features. Good news this!

The exodus of stars to the other side has continued all summer. Among those who crossed were Norma and Constance Talmadge, Dorothy Gish and Mrs. Gish; Mae Murray and her husband, Bob Leonard, and Mme. Olga Petrova. Theda Bara returned and went on tour in her stage play, "The Blue Flame." She is booked for a tour of twenty weeks.

Tragedy ended the Paris visit of Olive Thomas and her husband, Jack Pickford. Miss Thomas died of mercurial poisoning on September 11.

Alice Joyce called Mrs. Sydney Drew from her camp in the Adirondacks to direct her in a Vitagraph production, "Cousin Kate." Mrs. Drew may do another story to follow "Cousin Kate."

Jerome Storm was secured to direct Lillian Gish in her first star production under the Sherrill banner. Miss Gish has experienced considerable delay in getting started, owing to story changes, etc. Mr. Storm will start work on Jerome Storm Productions shortly, a million dollar organization having been completed.

Much interest has been aroused in the East over the reports that King Vidor is to direct Ralph Connor's "The Sky-Pilot." This will be the next Vidor production to follow "The Jack Knife Man," which scored so heavily in the East. Joseph Plunkett, manager of the New York Strand Theater, called it the best film he had offered this year.

Pacific Coast Paragraphs

(*Continued from page* 50)

mitted to watch scenes being taken. Of the actresses present, Marjorie Daw was by far their favorite and, no wonder, for in her simple but smart little brown taffeta frock she looked very, very pretty. Then, too, one couldn't help admiring her charming manner, neither affected nor spoiled. She was wholly natural and a little bit shy over the fuss the three hundred middies made over her.

History Repeats Itself!

The Fame and Fortune Contest of 1921

THE phenomenal success of the Fame and Fortune Contest which has been conducted for the past year by THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, THE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND have firmly decided the heads of the Brewster Publications that another contest, even more far-reached in its power, should be started immediately for the year 1921.

The Golden Key of Opportunity is in Your Hands—Turn the Key in the Doorway of Success

and thru the portal of the Fame and Fortune Contest you may enter the kingdom of the screen.

Photographs May be Entered at Once

and the first honor roll winners will appear in the *January* issues of each of our publications.

Send In Your Photograph Early

We know that you get tired of reading this notice, but if you could have seen the avalanche of pictures which flooded the offices at the last moment, and could realize that there must ensue tremendous confusion, unnecessary work, and inevitable delay in the announcement of the final winners, you would appreciate the value of this Warning. Those who have failed in previous contests are eligible to enter the next contest.

Fill Out The Coupon Below At Once

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Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any
When born
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NOTE: In the gardens of the Chateau de Lude in France. It was such scenes that the French chevaliers, the forefathers of the modern Creoles, left behind them to establish the colony of Nouvelle Orleans (New Orleans). The Creoles are of pure French and Spanish blood, and their wonderful hair is a mark of their descent as well as of the care give: it. They have always retained the "secrets de toilette" as well as the charm bequeathed them by their aristocratic ancestors.

For Beautiful Hair

Take the advice of highest medical authorities

EVERYONE (men, women and children) should have healthy hair. Nature provided it in the beginning. Proper treatment will preserve it through life.

The most eminent authorities have prescribed the way to prevent the loss of the hair's life and luxuriance.

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Two or three times a week apply **"La Creole" Hair Tonic** to the scalp. Moisten the hair and scalp thoroughly. Massage with a rotary motion of the finger tips. Scalp circulation is then stimulated, the hair roots supplied with needed nourishment and dandruff quickly eliminated. You will notice an immediate improvement in the loveliness of your hair.

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Absolute cleanliness is essential for beautiful, healthy hair. The scalp is constantly throwing off old skin and extraneous substances. If the pores and hair tubes are clogged with dirt and perspiration, a healthy condition is impossible. Regularly every ten days or two weeks shampoo the hair thoroughly with **"La Creole" Liquid Shampoo.**

"La Creole" Liquid Shampoo is made from an exclusive Menthol formula of purest cocoanut and cochin oils. You will instantly notice the delightful, cooling effect from its use. The hair becomes soft and lustrous—**dries quickly**—and the scalp and pores glow with clean health and vigor. Always apply **"La Creole" Hair Tonic** after shampooing.

When purchasing **"La Creole" Liquid Shampoo** be sure to get **"La Creole" Hair Tonic** also, because the formula of each is designed to aid the other.

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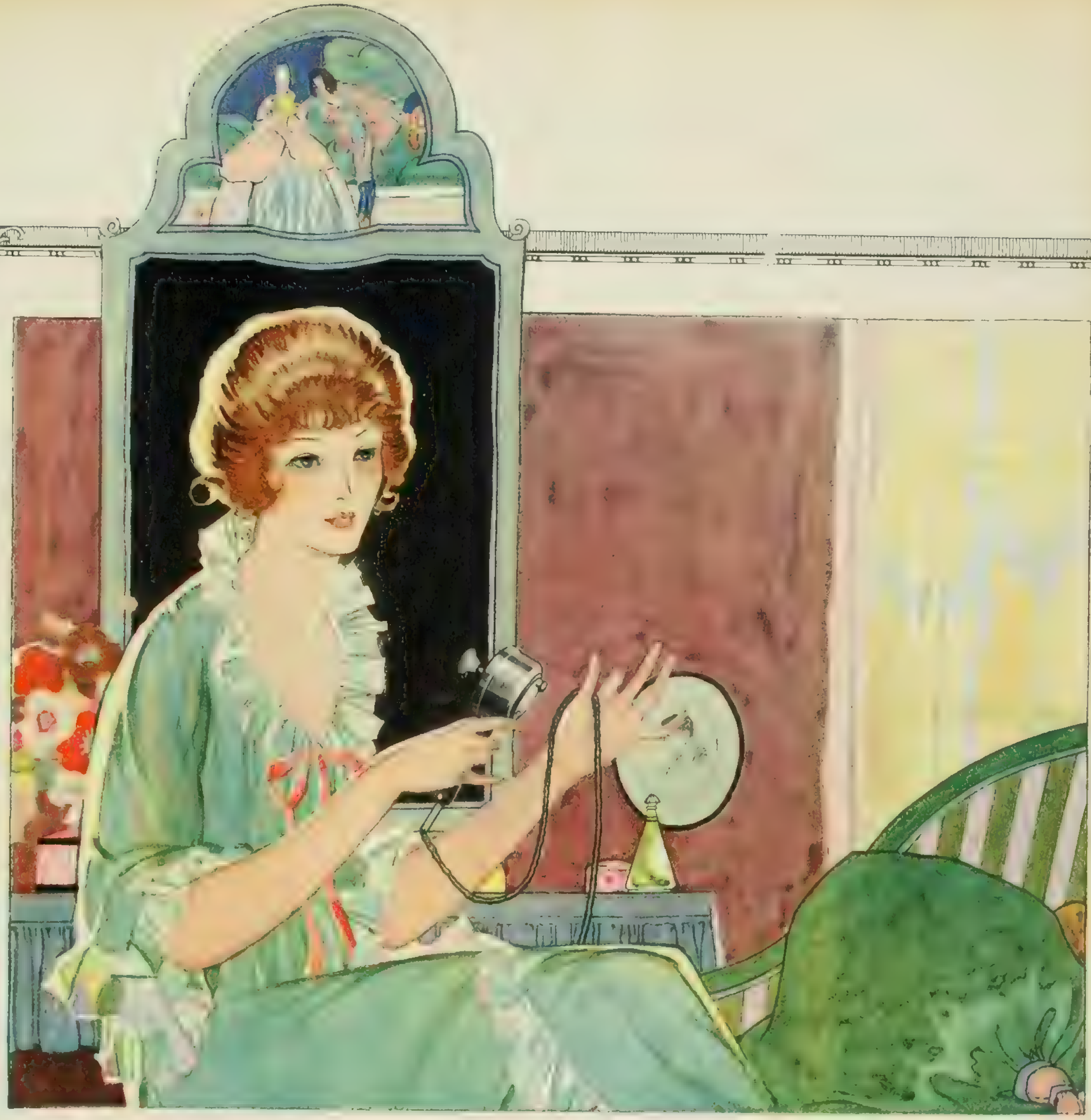

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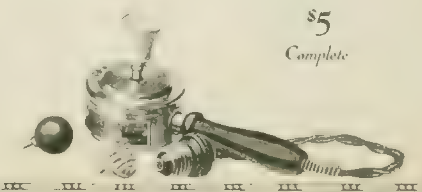

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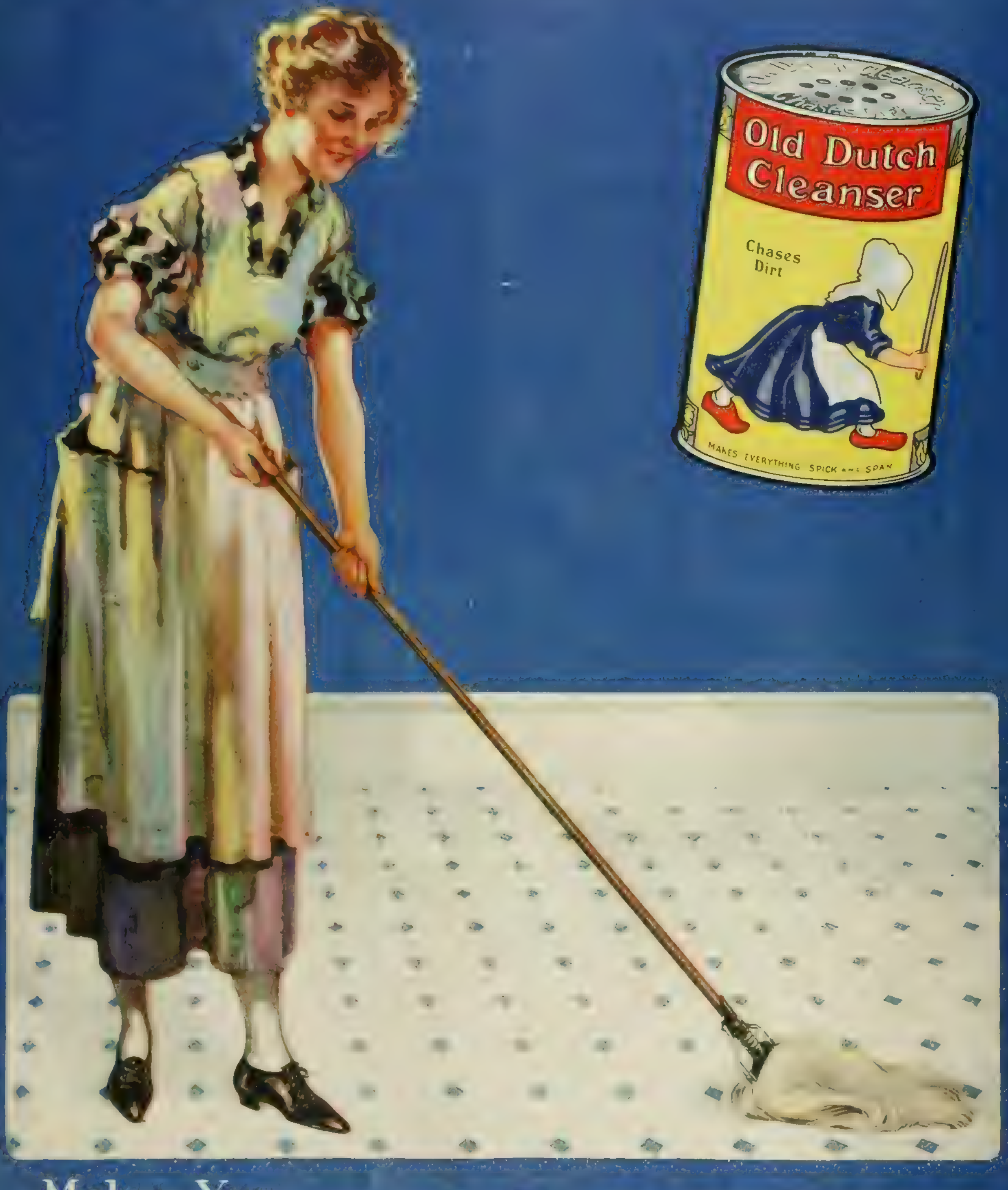
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MOTION PICTVRE CLASSIC

DECEMBER

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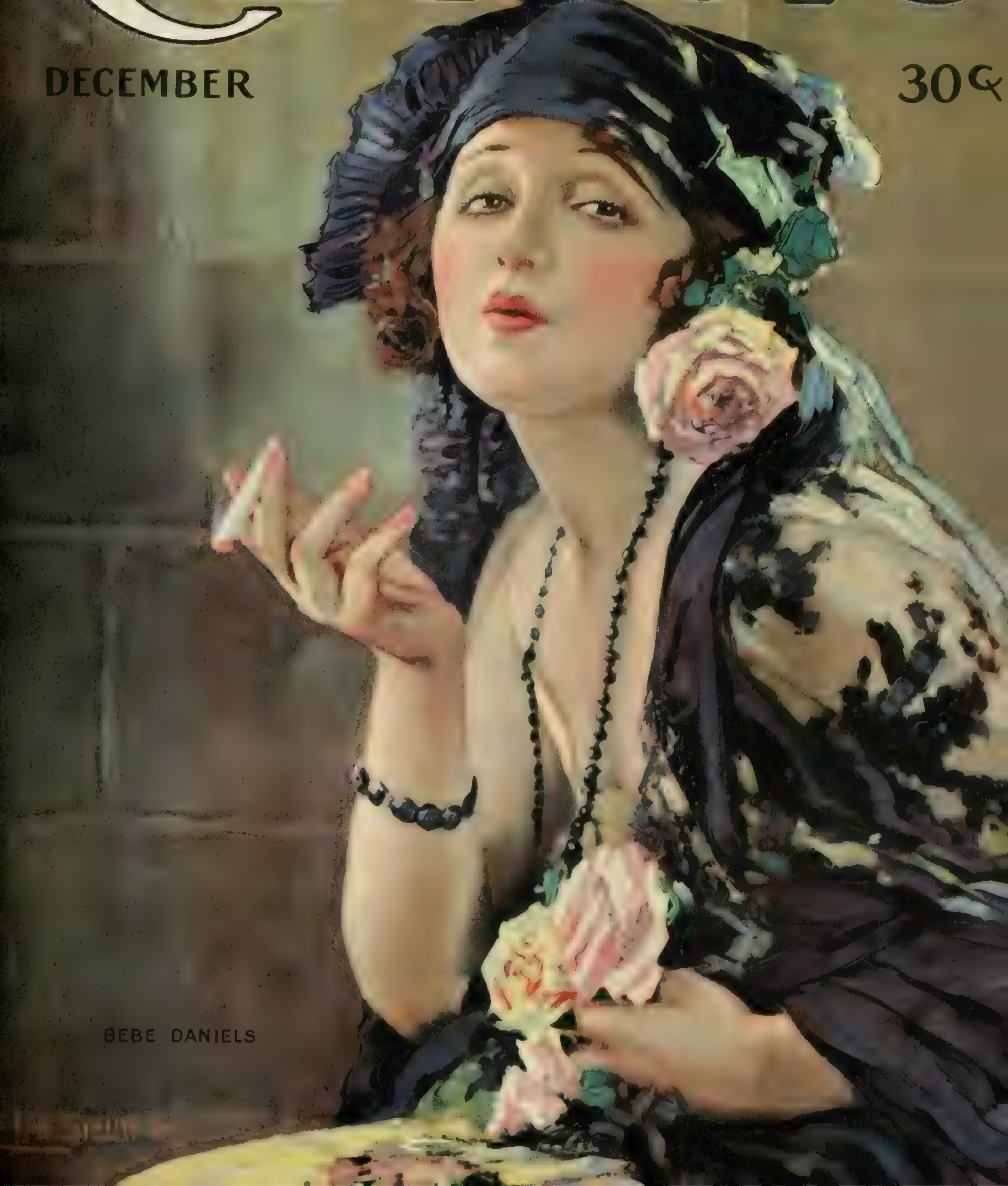
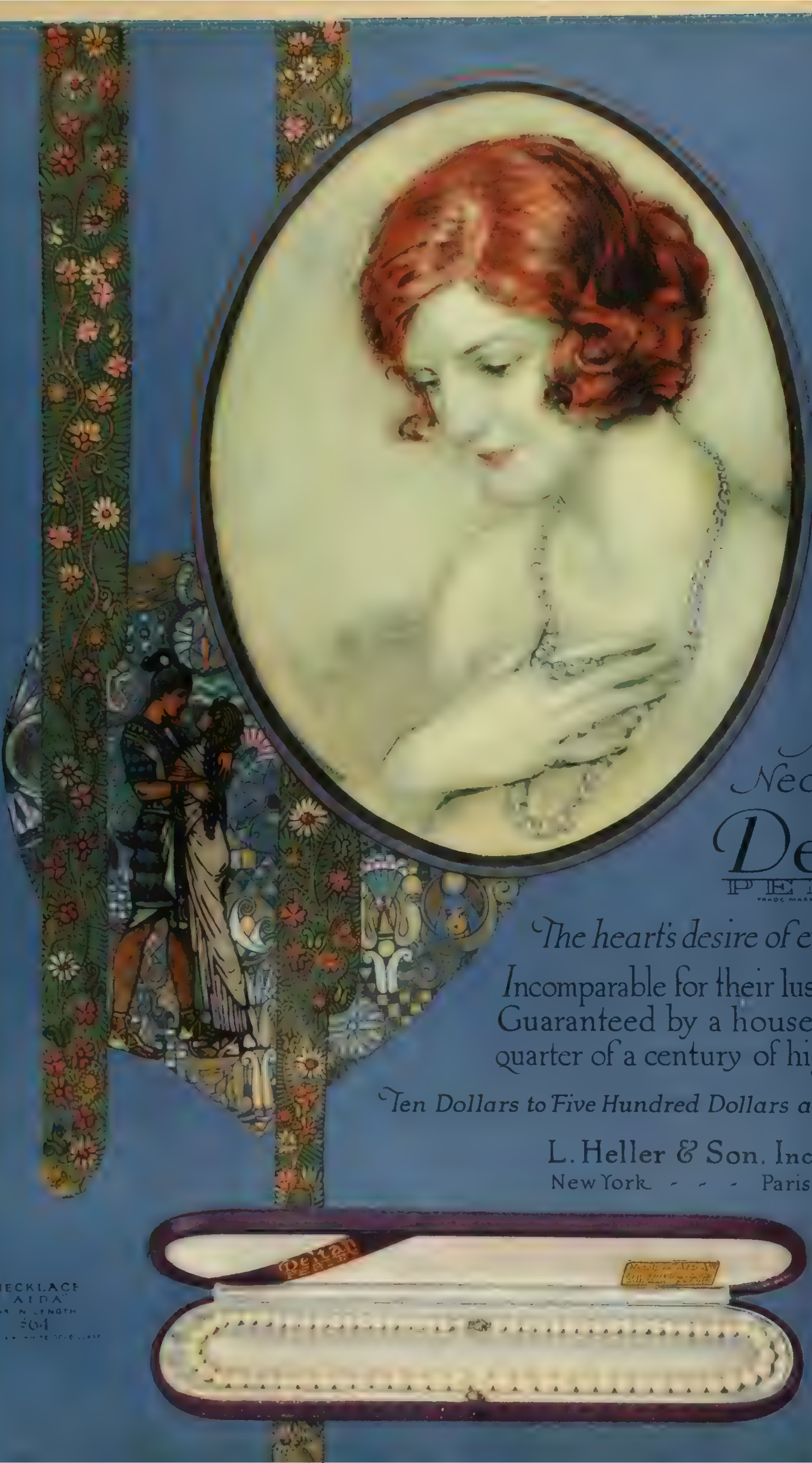


BEBE DANIELS



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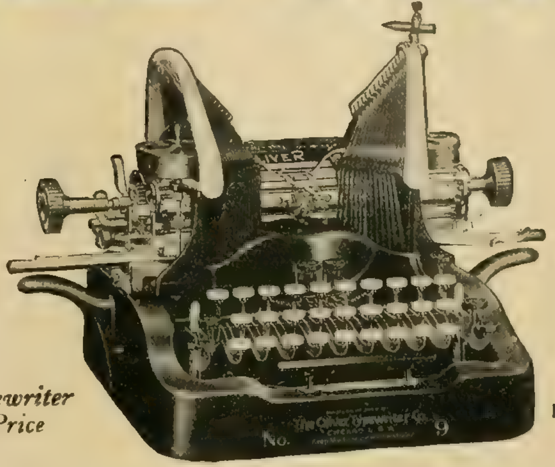

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CONTENTS OF MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

Vol. XI DECEMBER, 1920 No. 4

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

(Painted by Leo Sielke, Jr.)

Bebe Daniels, a black eyed beauty of Spanish heritage, who has been on the stage since the tender age of ten weeks, when she took the part of the baby in "Jane." A speaking part in "The Confederate Spy" at four and playing in stock at the age of six are steps in her remarkable career, until she reached the screen. Now she has left the farce comedy of the cinema and is appearing in her premiere Realart production, "You Never Can Tell."

PAGE

Rotogravure Gallery of Players. Full-page studies of Marie Mosquini, Priscilla Dean, Hope Hampton, Sylvia Breamer, and Margaret Loomis.... 11-15
Shadowing Kismet. Otis Skinner leaves the footlights for the screen, but retains his favorite rôle....*Hazel Shelley* 16
Kirkwood Confesses. He deserts the megaphone to return to his first love....*Truman B. Handy* 18
My Theda Bara. The mother of Theda relates the childhood and quaint notions of the famous screen vampire....*Mrs. Pauline Bara* 19
As A Lamp To Be Tended. An interview revealing new phases of Madge Kennedy....*Gladys Hall* 20
The New Zealand Bushranger....*Barbara Beach* 22
Storm Warning. Film fans had better take warning...*Frederick James Smith* 23
Those Moreno Eyes.... 24
The Case of Norma Talmadge. An analysis of the success and fame of this star....*Frederick James Smith* 25
My Lady Claire....*Willis Goldbeck* 26
Madame Peacock. Fictionizing the play in which Nazimova is starred....*Faith Service* 28
Boudoirs and Bicycles.... 31
Monroe Sailsbury Presents. He is now at the head of his own company....*Elizabeth Peltret* 32
The Diminutive Dorothy Devore. Who used to be a simple maid named Ann....*Hazel Shelley* 34
Ann Ascends. And glimpses stardom at the top of the ladder....*Lillian Montanye* 36
Admissions....*Pearl Malvern* 38
Deep Waters. A fictionized photoplay of a Maurice Tourneur production of a story by F. Hopkinson Smith....*Dorothy Donnell* 39
Semon, the Jester....*Harrison Haskins* 43
How "Earthbound" Was Made. Revelations concerning the inside work of a stupendous screen release....*Jameson Sewell* 44
The Celluloid Critic....*Frederick James Smith* 45
The Winners Are Announced. Resumé and results of the Fame and Fortune Contest.... 46
An Irish Twinkler. Meaning Eileen Percy, one of Ireland's gifts to the silversheet....*Maude Cheatham* 48
Midwinter in the Theater.... 50
Dinty. A novelization of the picture in which Wesley Barry is being featured....*Pearl Malverne* 52
Bringing the Congo to Broadway. Secrets of darkest Africa to be revealed where the white lights gleam....*B. F. Wilson* 57
Know Thyself. Says Juanita Hansen, a serial star, now planning to do features....*Faith Service* 58
Pacific Coast Paragraphs. News of timely interest concerning the cinema celebrities in the West....*Hazel Shelley* 61
Eastern Studio Gossip.... 62
The Movie Encyclopedia. Information for movie fans....*The Answer Man* 90

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IMPORTANT NOTICE

Due to unforeseen conditions, it has been impossible to announce the final results of the Greatest of All Popularity Contests in this issue. The final votes have been tabulated, however, and a complete announcement, with the interesting last-minute developments, will be printed next month, and also in the January number of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Stage Plays of Interest

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these spoken plays appear in their vicinity.)

Belasco.—"One," with Frances Starr. Edward Knoblock's opus of twin sisters with but half a soul apiece. Neither sister can get along without the other, hence the drama. Miss Starr plays the twins. Mr. Belasco's handling of this play saves it from slipping over the line from serious drama.

Bijou.—"The Charm School." An appealing light comedy with music, based upon Alice Duer Miller's story of the handsome young bachelor who inherits a young ladies' finishing school. Minnie Dupree, James Gleason, Sam Hardy and Marie Carroll are effective.

Booth.—"Happy-Go-Lucky." Ran a long time in London as "Tilly of Bloomsbury." A typical British comedy by Ian Hay. O. P. Heggie runs away with the comedy as the bailiff's bibulous aid.

Broadhurst.—"The Guest of Honor," with William Hodge. A typical sugar-coated Hodge vehicle, in which virtue is shriekingly triumphant. Nowhere near life, but pleasant bunkum.

Casino.—"Honeydew." Pleasant musical entertainment with charming score by Efrem Zimbalist, the violinist. Mlle. Marguerite and Frank Gill score with their dancing.

Central.—"The Poor Little Ritz Girl." A musical play enjoying a long run. Andrew Tombes heads the cast.

Century.—"Mecca." A gorgeous and elaborately colorful "mosaic in music and mime" of ancient Egypt along the lines of "Chu Chin Chow." "Mecca" achieves several rarely beautiful moments in the ballet interludes created by Michel Fokine. A huge cast and fourteen scenes.

Century Promenade.—New York's newest dinner and midnight entertainment, "The Century Review" and "The Midnight Rounders." Colorful girl shows for the tired business man. A delightful place to eat.

Cohan and Harris.—"Welcome Stranger." Aaron Hoffman's story of a Shylock in a New England town. Presents the battle of Jew and gentile in a way that the Hebrew gets much the best of it, teaching a whole town kindliness and religious toleration. George Sidney is excellent as the twentieth century Shylock.

Eltinge.—"Ladies' Night." About the most daring comedy yet attempted on Broadway. This passes from the boudoir zone to the Turkish bath on ladies' night. Not only skates on thin ice, but smashes thru now and then. John Cumberland is admirable.

Empire.—"Call the Doctor." Jean Archibald's slender little comedy built around a charming feminine doctor of domestic difficulties. The production shows David Belasco's smooth stage direction and is very well acted, particularly by Janet Beecher as the physician in question.

Forty-Fourth Street.—D. W. Griffith's master-production of the rural melodrama, "Way Down East." Splendid in many ways with many moving moments and the biggest—and most thrilling—climax since the ride of the clansmen in "The Birth of a Nation."

Fulton.—"Enter, Madame." The best thing—dramatically speaking—in New York at the present moment. A vivid study in artistic temperament, the story of a butterfly opera singer. Gilda Varesi strikes fire in this role and gives a superb performance. Norman Trevor plays her husband admirably.

Henry Miller's Theater.—"The Famous Mrs. Fair." Able drama dealing with the feminine problem of a career or a home. Skilfully written by James Forbes, with unusual playing by Blanche Bates, Henry Miller and Margalo Gillmore.

Hippodrome.—"Good Times." Another big and picturesque Hippodrome spectacle. Nothing like it anywhere else on earth. Plenty of entertainment.

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Palace.—Keith vaudeville. The home of America's best variety bills and the foremost music hall in the world. Always an attractive vaudeville bill.

Plymouth.—"Little Old New York." Rida Johnson Young's delightful but fragile little romance of New York in 1810, with John Jacob Astor, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Peter Delmonico and Washington Irving among its characters. Genevieve Tobin runs away with the piece—and scores one of the biggest personal successes of many seasons. Here is a Maude Adams in the making.

Republic.—"The Lady of the Lamp." A fanciful and highly colored fantasy by Earl Carroll. Built about an opium dream which reveals a tragic romance of old China. A certain charm is here. George Gaul is admirable and Henry Herbert gives a remarkable portrayal of a sinister Manchu chieftain of centuries ago.

Selwyn.—"Tickle Me." An Arthur Hammerstein early autumn show with the amusing Frank Tinney starred. Considerable fun, some tuneful music and a very personable chorus. Likewise gorgeous costuming.

Shubert.—"Greenwich Village Follies of 1920." Gorgeous and beautiful, as is typical of John Murray Anderson productions. Here is a musical entertainment with imagination and charm. James Reynolds has created some remarkable scenes and costumes and the whole ensemble is vivid and colorful.

Times Square Theater.—"The Mirage," with Florence Reed. The first offering in Broadway's newest theater. Edgar Selwyn's drama of New York's easiest way; the tale of a country girl who comes to the white lights and forgets her ideals. Miss Reed plays the girl and prominent in the cast are Alan Dinehart, Malcolm Williams and Florence Nash.

Winter Garden.—"Broadway Beauties." Another typical Winter Garden revue, sans satire but plus girls. Bert Williams furnishes most of the real fun, altho Eddie Cantor and George LeMaire are also present.

ON TOUR

"Crooked Gamblers." A lively and thrilling comedy-melo of the financial district, in which a guileless young inventor of auto tires defeats the Wolf of Wall Street. Taylor Holmes starred.

"Foot-Loose," with Emily Stevens. Zoe Akins' well-done modernization of the old melodrama, "Forget-Me-Not."

"Cinderella on Broadway." Typical girl entertainment designed for the tired business man. The extravaganza is based upon the fairy adventures of Cinderella. Plenty of girls, passable music, attractive costumes and a little humor.

"Scrambled Wives." Another typical farce built on a series of misunderstandings. A divorced couple try to hide their first wedding from their new marriage alliances. Rather bright and amusing. Roland Young is excellent.

George White's Scandals of 1920." Lively and well-thought-out musical revue with lavish and swiftly changing scenes, plus many pretty girls. Paint succeeds stockings and tights in

(Continued on page 8)

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Stage Plays of Interest

(Continued from page 6)

several numbers. Ann Pennington is the shining light of the revue.

"*Abraham Lincoln.*" You should see this if you see nothing else from the New York stage. John Drinkwater's play is a noteworthy literary and dramatic achievement, for he makes the Great American live again. "Abraham Lincoln" cannot fail to make you a better American. Moreover, it is absorbing as a play. Frank McGlynn is a brilliant Lincoln.

William Rock's "Silks and Satins." Another musical revue, but we doubt if it will even appeal to the tired business man. Ernestine Myers, the dancer, stands out.

"*Honey Girl.*" Lively musical comedy built about the brisk race-track comedy, "Checkers." This has speed and humor—as well as an excellent cast.

"*Lassie.*" A charming and pleasantly tuneful little musical comedy of Scotland and London in the picturesque sixties. Based upon Catherine Chisholm Cushing's "Kitty MacKay." Tessa Kosta sings pleasantly and Mollie Pearson and Roland Bottomley are prominent.

"*Not So Long Ago.*" A fragile and charming little comedy by a newcomer, Arthur Richman, telling a story of picturesque New York in the early seventies. Genuinely delightful. Finely played by Eva Le Gallienne, Sidney Blackmar and an excellent cast.

"*Jane Clegg.*" St. John Ervine's powerful drama, presented by the Theater Guild, has been running in New York all season. A drab but brilliant tale of middle-class English life.

"*The Hottentot,*" with Willie Collier. Typical one-man farce with the inimitable farceur, Collier, at his best. Full of laughs.

"*Florodora.*" The much-heralded revival of the widely popular musical show of some twenty years ago. Done with charm, distinction and humor. Eleanor Painter's singing stands out vividly and George Hassell's humor is diverting. Then, of course, there is the famous "sextette." Here is a revival that revives.

"*The Storm.*" A well-told melodrama of the lonely Northwest with a remarkable stage effect of a forest fire.

"*Scandal.*" Cosmo Hamilton's daring drama which Constance Talmadge played on the screen. June Walker and Charles Cherry have the leading rôles.

"*The Girl in the Limousine.*" A decidedly daring boudoir farce by Wilson Collison and Avery Hopwood, in which a pink and white bed is invaded by every member of the cast during the progress of the evening.

"*Nightie Night.*" Described by the program as a "wide awake farce," "Nightie Night" lives up to its billing. It has plenty of verve, ginger and some daring.

"*The Magic Melody.*" A "romantic musical play" with a tuneful score and a picturesque Willy Pogany setting.

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LOVE IS DEAF

By John Hanlon

Once I heard a symphony,
Sublime chord on chord,
As music won Eurydice
For her lonely lord;—
Tho 'twas tonal ecstasy
I was bored.

Once I heard a woman play
Tunes she scarcely knew
In a fumbling, halting way,
Discords not a few;—
I could listen all the day;
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But yesterday, in her girlish fancy, she deeply envied those who live and move in that fascinating sphere, the Realm of Authorship. But yesterday her hopes mingled with her fears, her doubts of herself, her simple lack of faith in her ability "TO WRITE." But yesterday she deemed well-nigh impossible the triumph that has come to her today!

But yesterday her life was a dull, drear grind in a department store In her little niche behind the notion counter her girl's soul was slowly shriveling. The drab, grey life was deadening every spark of hope within her. Thinking of her youth and yearnings, she would oft' hopefully repeat to herself those lines from some beautiful book, "It is the Spring! It is the Spring! And Life is so FULL of Flowers! Ah, surely some of them are MINE!" But there was the monotony, the dull servitude, from 8 to 6 -it never varied it went on and on and on a dumb fate that seemed to stare her in the face forever, just as it might be pictured in a story by O. Henry.

Not that all girls are unhappy who work in stores, but she—she dreamed of higher things. She wanted more out of life than the grey, humdrum existence Why should Success be a thing OTHERS could attain and not she? She had two good hands and a brain —she was intelligent, observing, and though not a genius, surely, she told herself, she could learn to write stories as good as hundreds she had seen

One day her sweet-faced mother noticed a small advertisement in a magazine. It said: "Free to writers this wonderful book Tells How to Write Plays and Stories." "Here, Dorothy dear," said Mrs. Dean, "here is something about writing stories and plays. Here's a concern offering a free book on the subject Why not get it? See what they can do for you? You never can tell—maybe you really *can* learn how to write the way you've dreamed so long, and just think how wonderful that would be!"

The Authors' Press has this young woman's letter on file She wrote for our free book and the picture above tells the happy sequel.

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Yet only recently a great English literary authority declared that "nearly *all the English-speaking race want to write! It's a craving for self expression, characteristic of the present century*"

So a new light has dawned! A great New Truth that will gladden the hearts of "all the English-speaking race who want to write!" Astounding new psychological experiments have revealed that "the average person" may learn to write! Yes, write stories and photoplays; thrilling, human, life-like; filled with heart-throbs, pathos, passion, pain.

You may learn it just as you may learn anything else under the sun! There are certain simple, easy principles to guide you. There are new methods that produce astonishing results for beginners. A remarkable New System, covering every phase of writing, has been perfected by a great literary bureau at Auburn, New York, now busily supplying this information broadcast. And this New Method of writing stories and photoplays is *everybody's property Not for the select few.* Not for those specially gifted. Not for the rich or fortunate, but for men and women of ordinary education and no writing experience whatever -thousands who don't even dream they can write!

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There is nothing in all this world that so dominates the heart and mind as the fascination of WRITING It gives you a new power, a new magic, that charms all those around you. It lends a new attraction to your entire personality. Authorship carries with it new honors, admiration, respect in addition to glorious material rewards.

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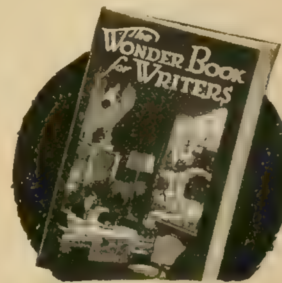

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Perhaps the pores of your skin are becoming enlarged. If so, your skin is not functioning properly — the pores are not contracting and expanding as they should. To restore your skin to healthy, normal activity and give it back the fine, smooth delicacy it should have, begin tonight to give it this special treatment:

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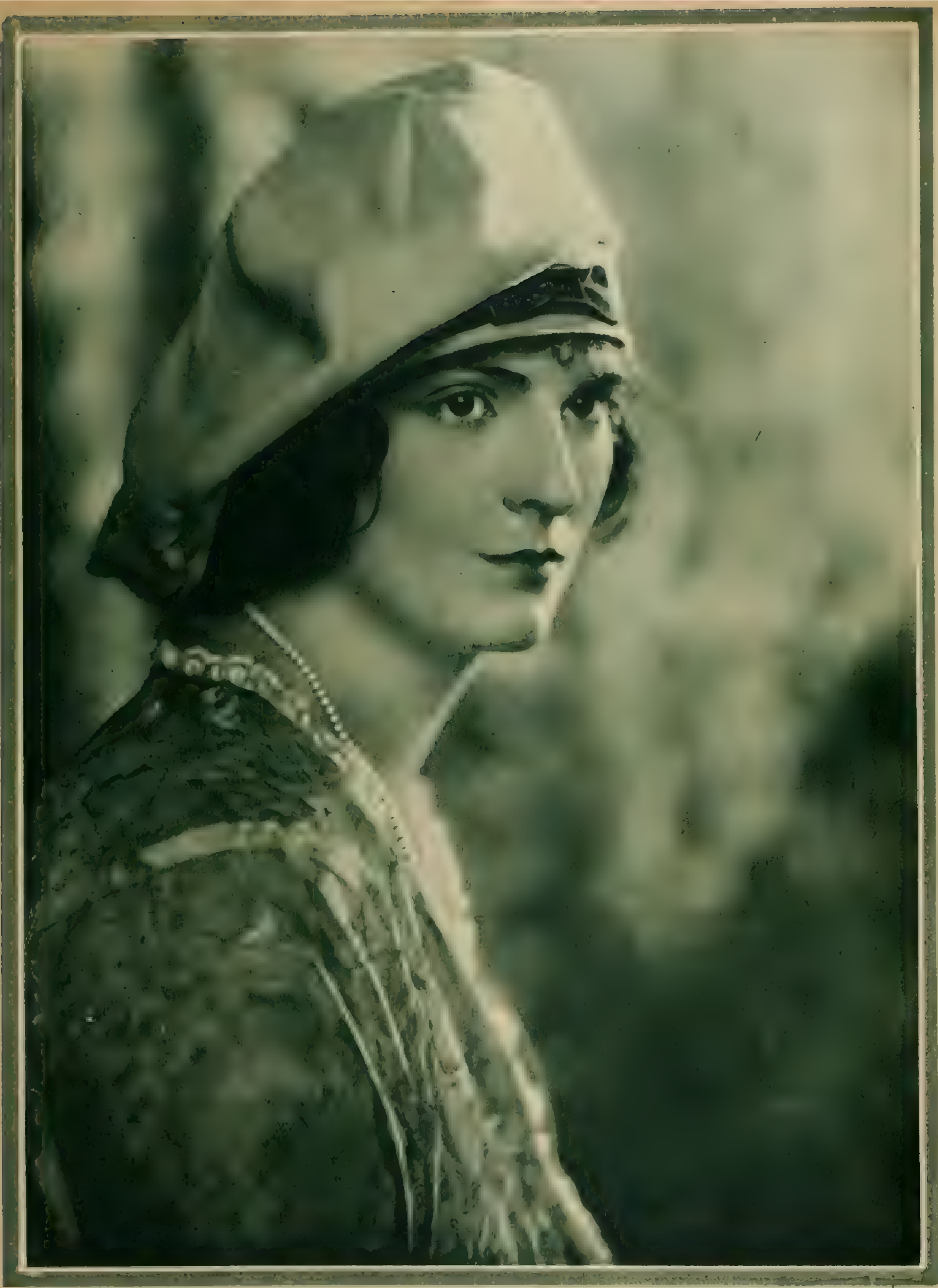
Photograph by Witzel, Los Angeles



Photograph by Freulich

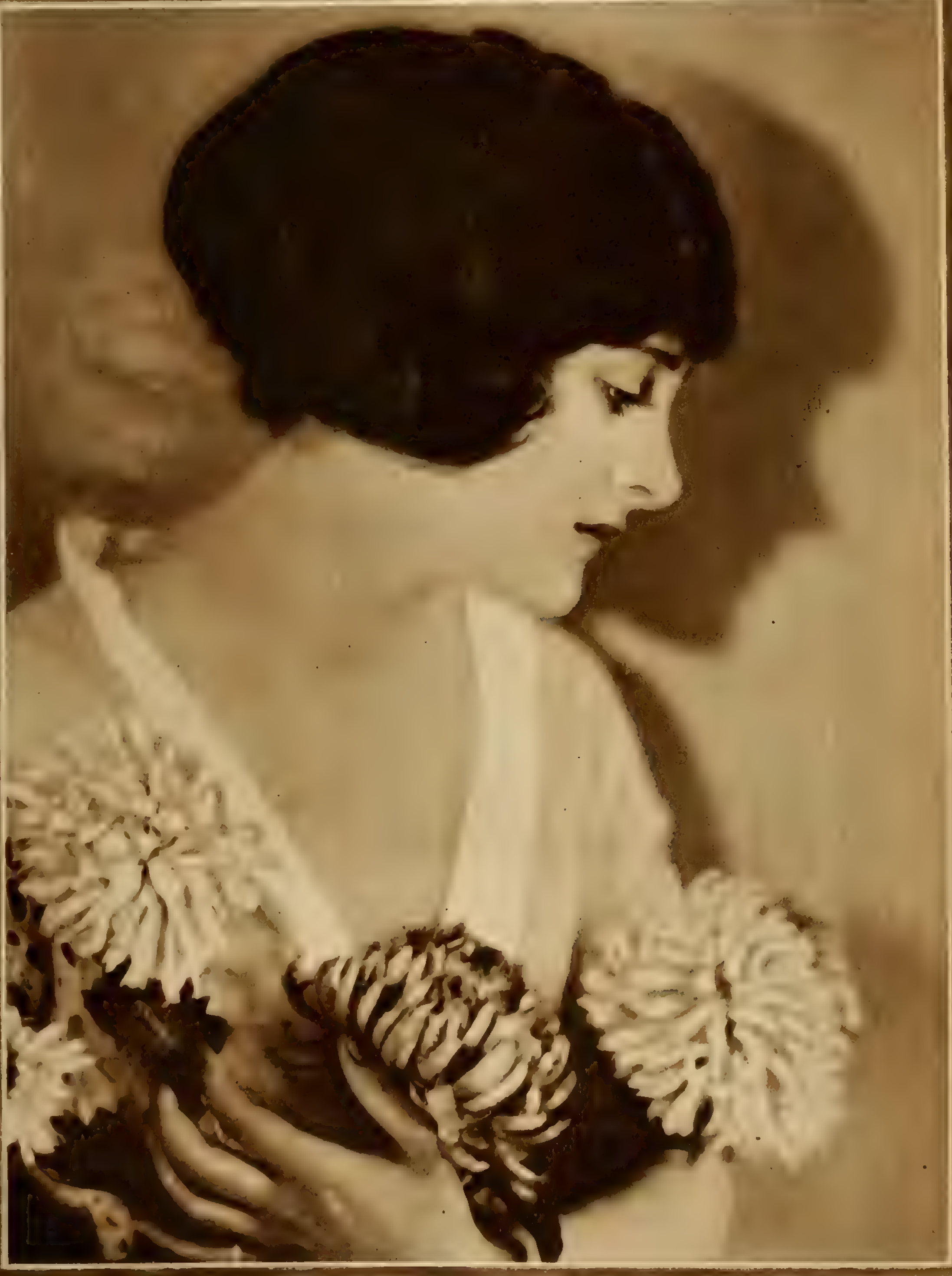
PRISCILLA DEAN

Priscilla's most notable performance was the title rôle in Universal's "The Virgin of Stamboul," which had its première during the last year

Photograph by Nickolas Muray

HOPE HAMPTON

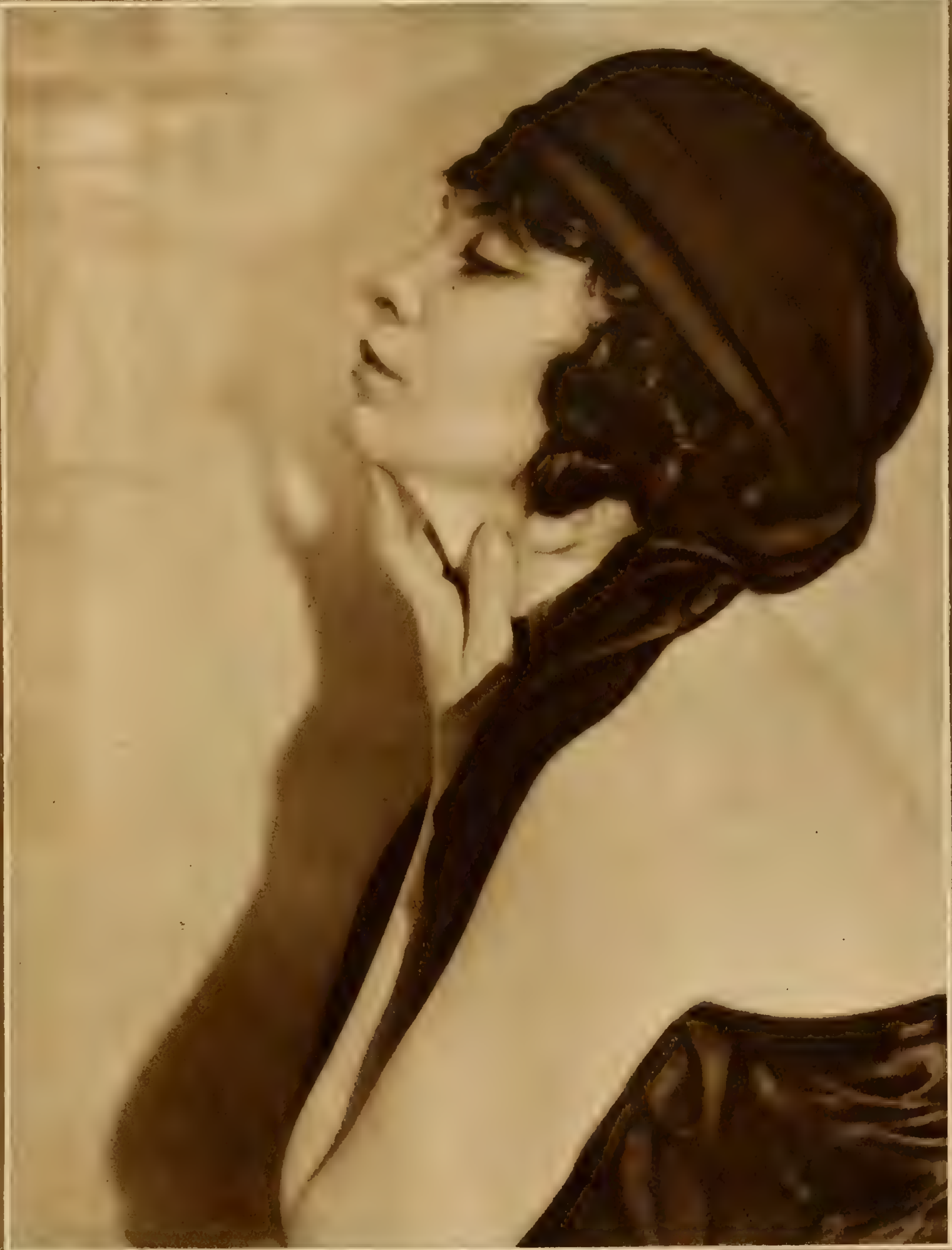
Miss Hampton is about to make her second stellar appearance in "The Bait," a melodrama of international intrigue



Photograph by Witzel, Los Angeles

SYLVIA BREAMER

Miss Breamer is bringing "Athalie," one of Robert W. Chamber's heroines, to the silver-sheet in the Mayflower production of that name



Photograph by Hartsook, Los Angeles

MARGARET LOOMIS

Miss Loomis is an attractive personality who has recently appeared in the Famous Players productions, among them "The Sins of Saint Anthony," in which she played with Bryant Washburn

Shadowing Kismet

The entrance of Otis Skinner into the celluloid world marked the inevitable surrender of all the great stage celebrities to the lure of the screen. Mr. Skinner will be seen shortly in a film version of his former stage success, "Kismet"

"HOW did you happen to fall for the hated movies?" thus I greeted Otis Skinner, very nearly the only great actor on our stage today, who has up to this time zealously repudiated any art in pictures and steadfastly refused munificent offers to see himself as others see him.

"Why pick on me," he retorted, "I know dozens of actors right here in Hollywood who hate pictures . . . but—the money . . ."

I pricked up my ears, this promised to be an extraordinary interview.

"Seriously," he added, " 'Kismet' is going to be a very beautiful picture."

He motioned to the scene on the border line of which we were sitting. It was the harem scene from "Kismet" which Mr. Skinner played so long and so successfully on the stage. At our feet lapped the cool, green water of the sunken swimming pool, beyond rose the purple and gold walls of the palace. Enormous silken cushions, as wide and broad and deep as I am tall, were huddled invitingly against papier-maché marble pillars. In the background an accordion player wailed fragments of all the haunting old love songs. The mechanics of the movies, that pitiless hammering of stage carpenters and electricians, was strangely absent. The illusion was as perfect as if we had been in front of the footlights. Even the rustle of the queen of the harem's beads sounded a note of something imminent, something great impending.

"When you finish 'Kismet' will you do another picture?" I inquired.

"It all depends how this picture turns out," he replied; "if I am rotten in this, never again! If it is a success, I shall undoubtedly do others."

And right there one touches the chord of Otis Skinner's being. He has no desire to be attached, be it ever so ephemerally, to—a failure. What he does must be of the very best caliber. He loves most that which attracts the greatest success. He has passed beyond the persistent stage of youth which stubbornly stamps its foot and hews and whacks its way out of the barriers that hinder it. Otis Skinner has reached the age where a rough road in life means a detour. His is the philosophy of the person who has arrived. He has long since passed the stage of growing pains. He sees life as it is. Is the gossamer veil of romance rent into shreds, you ask? No, indeed—for his is the power to recreate romance. Sitting in the green glare of the Klieg-lights, he recounted for me the story of 'Kismet,' and by the tones of his voice alone transported

By
HAZEL SHELLEY

me into a story-book world—but the false sentimentality of youth is gone. It is not likely that he would mope over the past, or long for a departed favorite. He is interested solely in the play of today. The play that attracts the widest popular applause is the one he loves the best.

He says that stage people are not completely understood. He quoted Henry Arthur Jones as saying, "all actors are rotters" and then added "that erudite gentleman tried to write plays for the 'rotters.' Of course, he failed.

"Many actors make the mistake of thinking the applause, the notes, the flowers are tributes to them personally and become bigheaded or pig-headed as the case may be. That is why you see the strutters, the poseurs. The audience is perpetually mistaking the part the player is playing with the man himself. They ascribe to him all the virtues of the stage character he is portraying, while in real life he may go home and beat his wife."

"What do you think of matinee girls?" I asked.

"Matinee girls? God bless them! Where would we be without them? We have to have someone to buy the tickets, you know."

Otis Skinner is a jovial gentleman with a vast fund of humor. He possesses all the witticism of the accomplished raconteur. This is as it should be, for all that is best in the traditions of the stage are a part of him. All that is best in literature and art, he is familiar with.

In spite of his erstwhile persistent hatred of the silent drama, he has not entered it with ignorance. He now goes to see movies indefatigably. He knew what others had done and were doing in the shadows before he stepped into the camera's glare.

What he hates most about pictures is their trite melodrama, their persistent namby-pambyness; what he likes about them is their ability to present the beautiful.

He said, "People told me I should find a vast difference in the mechanics of the movies and the stage. I see very little difference in the required methods. A little slowing down of action to give the camera time to register—that's all."

Mr. Skinner is tremendously interested in all that pertains to his picture, "Kismet." He wants the scenes to be the most beautiful that have ever been erected. He is enthusiastic over the costumes and he marvels at the way a whole city street

Mr. Skinner's family is a happy one. He is tremendously proud of his daughter who has just completed a two years' course at Bryn Mawr College. She is playing a small part in "Kismet" and goes to Paris in the fall to study for the stage

(*Continued on page* 83)

Kirkwood Confesses!

By
TRUMAN B. HANDY

Photographs by Evans, L. A.

THERE'S an intangible something to James Kirkwood which you simply have to describe as "personality." Not that it is expressed either in a loud voice or a jazz shirt, after the fashion of some of our other screen leading men, but, nevertheless, it's all there.

Kirkwood has come back to the screen after quite a lengthy directorial absence. The traditional grease-paint and handsome-hero stuff is a relief, he says, after the strenuous duties of a megaphone manipulator, and hereafter he's quite satisfied to leave the direction end of the movie game to whatever gentlemen may be disposed to shoulder its burdens.

The solid comfort enjoyed only by that variety of the human species known as motion picture stars—the solid comfort relative to having even the minutest speck of dust brushed from the coat-tail of one's suit by a fourth-assistant property boy, was being enjoyed by Kirkwood when I cornered him in a brilliantly lighted cubby-hole of a stage at Ince's, where he is working in a Glaum picture.

Kirkwood enjoyed himself ostensibly. Oh, so ostensibly! In fact, as ostensibly as only one who is accustomed to the joys of an actorial existence can possibly enjoy himself. Languidly he held up one arm while "props" with a whiskbroom hacked away at a dust smear. A broad smile o'erspread the Kirkwood countenance.

"Oh," he almost yawned, "I'm so lazy. So darned lazy! Too lazy, even, to doll myself up. And very happy! This is the penalty one pays for being a cinema hero. You mess up and get messed by the villain, and return somewhere off-stage to get renovated. Not that you ever expect 'props' to get off all the grime. That's out of the question. 'Props' is 'props,' and he'll un-spot you enough so that the dear fans wont think you are sporting sartorial novelties.

"This leading-man life has the directorial existence skinned a mile?" I again ventured.

When James Kirkwood made his screen début, the majority of the now-known "pioneers" were "extras" at the studio, making five dollars a day. He became a director after playing every kind of part in one- and two-reelers, and finally joined the Famous Players, where he directed Jack Barrymore, Hazel Dawn and Florence Reed. Now he has again taken up the grease-paint, and, judging from his popularity as a player he won't have much opportunity to discard it

(Continued on page 78)

My Theda Bara

By

Pauline L. Bara

At the age of three, surprising as it may seem, Theda was a blonde of the fairest type. Then, every night her prayer was something like this: "Please, dear God, make me a tall lady wif black hair and wif black eyes and have a 'nana (banana) under my pillow in the morning." Above, Theda Bara, at the ages of three and four, and below with her sister, Loro, and her mother

Photograph by Charlotte Fairchild

WOULD you like to know the real Theda Bara? Perhaps you wonder if there is a *real* Theda Bara and not just a *reel* one, after the many contradictory things you have read about her in magazines, newspapers, etc. Victor Hugo, I believe, said, "Art is a corner of life seen thru a personality," and if I may be permitted to paraphrase, "A personality is a corner of life seen thru a press-agent or an interviewer. It is a difficult task, indeed, for any one to tell the exact truth about any person, and more especially if that person is an artist who is a strange mixture of moods, paradoxes and complexities—but this is the task that I, her mother, have set for myself.

In the four-and-a-half years that Theda Bara has served you—her fans and friends—much that was malicious, cruel and untrue has been written about her and I feel that the time has come when one who knows her in the most intimate sense possible should at least attempt something that represents a true presentation—or close-up of herself, if you prefer.

To those of you who have grown to love her—and there are many, God bless you—my task is an easy one. To those of you who hold otherwise, you at least, in your hearts, have the desire to see fair-play — to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and so I ask you to read this article with an open-mindedness that simply follows the good old rule of doing unto others as you would have them do unto you. You, whether you be mother, son or daughter, can understand how a mother's heart must be wrung and torn upon reading the various articles purporting to tell the truth but, in reality, the lowest order of cowardly attack by men and women who enter your home under the guise of friendliness and who go away and outrage every law of hospitality, good-breeding and honor by printing that which is far more contemptible than lies — half truths. If you, in your life's experience, have ever made a statement and afterwards heard it falsified and garbled beyond recognition by malicious people so that you burnt with the outrage and insult, you can, perhaps, in a measure, realize the heavy, heavy heartaches that have been the portion of a girl named Theda Bara.

Perhaps you think a mother is so blinded by her love and maternal pride that she is unable to present an impersonal picture. Read and judge then, for I shall tell you of her faults as well as her virtues.

Perhaps I had better begin back a good many years ago, with myself—I, like most French children, was christened with a long string of names. Pauline Louise Francoise (etc., etc., etc., etc.,) de Coppet. My mother and father died when I was a small child and I, with my dear sister, was left in charge of a guardian, mutually appointed by my dear parents before their death. We were on our way to my uncle who was at that time court surgeon to the first Emperor, but on the boat our guar-

(*Continued on page 97*)

As a Lamp to be Tended

Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

Madge Kennedy has long been a favorite of both the stage and screen. For the past three years, however, she has devoted herself entirely to the silversheet, but will be seen this season in a new play on Broadway

MADGE KENNEDY was practically *en route* the other day, when she, none the less, very graciously served me tea and chicken sandwiches at the Ritz Carleton. She was about to take a plunge into atavism (to which I shall devote a paragraph anon) and had, prior to the plunge, to buy a hat, gifts for the staff at the studio, a book for her husband to peruse on the trip, *et cetera ad infinitum.*

With the liberality of time, characteristic of the person with many things to do, Miss Kennedy was enthusiastic and eager to talk about her new stage play and was reading, incidentally, *The Life of Leonardo Da Vinci*—not that that has anything to do with the play.

The plunge into atavism heretofore mentioned is better described by a trip Miss Kennedy and her husband were about to embark upon the morning after our talk.

They were traveling, Miss Kennedy explained, in rather caravan fashion, caravan *á la mode* it might be said. First Mr. Bolster and herself in the Mercer, followed by the chauffeur, the maid and the impedimenta of camping in the Ford.

They were heading first of all for Quebec, pitching their tents in the resinous woods by night, wearing riding habits and khaki in general, and stopping every second or third day at some hotel to taste, momentarily, of civilization ere retiring again to the forests primeval.

"Such preparation as we have been undergoing at home!" Miss Kennedy laughed; "First of all a room was set apart to collect things in. The 'things' began with a folding cot and a luncheon basket. Since then they have swelled to amazing proportions. There is a most motley col-

By
GLADYS HALL

lection inclusive of famous old middys of mine, riding skirts, one's favorite books, fishing tackle and huge boots. It will be refreshing, tho, much more so than a conventional vacation at a conventional hotel. It will give us time to breathe and time to think and time to recreate ourselves. In the pictures life has been, for me, just one gown after another—clothes, clothes, clothes . . . Oh, how good the old middy and the riding skirt will seem!"

Lofty green branches and running pebbly brooks and lilt of birds, and all free, unfettered woodland things seemed mirrored at that moment in her face . . .

I asked her about her play; how she felt about returning to the speaking stage after her three-year absence therefrom; what were her sentiments upon leaving the studio life, etc., etc.

Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

"As for the screen," she said, "I feel that I have been very unfortunate in my stories, my material. I feel disappointed in the work I have done; the work I have not done. Still, it was not standing still, because it is a part of my philosophy that no experience is without growth, without an accruing benefit. All told, I simply feel as tho I were laying down one vehicle and taking up another.

"I am unspeakably enthusiastic over my play, 'Cornered.' It is a melodrama, which is a new field for me, but it provides me with plenty of delicious comedy, and it runs a gamut of emotions, never for an instant losing track of the human touch. Which is, of course, the essential element. My part in 'Cornered,' and I dare go on record as saying this, is the best woman's part in—well, in my time. It is so varied, so complete.

"I have read plays, plays, plays for the past three years and this is the first one that has so much as intrigued my interest. I had determined never to return to the stage until I had found the, to my mind, *the* play . . ."

"You believe, then," I interpolated, plagiaristically, "that 'The play's the thing?' "

Miss Kennedy was emphatic.

"The *only* thing," she said; "absolutely the *whole* thing. In 'Cornered,' for instance, any girl with an air of breeding could play my part; the play is all . . ."

"That savors of self-depreciation," I said.

"I hope not," said Miss Kennedy, thoughtfully; "really, I

(Continued on page 71)

"I always feel that a person bearing within him an art should consider that art as a flame to be tended, to be kept clean and bright," said Miss Kennedy, "I believe that one should conserve one's self for this flame; guard one's self; watch over it. It is a lamp to be tended and trimmed"

The New Zealand Bushranger

By
BARBARA BEACH

Mr. Jerome Patrick is primarily of the stage. He was born in New Zealand and his parents destined him first for the priesthood, and then a doctor's career. For a while he tried the latter and practised at medicine and dentistry, but his leaning toward the stage only increased until he finally decided to leave home. He appeared with Lenore Ulric in "The Heart of Wetona," and his first screen appearance was in "Officer 666"

WHAT is a New Zealand bushranger?

That is precisely the first question I asked Mr. Patrick, whose Christian name is Jerome.

"An outlaw," he told me.

"And yet Mr. Belasco always called you the New Zealand bushranger?"

He nodded assent.

I stared more closely—mayhap more rudely (but interviewers are privileged creatures) at the powerful male person seeking with me that oasis in the Lasky studio, a cool spot. He was wearing white jeans and a grey coat. His method of wearing them bespoke the man who seeks tailors who build clothes to fit him, *not* mold him into stock clothes. His physique is muscular, he gives the impression of dapper solidity, of a healthy sophistication, of a man whose traits are all masculine and who is nevertheless an artist. And withal he is redolent of Broadway and all the best things for which Broadway, New York, stands.

"An outlaw," and the more I gazed at him the less I saw anything which would render that term applicable.

But David Belasco always calls Jerome Patrick, "that New Zealand bushranger," and who am I to argue with Belasco?

To speak of Belasco is only natural when one is with Mr. Patrick, for to that virile young man, Belasco is the god of all things as they should be and the father of his career.

For Jerome Patrick is primarily of the stage. He loves it, it is his mate.

"If I thought I would never tread the boards again, I would want to pass out," he said, and he meant it. The stage means more to him than life itself.

Jerome Patrick was born in New Zealand, of very religious and perhaps slightly narrow-minded parents. They destined him—when they found he wouldn't be a priest—to be a doctor. For a while he tried to fit his square personality into a round hole and practised at medicine and also at dentistry, but his leaning towards the stage only became greater as the days passed.

The inevitable climax

(*Continued on page 72*)

Storm Warning

Film Fans Had Better Watch Out

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

HUNT up your memorandum book right now and in it write two words: *Jerome Storm.* For you are going to hear more of this individual with the cognomen of troubled atmosphere. Before long, too, for Storm is now directing Lillian Gish upon her first appearance as a star.

If you are a real movie fan, you already know Storm as Charlie Ray's director. Which, of course, stamps him as unusual and necessarily possessing a human and sympathetic hand. But the Ray-Storm partnership was broken to permit the formation of Jerome Storm Productions, for the director has gone the way of all directors who do anything above the average. Storm is temporarily directing Miss Gish, pending the launching of his own organization.

We are willing to stake our judgment back of the statement that Storm will go a considerable distance. Because—but let us go back to the beginning.

JEROME STORM

Storm came thru the usual film mill. His career moved past the regular milestones: theatrical barn-storming, California studios in the pioneer days, and so on.

Born in Colorado, he went on the stage at Elitch's Gardens, where regularly a stellar stock company played each summer. After that came seasons behind the footlights. Finally came California and the movies.

Storm became an actor at Inceville, that pioneer training school of stars, actors and directors. Chet Withey, the present director and recent maker of "Romance," was playing "heavies" there in those days. Frank Borzage, still another recent directorial discovery and the maker of "Humoresque," was acting there. Mildred Harris was playing child parts. Sessue Hayakawa and Tsuru Aoki were featured players. But, more important to this tale, Charlie Ray was a player at the Ince studio. Indeed, the first words Storm heard around the Ince "lot," were spoken in an argument between two actors as to which was the better "heavy," Withey or Ray. In those days, Charlie was doing deep-dyed villains and doing them vividly.

At Inceville started the early friendship of Ray and Storm. "Oddly, my strongest early impression of Ray came about thru the fact that I was cast for an Irish rôle which had been intended for him," says Storm. "Everyone shook his head and said I would have to go some to fill the part.

"Of course, everyone knows how Ray stepped gradually from heavies and character rôles to his present style of part—and to success. While success was coming to him I was being graduated from acting to directing. My first production was Enid Bennett's 'Keys of the Righteous.'

"When the opportunity came to direct Ray I was delighted. I started with 'The Girl Dodger' and directed him in all his productions up to the time we severed connections, making this step for our mutual benefit. 'Peaceful Valley' was my last Ray production. You know how easy it is to slip into a rut. We thought the best thing all round was to try new fields, as it were.

"Let me express my great admiration for Ray as an artist. I honestly think he stands alone. Impressed with his humanness, film fans underestimate his histrionic ability. He is past master of every technical trick. Every effort is carefully conceived and worked out. It has always seemed uncanny how this boy, who, in reality, knows but little of the varying phases of life, can understand and reflect them upon the screen. Working with him as long as I did, I know him to be a great artist in his particular line of playing, altho he is a big boy at heart."

¶ Jerome Storm has very sharply defined ideas about the photoplay. He is going to center his interest as a producer upon small town stories, because he believes in the human, close to life theme—but, as he expresses it, he believes that this should be happy and wholesome, rather than hectic and gloomy. His directorial ideals are substantially those of King Vidor and Mrs. Sidney Drew.

Which is praise, indeed. Storm, too, gives Ray every credit for the success of his vehicles. There is nothing of the typical self-assertive screen director about him. Storm, in reality, is wholly unassuming and likable. The generous and sane way he praises others and the way he subordinates himself, point to a well poised and clear thinking mind.

He has very sharply defined ideas about the photoplay. He is going to center his interest as a producer upon small town stories, because he believes they best reflect the healthy average of American life. He believes in the human, close to life theme—but, as he expresses it, he believes that this should be happy and wholesome, rather than hectic and gloomy. His

(*Continued on page 85*)

Those Moreno Eyes!

Photographs by Hartsook

One of the really picturesque personalities of the cinema is Antonio Moreno, the Vitagraph star. And nobody—we suspect—knows better how to demonstrate the possibilities of eyes than Tony from old Spain. On this page Moreno demonstrates

The Case of Norma Talmadge

By
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Photograph by Royal Atalier, N. Y.

THE possibility of writing a verbatim chat with Norma Talmadge is quite beyond our ken. Miss Talmadge cannot be interviewed in that fashion. She does not pose placidly before an interviewer and recite her likes and dislikes, her ideas of art and the movies, her opinions upon the way things should be. Emphatically, she does *not*.

Norma Talmadge is not that sort of star.

She strikes us as an every-day sort of American young woman elevated to high estate by the cinema. Also it seems to us that she is quite willing to be considered in this fashion. Any attempt to gild a personality, we suspect, would stir her sense of humor.

Said sense of humor impressed us most of all. This—and her very easy going outlook upon life.

We know that the League of Nations, the Bolshevik bugaboo and the problem of capitol and labor concern Miss Talmadge not a whit. The average girl is interested in other things—and so is Miss Talmadge. Again, the average star would try to impress you as vitally alive on every topic, but Miss Talmadge is not the average star.

We like her sincerity and her lack of pose.

Because she does not unfold a colorful—and doubtlessly carefully created—personality for one's inspection, it must not lead you to think she looks down upon the photoplay.

We can well believe that stardom is a mixture of work and good fun for her. She isn't the sort of person to slight things.

When we interviewed Miss Talmadge, she curled up comfortably in a huge arm chair and ran her hands rather hopelessly thru her hair. We represented her third interview of the day.

Then she summoned a maid with tea and cinnamon toast, (at least, teat and toast were among the things brought), and settled back into her chair.

It developed that:

Miss Talmadge admires Nazimova immensely.

That she dislikes most of her recent pictures and is terribly disappointed in them.

That she is a sort of older sister-mother for the family, which, incidentally, means that she keeps a careful eye upon the harum-scarum Constance. "Someone *has* to get Connie to the studio," she sighed.

That she is so tired at night that she either rests completely or goes to the theater for recreation. Sometimes she reads a magazine story or two.

That she likes to play every-day sort of people.

That temperament amuses her a whole lot.

That——

Is our pen portrait still vague? Perhaps, we should go back to our first meeting with Miss Talmadge. It was—well—some years ago. The scene was the old Vitagraph yard. We were talking with Edith Storey when a slender girl in short skirts happened to pass. Miss Storey introduced us to "the Talmadge kid." This was, of course, before the silversheet arrival of Constance, who, at that time, must have been even slenderer and in even shorter skirts.

Norma Talmadge does not pose placidly before an interviewer and recite her likes and dislikes . . . She strikes you as an every-day sort of American young woman elevated to high estate by the cinema

Norma secured her early training in those palmy Vitagraph days. She played everything from children to grey-haired mothers and, incidentally, found time to grow up. From Vitagraph she went to Triangle. After this came her marriage to Joseph Schenck, the vaudeville and motion picture manager,

(*Continued on page* 88)

"My Lady Claire"

By
WILLIS GOLDBECK

AN interviewer is like a bold knight of ye olden days. He rides forth to rescue ladyes faire from their castles of obscurity, to assail with his lance-like pen the powers of darkness which strive constantly to cut them off from the world, and to crown them finally with a wreath of golden praise, printed where all may read. Usually there is a fierce dragon, called strangely " dear momma," who guards the castle's portal. And the fiercer the dragon the fairer the princess languishing within . . . That is the rule.

I was considerably encouraged, therefore, when I knocked upon the door of Claire Adams' bungalow in Hollywood. A pretty melody which was being played on a piano within halted suddenly, in the midst of its most lilting strain. At the same time the door swung open and the dragon stood revealed. As dragons go, she was quite homelike, clothed in a voluminous apron, grey hair and "specs," but she was undeniably a dragon. Her gaze pierced me like a rapier and I thought I detected the odor of sulphur. Perhaps it was only the coffee boiling over in the kitchenette.

And the princess? She was standing in the center of the room, clasping a black poodle in her arms in a manner that seemed to say, "You shall not have my child!" When she beheld me, a hint of disappointment crept into her eyes, she dropped the child, which fled yelping to the kitchenette in the dragon's wake, and exclaimed:

"But you're not at all formidable!"

Behind that sentence I divined worried hours of preparation, epigrams neatly polished and ready for the psychological moment, a studiedly careless knowledge of all the vital questions of the day. I felt sorry for Claire. I should have warned her of my youth!

It is significant that even as I use her first name, Claire, I have a sneaking feeling that I shouldn't. She is like that; instinctively, Britishly reserved, a person whom one cannot hope to know in a day, or a month. We talked of every thing from socialism to real estate but never once did she open the gate to her inner self. With her, spontaneous intimacy is impossible.

Her career is just at the budding period, perhaps a little beyond, so that one catches a glimpse of dazzling possibilities yet to be unfolded. It is the result of ambition's triumph over parental prejudice. In Canada, where she was born, she gained a few weeks'

(*Continued on page* 76)

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

The career of Claire Adams is just at the budding period, and one catches a glimpse of dazzling possibilities yet to be unfolded. She was born in Canada and has lived in Canada and London most of her few years. She has no desire for stardom—but is sincerely in earnest concerning her progress on the screen

Madame Peacock

By
FAITH SERVICE

MADAME PEACOCK slipped from her head the magnificent head-dress composed of the feathers of the most magnificent birds of the species. She slipped the silken, embroidered sheath she wore from her body, suddenly weary, suddenly divested of glamour, suddenly and unmiraculously *itself*.

For the first time in, oh, well, in many, many years she felt that she *was* herself, essentially herself. Not very wonderfully herself save as reality, however unlovely, is always wonderful.

It hurt to be herself. To be herself, Jane Goring, again. It hurt because she had, first, to be so divested of the glittering garments she wore. The garments of Sham.

What, again, had Cleeburg, the manager of the theater, said of her, that afternoon, as she was leaving.

"Sham's her middle name, my boy," he had said, to the author of the new play, "she cant help it—she was born that way. A sham!"

"'A sham!'"

Well. . .well . . .?

Her nervous fingers unbound her hair. There were one or two grey hairs. Angèle had been careless, of late, then . . . Of late, everyone had been more or less careless. Ever so slightly there were appearing rents and tears in the adulation she had been for so long accustomed to, so long fed upon. And how greedily she had eaten! How she had taken the public laurels and burned them at her own insatiable altar, inhaling the smoke as rare incense, into her nostrils, into her very being. Ah, it had been a breath of life to her, pervasive, consuming . . .

To stimulate it further she had done all manner of eccentricities. She had culled the rarest silks and jewels, the most extravagant fads and foibles, the bizarre of all countries and fashions. London had called her, had acclaimed her as "Madame Peacock." She, together with London, had almost forgotten that she had once been Goring, Jane Goring, simply born and bred. That there had ever been McNaughton, or the baby . . . that ever . . .

As in a mirror, life-sized, faithful in its reproduction, fearful in its verity, Madame Peacock beheld her years come creeping back. Some grey with tears, some red with hope, some chameleon in their many colors, some strident, some subdued. She looked because she wanted to, but more because she couldn't help it. Her sham had dropt from her with her head-dress and her silken robe. Her years were demanding toll of her. . . . She had preached the philosophy, many times, to many an admiring satellite, of the inevitable paying of a price. . . . Knowing, full well, as she had preached that she, Madame Peacock, would never pay, would evade payment, being sham. What she had not foreshadowed was the possibility of sham deserting, of the years coming back to one, rather than one going back to the years . . .

First, then, came McNaughton. The man, no, the *boy* she had married. He it was who had first given her to herself as something rare and wonderful and set apart. Prior to his coming, his love of her, she had had no very great self-esteem. She had hoped she might act one day, might be on the stage, more because the stage seemed so glamourous a mystery than for any self-assurance. Then McNaughton had come and had told her she possessed qualities akin to the great ones of the drama.

He had taught her the value of her great green eyes, her supple body, her red rage of a mouth. He had taught her by his humble, postulant love of her. His adoration had been the first food her slumbering vanity had had to feed upon.

And how she had fed upon it! Hungrily, gratefully at first. Then with rapacity, with disregard. Little by little the world she had known had faded from her enraptured vision and she, she herself, had stepped onto the stage of her imagining, supreme.

The baby had come. But she had come too late. She did not give Jane time enough, time enough to preen, to muse, to capture the full glory of the career she was sure, now, she was to have.

Then, the first engagement.

In McNaughton's tender arms she had sobbed out her first reaction to the Big Chance, terror, joy, self-confidence, timidity.

The opulent years had followed. The years of Madame Peacock. Glittering, golden, fiery years. Triumphal years with, in this hour the ring of brass

That night the baby had been ill, and she had not cared. She had told McNaughton he must care for it; she was to rehearse in the morning, she must have her rest.

McNaughton had known his first pangs that night. Had felt his first fear that he was doing Jane harm rather than good. Had woven, for her, the first threads of the mantle of sham she was so superbly to wear.

It had been spectacular and swift. The first engagement had been brilliant and successful. She had been "a find." London raved over her green eyes, her accent (pure Dorsetshire polished and contorted, had they known). There had been vague comparisons to Bernhardt, to Duse, to all the great and gifted of the Drama.

Jane Goring had drunk it in.

With the beginning of her engagements and the sure argosies of success coming in, daily, freshly laden, she had acquired more and more temperament, more and more disdain of the humble McNaughton, the importunate baby, the demands of every-day living.

There came the day when she told him that if he really cared to help her, as he had so often and so extravagantly said, she could tell him how he could do so.

"How?" he had asked, with the pathos of eagerness characteristic of him where she was concerned; "you know you have only to tell me, Jane."

"Forget me," she had said to him, and, reminiscently, how metallic, how terrible her voice came back; "forget me. I am going away."

In the mirror of her years she shut her eyes against the remembrance of his face, white and unforgetable, even now . . .

The opulent years had followed. The years of Madame Peacock. Glittering, golden, fiery years. Triumphal years, with, in this hour the ring of brass.

The gowns she wore, the gestures of her famous hands, the sweep of her eyebrows, the shoes she wore on her arched, imperious feet, the reed-like unexpectedness of her laugh, all these things had been copied, emulated, parodied, made world wide. Ah, she had known Fame . . . why were the dregs so bitter?

Her car driving thru the London streets had been the signal for a mob to follow. In the theater she had been a despot, an empress, unquestioned, untouched, supreme. All the sediment of tyranny in her nature had been stirred up, made active. . . . How she had ruled! What an imperial dream had hers been! Why was the purple faded and the gold lace tarnished—tonight?

The lovers who had pursued her—a wistful troupe viewed in retrospect—a youth with gold hair dulled—the strident young leading man she had repulsed, who had called her milk and manna—Nirvana—fulfilment — whither were they gone?

Then, five years ago, after one of her most successful performances, she had gone home and found McNaughton awaiting her. She had scarcely recognized him. The years had depleted him, had hurt him, marred him.

He had told her, timorously, that he had induced her press agent to let him come in his place. He had to see her, he had said.

She had questioned him, more with her slender brows, her manner than the solicitude of words.

He had told her he was ill, forced to go to Colorado; their early days had seemed to return to him, miraculously recharged with their old significance . . . the child . . .he thought perhaps she had found the glitter more superficial than the gold, that she might wish to accompany him . . .

Into his white, somehow bewildered face her own laugh rang back to her, thin and cruel. No, she had told him, and so deep-dyed was her chosen art that she had been, temporarily, the victim of her own delusion. No, she no longer belonged to herself, certainly not to *him*, but to the Public, the Public who had given her idolatry and fame.

He had brought to bear upon her a few more reminiscences, memories. He had again referred to their child, emphasized the mutuality. She had ignored it.

Angered at her indifference not so much to himself as to the child, McNaughton had bidden her farewell. He had told her that she was giving up love and friendship and the inimitable gift of her baby for—*sham.* He, too, "sham." . . . How fitly she must have worn it that, here and there down the primrose path, to the tune of lutes and the delectation of honeycomb, that word had appeared to her . . . Sham!

Well? . . .

On her head she seemed to feel, for the first time, the weight of the peacock feathers. On her body the embrace, the soft sweet strangulation of satins and silk. On her hands and arms the hard, unlovable kiss of jewels. She had no tears. . . . And there was no place for laughter . . .

The mirror brought back five more years. Still triumphant years; still replete with adulation; dizzying successes; popularity approaching genius; genius rather great than good. Yet they wore, these later years, a different aspect. After McNaughton's sudden, unexpected visit, after his sudden complete departure they seemed to be, the years, tinged with the pallor of his face. Now and then a shrill voice echoed thru them, reed-like as her own strange laughter, and yet dissimilar. Her mother's face, too, appeared infrequently, her mother who lived with her rather in the capacity of maid and general factotum than mother. Yes, they had changed, the later years . . . the flowers were more hothouse than natural; the footlights seemed garish rather than like stars fallen to her feet for her further glorification, even the notices in the papers seemed to hide, thinly, sardonic censure under their hyperbole . . .

What had she done, then, Madame Peacock? . . .

There seemed to be, she felt, a reluctance on the part of life to let fall further largess. After all, what had she given to life? Never before had this question touched her. She, Madame Peacock, favored of life and the lovers of life. But what, what *really*, had she given?

The mirror she faced demanded a reply. It would have none of silence and the evasion of silence.

She answered: "Nothing."

That, persisted the mirror, was not enough, was not draining the mouth of verity.

She answered then, "WORSE than nothing!"

The mirror was content. It was true . . . all these years . . worse than nothing. . . . Sensationalism . . . envy . . . rancor . . . jealousy . . . occasional wonderment, mostly unwholesome, a great deal of fear . . . excitation abnormally obtained . . . inflation of values where values were nil. . . . These things she had given . . . these worse-than-nothing things.

In exchange for what?

In exchange for young McNaughton, for young-old McNaughton now, no

The lovers who had pursued her—a wistful troupe viewed in retrospect—a youth with gold hair dulled—the strident young leading man she had repulsed who had called her milk and manna — Nirvana —fulfilment— whither were they gone?

Later in the week she had remarked on the ugliness of the girl and Clee had said, without enthusiasm, that she was like enough to play own sister to Madame Peacock

doubt. McNaughton with his belief of adoration, his self-effacement, his tenderness that knew no limit, his pride that had been spared no barb. McNaughton who from the depths of his love had given her the first food to feed upon, her egotism its first heady draught, her future, its first tinge of individualism, of apartness from herself, small duties and small cares.

And her baby . . .

In that moment she had her baby for the first time. . . . A girl-baby. . . . Madame Peacock. . . . She wanted to laugh, then, but the mirror forebade laughter . . .

This brought her back to the Present, to Today.

A week ago a new girl had entered the cast of the new play. She had shown, during the initial performance, a strange facility, a really remarkable comprehension of the lines . . . Cleeburg, the manager, James, the young author, had been enthusiastic.

Madame Peacock had inquired her origin. She had been "discovered," it seemed, in some Western town in the States; Madame Peacock had shrugged and laughed. Her own laurels she knew to be invincible. They had taken root and grown to her, to herself, to Madame Peacock. . . . Cleeburg had seemed, for the first time indifferent. . . . Had almost ignored her as she sat in the wings smoking, nostrils disdainful, had not opened the doors for her and stood before on her way from the dressing-room to her waiting car. Little omissions, perhaps, but Madame Peacock had seen other laurels wilt and droop from lesser causes. . . . She had felt a premonitory chill . . .

Later in the week she had remarked on the ugliness of the girl and Cleeburg had said, without enthusiasm, that she was like enough to play own sister to Madame Peacock.

The actress had been furious. This, this most certainly, was infringement.

That day the girl, with whom, by the way the young author had become absurdly infatuated, had come up the stage stairs to her dressing-room to thank her for the privilege she felt it to be, to be in her company. The child had been oddly sincere. Madame Peacock felt again a ridiculous desire to kiss the girl's tousled head, green eyes over which the lids drooped like flower petals; eyes in which smoldered, oh, unquestionably, the perfection of the talent she, herself, bore within her, less adequately.

To her secret self, to the mirror, then, she admitted it . . . The girl whom Cleeburg had discovered in the States was her own Art made perfect, recreated again and garmented in youth. Invincible and virginal.

She shuddered.

Then, today, the girl's unmistakable triumph; the enthusiasm at the theater; the ignoring of Madame Peacock. It had been intolerable. . . . Why, then, before this mirror did it seem no longer intolerable, but the poetic law of compensation, beautifully balanced, equipoised?

At the theater . . . her heart had known black rage and her brain, wearied, over-exerted, had reeled, had become abandoned and unsteadied . . . venom had come from her heart to her lips—she had felt, first, an impulse to cry out, to destroy . . . she had told Cleeburg that, unless the girl were dismissed instantly, she, Madame Peacock, would, herself, sever their connections. The ice of the manager's face who had been, so short a while ago, servile, obsequious . . . His answer had seared her, leaving her, she felt, exposed, withered, undesirable . . .

"I have signed the young lady up with a life contract," he had said, then he had shrugged . . .

He had needed to do nothing further . . . that shrug! . . .

Madame Peacock, with her long cape drawn about her, suddenly old and inexpressibly weary, had crept from her dressing-room to the outer door. On the way the smell of the grease paint, the old dust of old sets, the dimness . . . all that had been champagne to her seemed stale and odoriferous. She had no spirit to do more than incline her weighted head to the door keeper who raised his hat to her as she passed. Just as in her most dizzy triumphs, he had raised it in recognition of a great artist. This alone was left her; the salute of the keeper of the door, thru which, for the last time, she was passing. It was said of him that he, too, had been great for a time. And had been cast forth. Well . . .

In her apartment alone Madame Peacock shuddered and drew in her breath with a little shivering cry.

A great need of a human touch overcame her. Also the knowledge that she had been without a human touch for

(*Continued on page 85*)

MADAME PEACOCK

Told in short story form, by permission, from the Metro production, based on the scenario of Madame Nazimova, adopted from the story by Rita Weiman. Directed by Ray C. Smallwood and starring Mme. Nazimova. The cast.

Jane Goring	Madame Nazimova
Gloria Crommell	
Robert McNaughton	George Probert
Rudolph Cleeburg, the manager	John Steppling
Lewis	William Orlamond
Thorne	Rex Cherryman
Harrison Burke	Albert Cody
Character Lady	Gertrude Claire
Mrs. Goring	Mrs. Woodthorpe

Boudoirs and Bicycles

Bebe's road to stardom was a trail of luxurious cinema boudoirs. Heretofore, she has been one of the screen's most attractive boudoir sirens — especially in the silken dramas of De Mille. And now under her new contract—who can tell?

Realart themselves realize "You Never Can Tell," and thus they have titled her new picture. Incidentally, it is doubtful if anyone ever realized just how attractive a mere bicycle could be

Monroe Salisbury Presents...

Photograph by Hoover Art Co.

"Another important thing," said Monroe Salisbury, "is that our pictures will be cut to natural length and cut by the man who is directing them." Above, a character portrait and right, an informal picture

MONROE SALISBURY was standing in front of a moving picture theater on Broadway, Los Angeles, waiting for his car. He had just returned from a trip to northern California where he had been shooting scenes for "The Barbarian," his first picture made with his own company.

"And maybe you think we didn't have a wonderful camping outfit!" he said. "It was such an outfit as I dont believe anyone ever had before. Of course, the scenario called for a society camp and we had to have one, and, equally, of course, it proved useful and luxurious for the company. We traveled in style. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Cudahy were members of the party, as were also their two children, Michael and Ann, who played parts in the picture. We left town in the Cudahy's machines and carried with us a number of their servants, including their chef.

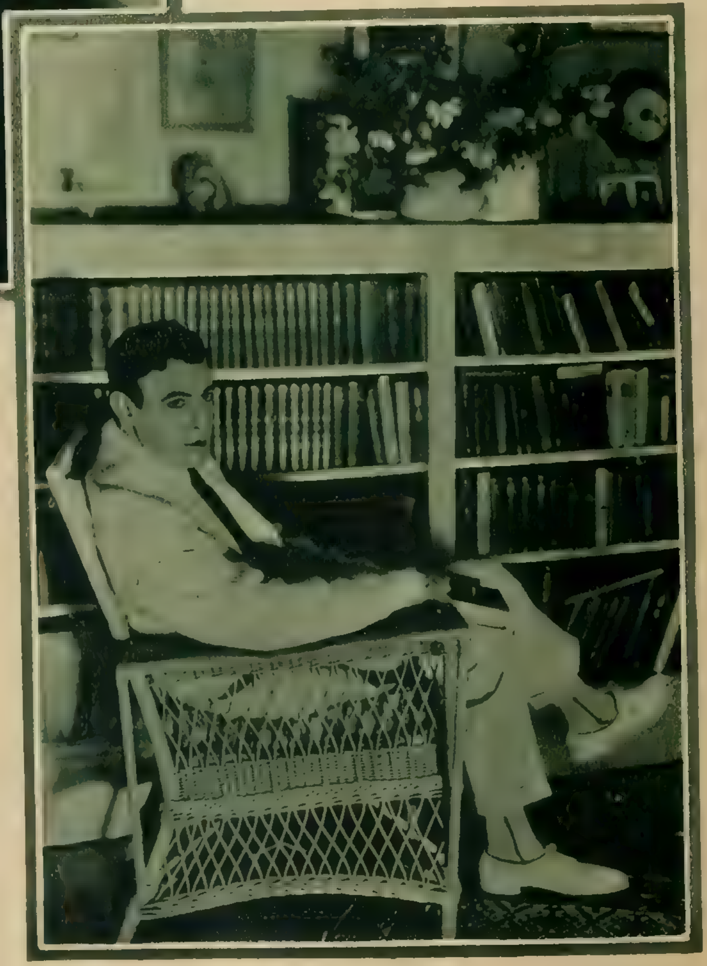
"I've never seen a long period of location work go by so smoothly. There was really no friction at all. We made our headquarters at Sisson, but branched out from it for many miles. I think that the most beautiful part of the trip was that spent on the John Wrinkle estate, near San Francisco. There we shot scenes of deer in the wild; some of the exteriors were unimaginably beautiful.

"Did you hear that I had a road built for me? A nine-mile stretch, between Sisson and Castle Lake. It was formally christened Salisbury Pike just before I left. And now, I come home to find a new and unusually rigorous bunch of traffic laws!"

"Arrested?" I asked.

"Yes, before I had been in town for an hour. Something in the nature of a welcome home, I suppose."

I notice that there was about him an air of happiness that no annoyance over the much-cussed traffic laws could effect, even temporarily. After a period in which he had been, as an acquaintance of his phrased it to me, "In prison" . . . making pictures of an arbitrary length under certain set rules, with the question of expense something to



By
ELIZABETH PELTRET

be considered at every turn, he is, at last free and has unlimited backing . . . (Jack Cudahy is among those heavily interested) . . . to make pictures according to his own ideas of how pictures should be made.

These ideas are not basically new. The screen has had enough of newness. What it needs now is a little wholesome tradition. And this is what Monroe Salisbury plans to give it.

During his career on the stage, he was associated with such people as Charles Frohman, Richard Mansfield, Mrs. Fiske, John Drew, Kathryn Kidder and Nance O'Neil. Undoubtedly, he absorbed all of the finest traditions of the stage and made them his own.

His company—The Monroe Salisbury Players—has been formed on the same principle which has gone to make famous stock companies ever since the beginning of theatrical history; that is, the principle of uniform excellence which dictates that every member of the company must be an artist in his own line, and must remain with the company for as long a time as possible. To this latter end, it is necessary that they should never be dissatisfied. Said Salisbury:

"The whole thing must be looked at from the viewpoint of the actor. Donald Crisp, who is directing, is himself an actor and a good one. His Battling Burrows in 'Broken Blossoms' is a bit of artistic work that will never be forgotten. He is, then, capable of directing actors and understanding their peculiar needs. The same with the management. The idea is that we are featuring our company. We could not do this if the company were not a good one. Consequently, an artist who joins us is doing us a favor and will be treated accordingly!"

Photograph by
Evans, L. A.

His favorite paintings are of Indian scenes and Indian characters, and of the pictures he has made, he enjoyed the part of the Indian in "Ramona" best of all

During our conversation, we had walked slowly up Broadway to a confectionery store, where we had enjoyed something cold to drink. We had then walked back to the original place, in front of the theater, arriving there at the same moment that his car drew up.

Milton Markwell joined us. He is a young man with fair hair and blue eyes. Given the rôle of a surveyor in "The Barbarian," he has something very much more important in "Ethan of the Mountain" which will be the second picture made by the Monroe Salisbury Players. He recently appeared in stock in Seattle.

"Shall we drive around for a while?" Salisbury suggested, "Suppose we take you home?" We soon found ourselves on Santa Monica Boulevard where the heat of the day was relieved by a light breeze blowing in from the sea.

"Another important thing," he went on, "is that our pictures will be cut to natural length, and cut by the man who

(*Continued on page* 84)

The Diminutive Dorothy Devore

Photographs by Evans, L. A.

Dorothy Devore was born in a small town in Texas. Her real name is Ann Inez Williams, and altho Ann Inez is still in her 'teens, she has been a choir singer, a cabaret dancer, a vaudeville artiste and is now a star for Christie Comedies

SOME 'teen years ago she was born Ann Inez Williams, in a small town in Texas, U. S. A. Today she is Dorothy Devore, star in Christie Comedies and leading lady for Charles Ray in "Forty-five Minutes From Broadway."

It all happened very much in approved story-book fashion. When Ann Inez Williams was eleven years old, her mother, seeking renewed health, brought her to California.

Ann Inez at that time had four brothers and an elder sister. They were all married; had families of their own, and so mother Williams felt free to devote her time wholly to Ann Inez and her health. She brought all the family furniture, took a comfortable house in Los Angeles and sent Ann Inez to private school. All *seemed* going smoothly—that is, on the surface.

But Ann Inez wasn't the placid little soul her mother thought (I could have told her that, the moment I saw those big brown eyes with mischief hidden deep, deep within them.) Ann, who was called Dot at school because she was so very tiny, was possessed of a tremendous voice, and it used to amuse all her friends to hear that huge voice issuing from the slender throat of the very littlest one of them. And so Ann, who was very ambitious, caught the career fever and sang in the church choir where her voice, she says, "Just boomed out."

This led to an offer for her to sing in private homes of society people for the entertainment of blasé guests. Ann Inez knew that her mother would never consent to this, so she used to run away from school every afternoon when her services were demanded, and just glory in singing to an audience.

This, of course, necessitated a fictitious name and Ann, who was at that schoolgirl age when one worships Robert W. Chambers, caramels and chocolate ice cream, adopted the

By
HAZEL SHELLEY

Photographs by Evans, L. A

name of Dorothy Devore. She says the Dorothy was easily accounted for, but she must have chosen the Devore from a *Snappy Stories* magazine.

Dorothy's mother didn't hear about her professional success until it led to a splendid cabaret offer. Then, of course, as mothers of spoiled daughters have a habit of doing, she, at first, absolutely refused to let Dorothy keep up her work and at last gave it gracefully.

So it was that Dorothy Devore, without training of any kind, found herself heading a troupe of professional chorus girls in the vaudeville act at Levy's, a very popular Los Angeles café. Dorothy not only was the headliner but taught her chorus new dance steps and songs and managed them—and she was, I might add, in her very early 'teens. But when one is in their very early 'teens and ambitious, nothing seems impossible—perhaps that is why Dorothy was so successful.

In a very short while an offer came to book her over the Orpheum vaudeville circuit, and it seemed that Dorothy's greatest dreams had come true. Everything was planned. She was to be billed as "The Miniature Pocket-Edition Sophie Tucker," the real Sophie Tucker gave her permission to use her name in return for the exclusive rights to some songs that Dorothy had composed.

And then one day, she received a telephone call from Eddie Lyons, of Universal's Lyons and Moran comedies.

"Would she consider coming out to Universal City to do a picture with them?"

She had had no desire to enter pictures, but she had a little spare time, and so she went out to Universal City, fully prepared to be assigned nothing but an atmosphere part. But without even taking a test picture they assigned her the lead. And that rather settled Dorothy's career, for she was seen by Christie's casting director and captured with the lure of a high salary.

That was two years ago, and Dorothy has now become Dorothy Devore spelt with a small *v*. She played opposite Bobby Vernon for some time and was then made a star herself for Christie. She has the greatest fondness for that company, and altho she is being sought on all sides by directors who wish to put her into drama, she only dips into drama at present when her services can be dispensed with briefly at Christie's.

Because she is so very young she is still in love with her first love, farce-comedy; for she believes that that which we learn first we learn best.

Because she is so very young she is still in love with her first love, farce-comedy; for she believes that that which we learn first we learn best

And so it happened that her vaudeville tour was postponed indefinitely—but Dorothy Devore admits that it is her real ambition, and some day she hopes to travel. She can imagine nothing more wonderful than a tour in vaudeville. But at present she is very happy in pictures, because her mother is happy to have her in them.

As for Dorothy Devore herself, this little happening illustrated what she is like better than anything else.

The other day she was introduced to a dear old lady of seventy or thereabouts.

"And what do you do, little girl?" she was asked.

"I act in pictures," responded Dorothy.

"What—you are one of those motion picture actresses? Land sakes. I'd never have believed it, why, little girl, you belong in a sweet little home, married to a good man, with a couple of kiddies."

Dorothy says she considers this the greatest compliment she has ever received. Incidentally, one of Dorothy's schoolgirl

(*Continued on page* 71)

Ann Ascends

Ann May has never been on the stage, altho she studied dramatic art for five years. She is practically a newcomer to the screen, but her work as leading woman for Charles Ray was so effective, that she is again going to play opposite him in his first First National picture

All photographs by Hoover Art Co.

IF I had to choose one word with which to describe Ann May, I would choose *shining*. she is so unqualifiedly that. Shining brown hair, worn in a mass of curls, eyes like twin stars, a face as bright and a smile as sunshiny and alluring as a June morning. She has an air, too, this shining Ann, of delicate, high-strung intensity, as tho poised, birdlike, to see what wonderful thing is happening next, just around the corner. Even her voice, heard before I saw her, was "shining," and then she came blithely in, clad unembarrassedly in black pajamas bizarrely embroidered in green, red and gold.

Time was, of course, when pajamas were merely sleeping apparel and were never, not *ever*, worn outside one's bedroom. But times have changed and, with them, the ways of pajamas—and to receive, informally, a friend, (or interviewer), in pajamas is quite all right. (We'll say it is, and so would anyone who had beheld Ann May.)

"I know you wont mind," she began. "You see, I'm so frightfully busy, as I'm leaving tomorrow for the coast, with only three days' notice. Now what do you think of that? I came East after finishing 'Paris Green' with Mr. Ray, expecting to stay all spring and summer at least. But here I am," indicating the adjoining room, where one glimpsed a bewildering array of dainty feminine apparel, "madly packing.

"Not that I'm not glad to go back to the coast," she said, becoming more shining each moment. "I adore it there and I dont like New York, not *at all*. The atmosphere is so unreal and every one hurries so and there are no neighbors or nice, cozy, homey times and no long, be-au-ti-ful, always-warm-and-sunshiny automobile roads here as in California—I'm so tired and need tea," touching a bell and giving an order. "You dont mind if I

By
LILLIAN MONTANYE

There is an air of delicate, high-strung intensity about Miss May, as tho poised, birdlike, she eagerly awaits what wonderful thing will happen next

just keep fussing at something, do you?" she ended breathlessly. "I must run fresh ribbons in these things—my maid is rushed to death with last-minute shopping."

She is a daughter of Ohio, Ann May. Toledo, to be exact, and a graduate of a dramatic school of that city. Not that she was expected to take advantage of this training in any way. Certainly *not!* But a girl should receive some specialized training, and, if she can afford it, why not along some line that she likes? reasoned an indulgent father. If she cared to do so, she could become a teacher of elocution some day. And so, because from a child little Ann could "speak pieces" in a most entertaining way and because her father was proud of her talent and because Ann wanted it very much, she entered the dramatic school, where she continued five years.

"Father never seemed to have an idea," she said, "that I might want to go on the stage. Of course, it was part of the training that the pupils of the school take part in theatricals. Well, when dad found out how 'popular' I was, it was both funny and pathetic. He was proud of me, as he was of the little girl who spoke pieces to amuse his friends—but he didn't like my popularity, for he was afraid it would 'put notions in my head,' and he ordered me to stop taking part in the entertainments. But I could not do that and continue at the school. I finished the course, but have never been on the stage—yet."

"And do you consider that your dramatic training has helped you at all in screen work?"

"Not *a bit!*" she smiled, relaxing into a corner of the divan with a cup of tea and bit of pastry.

"Of course, any line of study helps one to concentrate and is good mental discipline. Aside from that, my training taught me poise, a certain amount, at least, and it did wonders for my voice. It was worth while just for that—if I ever get a chance to use my voice. But as to technique—the technique of motion picture acting is not to be learnt at a dramatic school. Of course, I had no thought of pictures then."

"And when did you think of them?"

"Well, it sounds funny, but a picture of mine was used on the cover of a book. A man saw it and said it was a good screen face and should be in pictures. I was offered a part in a picture with Catherine Calvert and just for fun I took it and was crazy about it. Father," she said slowly, a shadow flitting across her bright face, "had died, and mother, knowing that I scorned a social butterfly existence, consented to let me try pictures. She thought it would be a more normal life than the stage. So we went to the coast, where I did a part in 'Lombardi, Ltd.,' with Bert Lytell.

"And then I was asked to play opposite Charlie Ray in 'Paris Green.' I cant tell you how thrilled I was. It seemed that the door of opportunity had opened—and it had because I am called back to play opposite him again in his first First National. Isn't that wonderful? He is the cleverest and the kindest man in the world. Every one who works with Charlie Ray simply adores him. He is a real inspiration, too. He told me how hard he worked, and how discouraged he became, thinking he never would 'arrive.' It made me more than ever determined to succeed.

"And so I'm anxious to be back and at work. I have had a good time in New York—just as a spectator. I could never

(Continued on page 72)

Admissions

By
Pearl Malverne

Kenneth Harlan has played on the vaudeville stage, has appeared in legitimate drama, has toured in stock, and is now treading the celluloid boards. He prefers the vaudeville stage to any of the foregoing phases of drama. The first picture he ever did was with Constance Talmadge

All photographs by
Clarence Bull

KENNETH HARLAN is one of the workers. I didn't *see* him working, but then, one seldom does on a studio interview. I suppose if I were of the school of Maeterlinck, I could consume a whole paragraph on a scientific simile anent the drones and their antithesis. Being handicapped, I shall have to say that:

He has invaded vaudeville, stage and screen, stock, *et al.*, and I leave it to public opinion whether or not a mere drone would, or could, be so versatile. . . . Changes of any sort require initiative and initiative requires work.

He says that in experience if in nothing else, his working knowledge of all the professional branches has been worth while. In each separate branch, he tells me, he met a separate and distinct type; code of conduct, philosophy and method, and that each has been interesting and worth while.

Of all of them the vaudeville life appealed to him the most from the human, personal viewpoint.

The first picture he ever did was with Constance Talmadge. And he was doing one with her the day I talked with him at the studio. In the distance, also temporarily off the set, Constance like her leading man was pinioned on the inquisitorial prongs.

I asked him whether he liked doing comedy, and he said he preferred other things. "I am not the comedy type. I think," he said.

He added that he believed in changing from one sphere to another, but not from one type to another.

(*Cont'd on page* 70)

DEEP WATERS

By
DOROTHY DONNELL

"IT'S a sightly mornin'," said Caleb West contentedly, "the ocean's as bright and blue as the picter on an insurance calendar." He hitched his chair a little back from the table and fumbled in the pocket of his faded blue shirt for his pipe. Behind the tin coffee-pot his wife, Betty, leaned her soft chin on her clasped hand, looking dreamily away thru the window at the ocean, sparkling in the early sun.

"I like it better when it's kind o' misty and mysterious," she confessed shyly, "and you can imagine the fishing boats are—are gondolas and the summer cottages on the cliff are palaces an' towers—"

"Romancing again!" But Caleb's tone was indulgent. "Wonder why 'tis that you young folks is always wanting something different, wishin' today was tomorrer, and here was somers else. Reckon it's *because* they're young—a kind o' a disease like measles or chicken-pox. Time'll cure it, Betty, like it has me." His slightly faded, humorous blue eyes were a trifle wistful as he looked across at the fresh, girl-face opposite.

She shook her head. "I dont want to be cured! What would be the use o' living if you couldn't look ahead, and expect something beautiful? I want to go everywhere, and see everything and feel all the different feelings in the world!" There was a kind of fierce hunger in the way she threw out her arms. He watched her somberly.

"Reckon I'm too old for such junketing, Betty," he said quietly, "you'll have to go to those furrin places alone."

She started slightly, as one coming reluctantly out of a glorious dream. Her eyes widened as they turned on his rugged, weatherbeaten face with the greying hair and the fine, humorous lines about the eyes. "Oh, Caleb, I was just a-foolin'!" she laughed, and ran around the table to perch on his chair arm, "you cant get rid of me easy as that! Besides how'd I enjoy traveling thru the Alps and ruins and pyramids and thinking of you having to eat your own cooking?" There was only mischief in her vivid face now, tho his eyes were watchful. And with a sigh Caleb West got to his feet. "Building lighthouses may be isn't so romantic," he said, "but folks couldn't travel without 'em. And you couldn't build lighthouses without laying foundations for 'em first. I'm needed, Betty, and it's good to feel needed."

She went to the door with him and lifted her face to his good-by kiss. "Be careful, Caleb," she whispered with a shudder, "I know you're a master-diver, but sometimes when I get to thinkin' of you down under tons an' tons of green water seems as if I'd sh'd scream. I need you too, Caleb—"

The trouble went out of his eyes then, and he caught her to him with a kind of clumsy fervor which the slim, handsome youngster, coming up the path noted with a scowl. That old buzzard an' a pretty girl like her! Why he might be her father—all of fifty he must be, and she hardly turned twenty yet.

"Dont think, Blossom," Caleb admonished, "there's a heap of suffering comes from thinking about troubles that never happen.—Why, hello, Bill. Comin' along of me, eh?"

Bill Lacey shook his dark head. "Maw's got another of her headaches. I haven't had a bite of breakfast—if Mrs. West could give me a cup o' coffee—"

He sat before his filled plate, later, making small pretense of eating, while his eyes, full of little smoldering sparks, followed

"I'd like to see things," she confided, "but I guess I never shall." She sighed, "Caleb likes to stay put"

the girl's slender figure from the table to sink and cupboard sullenly. Suddenly the dishes clanged with the jarring blow of his fist on the table. "Damn it!" he burst out, "I seen him at the door—kissing you—he don't know how to kiss, Betty; You ain't ever been kissed!"

She stood quite still, staring, while the quick color flooded to the bright line of her hair. "Bill Lacey, are you stark crazy?" she gasped, "the idea of talking like that! It's— it's wicked—"

"It's true!" he came to her and gripped her wrists, "I'm crazy all right! Crazy about you—an' I have been ever since you come here seven months ago. What did you marry him for? He's almost an old man, he dont know how to make you happy but I *do*. I—you—"

She wrenched herself free of him. "I am happy! You shan't stand there and say things about Caleb! He's the best man in the world—he married me when Paw was drowned and he's been kind and—and wonderful to me. I—I guess you'd better go now. I guess you'd better not come back either."

The color did not leave her cheeks after Lacey, mumbling apologies, strode away, tall and straight in the sharp, uncompromising light of the new day. She went about her household tasks with tightened lips and hands that shook and blundered over their work. Once she stopped to look out of the window, wonderingly, as tho at an unfamiliar world. The line of rocks jutting against the sky, the platform with its diving apparatus and pigmy figures, the hotels and boats, and white road winding by were the same—yet subtly different. Something seemed to have thrown her safe, serene world out of focus.

A red racing car panted by with the gleam of a yellow sweater and the glimpse of a white flannel suit. "Mr. Sanford's taking Mrs. Leroy out to the Point again," she said vaguely aloud, and suddenly the words seemed to take on sinister meaning in her own ears. "I wish he hadn't come, meddling," she thought and determinedly resolved to think no more. She worked all the morning on stiff blue denim, making a shirt for Caleb, disciplining her fingers. By afternoon Lacey's wild speech and the hurtful strangely thrilling grip of his fingers on her wrist seemed like a feverish dream. She was singing as she began her preparations for an extra good supper, but the song broke off short with the sound of heavy boots on the pathway.

She turned a small face, bleached with fear to the door. Caleb—O God! Dont let it be Caleb!"

Her husband's ruddy face answered her prayer. He looked concerned. "Betty, young Lacey's had an accident, rock fell on his leg. I guess it's broke." He looked at her guiltily. "I—I'm having him brought here, Betty. I know it'll make you a heap of extra trouble, but you know his maw's only a step one, and besides she's kind o' an invalid. Do you—mind?"

She was clinging to him, sobbing. "I dont mind anything so long's you're not hurt!" she choked. "Oh, Caleb, but you gave me such a turn!"

Young Lacey proved a meek and docile patient. Pain at first, prudence later kept him from touching on the subject they had last quarreled over. He slept a great deal, or she thought that he slept, not guessing how often the heavy black lashes hid a gaze that followed her every movement. His grit in bearing the ordeal of moving, and his helplessness touched her pity dangerously, and the admiration that he let her see now and then in his handsome dark eyes was not unpleasing—so long as he did not put it into words.

When he judged that her defences were down he began to talk, matter-of-factly, about every-day things. There was a young eagerness in his attitude toward life that found its complement in her own vague, restless yearnings. Besides he had

DEEP WATERS

Fictionized, by permission from the Maurice Tourneur production for Paramount, based on the scenario of Jack Gilbert; adapted from the book "Caleb West, Master Diver," by F. Hopkinson Smith. Directed by Maurice Tourneur. The cast:

Caleb West	Broerken Christians
Betty West	Barbara Bedford
Bill Lacey	Jack Gilbert
Kate Leroy	Florence Deshon
Henry Sanford	Henry Woodward
Morgan Leroy	Jack McDonald
Capt. Joe Bell	George Nichols
Aunty Bell	Lydia Y. Titus
Barzella Bustud	Marie Van Tassell
Squalere Vixley	James C. Gibson
Zuby Higgins	Ruth Wing
Seth Nungate	H. Edgar Stockwell
Prof. Page	Charles Millsfield
(His Niece)	Seggrid McDonald

traveled somewhat, a fishing voyage around the Cape, a trip to New York, and he spoke confidently of going some day to the West Indies. She listened, her fingers forgetting to hold the needle, her eyes wide with gazing at the far places of her fancy.

"I'd like to see things," she confided, "but I guess I never shall." She sighed, "Caleb likes to stay put."

"He would," Lacey agreed, kindly tolerant, "folks lose that when they get his age—wanting to go places, I mean,—and discover life." Silence lay over the room. Into it came, presently, the sputtering cough of a recklessly driven motor. "Sanford's going to hit a snag some day," the boy said, choosing his words, and watching her averted face under lowered lashes, "anybody with him this time?"

She looked, answered almost unwillingly. "Mrs. Leroy."

"I thought so," said Lacey, "she usually is. Well, you cant blame a pretty woman like her for wanting something more than that husband of hers can give her. He's slow—Leroy is, doesn't talk much—always reading a paper. I guess he's older than she is, too."

That was all then. He managed it cunningly and with infinite patience. When Caleb was present he always seemed to defer to him, but managed to make him seem older, greyer and more unromantic than ever in contrast to his dark youth and eagerness. He saw her sometimes glance from one of them to the other, and then run to Caleb's chair and perch on it and lay her bright head on his dusty one almost defiantly. Lacey could have leapt from his bed and snatched her away in the consuming jealousy that swept him at the sight, but he only smiled. He loved Betty West, selfishly, perhaps, but as much as it was in him to love—and he waited his time to possess what he wanted.

It came presently. He was not quite certain of her, but he dared not wait. There was no longer any excuse for his staying. He could limp about the house, could have walked without limping, indeed. "tomorrow," he said, as he sat on the seaward-looking porch, while she shelled peas, "tomorrow I'll be gone—"

A pod slipped in her fingers, scattering its green globes over the grass. She bent over the pan. "Tomorrow? Yes,—I suppose—you'll have to go back to work."

He spoke in a low tone. "Are you sorry, Betty? Are you going to miss me?"

She tried to smile. "Of course! There wont be anybody to praise my puddings! Caleb never notices what he's eating—"

She paused, beginning to tremble as she found her hands prisoned and his eyes with the disturbing flame in them close to hers. "Betty! Betty! Dont you see I cant go—and leave you here? We belong together, dear! We're both young, we both want life and everything it can give us. It isn't wicked to want them, it's the way the world's made! West isn't really your husband—he never was your lover. Betty—you're going to come away with me—on the Boston boat—tonight—"

"Oh, I couldn't!" she quivered, but she felt as tho strong tides were beating her, carrying her out with them from her safe harbor, "Caleb—what would he do? I've got to get his supper. You mustn't—it isn't—right—"

He saw that he had won, and laughed low with triumph. "Then life is wrong, Girl!" he exulted, "you've never lived—but you're going to. It's your

When Caleb was present he always seemed to defer to him, but managed to make him seem older, greyer and more unromantic than ever in contrast to his dark youth and eagerness

Sanford paid assiduous court and Kate Leroy's gay, pleased laughter shrilled her flattered delight to all the world

birthday, Betty, yours and mine." But he was wise enough not to kiss her, even then.

Caleb West came home late, noting with a curious sense of uneasiness that there was no smoke curling up from his chimney. He pushed open the door and found darkness and the sharp sudden scent of the sea. "Betty," he called, "Betty-Girl, where are you?"

A match sputtered and flared out under his impatient fingers. He lighted another. Then he saw the note on the mantel shelf, blotched with tears. After he had read it he sat a long time, hours—staring down at his twisted, gnarled old hands lying on the red-checked table cloth. It was a fresh cloth he noted stupidly. She must have put it on just before she went—he groaned as if in pain.

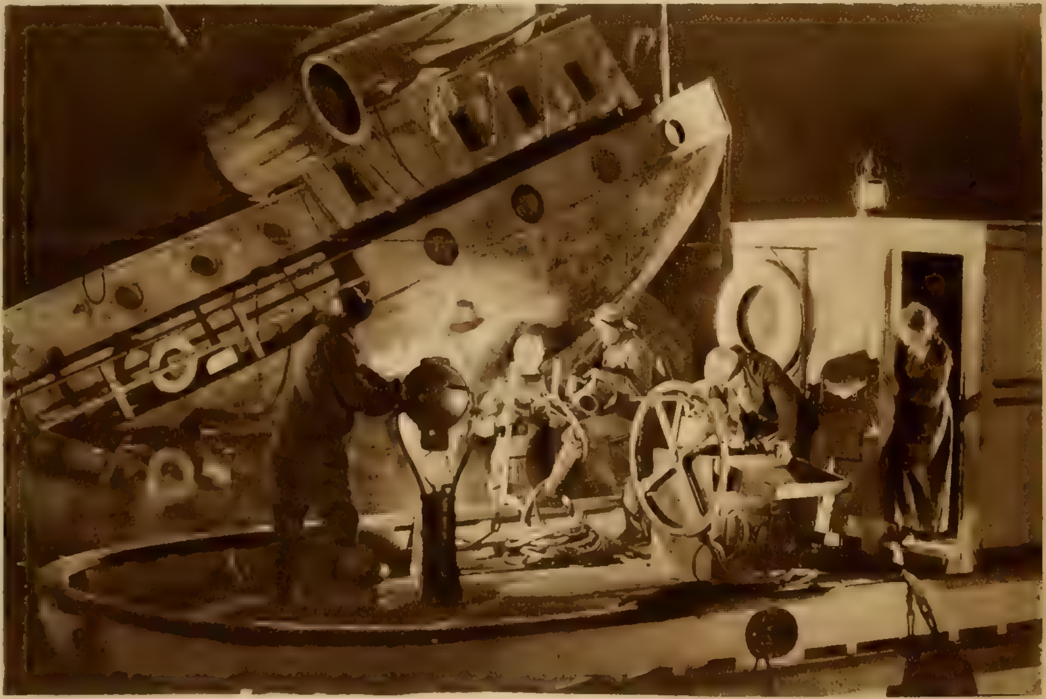
"He's like the ocean—when there's a fog," he found himself repeating mechanically, "he says that there is life behind the fog—and I want to see. You'll never forgive me, Caleb, or believe that I do love you. Your new shirt is in the top drawer—the camphor is on the kitchen shelf in case you catch cold. O Caleb—"

He held the pitiful, foolish note to the flame of the lamp, watching it consume. Captain Bell, standing unnoticed in the doorway, regarded him in amazement. "I swan!" he ejaculated, "the hull blame world's gone plumb crazy tonight. Caleb West. What in tarnation you doin'?"

The other man gripped his arm, turning a stark face toward the window. Over the water came the sharp yelp of a steamboat whistle. "She's gone," he said heavily, and his lips came together like the jaws of a trap, "she's gone with Bill Lacey to find life—" he laughed silently, unpleasantly.

Captain Bell probed the white face in the lamplight with

(*Continued on page 66*)



"——Without a word he turned on his heel and set the helmet over his head"

Semon the Jester

By HARRISON HASKINS

WHEN we were invited to luncheon with Larry Semon at the Hotel Astor, we made one condition — that no custard pies or spaghetti would be served.

One cannot be too careful with movie comedians.

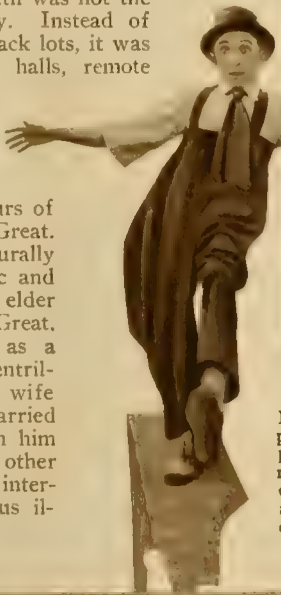
But—seriously—Semon is no mere clown. No screen player we know has a more alert business brain or does clearer thinking. His long newspaper career, which preceeded his film début, gave him an unusual viewpoint.

Only a few years ago he was feature sporting cartoonist on *The New York Evening Sun.* Before that he was on the art staff of *The New York Telegram, The Morning Telegraph* and *The New York Herald.* But the real incentive which led him to film comedy dates back still further.

Semon comes of a picturesque family of theatrical adventurers. His youth was not the youth of the average boy. Instead of baseball, marbles and the back lots, it was spent in backwoods town halls, remote railway stations and dingy trains.

To go back to the beginning:

Semon's grandfather was connected with the tours of the magician, Herman the Great. The comedian's father naturally became interested in magic and took up the work. The elder Semon became Zera the Great, and toured the country as a magician, hypnotist and ventriloquist, accompanied by his wife and the boy, Larry. He carried a vaudeville company with him and comedy, tumbling and other miscellaneous acts were interspersed with the mysterious illusions of the Great Zera.



For a long time Larry Semon was a newspaper cartoonist. Then he turned to motion pictures—with remarkable success. "I do all my work myself," says Semon. "I do not use doubles. Naturally we take lots of chances and, let me add, there is less faking in my comedies than in most farce productions"

Larry, of course, was called upon to assist in various ways and, in time, he became a proficient and versatile performer. One night would find him an acrobat, another a hypnotic subject, again he would be a comedian, just as the needs of the little barn-storming company developed.

Larry himself wanted to be a singer but fate—and his father — interposed. He lost his voice. And his father, tired of the struggle of pioneer stage work, wanted his son to do something different. Both the elder Semon and his son had a certain knack of caricaturing. Result—the boy was sent to art school.

Finishing his course, Semon secured his first employment on *The New York Herald.* He advanced until he occupied the first comic post with *The Evening Sun.*

(*Continued on page* 81)

How "Earthbound" Was Made

By
JAMESON SEWELL

Photograph by
Evans, L. A.

PROBABLY no motion picture story yet filmed presented the difficulties offered by Basil King's psychic novel, "Earthbound." Hence the story of the director, T. Hayes Hunter, is of unique interest.

First, "Earthbound" required seven months for its development from the printed page to the photoplay screen. Four months were actually occupied in filming the story at the Goldwyn coast studios. Mr. Hunter actually shot 190,000 feet of film, which were cut down to 7,600 feet, the final length of the completed screen production.

To those who have not yet seen "Earthbound," something of an explanation is in order. The Basil King novel traces a domestic tragedy which culminates in the murder of the other man by the husband and then goes on to show the regeneration of the dead man after death—how his spirit readjusts two shattered households to the best of his (or shall we say its) ability. Thru a great deal of the story the chief protagonist moves in shadowy spirit form. This necessitated double exposures and the most adroit camera trickery. To be exact, there were 166 double exposure scenes in "Earthbound." Successful double exposure work can only be obtained by the most careful and painstaking camera work.

But let Mr. Hunter himself explain

"Let us assume I intended to photograph a scene in which the spirit talked to his living friend. I first rehearsed the two actors together in the scene as it would be screen visualized. Then I timed the action, using a ticking metronome to standardize our count. For instance, at the count of 63 we would find that the ghost started speaking, that at 79 he stopped, that at 85 the material figure felt his presence and turned around, that at 96 the spirit materialized to be visible to the living man, that at 115 the spirit walked over and put his arm on the other's shoulder, that at 169 the living man showed visible emotion as a result of the other's words, that at 175 the ghost started to dissolve out, taking eight counts to become nothing.

"You can realize that, if we depended upon a human count, an inaccuracy would be bound to occur. The metronome kept this in perfect measure, even the cameraman grinding to its beat.

"Let us assume that we have carefully rehearsed and timed every

(*Continued on page 92*)

Four months were actually occupied in filming "Earthbound" at the Goldwyn studios and 190,000 feet of film were shot. Top a new portrait of T. Hayes Hunter; center, Mr. Hunter directing a scene in "Earthbound," and right, with his family on the grounds of his Hollywood home

The Celluloid Critic

The Month's Photoplays in Review

By Frederick James Smith

Above, Pauline Frederick in "Madame X," left, Alla Nazimova in "Madame Peacock," and below, Constance Binney in "39 East"

AN odd and homely little tale, shining out of an exceedingly dull photoplay month is "Honest Hutch," an unpretentious Will Rogers effort which, to our way of thinking, is the best thing ever done by Goldwyn. Interesting it is to see this simple story of a village loafer easily displace all the expenditure and elaborateness of a long line of Goldwyn productions.

"Honest Hutch" is just another proof that real film drama is the drama of every-day life, minus claptrap and melodrama—that the really big play may revolve around the simplest daily events.

"Honest Hutch," which by the way, is built from a short story by Garrett Smith, has a delightfully droll thesis The shiftless, happy-go-lucky Hutch, with his embittered drudge of a wife and his brood of ragged children, lives a life of utter laziness—until he finds a box containing fifty thousand dollars in $10,000 bills. Hutch suddenly realizes that the money is useless to him, since no one will believe him the possessor of an honestly acquired $10,000 bill. It is a case of going to work, thus acquiring a reputation equal to his money, or throwing the fifty thousand away. Hutch, reluctantly, goes to work, altho he has a sneaking doubt that the money isn't worth the labor. How, in the end, he finds real joy in work—and in bringing happiness to his family—is brought out with homely humor.

Rogers is Hutch to the life. It is an honest, close to the soil performance, and his best celluloid rôle thus far. We congratulate him. Our hat is off, too, to Clarence Badger for his directorial handling of "Honest Hutch."

In interesting contrast to "Honest Hutch" is "Madame X," Goldwyn's visualization of Alexandre Bisson's superheated Parisian melodrama. With all its expensive outlay, "Madame X" does not come within a hundred miles of "Honest Hutch's" closeness to life.

Bisson is a master of adroit stage technique. He knows how to build with fine theatric effectiveness. His characters may be puppets neatly maneuvered to get the greatest dramatic effect, but he, at least, achieves the result he seeks. "Madame X" has a scene of big emotional appeal.

"Madame X" tells the story of a young French wife who leaves her husband and baby-boy for love of another. Later, when her husband refuses to forgive her, she drifts to the moral depths, a drug wreck. Finally, she commits murder and is brought to trial. Without realizing her identity, her husband, now a man of affairs, is a visitor in the court-room while their son is appointed to defend her. She is steadfast in her refusal to say a word, but the boy by a brilliant and impassioned speech, wrings a verdict of "not guilty" from the jury. Then her wrecked constitution gives way, but not until there is a reconciliation.

This court-room scene was an electric thing behind the footlights, but it is lost in the screen adaptation. This is due to several reasons. Director Frank Lloyd launches his story in too high an emotional key. Consequently, he steadily loses effectiveness. Again, Pauline Frederick did not touch us anywhere as the wretched Jacqueline. Her performance, in a measure due to the director, of course, lacks all gradation. From start to finish it is a drab uncolored thing on the verge of hysteria, without the building up necessary for sympathetic appeal. Again, Casson Ferguson is an unfortunate choice as the son. Here is a big rôle in every sense of the word. What Richard Barthelmess could have done with it! Indeed, the whole cast of "Madame X" disappointed us.

"Nomads of the North," (First National), a James Oliver Curwood story, had enough theatric ingredients, including a forest fire, to have been an effective picture. It fell down largely thru inferior direction.

With the Canadian-Northwest as his background, Curwood has unfolded a story of a cruel factor, his scoundrelly son, an innocent cutie of the wood-

(*Continued on page* 101)

The Winners Are Announced

THE 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest closed on August 1, and on September 23 the judges met and, after due deliberation, rendered their verdict. In announcing their decision, which was not without dissenting votes, it seems desirable to make some explanations. Quite early in the contest several unusually promising contestants appeared, and for months they continued to head the list. Repeated motion picture tests were made of them under various conditions and the most promising of these young ladies were sent to Albin, Lumiere and other photographers for studies. They were photographed from every possible angle and under different lights and conditions to make sure that they were endowed with all of the many essentials that go to make up a one-hundred-per-cent. screen star. Among these were Lucille Langhanke, formerly of the West, but now of 419 West 115th Street, N. Y. City; Helen DeWitt of Queens, N. Y.; Beth Logan of 22 Maple Street, Bronxville, N. Y.; and Erminie Gagnon, formerly of Canada, but now of 244 West 109th Street, N. Y. City. For beauty, charm, grace and personality, they are

Left, a camera study of Allene Ray of San Antonio, Texas

Photograph by Albin

awarded first honors, and in commemoration of the event, they will be presented with gold medals. Each of these young ladies will hereafter be known as a Gold-Medalist of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest.

Lucille Langhanke is an amazingly well equipped girl, with sunset eyes and hair, and her friends will not be surprised to read here that for grace, charm, beauty and photographic picturesqueness the contest has produced no superiors. In fact, we have already placed her with the Famous Players-Lasky Company on a five-year contract, and you will soon hear much of this unusual girl.

Helen DeWitt is none other than the violinist who for years toured the world with Madame Gadski and Sousa's Band as soloist. She is a little blonde of classic beauty, with golden hair and big blue eyes, and is about twenty years of age. The Metro Company has already engaged her to play in Bert Lytel productions, and the concert platform's loss is the screen's gain.

Beth Logan is a distinct type and a real discovery. She is about five feet five in height, slight of figure, with large, dark, sparkling eyes, and is full of vivacity and "pep." She is barely fifteen years of age and we have no doubt that the screen will soon find a place for her.

Erminie Gagnon is just sixteen and we have made over ten tests of her before the motion picture camera. In real life

(*Cont'd on page* 68)

Right, a new portrait of Corliss Palmer, of Macon, Ga.

Photograph by Lumiere

An Irish Twinkler

FROM the Emerald Isle to the silversheet is a long trail but it was trodden by a little maid of Belfast between the ages of infancy and sweet sixteen. Recalling the roguish twinkle in her eyes, no one will be surprised to learn that Eileen Percy is a daughter of Ireland, Belfast being her birthplace.

However, she was still a wee baby when the family came over to this country, so the first part of her journey to the silversheet was made in her mother's arms, but the latter part was made alone on the trim and independent feet of the "colleen" herself.

The Percys, arriving in this country, settled in New York City, where the five children, three brothers, a little sister, Thelma, and Eileen, herself, grew up.

Eileen attended school in New York and Brooklyn, then was sent to a Sisters' Convent.

She wasn't very big when she began posing for the noted artists of the day, among them Harrison Fisher and Howard Chandler Christy. It is easy to imagine their delight in drawing the girl's piquant little face, with the wide eyes that are set far apart, continually changing color, ranging from the deepest blues thru various greys to a lovely green.

It frequently happens that it is but a step from posing to the stage, so, when "The Blue Bird" was produced at the New Theater, Eileen was among the group of "unborn children" in that fanciful scene which the poet, Maeterlinck, wove into his great dream drama.

"I grew up in that play," remarked Miss Percy, "and during the three years I was a member of the cast, I passed from rôle to rôle until I had actually played every part from a loaf of bread up. I felt like a full-fledged actress and after playing with Elsie Janis and Gaby Deslys I went with Ziegfeld, spending two years in 'The Follies' and 'Midnight Roof.'

"Mother never quite approved of the stage," she went on, thoughtfully, "and was anxious for me to get into pictures—we used to talk about it so often. After her death I wanted more than ever to do what she wished, so one day I told Mr. Ziegfeld that I intended to leave the show and go back to posing.

"A night or two after this, Douglas Fairbanks saw me in the 'Midnight Roof' and, with his characteristic impulsiveness, he immediately engaged me to play leads, so within two weeks after Mother left me I was on my way West to act in motion pictures! Almost uncanny, wasn't it? Somehow, I felt she *knew*, and I was happy that I could so soon fulfil her dearest wish."

It requires but a moment's chat to discover that the guiding influence in Eileen Percy's life is her mother's memory and her sincere desire to live up to what this mother would wish. Ideals of the highest order, early instilled by the absent one, form the girl's standard.

Born to the wailing of Irish winds and the wash of waters on the wild shores, there is just naturally an aura of romance around this pretty girl all the time and you have only to look at the lurking smile at the corners of the eyes and the provocative curve of the lips to realize how well the quaint endearments of old Ireland fit her. "Macushla, mavourneen,

She wasn't very big when she began posing for the noted artists of the day—and it frequently happens that it is but a step from posing to the stage, where she made her début as an "unborn child" in "The Blue Bird." Top, a new portrait; center and right, informal pictures

By
MAUDE CHEATHAM

ahagar" she was to that mother whose memory she adores and is to the people from her island who seek her pictures in American theaters.

I saw it all as we were sitting in her bungalow dressing-room, where her perfectly molded features, masses of glossy hair and fair complexion were enhanced by the artistic decorations in soft shades of orchid. These bungalows are all the fashion at the Hollywood studios, for the idea, started several years ago by Mary Pickford's cunning bird-cage in the corner of the Lasky lot, has met with favor. At the Fox studio, each star has a pretty grey bungalow set in a lovely garden, and Eileen, now a Fox star, has in hers an effective setting for her daintiness, which does not destroy the glamour of romance.

Her humor is of the quiet kind, and tho she looks the part of the peaches and cream girl, she has a remarkably sane balance, governed by a happy viewpoint of life, with a safe margin of spirit —when the occasion demands.

"Being with Mr. Fairbanks was a very wonderful experience," Miss Percy was telling me, "and I shall never be grateful enough for all I learned with him, but I found it a pretty big jump from The Follies, to playing lead with one of the foremost film-stars. I became discouraged after completing five pictures and decided to give them up. I was only sixteen and had not yet found my bearing since losing Mother and tho I had my sister, Thelma, with me, I nearly died of loneliness.

ST. CATH
AVAL

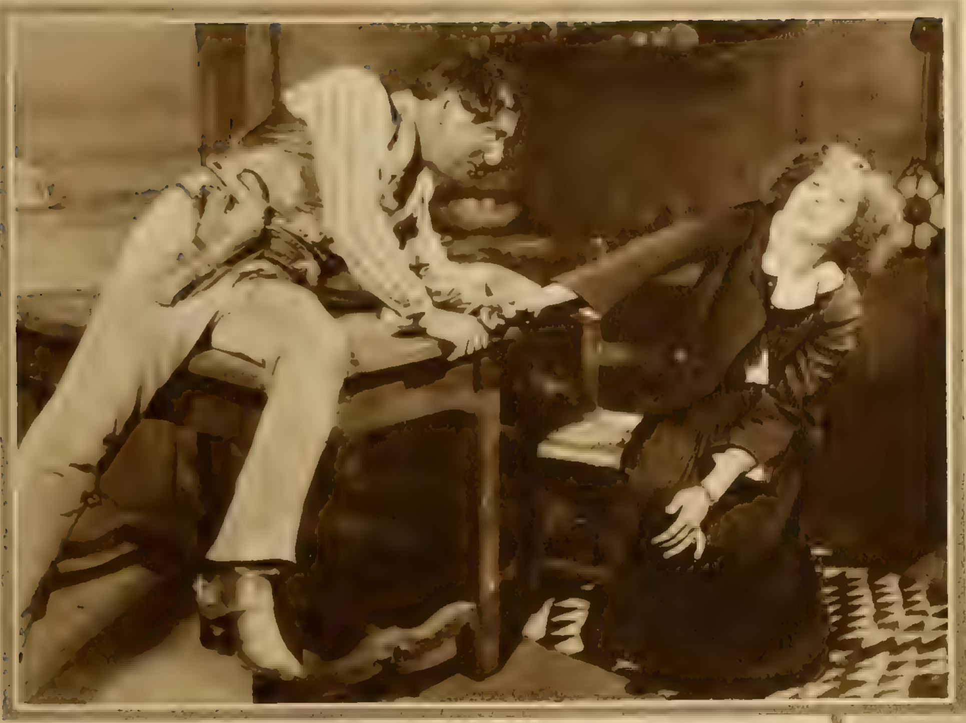
At the studio they will tell you that Eileen is a general favorite—never indulging in temperament and always being on time. Above, another camera study, and left, Eileen at the shore

"Oh, of course, I came to my senses," she went on, "and I suddenly realized that to succeed I must get right down to hard work and seriously study this work. The screen is illuminating, for it reaches the thought behind the action and this is, after all, the very point on which the finely balanced ball of success is poised. If the foundation is not true and sincere, the whole thing crumbles—, this is so with everything, motion pictures and life itself.

"As soon as I looked it squarely in the face everything seemed to come to me in the most satisfactory way and now I am fired with a big ambition to make a worthy name for myself. I seem destined for comedy—farce comedy, so I presume that will be my forte."

After playing in several pictures with Sessue Hayakawa, where her dainty fairness made an excellent foil for the Japanese artist, Eileen was

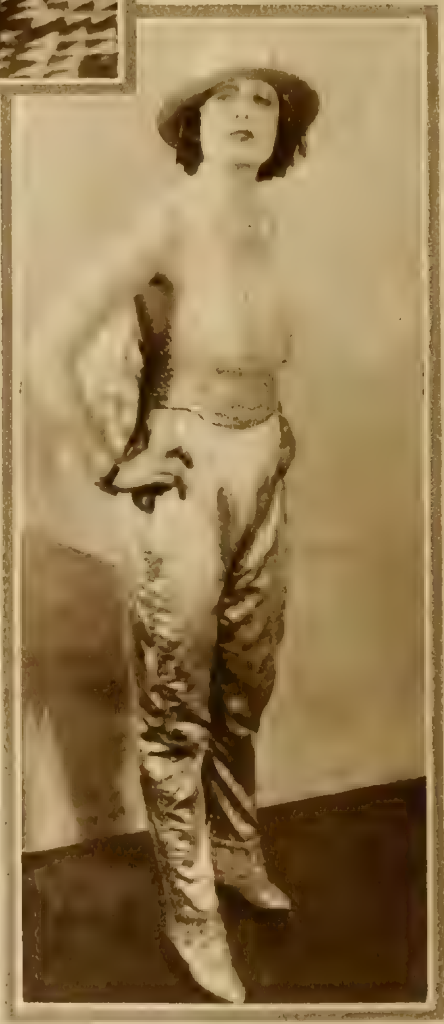
(Continued on page 100)

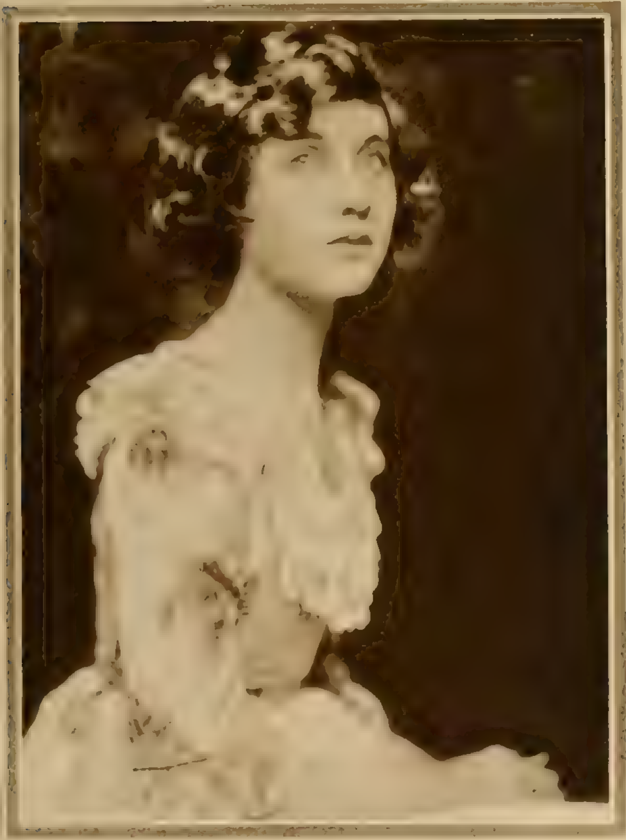


Holbrook Blinn and Frances Carson appear at the left in a colorful moment of Porter Emerson Browne's drama of the Southwest, "The Bad Man"

Photographs, left and below, by Ira D. Schwarz

Genevieve Tobin, below, who is the charming and personable heroine of that pleasant little drama of Manhattan in 1810, "Little Old New York"





Photograph, left, by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Tot Qualters, above, is a picturesque figure in the Century Roof entertainment, "The Midnight Rounders"

Mid-Winter in the Theater

One of the centers of interest of John Murray Anderson's highly colored "Greenwich Village Follies of 1920" is Margaret Severn, who contributes several interesting—and vivid—dance interludes

Photograph by Apeda

Photograph (above) by Abbe

Zimbalist, the famous violinist, has made his début into the musical world with a light operetta, "Honeydew." The real hit of "Honeydew" is scored by a little Spanish dancer, Mlle. Marguerite, who here appears with some of the Zimbalist chorus

Double Exposures

Conducted by F. J. S.

MACK SENNETT COMEDIES

How to be a Movie Reviewer

(In One Lesson)

Note.—You know the kind of motion picture criticisms you read in the daily newspapers and in the trade papers. But have you ever thought of trying it *yourself?* Here's how to do it).

If the director wrecks an automobile:

Truly no expense has been spared.

If it is a wildly improbable melodrama:

Crammed full of real thrills and possessing a wealth of action.

If the principal cutie is in peril anywhere:

Replete with heart interest and having an absorbing love story.

If the star is downright bad:

The drama carries itself, altho the popular star was never better.

If the star and the story are both bad:

Agreeably entertaining and marked by superb photography.

If a mystery tale:

Perplexing story in which the interest of the absorbed spectator will be held to the end.

If the cutie wears several gowns:

Star runs the whole gamut of emotions.

If the cutie reveals a glycerin tear in the close-up:

Here is, indeed, a triumph of emotional acting.

If the plot is almost invisible:

A sweet and simple photoplay of [illegible]

For any photoplay including a mob scene:

Greater punch than "The Birth of a Nation."

For any photoplay with a spiritual reformation:

More uplifting than "The Miracle Man."

For any photoplay attempting hazy "art" photography:

Nothing like it since "Broken Blossoms."

For any star wearing curls:

. . . gives a sweetly unsophisticated performance which plays upon the heart strings.

For any male star:

That he succeeds in this difficult rôle attests to the ability of the sterling actor that he is.

THINGS I SHALL NEVER LIVE TO SEE

By Louise Fazenda

Bull Montana in the Florodora sextette

Nazimova in one-reel comedies

Theodore Roberts walking a slack wire

Geraldine Farrar playing Peter Pan

Lew Cody in the cement business

Mildred Harris Chaplin debating on the League of Nations

Hayakawa in a railroad serial

Katherine McDonald eating a hot dog

Tom Mix in "Hedda Gabler"

Louise Fazenda as "Little Egypt" in a side show.

Doug Fairbanks is going to do D'Artagnan in a film version of Dumas' "The Three Musketeers." Our choice for the Dumas hero is Ben Turpin, with Charlie Murray and Chester Conklin as the other guardsmen.

Add Things We're Tired Of

Property ducks that squirt water in the comedian's face.

Crumbling roses to indicate the passing of a character thru the pearly gates.

Burning oil wells in the weeklies.

Stories of star's pets.

Stories of star's insurance.

Stories of star's offers to return to the legitimate.

(Continued on page 89)

Dinty

By

PEARL MALVERNE

"A CHAP doesn't take pay for doin' right."

Dinty stood his ground squarely, legs planted sturdily apart, blue eyes level. He repeated his assertion. It was said without bravado, simple as part of the boy's creed.

The third District Attorney eyed the small and evidently Irish face.

"You're from the auld counthree" he said, with a smile and a brogue.

Dinty's blue eyes glinted.

"Yessir," he said, "we've a story, we have. A rare one."

"Tell it me."

The third District Attorney seldom squandered his valuable time so freely. More or less of a humanitarian, he had learned to reject much of the flotsam drifting in to him in these quarters. Especially, the ones with "stories." Generally, the fiction was connivance in one form or another, more or less ingeniously masked. Dinty seemed different. There was a light in his blue eyes, wide eyes suggestive of strain and sleeplessness, there were faint hollows in his too-young cheeks and an irresistible and unquenchable humor in his smile, a ready smile.

"My mother was Doreen Adair," the lad said, as tho he loved the dark romance of his telling; "she was in love, very greatly in love she was, with Danny O'Sullivan. He had eyes like me, that Danny. There are many times when my mother, not so well as at other times, sir, kisses my two eyes and says 'fer you, Danny-arragh'. She forgets-like. They married secretly, the pair of 'em. Doreen Adair had a landed father and oh, such a lady-mother; English, she was. I've heard of her often. Laces, she wore, and little tip-tilty caps and a haughty air. Danny O'Sullivan wasn't good enough for the likes of an Adair. And so they got married, and then Danny got wind of a job in America and he told Doreen how that he'd go over where gold was growing like sumac at home and then he'd send for her, and after a bit they'd go home again, Crœsus-like and rich and the proud mother of Doreen would bow her haughty head." Dinty vouchsafed a smile. "It didn't happen like that," he said, "'cause *I* came first, and then, when Doreen got here, Danny had been kilt only three days before." A little tenderness actual in its significance touched the lad's sensitive mouth, "it was a battle the little woman had to fight then," he said, "with me a babe as helpless as helpless and nary a cent, nor kin, nor friends. But it takes the Irish! Her proud mother and her stormy father and me, soft and dependent, but most of all, *most of all*, her love for Danny O'Sullivan pulled her thru. She worked by day and she worked by night and her body got thin and stooped and her pretty hair thinned and there's siller in it, and her feet lost their shapes, she said, and her hands got twisted and poor-like and after a while a doctor told her . . . her lungs had to be 'humored,' but, at first, she couldn't humor them, owing to the work and the hard times and all. But now . . . now . . ." the embryo man puffed his own exceeding small chest, "I'm the man of the family, now," he said, "I work by day and by night I take care of Doreen. I feed her and make her all comfy, same as she did for me, and I think she's mostly happy. Now and then she takes me for Danny O'Sullivan, and not just Dinty, and then she smiles and looks like the little picture of her taken on her father's estate, all curls and frills and laughing. So it's mostly all right."

"But some of it isn't? Some of it is fight, eh?" The young third District Attorney felt a suspicious stinging of his eyeballs. Nor was he, in any sense, a sentimentalist.

"Well, it's like this. I'm selling papers. Me and Watermillions, he's black outward and white inward, and Chinkie, he's yeller, but the same applies to the inner. We're up against a gang. Levinsky's the head of it. Levinsky's a bird. He makes life hard for me and for Watermillions and Chinkie. He has all the best corners, you see, for his gang. Whenever one of us gets going good and gets a trade, he takes our corners

Another Chinaman had accompanied them and they had taken the white woman into a banquet hall, all red and black lacquer, couches and weird contrivances for pleasure and for torture

away from us, and makes us move on. We cant get a foothold, not that way, and we dont get on very firm or very fast. I 'spose gangs must be gangs."

The third District Attorney fingered his lost wallet, containing its thick wad of bills and other valuables, that hour returned untouched, by Dinty. There were not, in his section, many Dintys. Painful experience, the painful experiences of others, had taught him that. Dinty had refused reward in the shape of a tenner, despite the sick, beloved Doreen and the gang and the preempted corners.

John North rose and clapped the small man on one lean but unflinching shoulder.

"Keep a stout heart, my friend," he said, "and we'll see what can be done."

A week later Dinty received a communication from the third District Attorney. It requested the honor of an interview. The sum and substance of the interview was that Dinty accepted a loan, on a strict business basis, wherewith he collected a selling force of his own, inclusive, of course, of Chinkie and Watermillions, bought up some corners, and became the leader of a gang of little fellers to oppose Levinsky's big fellers. North also insured the little fellers police protection.

Dinty was exuberant. His mother's teaching was right as right. The white light of it burned on the zealous altar of his soul.

DINTY

Fictionized, by permission from the Marshall Neilan production of his story. Scenario by Marion Fairfax. Released by First National. The cast:—

Dinty O'Sullivan	Wesley Barry
Doreen O'Sullivan	Colleen Moore
Danny O'Sullivan	Tom Dannery
Judge Whitley	J. Barney Sherry
Ruth Whitley	Marjorie Daw
Jack North	Pat O'Malley
Wong Tai	Noah Berry
Sui Lung	Walter Chung
Mrs. O'Toole	Kate Price
Barry Flynn	Tom Wilson
Alexander Horatius Jones	Aron Mitchell
The Tough One	Newton Hall
Wong Tai's son	Young Hipp

* * *

Dinty sold the editions in which it was heralded that Judge Whitley's twenty-year-old daughter Ruth had been abducted from her home; that foul play was suspected; that the Secret Service was operating, etc., etc. It stated, further, that Judge Whitley had been the instigator of the recent very vigorous campaign to clean up Chinatown, further deductions as to the local source of the abduction were unnecessary.

Dinty read it with a quiver of his small muscles. He had the elements of chivalry and it made him shudder to think that in that festering alley and byway, among the Eurasians who moved about with padded, sinister footsteps, scorned alike by Chinese and white, a white girl, gentle and high-born, was secreted.

When he learned that John North loved her, even as, zenith of all romance, Danny O'Sullivan had loved the young Doreen, all his Irish was up.

He ached to conspire. He dreamed fitfully of the flash of knives and the snarl of teeth in pallid yellow faces. His vivid imagination showed him secret panels and underground dungeons and holes beneath the earth, foully conspiring to bloodcurdling conspiracies.

He told North all he knew and all that he had heard of the desperadoes of Chinatown.

"It's one of the Malays," he said, "I can bet. It's one of them half-breed Malays. They cling together like glue. There's Dorkh, for instance. He's got some white in him. That makes him all the worse. It makes him cunning. Chinkie's scared to fits of Dorkh and his sister is Dorkh's Chinese wife. She's scared to fits of him too. She's only a kid, fifteen. Thin and lemon colored with terrified eyes. I useter look like that in the dark, once. I'll bet it's Dorkh."

That night Dinty's suspicion was confirmed by Judge Whitley.

North called on him and told him of his talk with Dinty. "I try to draw him out," he said, "very often those kids are scavengers of information, and Dinty's would be straight."

Whitley groaned.

"It *is* Dorkh," he said. "I've been keeping it to myself for a twofold reason; first, because I feared further enmity if publicity got out and, secondly, I had no confirmatory word. Tonight I got a message direct. A month ago I sentenced his son to San Quentin for killing a Chinaman in a gambling row. Dorkh came to me and tried to bribe me. He was ferocious in his svelte way. Naturally, I refused the bribe. He left me, apparently reasonable. Then . . . this . . . Ruth. God, God, to

Bringing the Congo to Broadway

By B. F. WILSON

An unusual phase of the motion picture industry recently came to light with the return of Dr. Leonard John Vandenbergh from an eleven months' trip thru Central Africa.

On the twenty-fourth of September, 1919, Dr. Vandenbergh together with a camera-man, an assistant, and Dr. George B. Shattuck, embarked from New York to Naples. From there, the party journeyed to Mombasa, on the east coast of Africa, continuing on to Albert Nyanza, Lake Kioga, and following the Nile to Alexandria. This small body of men brought back sufficient data to confirm unquestionably the report of the existence of a race of pygmies, known as the Mambuti.

"We encountered many difficulties in locating this tribe," said Dr. Vandenbergh, "for they are a most timid people. None of them exceed four feet in height, and their customs and mode of living are perhaps the most unusual I have ever encountered in my nine years of missionary work in the wilds of Africa."

Photograph by Apeda, New York

Photograph (left) by Apeda

We were seated in the offices of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. At first impression, Dr. Vandenbergh resembles a banker, or doctor, yet the deep-set eyes and the bronzed skin bearing witness of long months of exposure to burning rays of tropic suns, places him as one who has seen wide spaces, and lived in strange countries.

"You see, I had originally planned this trip solely for the purpose of gathering material for a coast to coast lecture-tour in connection with my missionary work. I have for nine years lived with these people, who are so pathetically untouched by the hand of civilization. I wished to arouse the interest of America, and to get her help for these ignorant children. Mr. Jesse Lasky heard of my projected trip and most generously offered to finance it if I would take a camera-man along and procure some motion pictures. Also my missionary work is to receive a certain percentage of the returns from the pictures when they are released as a special feature.

"It was thru the friendship with some of the White Fathers, who live so simply and work so earnestly on their apparently thankless tasks, that I managed to finally locate the Mambuti. As I have said before, they are a very timorous little people and, upon the first inkling of our approach, they fled, leaving the villages quite empty. However, they were coaxed back thru intermediaries, and finally became quite friendly, posing for pictures and dancing for us. I lived in one of their villages for some weeks, making a thoro investigation of their habits, their daily life, their customs. I found that they existed on rodents, caterpillars, and other similar food, and that their chief sport was

(*Continued on page* 102)

Two strange tribes of Africa are the Mambuti, a race of pygmies, and the Masai people, who are giants in stature. Dr. Vandenbergh confirms the report of their existence in his recent trip to Africa. Top, a White Father with two of the pygmies; center, Dr. Vandenbergh; bottom, two Congo belles in gala attire

Know Thyself!

Photographs by Edward Thayer Monroe

OF course, I knew that Juanita Hansen had had an apartment or a bungalow or something or other in California with Mary Thurman; that she had been one of the famous Mack Sennett bathing girls and that she had rather recently changed her line, as it were. I knew that she was but newly arrived in New York; that she was effectively blonde and that she was occupying Texas Guinan's apartment in the precincts of the village known as Greenwich. This last I knew with a beautiful definiteness, because she had cozily invited me to dinner, and I always ascertain dinner addresses . . . I am an interviewer.

Juanita Hansen has a sort of hovering solicitude which one might not expect, perhaps, of her somewhat sensational appearance. She has a super-ability to wear clothes startlingly—at the same time this does not mitigate the kind heart beneath the latest Lucile model

These facts, above related, were the only facts in my possession. I had heard, tho, come to think of it, that some glib soul had observed that Texas Guinan's apartment resembled the large set in "Intolerance," and, having seen Miss Hansen photographically, I anticipated an—well, graphic evening. I got it.

I was greeted by a vision, nothing else, nothing less, with hair blonde and bobbed, in Turkish costume of an extreme effectiveness, even to the bound ankles.

"I always," said Miss Hansen, "wear this thing around the house. It is a habit with me. Just before I left California, tho, I was throwing away a lot of things and was about to include this in the lot, when Texas Guinan came in and advised me to keep it. 'You'll need it,' she told me, 'in my apartment.' I find that I do. It sort of fits in."

Miss Hansen was hospitable plus over a charming dinner-table containing not merely charm but food, substantially speaking as well . . . delectable and exceedingly gooey chocolate cake inclusive.

Juanita occupied a tall and carven chair of somber hue and looked startling . . . like a glad sort of picture, framed.

She has a sort of hovering solicitude which one might not expect, perhaps, of her somewhat sensational appearance. One knows, however, that the sensational appearance, the super-ability to wear clothes startlingly, does not mitigate the kind heart beneath the Luciles, if they be Luciles.

There is an air about her at once of ministration and childlike pleasure.

She had never been in New York before, which I did not know. It is, I suppose, always something of a shock to a born and bred New Yorker to encounter a person who has never before so much as seen the famous

By FAITH SERVICE

sky-line. "I nearly," she told me, "went crazy the first night I arrived. Some friends met me and took me some place to dine . . . I dont know *where* . . . I was so excited and seeing so many things all at once, so it seemed to me. I just kept bobbing from one side of the taxi to the other, asking questions galore and always coming back to 'Where *is* the Statue of Liberty?' I thought I couldn't be happy until I had seen that."

After dinner we inspected some creative fabrics known, commonly, as gowns; likewise hats and vamp negligeés and such-like triumphs. I discovered in the delicate process the innate good nature of Juanita, a sort of ready and open obligingness pleasing to find. Tired from a long day at the studio, strenuously serialing, anticipating a repetition of the same early the following morning, she still tried on the various hats and gowns for us, (her secretary, her P. A. and *me*), with unvarying éclat and with varied and always bewildering achievement.

Then we went into the dimly lit, mirror-hung, exotic living-room and toasted our feet against a coal grate . . . and talked . . . I asked her what had induçed her to leave the Sennett line of work, *et al.*

Photographs by Edward Thayer Monroe

Left, Miss Hansen in a Turkish costume which reduced ye interviewer to a state of semi-consciousness for the entire evening. "One day I made up my mind that I would make good," she says. "More importantly, I made up my mind that I *could* make good"— and she has

"*I suddenly found myself,*" she said; "I had always been very self-depreciatory and without any self-confidence at all. I thought every one I saw was so supremely much better than anything I was or was doing that I would come away completely crushed and discouraged. I'd see Lillian Gish, or Norma Talmadge, or Blanche Sweet, and I would go home and think, 'Oh, they are *wonderful! I* can never be like *that*,' and I would be so blue I would be actually in despair. Then, one day, it came to me like a flash that each one of us has his or her own particular place in the scheme of things which no other person can possibly fill or even touch. No matter how small the place, it is our *own* place, uniquely, to do with what we will. It came to me as sort of revelation. No one can take anything from us or give anything to us in so far as our niche in life goes. We are all personalities. No two of us are similar, really. I sort of felt that I had met myself and for the first time. I took a look at myself in the glass. I was still young. I made up my mind that I would cut out parties and fooling

(*Continued on page* 83)

Nancy Manages

By LILLIAN MAY

Photographs by Apeda

I DONT know what it was about her. She is very small and childishly formed. Her brown hair waves naturally over her ears and is drawn low at the back of her head. Her dark blue eyes look out from long, curled lashes that were not darkened. Her mouth, a real Cupid's bow that an artist might have formed, was not too red. Her clear skin with a suspicion of small brown freckles was guiltless of powder. She was quietly dressed and yet, as we walked a few blocks up Broadway, thru the lobby of the Claridge and into the dining-room to a cozy corner, it was as tho every one were saying, "Here comes Nancy Deaver!"

How so much personality could be encountered in one small girl I have wondered ever since. And it was not long until I discovered, that not only is Nancy Deaver a person of exceeding charm and personality, but she is also very business-like.

In the first place, there was the business of being born. Daddy Deaver is a civil engineer with business all over the the world. Mother Deaver accompanies him on all his trips. Did Nancy, merely to be born, separate the family or postpone an important business trip to Australia? Certainly not. The trip was made as scheduled and en route, efficiently and promptly, Nancy was born. Never for a moment would she interfere with the business of civil engineering or anything else!

"That's why I am sometimes called an Australian," she said, "but I'm not. I was born on the way to wherever we happened to be going, which happened to be Australia. But father is English and mother is Scotch, therefore I am English and Scotch and proud of it."

The little family, however, remained in Australia for some time and it was there at the age of ten that Nancy made her stage début in a Christmas pantomime. She made such a success of it, too, that she begged to continue her work as a child actress, which she did intermittently, thru several years of traveling about with her parents.

"Ever since I can remember, I have loved to act and dance," she said. "Daddy didn't want me to do it, but mother didn't mind, and I reasoned with Daddy, telling him that as long as he and mother were always traveling that I might as well put it to some good advantage for myself. Of course, he said that I ought to be put in school in England and left there. But all the same he was glad that mother refused to have me left behind at a stupid school. You see my father is not a typical Englishman—the kind who rules his family. No indeed. Mother and I rule him. And some-

(*Continued on page* 86)

A continual source of surprise is that so much personality can be encompassed in the diminutive Nancy Deaver. And not only is she a person of exceeding charm and the above personality, but she could also come off with flying colors in the latest and most difficult of efficiency tests!

Gossip of the Eastern Studios

THE new Long Island studios of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation are now running in full force. It's a big, model plant, and an ideal creative home for the photoplay.

Motion picture stars are still coming and going abroad. Dorothy Gish has returned with her mother. She is going to rest a while, making a trip to California before she resumes production. Blanche Sweet recently sailed for Paris. Herbert Brenon, fresh from interesting activities along the Mediterranean and in Italy, has been visiting in New York. Very possibly he may go back to make a few more pictures. As THE CLASSIC goes to press, this is still pending.

Some interesting news comes from Realart way. They say that Constance and Faire Binney are to appear together, playing the sisters in the new novel, "Christopher and Columbus." By the way, Constance is going to play behind the footlights again, alternating with her screen work. It will be in a Rachel Crothers drama, "Nice People."

Theda Bara returned from an interesting trip abroad and is again on tour in her stage play, "The Blue Flame." Rumors are current regarding a return to the screen next summer. Be that as it may, it is an interesting possibility.

Madame Olga Petrova made a flying trip to England on business and returned to open a twenty-week vaudeville tour of the Keith Theaters. This will take her to the middle west.

The remarkable — and even sensational — success of David Wark Griffith's super-picture, "Way Down East," is the talk of the motion picture world. "Way Down East" is doing an absolute sell-out business at the Forty-fourth Street Theater in New York, and is playing to S. R. O., (Standing Room Only), in Boston and Philadelphia. A Chicago presentation is about to be made.

There is much talk about David Wark Griffith's future plans. The tragic death of Bobbie Harron, of course, upset things a great deal and activities at the Mamaroneck plant ceased for many weeks. Griffith always personally supervises the presentation of his productions in the various cities. Following the launching of the Chicago run, it is likely that he will again turn to production immediately. He has another super-production in mind, one in which Dick Barthelmess will be featured. After this, Dick is to be starred.

Charlie Chaplin has been seeing New York very much *incog.* He dodges interviewers, but can be occasionally seen at the theater and at evening roof entertainments.

George Fitzmaurice who once was an art student in Paris, looks over a studio "prop" in the upper picture. In the center, Constance Binney pauses for a cup of tea between scenes of her latest Realart production. Below, Thomas Meighan confers with his father, John A. Meighan

Pacific Coast Paragraphs

By HAZEL SHELLEY

Above, Bebe Daniels deserts the luxurious boudoir to pose as a sea siren for a new effect in a new picture; right, Marie Mosquini believes in enjoying every shining off-stage minute, and below Betty Blythe, who is now busy before the Fox cameras, as Queen of Sheba, in the spectacular production of that name

TEA time at the Alexandria! The statuesque blonde wearing the beautiful tailored suit and the trim sailor hat is Kathlyn Williams—with her husband. The demure, slender little girl in the dark blue serge and close fitting hat is Colleen Moore who has just signed a fine new contract with Marshall Neilan. The good looking boy with her is her brother, Cleeve. King Baggott is the business-like man on your right and so it goes—unless you look closely you miss the celebrities, for they are just people.

One of the beautiful brunettes in Los Angeles is Florence Vidor. I met her out at the Ince studio the other day where she was completing her final scenes in "The Magic Life." House Peters was playing opposite her. The quality of Florence Vidor's beauty is the sort you read about and dream about. There s a perfection of feature, poise and carriage which leaves one fairly breathless. She was wearing an evening gown of yellow and lavender draped chiffon. Her luxuriant chestnut hair was bound closely to her shapely head. Her complexion is so finely luminous that it is scarcely necessary for her to use any make-up. About her there is a spiritual aura, a peace, a completeness. She is a wonderful woman, wife, mother, and artiste.

William deMille has begun work on Barrie's play "What Every Woman Knows." Lois Wilson has been given Maude Adams' original rôle and Conrad Nagel plays opposite. The Conrad Nagels are a model, happy, young married couple, who are now making their home in Hollywood.

Another admirably mated pair are Mr. and Mrs. John Bowers, who recently spent a wonderful five weeks' vacation on their yacht, the *Uncas*.

Metro has signed up a stock company of unusual strength this season. Included are Wyndham Standing, whose performance in "Eyes of the Soul" was a screen epic, Edward Connelly, Edward Jobson, Florence Turner, Cleo Madison, Edward Cecil and Lawrence Grant. Having these players always available, means that Metro stars will be supported by practically all-star casts.

We were all just thrilled over the addition of Gareth Hughes to our film colony, when along came Fame and handed him the leading rôle in J. M. Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy," and he departed for New York. However, he was only loaned to Famous Players by Metro for this one picture, so we may expect him back again soon.

And speaking of "loaning," Marshall Neilan has loaned Colleen Moore to King Vidor for one picture, "The Sky Pilot."

Jack Mulhall, another happy benedick, is to have the leading rôle opposite Viola Dana in her new picture, "The Off-Shore Pirate."

By the way, I stumbled on an interesting rumor the other day. It is said that Thomas H. Ince, who produced the wonderful old Indian pictures in the good old Fine Arts days, will produce another Indian drama in the near future.

I watched Myrtle Stedman being directed in "The Concert," by Victor Shertzinger a while ago. Miss Stedman has remarkably expressive blue eyes and fair hair and is complete mistress of screenic moods. She can turn from a study of "Vogue" on the side lines to a most pathetic

(*Continued on page* 94)

Photograph by Monroe, L. A.

CUTEX
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The Care of the Nails

The Cutex Traveling Set
$1.50

Contains just what you need to keep your nails beautifully manicured—all full-sized packages. Cutex Cuticle Remover that does away with ruinous cutting; Cutex Nail White to remove stains and discolorations and give your nail tips a snowy whiteness; Cutex Cake Polish and Cutex Paste Polish (pink) to give your nails the fashionable finish.

In addition you get a double-cut steel file, emery boards, orange stick, absorbent cotton and an invaluable little booklet on the care of the nails, all combined in a stunning set.

In one stunning set—
everything to keep your nails beautifully manicured

IN ten minutes, with these Cutex manicure preparations, you can transform nails you are ashamed of.

Start today to have the shapely, well-kept nails that make any hand beautiful. No matter how rough and ragged the skin around your nails is, no matter how ugly cutting the cuticle has made them, you can almost instantly change them into nails that are noticeably lovely.

Without trimming or cutting of any kind, Cutex keeps the skin at the base of the nail smooth, firm and unbroken. Just file your nails to the proper length and shape. In the Cutex package you will find orange stick and absorbent cotton. With a little cotton wrapped around the end of the stick and dipped in Cutex, work around the nail base, gently pushing back the cuticle. Almost at once you will find you can wipe off the dead surplus skin. Wash the hands, pressing back the cuticle as you dry them.

For fascinatingly snowy nail tips, apply just a bit of Cutex Nail White under the nails. You will delight in the fashionable finish that the Cutex Polish gives. Your first manicure will show you how lovely nails can look.

For Christmas and birthday presents

Last year over three hundred thousand women bought Cutex sets during the holiday season. Before you plan a single Christmas gift, look at these Cutex sets. Read the descriptions alongside of each picture. Any one of the three—in its handsome Christmas wrapper—makes a present that is new and fashionable.

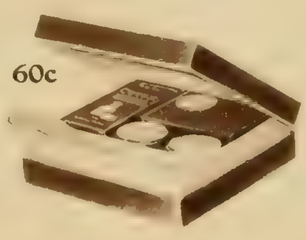
Any drug or department store in the United States, in Canada and in England has Cutex manicure preparations. Don't let another day go by until you have secured Cutex. Get your set today. Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York.

$3.00

The Cutex Boudoir Set
only $3.00

This more elaborate set contains full-sized packages of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cutex Nail White, Cutex Cake Polish, Cutex Paste Polish (pink), Cutex Powder Polish and Cutex Cold Cream. In addition you get your orange stick, emery boards, flexible, double-cut steel file, and a beautiful white buffer with removable chamois. A really impressive Christmas present.

CUTEX
Manicure Preparations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The Cutex Compact Set
all the essentials
60 cents

This is the Cutex set of a thousand uses. Many women buy six of these at a time. Each contains a miniature package of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cutex Nail White, Cutex Cake Polish, and Cutex Paste Polish (pink). In addition you get your orange stick and emery boards all the essentials for the modern manicure. Hundreds and thousands of these sets are bought every year.

The Fair Four

Pathé has a new idea! A company of six girls has been organized—the half dozen to take turns playing leading rôles in Rolin comedies. They are to be known as the "Vanity Fair Girls"

The piratical flapper just above is Ethel Broadhurst. Ethel rather gives us the impression that walking the plank wasn't so unpleasant after all

Photographs by Witzel, L. A.

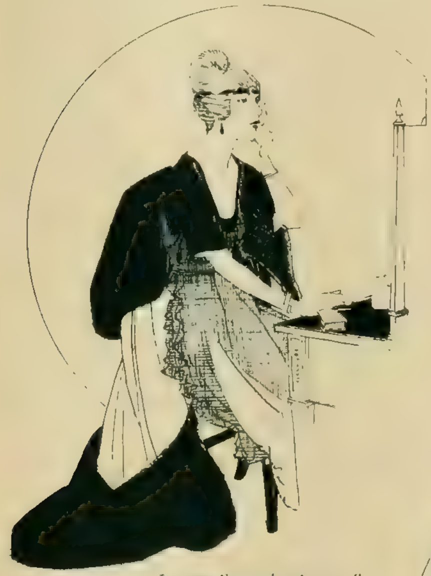
The pensive maid is Jean Hope; the fair pilgrim in the center is Del Lorice; while the agriculturally inclined young woman at the lower left is Lilymae Wilkinson. Lilymae is one of those names that printers and proofreaders remember in their prayers every night

How to banish the needless flaws that ruin your appearance

It is so easy to let your skin acquire bad traits

WIND and cold, you know, are ruinous to the texture of your skin. They whip the moisture out of it—leave it dry and tense. Then follow roughening and chapping.

Skin specialists say that one can protect the skin by applying a softening and soothing cream always before venturing out. Never omit this. One little slip, and your skin has had its first dangerous lesson on how to grow rough!



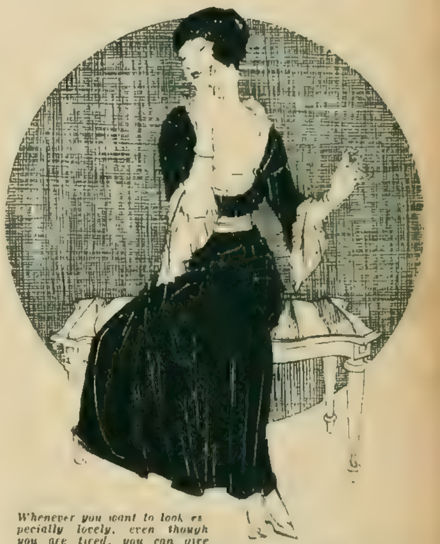
To make the powder stay on all evening apply a powder base of Pond's Vanishing Cream

Of course you need for this protection a cream which will not make your face look oily before going out. Pond's Vanishing Cream is made without any oil precisely for this daytime and evening use. It cannot reappear in a shine. Lightly touch your face with Pond's Vanishing Cream. This leaves your face smooth and protects it from the weather. Do this every time you go out and your skin will not chap all winter long. Regardless of the weather it will become more and more exquisite in texture.

Does the powder keep coming off your face, leaving you all shiny and embarrassed?

Perhaps you are expecting too much of it. Really, it is entirely your own fault if you put the powder directly on the skin and expect it to stay on of its own accord. The finest of powders needs a base to hold it, and to keep it smooth.

For this use, as for protection from the weather, you need a cream without oil. Before you powder, take a bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream and rub it lightly into the skin. At once it disappears, leaving your skin softened. Now powder as usual and don't think of it again. The powder will stay on two or three times as long as ever before.



Whenever you want to look especially lovely, even though you are tired, you can give your complexion new freshness at a moment's notice Pond's Vanishing Cream is famous for the eleventh hour freshening it brings your skin

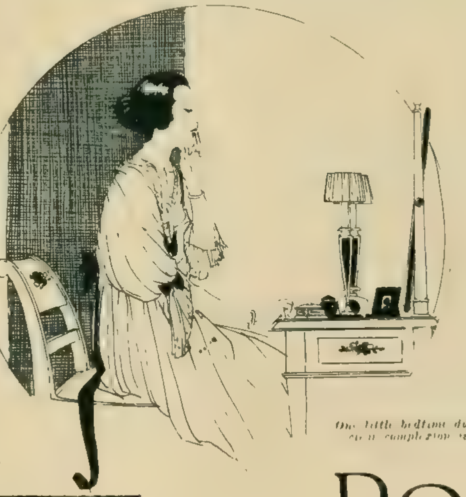
When your face is tense from a long, hard day, yet you want to "look beautiful," remember that the cool, fragrant touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream smoothed over the face and neck will instantly bring it new freshness. Do this before you go to a dance. All the telltale weariness around eyes and mouth will vanish. Your skin will gain a new transparency. You need never let it get into the way of *staying* tired.

Beware of allowing your skin to cloud up and lose its clearness. When this happens, it is because minute particles of dust have worked their way too deep into the pores to be removed by ordinary bathing. Really, it means that you have been allowing your skin to go only half cleansed! To remove this deeply lodged dust you need an entirely different cream, a cream *with* an oil base. Pond's Cold Cream has just the amount of oil to work deep into the pores and cleanse them.

Before you go to bed and whenever you have been especially exposed to dust, rub Pond's Cold Cream into the pores of the skin. Then wipe it off with a soft cloth. You will say, "How *could* so much dust have gotten into my pores!" Do this regularly and you will be rewarded by a clear, fresh skin.

Every normal skin needs both these creams. Neither will foster the growth of hair.

Get a jar or tube of each today at any drug or department store. You will realize for the first time how lovely your skin can be.



One little bedtime duty you must not forget if you care about your complexion is the cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream

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Please send me, free, the items checked:
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POND'S
Cold Cream &
Vanishing Cream

One with an oil base and one without any oil

Deep Waters

(*Continued from page 42*)

shrewd eyes. "Mm!" he said at last dryly, "she must ha' found it quick, because she's down at my house this minute, crying as tho her heart 'ud break. I couldn't make out what was wrong, so I come over to find out. Went away, oh? With Bill Lacey? Well, I guess she changed her mind."

Caleb West caught the table edge. "She—didn't go?"

"Didn't 'pear to," the Captain said, dryly, then his tone changed, grew pleading, "Caleb, she's young. We older folks forget what the world looks like to twenty. We'd ought to make 'lowances. Shall I go back and send Betty home?"

The master-diver stood immovable. His face was like granite. "It's too late, Bell," he said slowly, "It 'ud happen again. I couldn't stand it, watching' her, wonderin'. I'll give her half I make but—she cant come back."

Argument, pleading availed no more than a wave washing against a rock. "There ain't nothing," mused the good Captain as he plodded heavily homeward, "there ain't nothing unforgivinger than a good man, nor stupider either. Caleb West is all right when it comes to laying the foundation for a lighthouse but he cant keep his own home from drifting to shipwreck."

White-faced but singularly calm, the girl received Caleb's edict. "He's right!" she flashed when the Captain showed indignation. "I haven't got the right to go back." She faced the old man bravely, "you know what folks'll say. But it wont be true. Bill Lacey never so much as kissed me. Soon as I got on that boat I knew I couldn't go. But I was wicked all the same. I listened to him and I—wanted what he said—Life! and things happening—and things to see! And I deserve to be punished."

The tiny fishing village rocked seasickly with the news. Housewives left their dishes unwashed to discuss it over their fences, the men on the fishing boats rolled it like a flavorsome morsel on their tongues. But there was a singular scarcity of details. None of the three involved would speak of what had happened. Bill Lacey, sullen-eyed, with bitten red lips left the lighthouse gang and went to work as a fireman on a freighter, plying between the island and the mainland. Betty West got a place as a waitress in the hotel, and Caleb strode to and from the ledge where the lighthouse was rising, with a heavy look that forbade questioning.

But the gossips eked out their fare with another spicy morsel. For a long time the admiration of Henry Sanford, the contractor who was building the light, for pretty Kate Leroy, the wife of the hotel owner, had been unmistakable—to the whole village, except apparently, to slow, silent, plodding Morgan Leroy. The handsome shoulders and dapper mustache of the city man were almost never seen without an orange sweater, a floating chiffon veil close by, and while Sanford paid assiduous court and Kate Leroy's gay, pleased laughter shrilled her flattered delight to all the world, Morgan Leroy, in shapeless old trousers and wrinkled necktie sat hunched over his paper in the hotel office.

In her leisure hours Betty slipped away to the cliff, and sat, a small, huddled figure hidden among the bushes, looking out over the restless harbor to where the far figures of the divers moved on their platform. The ocean no longer called to her imagination. Its eternal plaint moaned in the homesick ears of her soul, and slow, silent tears gathered in her eyes and dripped off the point of her chin.

To Bill Lacey, when he tried to reason with her, to plead angrily, passionately she answered only "No. That's all over with—please."

"But you cant live here all your life like this," the boy stormed, haggard eyes on her colorless little face, "people whisperin', working like a horse! Ask Caleb for a divorce and marry me. We'll go away—to Europe, we'll see the world—"

She smiled sadly, as tho she were infinitely older and wiser than he. "I couldn't be any farther away in Europe than I am here," she said, and fell to brooding, not noticing when he stumbled blindly away.

People said afterward that the explosion aboard the *Bessie Marie*, freighter, was a judgment, rolling the good old Methodist word solemnly on their tongues. They proved at the inquiry that it was a leaky valve. Whichever you prefer, it was at least a turning point in six people's lives. Almost before the vibration of the explosion had died away a crowd had collected on the shore and the tug with the divers, still in their suits had started for the wreck. Captain Bell was casting off his dory when he felt his arm seized, and looked down into the face of Betty West. "I've got to go!" she told him wildly, "I've got to go!"

And so Caleb West and his wife came face to face at last on the tilting deck of the tug beside the mass of wreckage which alone showed where the *Bessie Marie* had gone down. Her hands went to her breast, but she did not speak, only looked up into his face, set into hard and alien lines. "All o' the crews safe—but one man," he said harshly, "he's in the air lock. If I dont get him in ten minutes, handsome Bill Lacey'll never break up another man's home."

There was such terrible bitterness and exultation in his tone, and his kindly eyes held such an unholy light of triumph that she cried out then and clutched at his arm. "Caleb! You're going? You must! Oh—you must!" She was thinking only of him, and of the Cain-reproach he would carry always thereafter if he did not go, but he read in her agony another meaning. Without a word he turned on his heel and set the helmet over his head.

It seemed to Betty West that all her lifetime up to that moment was not so long as the ten minutes that followed, when she stood by the bow, staring down into the green deeps as tho by the force of her will she could draw him up to her. When the ugly, squat figure appeared, silently carrying something limp in its arms and clambered clumsily aboard, she heard the sound of hysterical weeping somewhere at a great distance but did not know that it came from her own lips.

They laid Bill Lacey on the deck, a long young sprawl, terribly still. And while she watched them work over him, Caleb West clambered out of his diving suit, staggering with weariness. It had been a gruelling fight under the crushing green waters, a fight more than physical. But he came out of it a conqueror. He went to his wife now, and the hardness was gone from him. "I saved him partly because 'twas my duty, Betty, but mostly because you wanted him." He smiled crookedly, "I been wrong. I was too old for you—I didn't have the right to your youngness, Blossom," (the old pet name slipped out unaware), "but I'll give you back what I took, best I can. I'll set you free—"

The nearness of her—ah God! the dearness! He shut his eyes lest he forget his promise and take her straightway, because he could do no other, into his weary arms. Because they were shut he could not see the quivering shame and tenderness in her upturned face, but suddenly—thru the darkness, spiritual and bodily that engulfed him, he heard a whisper;—

"Caleb, please—dont—set me free. I want—I want to stay—"

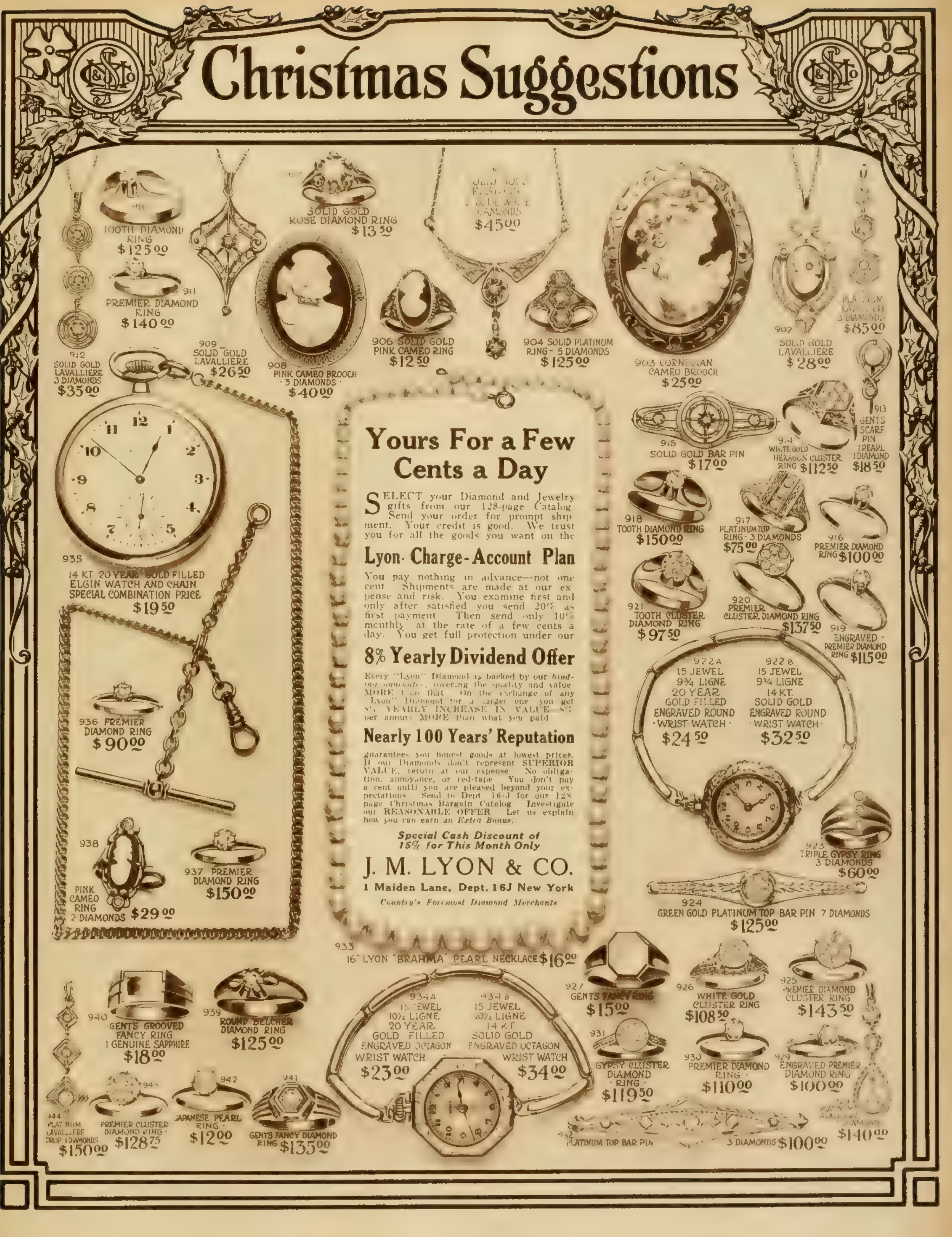
And, as in the beginning, the voice cried to the swirling chaos, "Let there be Light," and there was light. Now Caleb West opened his eyes on a glory of sunset crimson and a face in it, lifted to his. It was not the placid kiss of middle-age but the kiss of a young, ardent lover that he gave his wife then—

And the same night that robbed the village of one scandal took away the other also, on the train that carried Henry Sanford to the city—alone. Captain Bell, who rowed two passengers from the Point to catch the train, might have been able to explain why he brought one back with him, weeping with a melancholy satisfaction over her shattered romance and tremulously grateful for its shattering.

Rowing homeward, after he had left Kate Leroy, whimpering her gratitude at the hotel, Captain Bell regarded the lights twinkling friendliwise along the shore contentedly, his face gently humorous.

"Ain't it nice to think all o' them lights mean a home," he ruminated aloud, resting a moment on his oars, "That's the way the Lord meant it to be, I reckon, men and women set in homes. An old bachelor like me has missed his job at home-making. Still," and he chuckled softly, "I do' know but what the Lord needs a few lighthouses, too!"

Christmas Suggestions


910 TOOTH DIAMOND RING $125 00
911 PREMIER DIAMOND RING $140 00
SOLID GOLD ROSE DIAMOND RING $13 50
$45 00
912 SOLID GOLD LAVALLIERE 3 DIAMONDS $35 00
909 SOLID GOLD LAVALLIERE $26 50
908 PINK CAMEO BROOCH · 3 DIAMONDS · $40 00
906 SOLID GOLD PINK CAMEO RING $12 50
904 SOLID PLATINUM RING - 5 DIAMONDS $125 00
903 CORNELIAN CAMEO BROOCH $25 00
902 SOLID GOLD LAVALLIERE $28 00
901 PLATINUM LAVALLIERE 3 DIAMONDS $85 00
935 14 KT 20 YEAR GOLD FILLED ELGIN WATCH AND CHAIN SPECIAL COMBINATION PRICE $19 50
915 SOLID GOLD BAR PIN $17 00
914 WHITE GOLD HEXAGON CLUSTER RING $112 50
913 GENTS SCARF PIN 1 PEARL 1 DIAMOND $18 50
918 TOOTH DIAMOND RING $150 00
917 PLATINUM TOP RING · 3 DIAMONDS $75 00
916 PREMIER DIAMOND RING $100 00
921 TOOTH CLUSTER DIAMOND RING $97 50
920 PREMIER CLUSTER DIAMOND RING $137 50
919 ENGRAVED · PREMIER DIAMOND RING $115 00
922 A 15 JEWEL 9¾ LIGNE 20 YEAR GOLD FILLED ENGRAVED ROUND · WRIST WATCH · $24 50
922 B 15 JEWEL 9¾ LIGNE 14 KT. SOLID GOLD ENGRAVED ROUND · WRIST WATCH · $32 50
936 PREMIER DIAMOND RING $90 00
938 PINK CAMEO RING 2 DIAMONDS $29 00
937 PREMIER DIAMOND RING $150 00
923 TRIPLE GYPSY RING 3 DIAMONDS $60 00
924 GREEN GOLD PLATINUM TOP BAR PIN 7 DIAMONDS $125 00
933 16" LYON "BRAHMA" PEARL NECKLACE $16 00
927 GENTS FANCY RING $15 00
926 WHITE GOLD CLUSTER RING $108 50
925 PREMIER DIAMOND CLUSTER RING $143 50
940 GENTS GROOVED FANCY RING 1 GENUINE SAPPHIRE $18 00
939 ROUND BELCHER DIAMOND RING $125 00
934 A 15 JEWEL 10½ LIGNE 20 YEAR GOLD FILLED ENGRAVED OCTAGON WRIST WATCH $23 00
934 B 15 JEWEL 10½ LIGNE 14 KT SOLID GOLD ENGRAVED OCTAGON WRIST WATCH $34 00
931 GYPSY CLUSTER DIAMOND · RING · $119 50
930 PREMIER DIAMOND · RING · $110 00
929 ENGRAVED PREMIER DIAMOND RING $100 00
944 PLATINUM LAVALLIERE DROP 5 DIAMONDS $150 00
943 PREMIER CLUSTER DIAMOND RING · $128 75
942 JAPANESE PEARL · RING · $12 00
941 GENTS FANCY DIAMOND RING $135 00
932 PLATINUM TOP BAR PIN 3 DIAMONDS $100 00
$140 00

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The Winners Are Announced

(Continued from page 47)

she is very pretty to look upon, with an unusual complexion.

Among the early contestants were two children of unusual beauty and screen personality,—Little Ruth Higgins of 20 Liberty Street, Morristown, N. J., and Dorothy Taylor of 1322 Findley Avenue, N. Y. City. Both of them play important parts in "Love's Redemption," and we know of no other children on the stage or screen who could have played and looked better. They are each awarded silver medals and will be known hereafter as Silver-Medalists of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest.

And while we are speaking of "Love's Redemption," be it remembered that every member of that cast was carefully selected from among thousands of applicants and, therefore, each one is hereby given the award of Honorable Mention, and a place on our final Honor Roll. They are Dorian Romero, Lynne M. Berry, Katherine Bassett, William R. Talmadge, Arthur Tuthill, Cecile Edwards, William Castro, Ellsworth Jones, Seymoure Panish, Jos. Murtaugh, Effie Palmer, Bunty Manly, Alfred L. Rigali, Edward Chalmers, Charles Hammer, William White, Norbert Hammer, Carl Chalmers, Doris Doree, Mrs. F. Mayer, O. L. Langhanke and Jose Santo DeSigue. Some of these are "types" and are not honored for beauty. Mr. Romero deserves special mention for his work in this play.

During the warm months hundreds of girls appeared before the judges, and some were so beautiful that it seemed they would outshine those previously mentioned in this article. Among these was Betty Pomroy Hanson of Rugby, North Dakota, who seemed to be the exact "double" of Lucille Langhanke. Several tests were made of her and it was found she screened remarkably well and had all of the elements that a screen star should have. In the same group appear Mary Jane Sanderson of Johnstown, Pa., and so promising was her first test that we at once telegraphed her to return for another. She is not quite fifteen.

There were two more in this group, deserving of special mention, for they screen exceptionally well. They are Yvonne Bailey of 15 McDonald Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., and Bertha Keating of Springfield, Mass. They are each about thirteen years of age and a trifle too young to win first honors in this contest, but look out for them in the next!

Early in September there came two girls of remarkable beauty and presence, each measuring about five feet seven in height. They are Elma McKinney of 114 West 58th Street, N. Y. City, and Eileen Elliott of 707 Ritner Street, Philadelphia, Pa. They both screen very well, indeed, and while their spheres will be limited on account of their unusual size and height, the cinema will find a place for them.

About this time came two charming little brunettes, who were long considered for first honors. They are Katherine Leonard of 160 West 84th Street, N. Y. City and Bye Madden of 1667 Grove Street, N. Y. City.

Those who saw "A Dream of Fair Women" will remember the cute little miss who played the part of the "tough girl." She was then only fourteen years old. She came down to Roslyn one day in July for a new test, and everybody was amazed at her appearance. She screened beautifully and we did our best to get her back again for additional tests, but she was away on the road playing in vaudeville. She is Evelyn Pouch, but we are unable to give her address.

Late in August several of the judges met and again went thru huge piles of photographs in search of some "rose born to blush unseen and waste its fragrance on the desert air," fearing that somebody of unusual promise had been overlooked. Several thousand photographs were thus selected and sent to the studio of the editor-in-chief. Many hours every day were spent in going over these photographs in the hope of revealing a rose or a bud that had been previously overlooked. About a hundred were selected and the wires were burned up in sending hurry messages for these girls to appear at once before the judges. Telegrams, form letters and phone messages were sent out in great haste, and soon they began to bear fruit. Among these photographs was a small, poorly made, and inartistic one sent in by a friend of a young lady in Canada, unknown to her. The young miss was surprised to receive our summons, but, when she learned what had happened, on she came from Canada, and now she finds herself on the final Honor Roll, well up among the winners. She is Jean McIntyre of Meaford, Canada.

Another similar case, and even more astonishing, is that of Corliss Palmer of Macon, Georgia, who will now be amazed to find herself a winner. Her simple photograph had been passed over and she came within an ace of being lost in the shuffle.

Another similar case is that of Allene Ray, a charming little blonde from San Antonio, Texas, who came, saw and conquered at the last minute. Both of these young ladies are dazzling beauties of rare charm and photographic possibilities, and, as Emerson said to Walt Whitman on receipt of a copy of "Leaves of Grass," —"We welcome you on the threshold of a great career." Many screen tests have been made of them and the judges are convinced that, everything considered, the contest has produced nobody quite so faultless as these two Southern beauties.

Space forbids our making further mention of the many glorious girls who appeared in this contest. There is a limit to all things, even to the final Honor Roll. It is quite possible that we have overlooked some who have screen possibilities. We now wish that we had secured half a dozen cameras and camera-men instead of two and given every girl additional tests under different conditions. Therefore, we say to all those whose names do not appear here that they should not be discouraged, and not give up hope for the future. May they have better luck in our next contest.

All of those mentioned above are declared by the judges to be the real discoveries of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest. However, we have agreed to make stars of the winners, to give them two years' publicity in all four of our publications, and to secure for them contracts with reliable companies. We have already secured two contracts, as above mentioned, and we shall do what we can to secure others as fast as opportunity comes. We surely cannot be expected to declare as winners all of the foregoing, for various reasons. Some of these girls are not yet ready to start on a screen career and some are mere children; and as for publicity, there would not be room for much else in our magazines were we to grant two years' publicity to all.

As for Lucille Langhanke, she is already a star, and is entitled to all that a winner is entitled to. The same is true of Helen DeWitt.

But since the judges are to select one or more who are to be declared winners, and who are entitled to the full quota of our promises, it is found necessary to reduce the number of declared winners to two. Should more than two winners be announced, we could not fulfil our promises. In one sense of the word, all those above mentioned are winners, because they have all won honors. Lucille Langhanke, who will hereafter be known as Mary Astor, has already been made a star, or will be made one by the Famous Players-Lasky Company, regardless of what we do for her. They have already started their campaign of publicity. However, we insist upon selecting and making at least two more stars and, therefore, we take pleasure in announcing the final decision of the judges as follows:

The winners of the 1920 *Fame and Fortune Contest are hereby declared to be:*

CORLISS PALMER, 614 MOUNT PELIER AVENUE, MACON, GEORGIA; AND ALLENE RAY, 2248 RIVER AVENUE, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

To these two young ladies we extend our hearty congratulations for having won the greatest contest that has ever been staged. We are confident that the future will prove the wisdom of this choice. In the years to come, these two young ladies and five million readers will look back upon this announcement as an epoch-making one, and the editors of the Brewster Publications, as well as the judges of this contest, will always feel gratified and elated over the wisdom of their choice.

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In 10 days, if you'll ask us for this tube

This simple test has shown to millions the way to whiter, safer teeth. It is a free test—you should make it. It may bring life-long effects.

No other method known can do what Pepsodent does for teeth.

To end the film

The object is to fight the film, which dims the teeth and causes most tooth troubles. Dental science has worked years to do that.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. The ordinary tooth paste does little to combat it, so the tooth brush leaves much of it intact.

It is the film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus all these troubles, despite the tooth brush, have been constantly increasing.

Now we combat it

Dental science, after years of research, has found ways to combat film. High authorities have proved their efficiency by clinical and laboratory tests.

The best dental opinion approves these methods. Leading dentists everywhere are urging their adoption. Now millions daily use them, largely by dental advice.

The methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And a 10-Day Tube is being sent, so all who will may quickly know how much it means to them.

The new effects

One ingredient of Pepsodent is pepsin. Another multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva to digest starch deposits which cling and form acid.

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Pepsodent combines the best that modern science has discovered to combat the tooth destroyers. And to millions it is bringing a new era in teeth cleaning.

Watch it act

This is to offer a ten-day tube. Send the coupon for it. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

The new tooth luster will show you its effects. The book we send will tell you what they mean. Then you can judge for yourself.

Men who smoke

Smokers' teeth often show film-stains most. Children's teeth are most affected by the film. Young teeth are most subject to attacks. With older people the chief danger lies in pyorrhea.

So to all this test is most important. For your own sake don't forget it. Cut out the coupon now.

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Admissions

(Continued from page 38)

He prefers the heavier, more dramatic rôles. Better fitted to them, more in his element. He does not, he informed me, go upon the general theory of the good in versatility. To be *able* . . . all right . . . but in practice . . . no. We have, he adduced, a limited time to progress in. It is too much to expect that we can progress along all lines and reach any number of definite and worth-while goals. There is such a thing as overstepping one's mark and one's capabilities. Strained efforts are palpably so. A wise man knows and remains within his own limits.

"Still," I said, "you are going to appear in a stage play as well as in pictures this winter, isn't that so?"

He admitted it . . . no, *them.*

"I hope to," he said, "for a year or so anyway. It will give me a better working value, to myself and to those employing me.

"It is also a matter of money. Working at both increases my market value. I think we are all interested in the money end of it. I am. I admit that, too."

"Do you think," I pressed, "that the money end is of more import to the majority than the so-called Art end?"

Mr. Harlan considered, blowing, the while, perfectly remarkable fantasies of smoke against the ceiling.

"I think," he said, "that to the wise and practicable individual the money end is the *means* to the Art end and, therefore, greatly and certainly primarily to be considered.

"Money is the great liberator. We can do so much more with it than we can without it, which would be trite if I did not mean in anything but a material sense. We can be artists so much more youngly and easily because we have the wherewithal to lessen the brunt of other drains and pressures."

"What," I said, "is the most worth-while thing to you?"

"Ambition," he said, sans hesitation. "Ambition and California. Sunshine and the will-to-get-on. Without ambition we are dull, flat and quite stale. An interesting person is almost sure to be an ambitious person, in one sense or another. You can be sure that it is the missing ingredient in a savorless person."

"And work?"

"Work is the walls of the house, of which ambition is the foundation," Mr. Harlan said, adding, rather vaguely, "but I am getting in beyond my depth. Anyway, I mean that ambition is, of all characteristics, the fundamental prompter."

Afar off someone hailed him. Constance, duly inquired of, no doubt, had gone back to the set. Mr. Harlan arose with some alacrity, not to say relief.

"Speaking of work," he said, "this is the first stroke I have done today. Perhaps that is why I am so glib . . . talking about it . . . It often goes that way . . ."

The camera clicked and I departed.

As a Lamp to be Tended

(*Continued from page* 21)

dont believe in self-depreciation. It is an inverted form of egotism, and quite as harmful as its antithesis. We cannot help what we are. We really have no reason to laud or to cavil at what we are. We *are*, and it is outside our volition.

"It is what we *do* with what we are that matters; that can give us the right to pride or shame. If we are born with a gift of writing, of acting, of painting or playing, it is so. What matters is the way in which we treat the gift, once it is ours. Whether we maltreat or exalt it, humble it or glorify it.

"I always feel that a person bearing within him an art should consider that art as a flame to be tended; to be kept clean—and bright.

"I believe that one should conserve one's self for this flame; guard one's self; watch over it. Sometimes the simile of a lamp comes to me, a lamp to be tended and trimmed, dimmed, perhaps, or raised.

"One should be able to consider it, this art, subjectively, abstractly, a thing not entirely one's own, to be rendered an accounting for to the public . . ."

Miss Kennedy gave her whimsical deprecatory smile; patted her husband's hand, near her own, said, "I hope you do not think I am trying to be theoretical, unduly," and was gone from me in quest of the Hollander hat.

"Come and see me in my play," she called back to me, and I said:

"I will—good luck!"

The Diminutive Dorothy Devore

(*Continued from page* 35)

ambitions was to be a millionaire and have five babies by the time she was twenty-five.

And there is still time for even this dream to come true.

Dorothy Devore is as unlike an actress as anyone I have ever met. She is a tiny little girl, another member of the five-feet-small brigade. She has enormous large brown eyes with an innocent stare. Her hair is naturally a reddish-brown, and off the screen she doesn't curl it, neither does she use make-up, and she is one of the few girls I know who has no interest in a lipstick. She wears—in real life, you understand—simple little frocks of gingham or of organdie as the occasion may warrant. She is all in all the typical American ingénue. Her very manner, bearing and clothes, bespeak the clean-minded, very young, well-brought-up daughter of an American mother.

A cabaret dancer, a vaudeville artiste, and a motion picture actress!

I give you my word, as well as the old lady's——

You'd never know it from meeting her.

"Another $50 Raise!"

"WHY, that's my third increase in a year! It just shows what special training will do for a man. When I left school to go to work I couldn't do anything in particular. All I could hope for was just a job—and that's what I got, at $60 a month for routine, unskilled work. I stayed at it for three years, with one small increase each year.

"Then one day I woke up. I found I wasn't getting ahead simply because I couldn't do any one thing well. I decided right then to put in an hour after supper each night preparing myself for more important work. So I wrote to Scranton and arranged for a course that would give me special training for our business.

"Why, in a few months I had a whole new vision of my work and its possibilities. You see, I was just beginning to really understand it. I made some suggestions to the manager and he was immensely pleased. Said he had noticed how much better I was doing lately and wished he had more like me.

"Just after that an opening came and he gave me my chance—at an increase of $25 a month. Then I really began to grow. Six months later I was put in charge of my department and my salary went up again. Since then I've had two increases of $50 a month and now I've got another $50 raise!"

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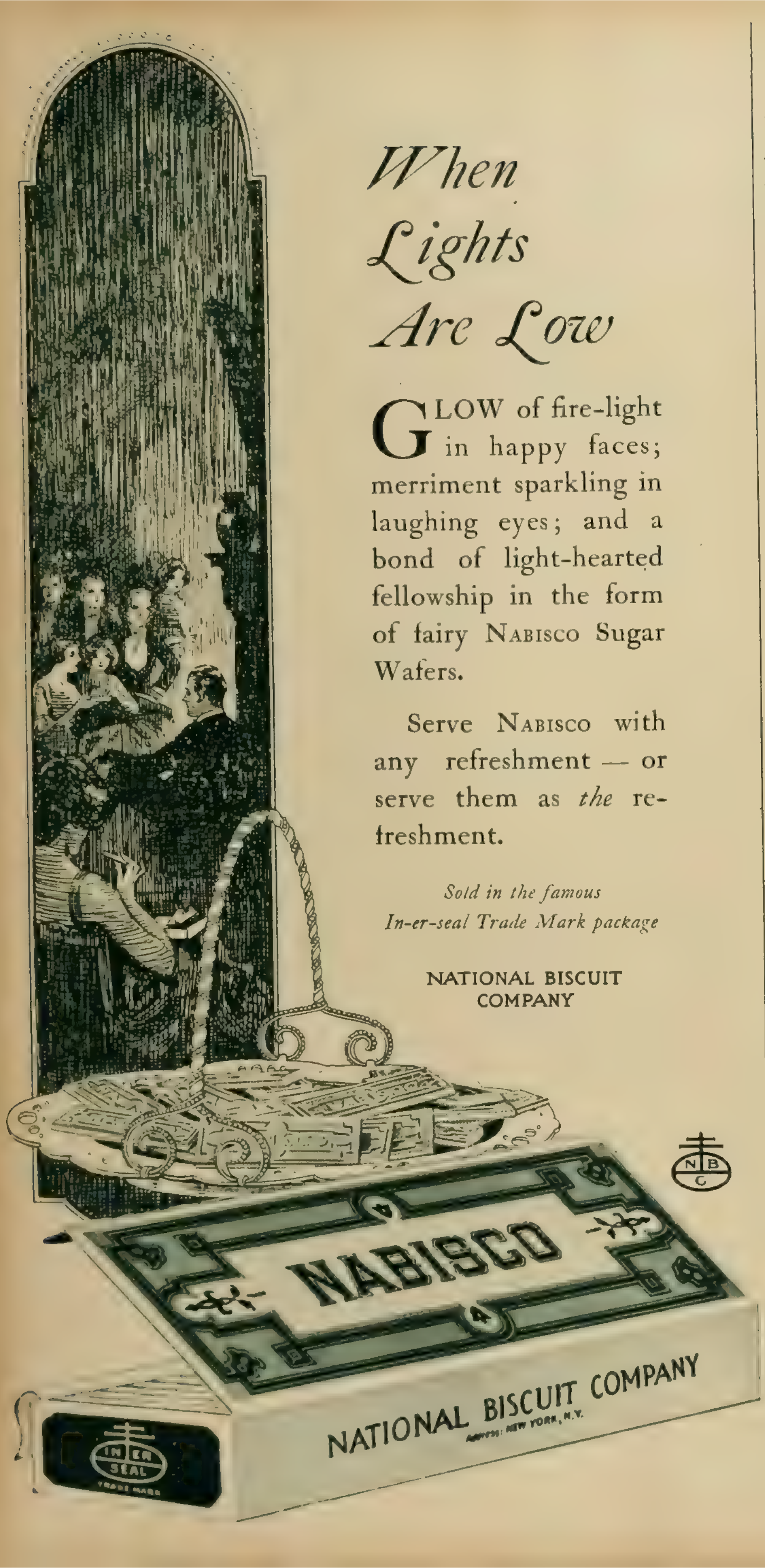

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Sold in the famous
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NATIONAL BISCUIT
COMPANY

Ann Ascends

(*Continued from page 37*)

be a part of it. I love the theater and have revelled in the opportunity to see the work of some of the great artists. And there are many wonderful things to see and learn. But do you know that it is the 'outsider' who really knows and appreciates the best things in New York? What does the average New Yorker care about the art galleries or walking across Brooklyn Bridge at twilight or the view from the top of the Woolworth Building or plays like 'The Jest'?

"I have been living here with friends who seem to live in a mad whirl of dinners, teas, dances, shopping — going round and round in a circle and getting nowhere. They have tried to carry me along—because they think it's the only life for a young girl. But I had decided that it would never do for me and, as I expected to be here several months, engaged a room down-town in the dormitory of a girls' club—all of them girls who work and live for something besides a good time.

"My philosophy of life may be a very queer one," she said, "but it seems to me that youth is not the time for frivolity. Not if one is to get anything out of life worth having. It's the time to discover many wonderful things—to study, to observe, to travel—to cultivate worth-while people—to *build*. And then, when one is older and has learnt to discriminate and knows what one really wants most in life and has earned the right—why, then, let them 'as wants to' go ahead and *frivol*," she laughed; "it's up to them!

"No, I'm too young in the business to have any theories about pictures. I'm just learning and glad of the opportunity to watch and learn. In the meantime, I'm glad I'm going back to God's beautiful country, where one can really live. But some day, when I have acquired much experience and a great deal of nerve, I'm coming back to New York and haunt the offices of the Broadway managers until they *offer* to try me out in a stage engagement. Of course, I realize I will have a great many things to contend with, but the game would not be worth playing without them," quoth the shining Ann.

The New Zealand Bushranger

(*Continued from page 22*)

was brought to a head when his father, a stern man, utterly forbade him to appear in an amateur performance for which he had been rehearsing for weeks.

It was the last straw. Jerome Patrick left home and answered the call of that will-o-the-wisp fame.

But he was willing to work hard, no false pride kept him from attaining his ambition. He was willing to do anything that was honest, providing it kept him in the theater. Thus he was a chorus man, a leader in stock, a player in the provinces, but all the time he had just one object

(*Continued on page 74*)

The Land of Romance

Few people realize that they may enter into this charmed land, and contribute to it. Novices?—the greatest artists were once of that class. Chances? just as many as in any other walk of life. You simply haven't tried!

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THERE'S a need for 5000 new stories and producers must have scores of them to produce at once, for the demand is far exceeding the supply that present writers can prepare. Twenty million people are attending motion picture theatres daily and they are calling for *new plays.* Their interest must be maintained if the art is to survive. The opportunity to aid is *yours.* Who will rise to a new and perhaps "unexpected" success on this modern wave? Who is there who hasn't said to himself, "I am capable of doing something that I have not yet found, far better than anything I have ever done"?

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M. TRILETY, Toilet Requisites Dept. 30, Binghamton, N. Y.

The New Zealand Bushranger

(Continued from page 72)

in view: to be under Belasco's management.

It is a singular fact that when one has a straight goal in mind one generally reaches it. Patrick reached his.

It was while he was playing "A Thousand Years Ago" that Belasco sent for him. And he has been associated with that wizard of the stage ever since.

"Why, I can remember when I was playing in 'The Little Lady in Blue,' I had to write a letter and Belasco had me supplied with paper stamped with the monogram of the character I was playing. In that play, too, I had to ask the butler each night for a glass of claret. At the dress rehearsal three different bottles of claret were brought me (no ice tea in this production) and Belasco asked me to sample them and order the one I liked best. I singled out the one I preferred. Mr. Belasco said, 'Oh my word, the most expensive of the lot, that man will bankrupt me.' Nevertheless, he ordered it, and at every performance I was served real claret."

Mr. Patrick played with Lenore Ulric in "The Heart of Wetona" and more lately in "By Pigeon Post." At present he has come West to play in pictures.

His very first glimpse of the Klieg lights came in "Officer 666," his second in the all-star production, "The Furnace," directed by William D. Taylor for Paramount.

He praises Mr. Taylor's work very highly.

"Mr. Taylor is a gentleman in every sense of the word," said Patrick, "and he is keen enough to know that a picture must be produced with a splendid cast thruout. The star system, turning every ray on the star, is all wrong. I myself have found pictures like starting all over again, and I am so interested that I shall keep it up and see what I can do."

And I hope that Mr. Patrick will keep it up, because he has that which the screen needs—something new. He possesses all the culture and background which a first-class stage training gives one; he is young, different from other movie heroes and decidedly easy to look at.

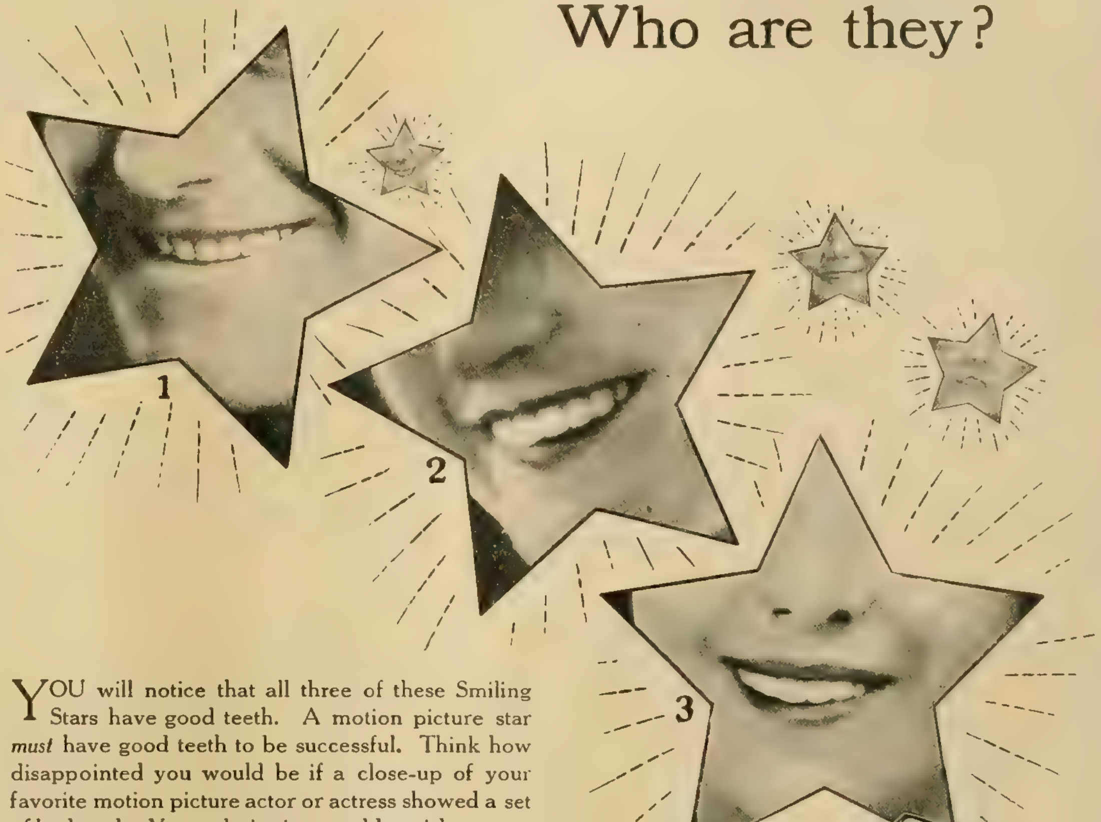
His hair is red — absolutely — altho women who fall in love with him will call it russet, Titian or some other poetic name—it is the kind of hair that waves naturally, tightly, the kind that a woman would love to run her hand thru and feel the short tendrils cling to her fingers. His eyes are blue-green, fascinating because they bespeak superiority yet humanness, sophistication yet clean-mindedness. He does not wear a mustache in real life, consequently he seems more boyish and younger than he appears on the stage or screen.

He has the exterior of a hero, the heart of a gentleman, the mind of a scholar and the soul of an artist.

Here's hoping the Klieg lights reveal Jerome Patrick's personality honestly.

Smiling Stars

Who are they?



YOU will notice that all three of these Smiling Stars have good teeth. A motion picture star *must* have good teeth to be successful. Think how disappointed you would be if a close-up of your favorite motion picture actor or actress showed a set of bad teeth. Your admiration would vanish at once.

Write on the coupon below, your guess as to the names of these three popular motion picture stars, and mail it to us. If you guess *even one* of them right we will send you a generous trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

Because Colgate's is *safe;* because it is free from harmful acids and dangerous grit, and because it cleans teeth *thoroughly*, Colgate's is recommended by more dentists than any other dentifrice. The flavor is delicious.

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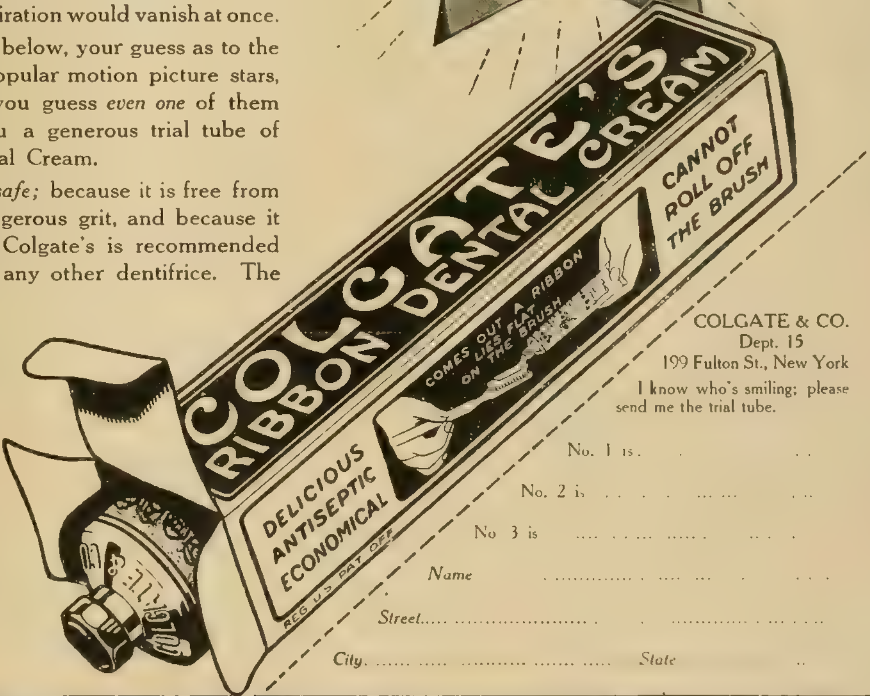
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Delica-Brow
"La Nécessaire"

My Lady Claire

(*Continued from page 26*)

experience as a child actress before her parents refused to let her continue. Even in the face of their strong disapproval she never gave up her dream of the stage.

At the beginning of the war, she became a nurse. She collapsed finally under the strain of her work and retired to private life again. A trip to New York found her surreptitiously making the rounds of the movie studios. When she actually landed a small bit her father gave in and her career was started.

"I shall never forget," she laughed, "the reply that granny wired from England when father wrote her what I had done! She demanded, 'Are you out of your head to let the child become an actress? She will be ruined!' But success justifies almost anything.

"When she saw my first big picture, 'The Spirt of the Red Cross,' she sent a wonderful letter of approval!"

She is patricianly beautiful, Claire Adams, in a dark, intense way, patently a woman of the world, and possessed of all the easy charm that worldliness implies. Her voice, influenced by her life in Canadà and London, is modulated and quiet. In the West, where voices incline to stridency, it is like the touch of velvet after gunny-sacking.

And this English deliberation has crept into her being, until it is an integral part of her life. I asked her if she did not mourn New York, where she had got her start with Vitagraph. She shook her head slowly.

"No," she said. "I do not like New York. Its money-madness makes more than a few weeks of it unbearable. It seemed to me that while I was there I was under a terrible, relentless pressure. I was caught up in the mad race and had to keep up with the racers or be trampled under foot. The average dweller there, if he is working, may see nothing of grass or trees for months on end, and only an occasional dash of smoky sky. I have been brought up chiefly in western Canada, and the outdoors has become an essential part of me. Here in California it is crowded enough, but at least one may live comfortably, and have a lawn, and a car and keep a dog without fear of protest from the landlord."

Later, on the track of her ambitions, I spoke tentatively of stardom. Her reply was as convincing as it was surprising.

"No, I do not want stardom. I think I could be content if it never came. After all, there is an infinite satisfaction in being surrounded by a cast of capable actors and, in the end, being a part of a picture that is thoroly satisfactory and as perfect as good acting can make it. The star is too often surrounded by an ineffectual support that ruins the picture as a whole. Think of the countless personal triumphs of which you read and of the countless failures which accompany them. I believe that the day of the star is dying. It is inevitable that a chosen few will survive. Mary Pickford, for example, could never be set aside. But why should

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I even talk of stardom? It is not so long ago that I was taking lessons in the art of walking from Kosloff, and so far 'The Riders of the Dawn' is the only picture that has been released under my new contract for five years with B. J. Hampton. I have completed others, of course—Churchill's 'The Dwelling Place of Light,' Harry Leon Wilson's 'The Spenders,' and Upton Sinclair's 'The Money Changers.' But I still attend each day's 'rushes' on the alert for every little exaggeration, every fault of expression that I have made. And in the increasing confidence that is resulting, in the surety that I have done this or that bit as near perfection as possible, there is a thrill that the possibility of stardom has never given me."

In defiance of her earnestness, I started out to write about Claire in an airy vein, to try to weave fantasies into the serious web of her ambitions. I find that I have failed miserably. The heavier vein persists.

But I would not give a wrong impression of her. Her work is not the be-all and do-all of her existence. She had just returned from a five days' trip to Mt. Baldy, an interlude of rest between productions, where she had fished the entire five days, had caught one fish, and had come home contented. It was a magnificent achievement in optimism.

And she has created a charming home for herself out of a miniature bungalow, a taste for delft blue, and the aforementioned poodle. The dragon, who after all was not her mother, she speaks of in warm tones as "a perfect dear." She is an elderly companion whose forbidding aspect, it would seem, hides a multitude of kindnesses. I conferred my blessing upon her as soon as I knew that she was not a "movie momma."

I didn't want to leave. But I could hear the dragon thumping tinnily in the kitchenette, her energy increasing with each thump. It may have only been a good dinner in preparation, but it sounded like a hint. When the poodle stuck his head out of the door and sniffed straight at me, I *knew* it was. I withdrew my blessing and departed.

DARK AND DEW

By Ted Olson

In the dark, in the dew,
When the laggard day is thru,
And one star burns, whitely chill,
Just above the highest hill,
When the lilac's odorous pain
Swims across the dusk again,
Comes a dream, dear heart, of you—
In the dark, in the dew.

Hark! the silence stirs alone
To the frogs' metallic drone,
Or the wavering, unseen flight
Of a bird across the night;
But the room is all a-blur
With the shades of things that were,
With a joy reborn anew—
In the dark, in the dew.

In the dark, in the dew,
How my heart leaps back to you!
To your slim young wildwood grace,
To the glory of your face;
Till the fragrant twilight seems
Warm and redolent with dreams,
With one dream I never knew—
In the dark, in the dew.

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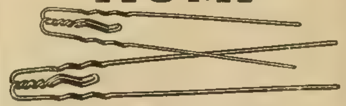

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Kirkwood Confesses!

(*Continued from page* 18)

"You said it! No more directing for me!"

Kirkwood, a few years back, was one of the coterie of popular matinée favorites—when he played opposite Mary Pickford in "Behind the Scenes." Just at the zenith of his popularity he gave his admirers a heartache by leaving them flat to direct. For a long time we heard nothing of him, further than that he would produce this picture or that, until Allan Dwan lured him back to the grease-paint in "The Luck of the Irish."

In the picture he played a whole-hearted, manly young Irishman. Kirkwood, being both manly and whole-hearted, made the characterization a page from the book of Life. He had a fight or two every twenty-five feet, and by the time that the picture was half over, you commenced to wonder whether God and human vitality would pull him thru.

Fighting is one of his pastimes *de luxe*. Back in the old Biograph days he used to astonish them all by his ability in a screen free-for-all, and now that he's staged a regular film "come-back," they still continue to cast him as the chief purveyor of this black-and-blue drama.

"I've had something like four hundred brawls before the camera," he remarked, "and I've never put anybody permanently out of commission. Screen fighting's a fine art. You have to hit your opponent so you wont crack either his make-up or his jaw."

Kirkwood, both in his make-up and off-stage, is not the type of the matinée man. His hair is naturally curly—*not* marcelled. His teeth are all his own, and he has enough muscle to beat up a cop should he want to. Furthermore, when you're talking to him, he seems to forget that James Kirkwood is alive. He never mentions himself, and it is only with the utmost difficulty that he is made to say anything at all about his work.

And, girls, he's just a wee bit bashful! In fact, he blushed—visibly, even under his make-up—when someone asked him if he'd ever been proposed to. Of course, he has; what good-looking screen actor hasn't?

But it's nothing to *brag* about, he adds. Rather, it's an honor to be proud of, and he wishes it made known that he would like to oblige each of the fairest fair ones, only—

That "only" is a definite reason, which it is not my province to disclose. Suffice it to say that James, being a dutiful son, supports his mother.

Kirkwood insists that he likes to do either dramatic or comedy parts.

To his great credit his versatility enables him to do one as well as the other.

"What are you best in?" I asked.

"Why ask me?" he rejoins. "Why ask any actor? How does he know what he's best suited for?"

Once, when he was very young, a stage manager had him don crêpe whiskers and play old men in their seventies. Later, he did foreign character parts. It used

(*Continued on page* 80)

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is applied at night with a clean tooth brush. Is neither sticky nor greasy. Perfectly harmless. Serves also as a splendid dressing for the hair. Directions with bottle. At your druggist's.

WINDS

By Wright Field

The south wind, sweeping inward from
the shore,
Lifts your damp, golden locks in such a
way:
But so it lifted hers another day—
For every wind that blows has blown
before!

The north wind that careens the meadows
o'er
Puts a round, red spot on your velvet
cheek;
Hers, I remember, bore a scarlet streak
For every wind that blows has blown
before!

The east wind, whining, scattering the
store
Of summer's largesse, makes your red
lips pout;
It whipped her grey eyes till the tears
came out—
For every wind that blows has blown
before!

The west wind, pulsing, fragrant, I
adore!
It wakes the latent passion in my breast;
I hunger for you and forget the rest—
But every wind that blows has blown
before!

I WONDER!

By J. Lilian Vandevere

A very dignified old gentleman
Comes often to the motion picture house,
And tho we sometimes have adjacent
seats,
He never speaks. I watch him, and I
catch
Unnumbered little hints that make me
smile
And wish I knew him. When the travelog
Transports us to some Old World river
town,
I've heard him sigh, and when the boat
swept round
The river's curve and landed, he said
"Yes!"
Beneath his breath, then coughed, and
stirred a bit.
He always comes to see the heroine
Whom some think childish. Once the
lights went on
Quite suddenly, and I surprised a tear
Caught on his wrinkled cheek; but then,
I've seen
The picture in his watch—a gentle face—
That looks quite like our heroine herself.
The homely man who does the Western
stuff
He never misses. There's a little scar
On my old hero's forehead, near his
hair—
I wonder if he's known the West him
self?
He never even smiles at me; in fact,
The program done, he starts away alone,
Aloof and dignified, and looks about,
As if he said, "What common folk are
these!
How can they sit thru such a tawdry
bore?"
But when I go again, to right or left,
A bit in front, I see his silver head
As usual!

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Miss Evan-Burrows Fontaine

May we send you "A Week End Box" including all these Toilet Requisites 50c.—or, if you prefer, separate packages for your trial,—see offer below.

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Cream

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in a million homes

Suppose you read that breakfasts had dropped 85 per cent. Think what good news that would be in these high-cost times.

In countless homes breakfasts have come down. In late years millions of new users have adopted Quaker Oats. Those homes do save 85 per cent. as compared with meat, eggs, fish, etc.

To save $125 a year

Quaker Oats costs one cent per large dish. It costs 6½c per 1,000 calories, the energy measurement of nutriment.

It costs 12 times as much to serve one chop—9 times as much to serve two eggs. A bite of meat costs as much as a dish of oats.

In a family of five Quaker Oats breakfasts served in place of meat breakfasts saves some $125 per year.

The oat is the food of foods. It supplies 16 elements needed for energy, repair and growth. For young folks it is almost the ideal food. As vim-food it has age-old fame. Each pound yields 1,810 calories of nutriment.

It is wise to start the day on oats, regardless of the cost. Yet it costs a trifle as compared with meat.

These figures are based on prices at this writing. Note them carefully.

They do not mean that one should live on Quaker Oats alone. But this premier food should be your basic breakfast. Serve the costlier foods at dinner.

Cost Per Serving

Dish Quaker Oats	1c
4 ounces meat	8c
One chop	12c
Serving fish	8c
Bacon and eggs	15c

Quaker Oats

For the children's sake

This brand is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

These delicious flakes cost you no extra price. Get them for the children's sake. They make the dish doubly delightful.

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318

Kirkwood Confesses!

(*Continued from page 78*)

to be his ambition to be a heavy. There's something about the expression of his eyes that made me think that, perhaps, he might be a good he-vamp. Whereupon I broach the subject and—am at once squelched.

"He-vamp?" he snorted. "*Nothing doing!*"

Some day, when he has amassed a neat little bank account from the silent drama, Kirkwood is going to "settle down" on a comfortable farm. Now, he says, he gets tired of the sophistication of the stage, exactly as a banker wearies of the humdrum existence of the clearing house. It's reversing the English on your own life, as it were; everybody gets bored doing his own particular line of work—or, rather, tires of his world.

Kirkwood literally got dragged onto the screen. Griffith, working at the Biograph in New York, saw him one day when he visited some friends at the studio and prevailed upon him to accept a part. Previously he had been with Blanche Bates on the stage under Belasco's management in "The Girl of the Golden West," with Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin in "The Great Divide" and with other stars of the legitimate, and was playing the male lead in the stage version of "Behind the Scenes" when he strolled into the studio.

When he made his screen début, the majority of the now-known "pioneers" were "extras" at the studio, making five dollars a day. He started in a picture with Marion Leonard and Mary Pickford—went on before the camera for the first time in a "retake." After playing every variety of part in one- and two-reelers, he was at length given Marion Leonard to direct, and subsequently, after careers with Reliance, Mutual, Universal, Fox and American, he affiliated with Famous Players, first as a leading man, later as a director, where he swayed the destinies of such stars as Jack Barrymore in "The Lost Bridegroom"; Hazel Dawn in a number of plays, and Florence Reed in a series, among which was "The Struggle Everlasting."

Shortly afterward, when Jack Pickford began to make pictures for First National, Kirkwood became his director. He wrote "In Wrong" for Mary's little brother and directed him in it. Later, he held the megaphone for "Bill Apperson's Boy."

It was then Allen Dwan came along, and Jim joined him, later going to play opposite Louise Glaum in "The Girl Who Dared"; and now Kirkwood will permanently remain in his make-up, because, in the final analysis, he likes to think that there is a bigger field in acting.

"But," I concluded, "I thought I heard you say you're lazy."

"Oh, yes," he responded. "I guess I am. But I couldn't go without working—not if somebody offered me a cool million to take life easy—exactly as I like to take it."

Motion Picture Magazine

FOR DECEMBER

THE luxurious personality of Catherine Calvert pervades the atmosphere of "Satin and Pearls" as her gowns and jewels did the Japanese Garden at the Ritz, where she was interviewed by Adele Whitely Fletcher. Read about the capture of this star by Vitagraph and her return to the screen.

The story of Bobby Harron in the December issue of THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE holds much interest, as it is the last interview granted by him before his death.

C. Blythe Sherwood presents new views and sidelights on Blanche Sweet.

The personality of Forrest Stanley is portrayed by Hazel Simpson Naylor.

Hope Hampton, in her palatial apartment in New York, grants an interview to Gladys Hall. Result—a vivid word picture which brings before the reader this luminary, her charming negligees and exotic perfumes.

Excerpts from letters written to scenario editors appear under the title of "Rainbow Chasers," by Elizabeth Peltret.

Departments of valuable information conducted regularly by THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE are: The Answer Man and Greenroom Jottings. Valuations of the pictures to be shown are to be found in the Screen Time-Table.

Three powerful new photoplays not yet released will appear in fiction form. Read them and be prepared for a fuller enjoyment of the plays.

Get the news of the activities, frivolities and festivities of the celluloid world in the December issue of

THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

175 Duffield Street Brooklyn, N.Y.

Semon the Jester

(Continued from page 43)

All this time, however, he had his eye upon motion pictures. This, too, may be traced to the adventurous elder Semon, who had once manufactured "flapper-books," little photo-packets which gave the effect of motion pictures when the thumb was run over the edges. Later, too, he had been interested in the making of slot machine movies, the earliest form of the photoplay.

But let Semon tell the rest of the tale himself:

"Thru J. Stuart Blackton I secured the opportunity I desired at the Vitagraph studio. I started learning direction as his assistant and then became a director myself. I did all this during the last year of my caricaturing contract with *The Sun.* Then I decided to cut adrift from comic drawing and stick to pictures exclusively. Chance threw me into comedies, for the simple reason that, at the moment, they had dozens of dramatic companies at work and needed farce directors.

"I did not play at first, but, as I worked with one comedian after another, I found that they did not quite carry out my ideas in one thing or another. Why not try myself?

"I did—and I'm still at it. Of course, my early barn-storming training was a vital aid. And my newspaper work gave me a clear — and broad — viewpoint. That's about all."

Now let Semon offer an explanation or two anent his comedies.

"I do all my work myself. I do not use 'doubles.' Naturally we take lots of chances. On high buildings, for instance, and, let me add, there is less faking in my comedies than in most farce productions. The members of my company are mostly all acrobats.

"I have been asked why I do not try five-reel farces. I believe them too long. Audiences do not want so much slapstick at one time. I do not think they fit into the average theater program. On the other hand, I want to go on making fast two reelers.

"This coming year I hope to elaborate upon my work of the past. That is, I am going to 'shoot' my two-reel comedies in as big and elaborate sets as serve for five-reel dramas."

Semon has had a mass of amusing adventures before and behind the camera. Only recently he was using a colored man in a comedy scene and the company had been enjoying themselves in "kidding" the darky regarding an imaginary scene in which they told him he was to appear with several savage lions.

Finally, Semon thought he would add the final touch to the colored man's worries.

"Rastus," he said, impressively, "we'll shoot your lion scene tomorrow — ever work with animals?"

Rastus breathed hard. "Yas, suh, ah's worked with animals—pigeons, goldfish, canaries, but ah draws the line right there!"

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We know that you get tired of reading this notice, but if you could have seen the avalanche of pictures which flooded the offices at the last moment, and could realize that there must ensue tremendous confusion, unnecessary work and an inevitable delay in the announcement of the final winners, you would appreciate the value of this warning. Those who have failed in previous contests are eligible to enter the next contest.

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Shadowing Kismet

(*Continued from page 17*)

was built for his picture. He can call everyone, even the minor players, the stage carpenter, the stage artist, by his first name. Now that he is *in* pictures he has not spared time, effort or talent to make his picture the very best that has been done.

Mr. Skinner's family is a very happy one. He is tremendously proud of his only daughter, Cornelia Skinner. It seemed to me that he is even more interested in her career than in his own. She is a tall, regally attractive brunette and has just completed two years at Bryn Mawr College. She is playing a small part in "Kismet" this summer, and in the fall goes to Paris to study pantomime, drama, and enunciation preparatory to her début on the stage.

"I was hoping," Mr. Skinner told me, "that her talent might run in another direction—literature, for instance, but so long as she has made up her mind to go on the stage, I am going to see that she gets the very best groundwork possible."

So you see even those with a heritage of genius must study.

Know Thyself

(*Continued from page* 59)

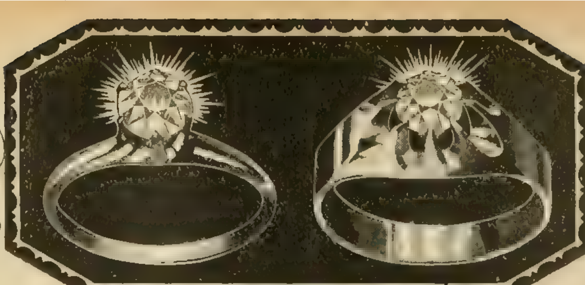
around. I made up my mind that I would leave the sort of work I was doing. I made up my mind that I would *make* good. More importantly, I made up my mind that I *could* make good. I felt, for the first time, that I could do just what I wanted to do if I wanted to work hard enough. And I *did* want to.

I have always thought we could do anything if we wanted to badly enough. Now I was ready to prove it.

"I walked across the street and told Mr. Sennett I was leaving—just like that. 'What are you going to do, Juanita?' he asked. 'I dont know,' I said, 'but I am going to do *something.*'

"That very day, walking around town, I ran into Crane Wilbur. 'What you doing, Juanita?' he asked me. 'Nothing,' I said. 'Do a picture with me,' he suggested. I did, and I've been doing ever since.

"I have set myself a mark. Chalked myself up, as it were, financially and otherwise, and I am going to attain it. I have reached one mark now, and that first mark is the hardest of all. It's the devil and all to get your first thousand a week, for instance, but once you do . . . It's all a question of knowing yourself, setting right what's wrong, eliminating wastes, building up the weak spots. It *can be done*. That's my slogan. Some people call it getting a line on yourself, still others getting wise to yourself. It all amounts to the same thing—*self-knowledge*."



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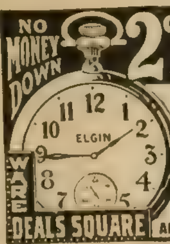

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HOWARD C. RASH, Pres. Natural Body Brace Co., 326 Rash Bldg., Salina, Kansas

For Boys and Girls Also

Monroe Salisbury Presents...

(Continued from page 33)

is directing them. Donald is cutting 'The Barbarian' now.

"It stands to reason that you cant shoot a large number of scenes and then leave it to someone who hasn't the remotest idea of what you are trying to do, to put them together. If a story can be best told in four-and-a-half reels—or in six-and-a-quarter reels—why, that is the length to which it should be cut. No one can do consistently artistic work if he is forced to make all of his pictures the same length, any more than a writer could do artistic work if he was forced to make each one of his books contain exactly the same number of words.

"We want to keep, as nearly as possible, the same people with us all the time. We may not be able to do this at first, as I may go on tour with 'The Barbarian' and I couldn't carry so large a salary list over an indefinite period of time."

(The cast includes Jane Novak, Alan Hale, Barney Sherry, Lillian Leighton, Eleanor Hancock, Milton Markwell, Guy Milham, Larry Steers, Sydney Dean, Harrison Post, Tip O'Neil, Marcel Daly, and Michael and Ann Cudahy.)

Salisbury was faultlessly dressed. Never conspicuous, you would not, for instance, notice his clothes before you noticed him, he is punctilious in these matters. He wore the conventional dark coat and light trousers with a dark hair-line stripe, white hat and white nubuck Oxfords.

His eyes were shaded by large, smoked glasses, which, while making him look older than he does on the screen, added to his natural distingué air.

He is tall and holds himself erectly.

As he talks, especially about something which particularly interests him, his lips have a way of quivering into a sort of nervous smile.

His fingers are long and expressive. His favorite gesture is a short, side-ways movement made with stiffened fingers and the palm turned inward. He has a keen sense of the dramatic. This it is that makes him so fond of Latin and Indian characters and gives him the insight to portray them so exquisitely.

He humors his æsthetic and artistic taste by making a hobby of collecting odd and interesting articles, some of which are real works of art, others mere curios.

In his apartments you may see many curios from the South Sea Islands, the Philippines, or made here in the States by his Indian friends.

His favorite paintings are of Indian scenes and Indian characters, and of the pictures he has made, he enjoyed the part of the Indian Alessandro in "Ramona" best of all.

He is unmarried and is living at the Mountain View Inn with his mother.

"We are thinking very seriously of moving," he said. "We've lived there for a long time."

Which goes to show that this is a period of change for Monroe Salisbury.

Madame Peacock

(Continued from page 30)

. . . oh, for a very great while . . .

She ran into her room where, as she knew, her mother sat, solitary, sewing . . . Details wrought themselves upon her. . . . The pity of her mother's hands . . . the joylessness of her life. . . . . She buried her head in the patient lap . . . she sobbed . . . "I am afraid—I am afraid—"

Her mother patted the humiliated head. She said no word, being wise. The touch was what the woman wanted—

The bell rang and the head burrowed deeper. "I can see no one—" Jane Goring said, "no one—today . . . dont let them find me, mother—dont—dont—"

Her mother left the room and when she returned, Madame Peacock could hear, from her pillow, that there were others with her. Why did they seek her out? Why did her mother go against her in this way? Didn't they know she was done with the Public even as the Public was done with her—?

She raised her eyes, and it was McNaughton, McNaughton holding the arm of the girl from the theater. Her mother, too, her mother had her arm about the girl—

Jane stared. Then unbidden tears clouded her vision. Things kept thronging back—her desire to touch this girl's hair—her vision of the girl carrying on, perfecting, the weapon she, Madame Peacock, was now to lay down . . . the travail she had undergone at this intrusion of the younger generation—ah, now she knew—her subordinate leaving of the theater—her hunger for the human touch—

She rose and, very slowly, crossed the room to where the girl was standing. She put forth her forefinger and, very delicately, traced the features, her own, yet, mysteriously, not her own . . . sharper, keener, sweeter. . . . She looked at McNaughton and she never knew how sweetly, how plaintively, she smiled . . . she didn't have time to, because her head was on her daughter's breast and her arms were clinging about the young slender body, of her own fashioning, her own neglect, and when she raised her head again there was a rainbow across her eyes—

Storm Warning

(Continued from page 23)

directorial ideals are substantially those of King Vidor and Mrs. Sidney Drew. Here let us add his belief in Henry King as a coming directorial force. It is not commonly known that King made the comedy success of last season, "23½ Hours Leave." King is now with Bessie Barriscale.

Storm suggested that we jot down the name of Henry King in our memory book. We offer the suggestion for what it is worth. But—emphatically we ask *you* to be sure to have Storm in *your* memorandum book.

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IF I CAN PUT
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THIS BOOK ON
STRONGFORTISM
Promotion & Conservation of Health Strength & Mental Energy

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Does she look upon you in admiration as her ideal physically and mentally? Does she compare you with other men and see in you the noblest of them all? Or does she see in you a frail, hesitating, discouraged individual for whom she is sorry—a weakling she has to jolly and coax and prod [illegible] to work and to be a man of himself. Are you languid, tired out, disinclined to go out into the world and make a fight for a place for yourself and family? Are you afraid to go into social circles where both sexes mingle and enjoy themselves?

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in a way that no other man in the world can help you when I offer to place within your grasp a system of self cure, of rehabilitation, upbuilding and strengthening, that is leading the way in making better men, happier men out of thousands who had counted themselves failures.

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It makes men new. It awakens slumbering ambition. It puts pep into the fatigued fellow. It sends a new thrill of energy through the body—fills it with the desire to do, to achieve. It rids the system of disease without the use of drugs or medicine—clears the mind of despondency—makes the world look brighter and life worth living.

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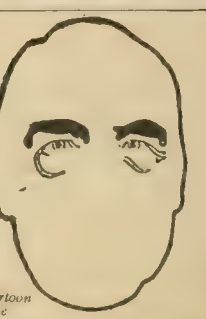

[From McCutcheon Cartoon in Chicago Tribune

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Diamond Dyes

16 Rich, Fadeless Colors.

Nancy Manages

(*Continued from page* 60)

times," she added decisively, "I rule them both!

"So, I had my way, and stage-managed myself around the world, going to school wherever we traveled at hours that suited my work. It was not a 'regular' education, of course. But dont you think that a girl who has traveled in Australia, Great Britain, France, Spain, Germany, and Cuba, learning nearly all these languages and business-managing herself into jobs wherever her father's business took him, has learned *some* thing?

"And the trouble I had with the Gerry societies and children's societies and the like. I never could see what the fuss was about, I was just being myself. Even after I was old enough, I was always having to explain myself because I was so small they wouldn't believe me when I did tell the truth. But I always managed!"

Nancy Deaver's first stage appearance in America was about four years ago with Fred Walton, the English pantomimist, as the *Wax Doll.* Needless to say, her success was assured. And then, being, as she says, grown up and able to manage a "regular" career, she has worked steadily in musical comedies and vaudeville, always in dancing parts.

Until last winter, Nancy had never appeared in a picture. She always intended to, she says, but was cannily biding her time and watching her chance. One day she met Charles Miller, the director, whom she knew very well. "Nancy," he said, "I'm thinking of producing 'East Is West' and I want you as the Chinese girl."

"Me? I should say not! I'm not the type and I dont want to be a Chinese girl."

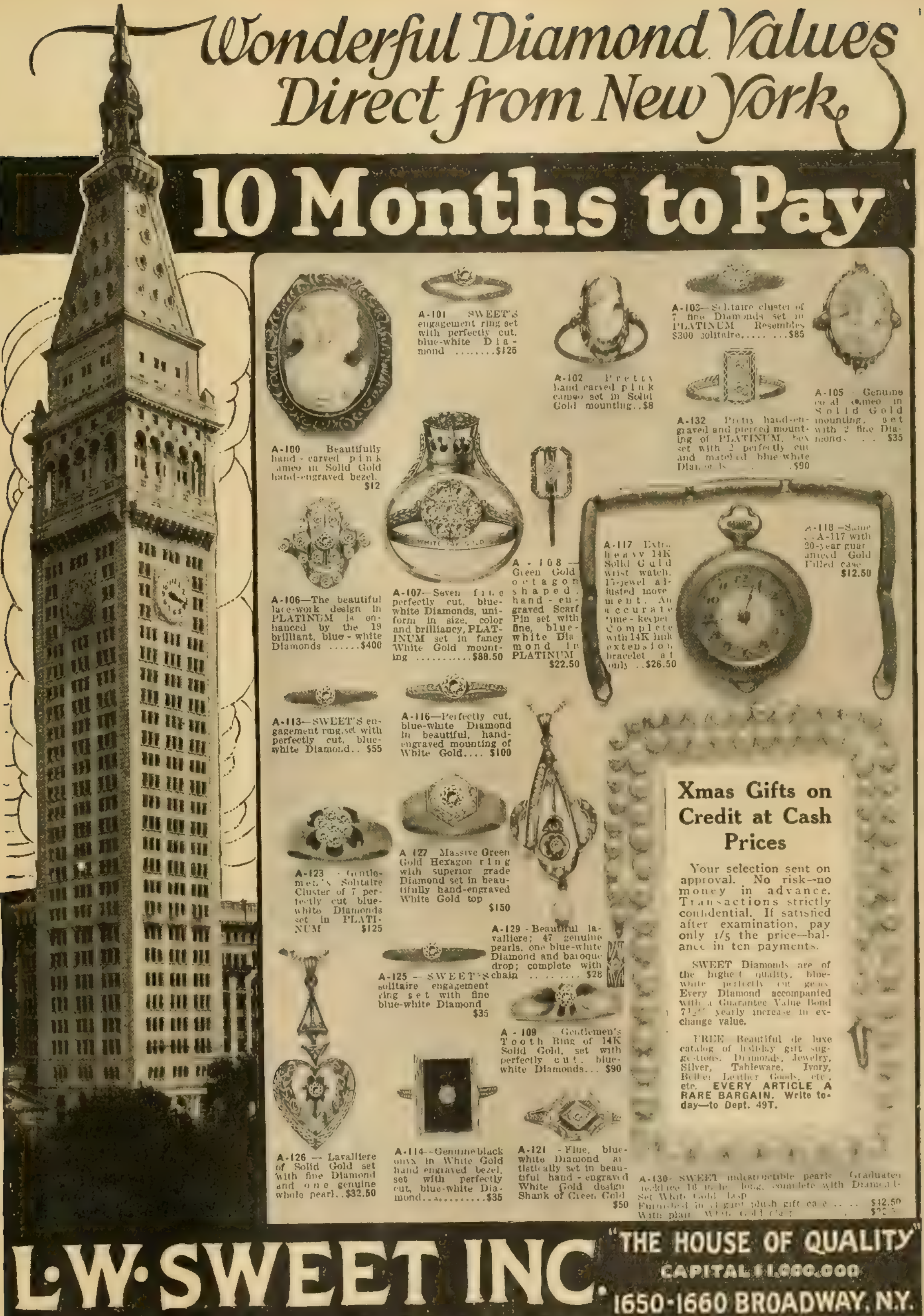
"Never mind what you want," he said, "come and let me make you up."

"Anyhow," I thought, "here's a chance to learn something about screen make-up. And when he had put a black wig on me and fixed my eyes so they slanted, I didn't know myself. But it happened that instead of producing 'East Is West,' he produced 'The Law of the Yukon,' and I was given a leading rôle. I played the part of a young girl whose father kept a dance hall. I was very carefully looked after by my father in the story, but I had a chance to dance in the picture, so I liked the rôle very much.

"Well, I have traveled nearly all over the United States and thought I knew something about cold and snow, but Fort Henry, up near the Canadian border, where the picture was made, was the coldest place in the world. We were up there fourteen weeks. Lots of times it was too cold even to work, but it was perfectly glorious and was surely just the right temperature for that picture. The queer characters Mr. Miller unearthed as extras, and what he got out of them, was uncanny.

"This is ancient history, but we were up there at Christmas time, a bit lonely

(*Continued on page* 88)



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The Tifnite Co., Dept. 1001, Chicago, Ill.

(*Continued from page 86*)

and homesick, some of us, so we decided to see what we could do for the natives. We had a community Christmas tree in the town square and every poor child, (600 of them), had a toy, some sweets, and a useful gift. We nearly froze before it was over, but it paid. Mr. Miller was so lovely to work with, and we were just one big family. The people of the community treated us like royalty. We were entertained by the nicest people. If making pictures were always like that, I would want to make them the rest of my life.

"It was good to get back, tho. You know I just love to cook, and, next to dancing, it's my favorite sport. Up north, the food was good but monotonous. So when I got home I started in to cook and I had a wonderful time, only it seems to me prices are more appalling than ever. I'm ashamed to think how much I have squandered on chops.

"So, since I've been back I've cooked and I've danced. No, I have not danced for managers or at rehearsals or even in restaurants. But, I knew there must be a lot of new dance music since I left, so the day after I returned I bought fifty new dance records and every morning when I wake up I jump out of bed, put on a record and have a party all my own.

"Yes, I shall do more pictures. In fact," she said, "I have had several offers and just now I am holding out on a certain person because I happen to know I'm the type he wants and I know that he knows that the type is very scarce. So, I'm waiting to get what I want. Do you see?"

I did. And have every reason to believe that Nancy will get it.

The Case of Norma Talmadge

(*Continued from page 25*)

who has produced her pictures ever since.

It is rather difficult to summarize her screen work. We doubt if she has ever once given a characterization in the full sense of the word. She is always Norma Talmadge. That she has succeeded lies in the fact that Norma Talmadge represents average American girlhood. Consequently she has made the young women of her vehicles flesh and blood folk to those in front of the screen. Hers has been a healthy, natural girlishness. There was no forced cuteness, no "clever" touches, no be-curled super-innocence. She was a *regular* girl, with the feelings, the flapper viewpoint and the high spirit of a regular girl.

Miss Talmadge has retained her hold because she has remained unspoiled; because, in the main, she has retained these things. Thus it is that a little Brooklyn school girl shot to cinema popularity and success minus all technical equipment, without the breadth of vision that comes of tasting and observing life, lacking all seeming histrionic essentials. Indeed, she has succeeded and retained success, because of these things—and because she is Norma Talmadge.

"—Not One Gray Hair, Now"

"And my hair was quite gray a short time ago!

"It was falling out, getting brittle and stringy. My scalp was filled with dandruff and itched almost constantly.

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Double Exposures

(*Continued from page* 52)

Stories of star's letters from Japanese admirers.

Stories of stars.

At the present speed of release, Chaplin's "The Kid" will have white whiskers before he sees a screen.

Yes, Rollo, we know people keep comparing the screen to the stage, to the damage of the former. The answer is simple, Rollo, very simple. In 1915, Frances X. Bushman was on the screen. In 1920, Francis X. Bushman is on the stage.

Anyone else in the audience having questions will please hand them to the ushers on the way out.

No, no, Rollo! "Black Beauty" is not to be confused with "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

OUR FAVORITE SCREEN MOMENT OF THE MONTH

Constance Binney dancing in her top floor bedroom in "39 East."

Dinty

(*Continued from page* 56)

had caused them to be strapped to this table. Over the table swung a massive knife, clutched in a dragon's teeth.

In this room, the Chinese wife told the father and lover, Dorkh had imprisoned the white woman before he made good his departure.

Even as they talked, then, Ruth was on the hideous table, her wide eyes watching, sanely or insanely, the descent of the murderous knife. She had held out, they knew then, against the Eurasian, and this, this vile death, was his revenge.

The father lost control and hurled himself against the door.

North tried his turn. "It is absolutely useless," he said. The Chinese wife nodded a dumb assent.

In the background, Dinty, Chinkie and Watermillions stood, rooted, their individual heads bristling, their mouths loose and agape. Within that door the heart of their hearts was being tortured. In this twentieth century, that gently bred girl, tortured! Ruth . . . their Ruth . . . left by a Malay half-breed to so lurid a death!

All at once Dinty and Chinkie bent their heads together.

The older men were crying out to her now, to the victim within. They were trying to make sound carry some comfort, some sustenance to her. They loved her too much to be efficient. Dinty sensed that. He knew . . . Once Doreen had had hemorrhage . . . He hadn't been much good.

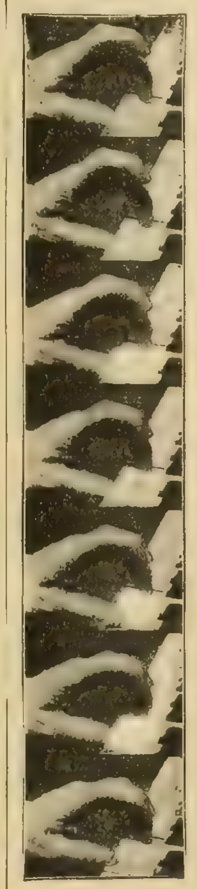
Watermillions and Chinkie were agreeing with him. It was tremendous! An inspired plan!

(*Continued on page* 102)

I'll Teach You Piano In *Quarter* Usual Time

To persons who have not previously heard of my method, this may seem a pretty bold statement. But I will gladly convince you of its accuracy by referring you to any number of my graduates in any part of the world.

There isn't a State in the Union that doesn't contain a score or more skilled players of the piano or organ who obtained their *entire* training from me *by mail*. I have far more students than were ever before taught by one man. Investigate by writing for my 64-page free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ."



My way of teaching piano or organ is *entirely different* from all others. Out of every four hours of study, one hour is spent *entirely away from the keyboard*—learning something about Harmony and The Laws of Music. This is an awful shock to most teachers of the "old school," who still think that learning piano is solely a problem of "finger gymnastics." When you *do* go to the keyboard, you accomplish *twice as much*, because you *understand what you are doing*. Within four lessons I enable you to play an interesting piece not only in the original key, but in all other keys as well.

I make use of every possible scientific help—many of which are *entirely unknown* to the average teacher. My patented invention, the COLOROTONE, sweeps away playing difficulties that have troubled students for generations. By its use, Transposition—usually a "nightmare" to students—becomes easy and fascinating. With my fifth lesson I introduce another important and exclusive invention, QUINN-DEX. Quinn-Dex is a simple, hand-operated moving picture device, which enables you to see, right before your eyes, every movement of my hands at the keyboard. *You actually see the fingers move*. Instead of having to reproduce your teacher's finger movements from MEMORY—which cannot be always accurate—you have the correct models before you during every minute of practice. The COLOROTONE and QUINN-DEX save you months and years of wasted effort. They can be obtained *only from me*, and there is nothing else, anywhere, even remotely like them.

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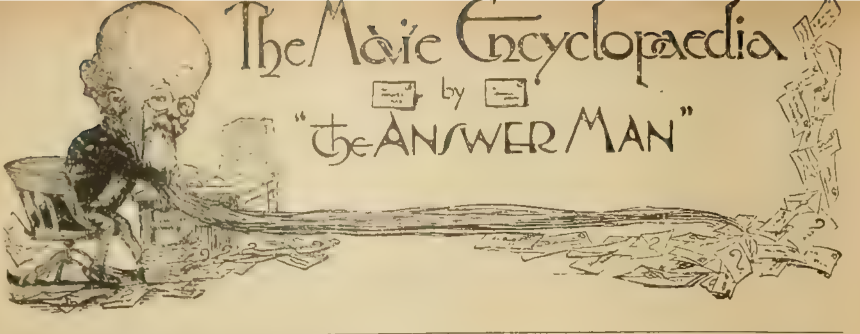

The Movie Encyclopaedia
by
"The Answer Man"

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

Virginia K.—How do you do! Glad to see you this evening. Is Rex Beach married. Very much so. Walter McGrail is not married. Wallace McCutcheon is a player, also the husband of Pearl White. I'll say so.

Baby Blue Eyes.—Oh, I began my career as a very little boy. Rod LaRoque plays the part of Life in "Money Mad." Bert Lytell and Lucy Cotton in "Misleading Lady." Well, your trouble seems to be that you think you are thrifty—whereas you are spendthrifty.

Dorothy F.—Yes, he is married. I am afraid you idle too much, Dorothy. Everything comes to him who works. Dont be a Micawber, always waiting for something to turn up. The crowd always makes way for the man who pushes boldly forward. Yes, Will Rogers has been appearing in vaudeville. Making some money too. He played in "The Guile of Women."

Carl E. S.—Too late for that issue. That is a very profound question you ask, "Is life worth living?" Once more this oft repeated irksome task must be accomplished—it all depends upon the liver. You want to know if Corbet played in the Eighteenth Amendment. I dont think it was his turn at bat.

Toto Mac.—Well, his experience should teach us to beware of love at first sight—always have a second look. Sorry, but I have no cast for "The Love Flower." I dont happen to know the middle names of the ten players you inquire about. That was some verse of yours.

Paul Y.—You want to know what queen was crowned, with all due ceremony, after her death. You refer to Inez de Castro, queen of Pedro I, of Portugal, 1350. It has not been done in photoplay, I believe. Sorry I cannot help you.

Betty B.—Oh, hello! I understand that Marguerite Clark spends quite a bit of her time in New Orleans with her husband and his parents. Dorothy Davenport is the only wife, I know of, that belongs to Wallace Reid. Run in again, Betty.

Red Rose.—Dont know where I will spend Thanksgiving, but I hope somebody will take pity on me, for I do love turkey and cranberry sauce. No, I cannot tell you what the actresses do to keep themselves beautiful, but I know that there is no torture that they would not suffer to enhance their beauty. Just send me a stamped, addressed envelope and I will send you a list of the correspondence clubs.

Herman B.—You want a picture of William Farnum in the gravure section. Certainly, come and see me in my cage. It is more blessed to call than to receive. Well, Mary Miles Minter played in the picture play "The Littlest Rebel" and on the stage.

Wee Wee.—Oui la, la. God bless the publicity man! Without him many a player would be born to blow up unheard and to go to seed unseen. But wasn't it Benjamin Harrison, in his contest for the presidency in 1888 who originated the so-called "front porch" campaign? Or was it McKinley—I forget.

Carmen Shaw-Havana.—Dont know where you can purchase all the photos of the players? You want to see Forrest Stanley and George Walsh in the gallery soon. I'll do what I can. Yes, the pen is mightier than the sword, but I have found out that the scissors are often mightier than the pen.

Helen Louise.—You want to know all about George Walsh. I'll try to find out—wait a minute. Viola Dana is playing in "The Offshore Pirate." Jack Mulhull opposite her. Oh, thank you, it isn't so cold up here. I expect to get a new feather bed and a fur coat. I'll send you the rest by wireless telepathy.

Amado B. Magtoto.—Stiletto! No, I am not married. Your first question to me. You think Marie Provost partly resembles Mary Pickford and partly Mae Murray. Maeterlink is finishing his first original motion picture scenario for Goldwyn. It is called "The Power of God."

Blue-Eyed Doll.—It is bad cynical philosophy that says, "It is rare that, after having given the key of her heart, a woman does not change the lock the day after." I cant believe that most women are as fickle as that. I understand Nazimova is doing "Aphrodite." You know Madame Petrova was asked to play the part for the stage play of the same title, but refused.

Kamloops Kid.—Thanks for the nice things you say about me. So you have been watching Larry Steers and think he has an awfully kind looking face—so whimsically Irish. Montague Love opposite Geraldine Farrar in "The Riddle, Woman." You must write to me again.

Monsheois.—Yes, "Limehouse Nights." Buy the book. They say that there are no pleasures where women are not; and that, with the French, champagne itself has no flavor unless served by the hand of beauty. I hold woman in high esteem, but not so high as that. I have got along for 79 years without one, and my champagne always tasted pretty good.

Allen.—Oh, yes, I always use a typewriter. Every make of typewriter produces its own peculiar noise by the clatter of the keys. An expert recently recognized and named correctly 20 different machines simply by the sound of their operation. I know the sound of some automobiles, particularly the Ford.

Stacy B.—I didn't see "The Adorable Savage." You say there were seals basking in the tropical sunlight on the Fiji Islands. Now wasn't that clever of the director? Such a novelty!

A Dog Lover.—You should see our two dogs we have here in the office. A Russian wolfhound and a collie. Write to Mack Sennett. You will soon see Hope Hampton again, and in a more attractive rôle. You know she is a new star, and I am betting on her.

John M.—I haven't the heights just now, and cant get them right away. How would I look walking around among the players with a tape measure?

Buck Private.—Welcome! Vivian Martin can be reached at the Capitol Theatre Bldg., N. Y. City. I guess they only appear to be friends. Friendship between two leading ladies in the same company is only a suspension of hostilities.

(Continued on page 103)

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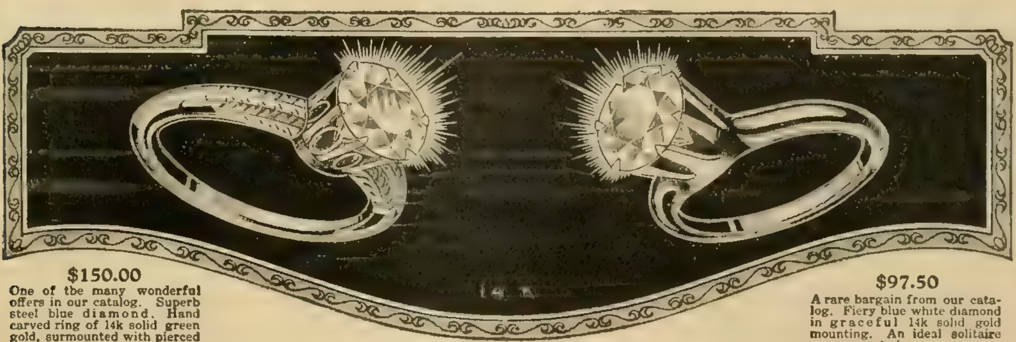

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How "Earthbound" Was Made

(*Continued from page 44*)

bit of action of our scene. I first 'shot' the material portion. That is, after the actor playing the living man had rehearsed his part alone, I took his scene with him in it *alone*. Here I would carefully prompt, something like this: 'Get ready to feel his presence—you sense his presence—you see him'—and so on.

"Having taken the material side, we would next film the spirit action. The player doing the ghost would rehearse and, when he was perfect, we would cover the entire setting, even the carpet and floors, with black velvet. Then we would grind the film carefully back in the camera to the start of the scene.

"I should, perhaps, explain the velvet. Since we were re-exposing the film, the velvet prevented any fuzzy doubling of background. Only the ghost's figure would be photographed, the velvet preventing any reflection of light or photography of background.

"Then we put a gauze of crepe de chine before the lens. This gave the resultant vague and hazy spirit effect. After which we 'shot' the scene, which dovetailed in exact numbering with the material portion.

"You can guess how easily these scenes slipped up. The slightest error threw everything out. To guard against this, we 'shot' every scene many times and finally used the best 'take.' Right here I want to express my appreciation of the way the players co-operated with me. Frequently we worked from 8:30 in the morning to midnight or longer. This was necessary because the camera could not be moved between exposures; that is, between the filming of the spirit and material 'shots.' It would never be possible to re-set up the camera exactly the same. A divergence of one-eighth or one-quarter of an inch would wreck everything.

"There were many apparently insurmountable difficulties. For instance, in a scene of speedy action, such as the one where the widow falls thru the spirit arms of her husband to the floor. It is practically impossible to time a fall with accuracy. This simply meant doing the scene over and over until we caught the right thing.

"Again, I believe the scene where the dog sees the spirit is the most unusual example of double exposure ever made. You cannot rehearse a dog or tell him what to do. So we did the next best thing.

"On the top of a platform, out of range of the camera, we placed a goat. Now a dog hates a goat, perhaps, more than any other animal. In front of the goat we placed a draw curtain.

"At the moment when the dog sees the spirit, we drew aside the curtain and revealed the goat. Of course, the dog started, bristled and jumped to his feet, revealing all the necessary emotions.

(*Continued on page 94*)

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Remember, if not pleased your money will be returned.

How "Earthbound" Was Made

(*Continued from page 92*)

You will recall that the dog suddenly turned and looked about as the spirit faded out. Here we closed the curtain and started an unusual series of noises under the set stairway. Naturally the dog wheeled about to see the new surprise and looked puzzled at not being able to tell what it was.

"The scene where the murdered man finally disappears for the last time required the most expense. The material exterior was 'shot' in Santa Barbara but the psychic part was done on the Goldwyn lot at night. An inclined platform two-hundred-and-fifty feet long was built and covered with velvet. A motor driven car was arranged to run up this platform, carrying powerful lights. Thus, when the spirit apparently walked away over the tree tops, he in reality walked up this velvet covered runway, while the electric light car traveled alongside."

Pacific Coast Paragraphs

(*Continued from page 62*)

and emotional episode with a facility which is little less than amazing. Others in the cast of "The Concert," are Mabel Juliene Scott who has left the Lasky lot for the Goldwyn studio, Lewis Stone and Frances Hall, a new screen recruit from musical comedy.

Maurice Maeterlinck left behind him several original stories for the screen when he departed from this coast. The first of these, "The Power of Good," will be produced as a Goldwyn special. The continuity is being written by Elmer Rice, author of that famous stage success "On Trial." Mr. Rice is so youthful that it is hard to believe he has already attained the success for which other men work years.

Mary Pickford has almost completed "A Flame in the Dark." This is the story of Italian atmosphere written and directed for her by Frances Marion. In it our Mary grows up, puts her hair on top of her head and becomes a regular emotional actress. Tho taking the part of an Italian, Miss Pickford is not wearing a dark wig, for she says she came across so many blond Italians in the village she visited to get the atmosphere for her story that she decided against the black tresses. Before this picture is released, however, you will see our Mary in another of the kid comedies in which she is so well loved. This, too, was written by Frances Marion who will direct it and who has titled it "Rag-Tag and Bob-Tail."

Thru some error a report was circulated that Elliott Dexter was still handicapped by his recent illness. This is untrue. Mr. Dexter has returned to the screen with a greater power for portrayal than ever. I greatly enjoyed watching him during the filming of "The Witching Hour," his most recent picture.

The Holiday Number of Shadowland

LIKE the pack on the back of St. Nick, December SHADOWLAND comes laden with gifts. The pictured faces of screen favorites, bright stories of unique personalities, and lovely color plates are some of the pleasant surprises.

Novelizations of new photoplays soon to be released, a quick-moving one-act play, "Ask Ouija," and the smiles and satire of the critic are other presents enclosed within this holiday number of SHADOWLAND.

W. L. George, the man who wrote "Caliban," making it one of the six best sellers, naturally holds strong and interesting views on timely subjects. Read about him as Frederick James Smith delineates him in "Women and the World War."

Mordkin, the inimitable Russian dancer, and Mordkin, the man, are the subject of another story by Oliver M. Sayler.

Thru his successful achievements with the "Greenwich Village Follies," James Reynolds, tho but 23, is recognized as a leader in stagecraft. His story will appear in SHADOWLAND for December.

The versatile pen of Frederick James Smith gives an enlightening picture of E. O. Hoppe and his unique work with the camera.

The ramblings of The Rambler result in a page of attractive suggestions for Christmas gifts.

A magazine that aims always at the artistic and the beautiful, it will be especially alluring for December. Bring joy and inspiration into your home with the holiday number of

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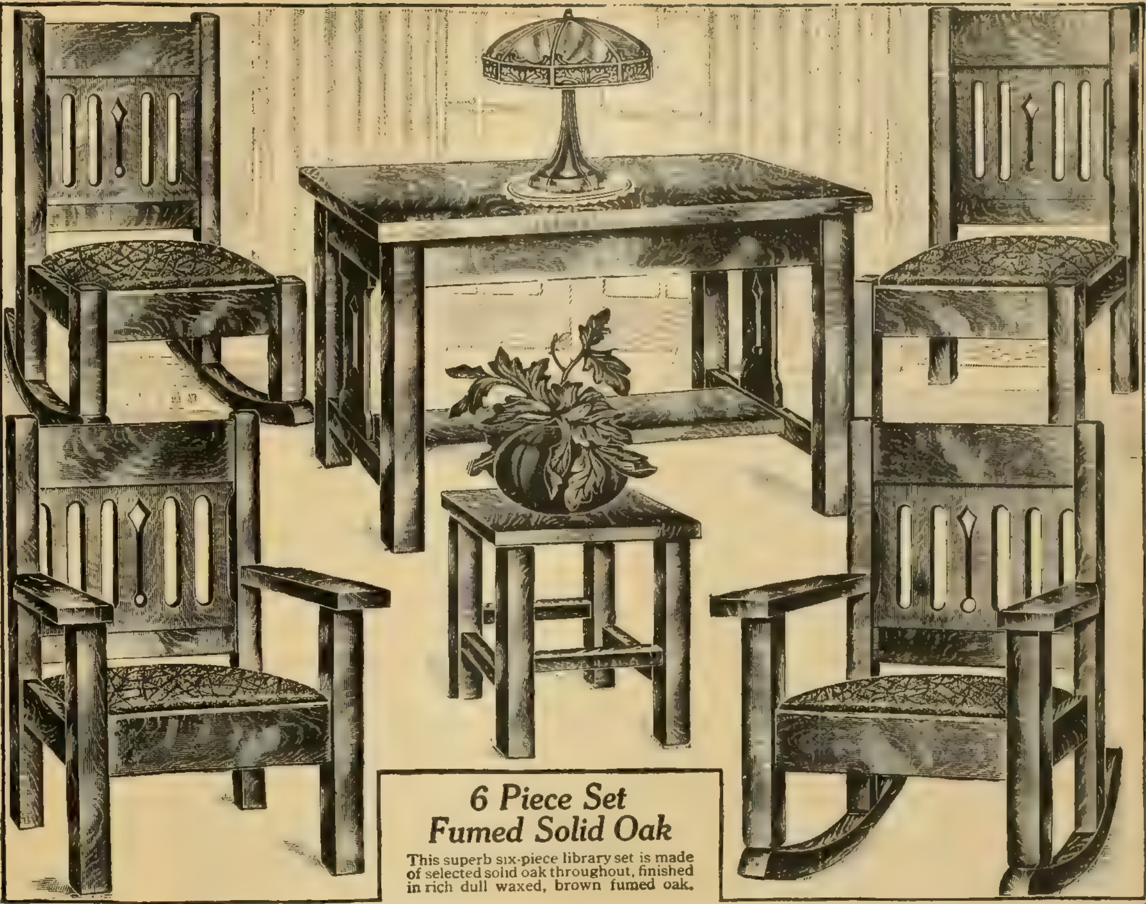

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The Fighting Earl

By
LILLIAN MAY

Photo by Packard Exchange, N. Y.

OF all the interviewers ever staged, this one with Earl Metcalfe was most unusual. Hearing of the impending interview, a mutual friend invited me to meet Mr. Metcalfe at dinner at her home. It would be jolly and different, wouldn't it? she said. It would, and, eventually, it was.

Anticipatorily, I fared forth on the appointed evening. At the home of our mutual friend, I found that she had moved that day to the floor below. She had always wanted that particular apartment and that morning found she could have it. She had salvaged the elevator boy, the doorman and, presto, change!

Dinner? Of course. But that was a mere detail. The point was, she had moved. It is an accomplishment in these days of mad scurrying to get any place at all to live. Go out and eat? Of course not. Earl, (already present, coat off, hard at work), could go out and get the makings of a meal. He could also cook it. It wouldn't be the first time.

Earl went. He came back laden with bundles. We removed the baby's doll, a bundle of clothing and the piano stool from the dining table and, presently, we ate. We had chops, creamed peas, French fried potatoes, alligator pear salad, fifty-seven varieties of French pastry and coffee fit for the gods. Earl was some cook.

When we had finished, Earl washed the dishes and arranged the cupboards. He decided where the piano should stand and moved it in place. He hung pictures and became deeply involved in restoring efficiency to a disabled group of light fixtures. He talked very little.

"Wont you please talk?" I said. "What kind of interview is this?"

"What does talking amount to in times like these?" came back

(Continued on page 99)

Earl Metcalfe was born in England and went back to his birthplace as a commissioned officer of the Fighting Sixty-ninth in the recent world war. He served with the American Army for a year and was then honorably discharged. He has just begun work on a seven-reel feature which the Fox Film Co. are producing

My Theda Bara

(*Continued from page* 19)

dian, who had betrayed his trust thru rash speculations and investments, committed suicide, so that my sister and I were left entirely in the charge of my uncle, a very brilliant surgeon and a most erratic man. Our education was an unusual one according to his peculiar ideas and my early recollections are kaleidoscopic, here, there, everywhere—a series of strange places, faces, schools and governesses—and America. So much for myself and the pure French strain in Theda Bara which has been so often disputed.

Theda Bara's name is not Death and Arab, spelled backwards, as someone has ingeniously concocted nor was she christened by the Fox Film organization. She was named originally Theodosia Burr after Aaron Burr's lovely daughter, the one really fine and splendid influence in a brilliant but dissolute career. My husband and myself were greatly impressed by Theodosia Burr's beautiful but tragic life and so we called one of our daughters after her, with the hope that she might emulate the character of this very fine woman who met such an undeserved and terrible fate. Theodosia is a long, long name and she had many pet names as a child, amongst others Theda which you can see for yourself, is a diminutive of The(o)d(osi)a. The Bara is an old family name and now you have the real explanation of this so-called mystery.

In most people there is a dual personality and I think always of an old nursery jingle that you all are familiar with when I think of my daughter Theda —I believe it was especially written for her, both as a child and a grown woman.

"There was a little girl and she had a little curl right in the middle of her forehead, and when she was good she was very, very good and, when she was bad, she was horrid."

At the age of three, surprising as it may seem, Theda was a blonde of the fairest type, with blonde ringlets covering a very small head and two large violet eyes. Every night her prayer was something like this, "Please, dear God, make me a tall lady wif black hair and wif black eyes and have a 'nana (banana) under my pillow in the morning." Naturally, I was able to fulfil the latter half of this prayer and the first part of it seems also to have reached its destination.

At this time we had a home in a suburb called Walnut Hills—the house was of brick with a very large veranda and stood rather high upon a hill.

One day I placed her upon the veranda in a very big chair with a pretty pair of new booties on—pink in color. Her little feet stuck straight out in front of her and I left her, the dog on guard beside her, gazing with enraptured concentration and vanity at her new acquisitions, in order that I might finish dressing her brother and then take both of them for a little ride. I was gone for possibly fif-

WHEN THE LIGHTS ARE LOW

and all within is snug and cozy despite the howling wind and drifting snow without—when sparkling eyes reflect the firelight's glow, and the lilt of melody tingles through our veins—then do we know the sweet thrill of real companionship, when soul meets soul on that blessed plane of mutual understanding to which music opens the way. And of all music, there is none so intimately, humanly appealing as the silvery voices of

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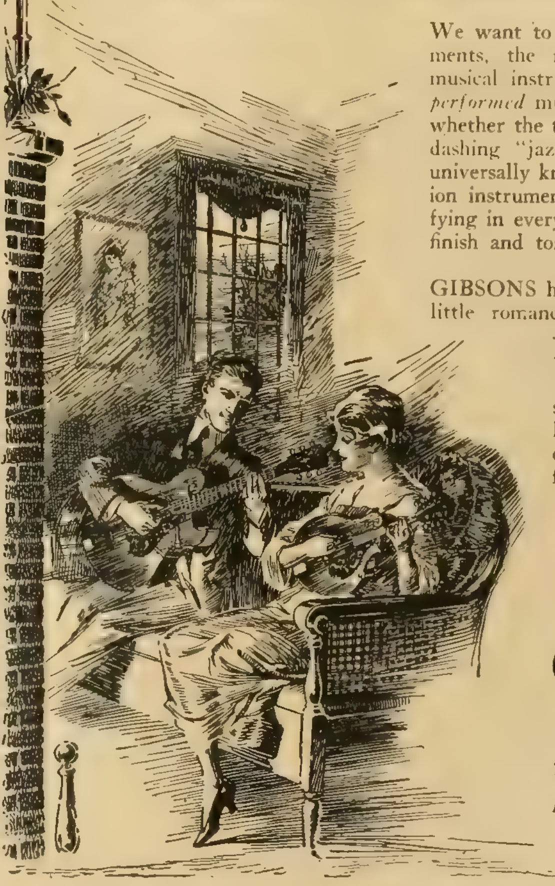

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Huntington
AUTHOR OF "I'M TYING THE LEAVES SO THEY WON'T COME DOWN" "DON'T FORGET OLD DIXIELAND" AND OTHERS
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teen minutes and when I returned I found her sitting bare-footed. Vanished were the new shoes and stockings—her little pink toes almost pinker than the shoes had been. "Baby, baby—where are you shoesies and 'tockies?" I demanded. She waved a small fist toward indefinite space and said sorrowfully—"A poor little boy in no shoes and no stockies came along the street so I called him and gave him mine 'cause I've got so many o'vers." I ran madly down the steps to the street just to see a big lad of nine or ten rounding the corner with the tiny shoes and stockings in his hand—I gave chase but, alas, he could run faster than I could! I felt it unfair to scold her, for after all it was the prompting of a little heart at the sight of what she reasoned to be dire need.

As a little thing she was a great runaway and she showed positive genius in ways and means of escaping our vigilance. We had the locks in the entrance doors placed high above her tiny reach and yet she disappeared as if by magic; search as we would we could not find the means of her escape. One day she was gone—I rushed out of the house and down the street. Ahead of me, I saw what appeared to be a tiny dwarf with an enormous hat around her neck, the head being completely submerged under it like a wash-basket and dragging behind yards and yards of train, my very best frock. *That was my daughter's first public appearance in costume.* We afterwards discovered she had hammered a small hole in the screen door, just large enough to crawl thru. Finally, we were obliged to fence in a corner of the garden to prevent further escapades. I shall never forget the intense interest with which she watched the construction of that fence and the screams and kicks when she discovered she was trapped; *and that was my daughter's first temperamental fit.*

About this time we moved to another suburb, called Avondale, and here came our first tragedy—Sport, the faithful, little guardian of our runaway, went to sleep quietly and forever under my girl-baby's chair. At breakfast she tried to waken him but she discovered only the cold inanimate shell of her pet and this was her first great grief. To you who are sophisticated this event will seem trivial indeed but to you others who have loved devotedly a little, dumb animal, to you whose lives are made up of the many small intimate pleasures derived from the affection of pets, flowers and trees, far removed from the busy mart, with its hectic excitements and desires, this intense grief of a little child will be quite understandable. Theda has never outgrown her love of animals, especially dogs and horses. You all know the story of her two white Russian wolfhounds; the first one died on her birthday. She sat up the night thru, giving him his medicine at fifteen minute intervals, vainly trying to save his life, but he passed out at the dawn and again she repeated the sorrow of parting from a beloved companion as she had in her babyhood.

(*The second and final instalment of this story will appear next month.*)

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The Fighting Earl

(*Continued from page* 96)

Earl. "It's doing that counts. Hand me that screw-driver."

Perhaps it was true that Earl Metcalfe detested interviews. Was he keeping busy to avoid talking about himself? Or had his training in Uncle Sam's army given him this zeal for service? He was a lieutenant, I remembered, a commissioned officer from the first Plattsburg Training Camp and assigned to the famous One-hundred-and-sixty-fifth Infantry, popularly known as "The Fighting Sixty-ninth" of New York City. He went across with his regiment in '17 and, after a year, returned upon a special mission to the Adjutant-General of the Army in Washington. With the signing of the armistice, the mission became automatically finished and he was honorably discharged. He must know many things worth talking about. At any rate, he must talk about *something.*

"Sit down by the lady, Earl," commanded our hostess, "and tell her where you were born, what you like for dinner and what you are going to do next."

"Next? I'm going to lengthen this picture wire," said Earl, imperturbably. This feat accomplished, he reluctantly descended from a stepladder and sat down upon the lower rung. "What shall I talk about?"

"I know you were born in England," I said, "and I know what you like for dinner—you showed us—but wont you talk of your year overseas?"

"No," he said quietly. "I spent a year over there, a good part of it in the trenches. I saw war in all its phases. But I cant talk about it. The public doesn't want to hear about it, either. It's over. Let's forget it."

"And be thankful that there wont be another war," I added.

"Wont there?" and Earl jumped to his feet and began pacing up and down between the piles of furniture. "Do you ever listen to the 'soap-box harangues' that take place on the street corners? I never did until I came back from the other side. Over there I learnt the condition of the people—their position economically and socially. Some of them come over here and have advantages they didn't know existed before they came. Then about one out of every hundred discovers that there is a class of people who have much that he hasn't and decides that this land of the free isn't a land of the free at all, so he proceeds to put ideas into the heads of all who are unfortunate enough to get in his way.

"Does socialism and anarchism and bolshevism with incitement to strikes and riots start with good American citizens? No. Would a good American citizen stand upon a soap-box and incite his fellowmen to lawlessness, and could he get away with it? No. He would be judged insane or a criminal. And when I hear these exhorters and know that they are actually influencing some of their hearers, I get so angry I stop and argue, and then I get so much angrier that I know if I dont keep quiet I'll get in trouble. There will be war right in our midst if things dont change. And I'm here to tell you that if there is, I'll be in it." And Earl of the "Fighting Sixty-ninth" stopped for breath and sat down.

"Since I've been back?" establishing himself more firmly on the stepladder. "Well, I've just been getting my bearings. Captain Charles Maigne gave me a chance to break into harness by giving me a part in support of Alice Brady, whom he was directing. Then I directed the James Montgomery Flagg satirical comedies. I like directing and did considerable of it in the old Lubin days.

"Then World Films asked me to finish 'The Battler,' a picture Monty Love was starring in when he was taken seriously ill. Of course, all the scenes had to be retaken. Ultimately, I want to go back to the speaking stage. I played a thousand dramatic rôles before I went to Lubin and feel that the experience helped me in many ways.

"War certainly broke into things," he said, "careers, finances, everything, but I'm doing the things which lie nearest, and just at present that happens to be a part as leading man for Corinne Griffith. Later, I hope to do some big character work, and would like to direct pictures, too, if I could get a chance to do it in a large way.

"That's plenty of time spent talking about myself," throwing open the piano to strike a few chords. "Out of tune. Too bad I dont number piano-tuning among my accomplishments. This certainly has been an evening after my own heart. I haven't had such a good time in years," he said, attacking a pile of books stacked in one corner.

THE FEMININE FACTOTUM

By La Touche Hancock

With a hairpin woman can do
Most things on earth! Here are a few—
  Pick a lock, and pull a cork!
  Cut a pie, and make a fork!
  Put up curtains, rake a fire!
  Tinker with an auto tire!
  Scour the kitchen pots and pans!
  Take up carpets, open cans!
  Clean the chimney of a lamp!
  Saw a cake, and jab a tramp!
  Peel an apple, rake a grate!
  Hang up pictures, or a plate!
  Spread the butter, varnish floors!
  Fix the hinges on the doors!
  Do up a baby, beat an egg!
  Use it as she would a peg!
  Button gloves, sew, darn, and knit!
  Make the children's trousers fit!
  Yawning chasms reconcile!
  Keep receipted bills on file!
  Tighten windows, clean a clock!
  Sharpen pencils, mend a sock!
  Stop a leak, untie a knot!
  Varnish floors, erase a spot!
With this in hand she's quite content—
She needs no other instrument!

THEIR APPLAUSE

Friend—How did your act take?

Amateur—Great! When I sang the first verse they yelled, "Fine!" and when I sang the next they yelled, "Imprisonment!"

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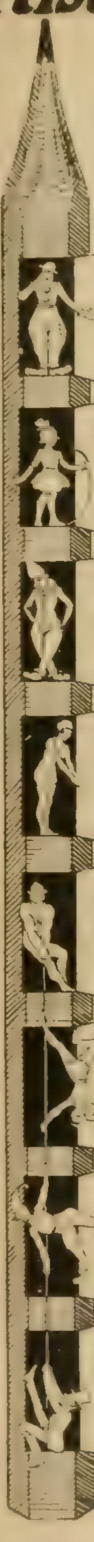

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An Irish Twinkler

(Continued from page 49)

featured with Warner Oland in the Pathe serial, "The Third Eye," which she says she thoroly enjoyed, as she had always wanted to make a picture with a lot of stunts, being something of a tom-boy. Then, came her flight among the Fox luminaries.

"Being a star brings a stimulating responsibility, for you are so determined to make each picture the real prize winner that it becomes an exciting game," and the Percy eyes sparkled.

The day of our interview proved to be an eventful date on her calendar, for the first shots on her new picture, "Beware the Bride," were to be made and the bungalow dressing-room was in a state of confusion while the star flitted about.

"Look!" she cried, tragically pointing to a set of armor in the corner of the room. "Please remember that it is midsummer and that is what I must wear in half my scenes,—it is the same that Geraldine Farrar wore in 'Joan the Woman.' Lift it!" and standing back, she laughed at my attempts to lift the five hundred pound armor.

"That is just four times my weight and I expect to be reduced to a mere speck after carrying it about. My costumes touch the extremes, for in several scenes I wear gay little negligees, again I prance about only in frilly lingerie, then sometimes I appear in lovely old-fashioned things like that," pointing to the fluffy frocks with rows and rows of lacy ruffles.

"Allen Forrest is my leading man in 'Beware the Bride,' and it is one of those laughable affairs where every imaginable complication comes up to separate the lovers. My rôle is interesting. I've never vamped, I am always the excuse for the picture ending happily. Still, in my last, I was a husband hunter,—so perhaps I have broken my record after all."

As the little star, finally arrayed as a girl of yesterday, waited for the call from the stage, we talked about her fads.

Somehow, you would know Eileen had a kitten. It is a beautiful orange Persian, named Foxey, and it manages to live in peace and harmony with the shiny black Pekingese that looks like a drop of ink, and Princess Pat, the pedigreed Boston Bull, which nestles closest to the heart of the little mistress.

Eileen has revived roller skating and is finding it great sport. She spends some of her leisure hours, usually in the evening, flying about the boulevards near her home in Hollywood.

The Percy sisters have a pretty bungalow ruled over by a Chinese cook and a Japanese maid, while Eileen confesses that she dearly loves to cook so it is no hardship for her when she has to prepare a meal. She is so essentially feminine, from the tip of her little toes to the top-most yellow curl, that this announcement brings no surprise.

She drives her own car, is a long distance swimmer and adores dancing.

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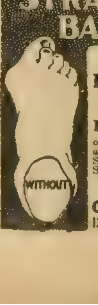

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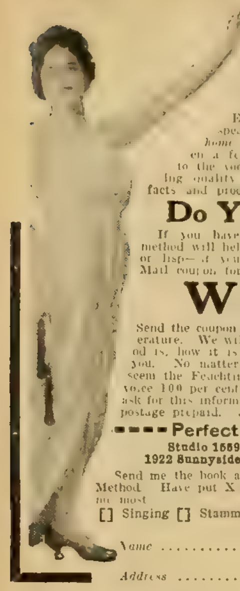

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Her idea of a really good time is to slip quietly over to Catalina Islands, the vacation Mecca, with rod and reel. Last year she won a button for bringing in a forty-nine pound white sea bass, unaided.

On a recent visit, that expert fisherman, William Farnum, was in a boat alongside of hers in the Bay of Avalon and suddenly they both began to reel in like mad, hauling up a good size fish,—“But,” wailed Eileen, “my line broke and Mr. Farnum landed the prize, I call that tragedy.”

At the studio they will tell you that Eileen Percy is a general favorite, with her happy, bubbling spirits and unselfish consideration of everyone. She never indulges in tempermentals and—she is always on time! This is the highest praise one can bestow around a studio.

“Oh, that's simple,” laughed Miss Percy, “I honestly try to do to others as I wish them to do to me—and I hate to *wait!*”

The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page* 45)

lands and a simple French-Canadian who loves her. The hero kills a man in self defense, and he is about to be executed for the crime when he escapes with his bride. The two seek happiness in the wilderness. They are tracked down by a Canadian mounted police officer who, after a forest fire in which they all fight for their very existence, rides away, giving them their freedom.

We should have liked to see what suspense David Griffith would have extracted from the forest fire. Director David Hartford was unable to get it across, altho huge stretches of woodland seem to have been burned. He simply was unable to transfer it to the silversheet. Betty Blythe is effective enough as the heroine, Nanette, and Lewis Stone plays another “River's End” rôle as the pursuing arm of the law. But Lon Chaney is miscast as the hero. In his hands, Raoul becomes a mixture of George Beban and Bull Montana. Mr. Hartford's direction is of the most obvious sort.

Every time we see Constance Binney, our faith in this young actress grows apace. “39 East,” (Realart), is a celluloid presentation of the Rachel Crothers play, in which she appeared on the speaking stage. It is the usual sugar-coated opus of the innocent girl who comes to a New York boarding-house in quest of theatrical success, her struggles with sordid footlight life and her ultimate winning of a rich youth who, for some reason or other, is also a boarding-house dweller.

“39 East” ambles pleasantly along without approaching the surface of life anywhere. It is just caramel entertainment, but Miss Binney is so fresh, unspoiled and pretty as the girl heroine that you

(*Continued on page* 104)

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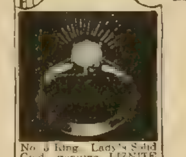

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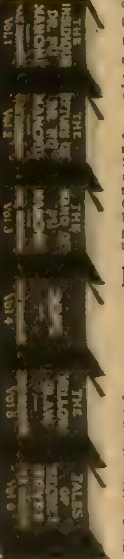

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Bringing the Congo to Broadway

(*Continued from page 57*)

elephant hunting. Very often the chase would last for months and months, and they would move their villages in pursuit. When the elephant had been finally brought low, more because of loss of blood, the innumerable spear wounds, and exhaustion, than anything else and after they were certain of his death, they would swarm all over the huge carcass, and resembled nothing more than an enormous ant hill alive with insects. Altho they are timid because of their size, these people are fearless hunters and, when attacked, very brave fighters."

Here Dr. Vandenbergh showed me some pictures of himself with four or five of the pygmies lined up under his arm, showing their size, and also their friendliness with the white stranger.

"One of the most thrilling results of the trip in the way of novelty is the motion pictures we made of a real lion hunt, the lion being killed some thirty feet from the camera," he said. This feat was accomplished by members of the Masai tribe; a people who are unusual in every way. They are gigantic in size, absolutely fearless and very intelligent. They have decreased in numbers from 250,000 of some twenty-five years ago to about 20,000 at present. This is due largely to their impossible living conditions and their enormous death rate. One of their customs, up until very recently, (and still existing in some places), was the method of handling their sick. When one of them became ill, he was taken out into the forest, where a crude hut was erected around his body, and where he was left. Of course the body was invariably devoured by wild animals, and no sympathy or attention was permitted. The possible chance of recovery was never contemplated. When the British authorities discovered this practice, an end was put to it, but it has not even now become entirely obliterated.

"They were a very agreeable and friendly race, posing willingly for pictures, performing the most difficult athletic feats, and dancing for us. For two and one-half hours, some three thousand of them danced steadily, the wildest, strangest sort of dance, known as the Kavaronda.

"We stumbled upon another phase of the strange workings of the African mind in our trip up the Nile. Among certain tribes they still continue the custom of offering young girls to supplicate the god of the river during a drought. This is done by tying the virgin's body in a sort of sack, and at a certain hour of the day, amid much ceremony and religious rites, she is thrown into the river.

"I can only say in conclusion," he remarked, "that it was a most interesting trip for me, and that I have not only accomplished something for my missionary work, but that when the Famous Players people release the film it will be really worth seeing."

Dinty

(*Continued from page 89*)

Outside in the street a wagon had been laying cables. The three boys rushed for these cables. Their hearts pounded in their narrow chests like bullets flying to and from. Inside, that knife . . .

Dinty and Chinkie fastened one end of the cable to the steel door. North knew that only a miracle could help.

Outside Watermillions and Sketches fastened the other end of the cable to a cable car whizzing up the San Francisco hills. They timed the feat. The car started and the rope strained gently, at first; taut, then, with a mighty wrench, a groan, the giant door burst open, the chamber of horrors stood revealed.

A hollow of gloom, in the center a white object, luminous, Ruth . . . Over her, hideous and distorted, the gleaming knife was swooping. Two minutes more and it would have scraped at her garments, at the rise of her breast, another minute, and . . . North sprang to the table. He called, "Dinty!" Between them, they untied the ingenious knots.

"Oh, Ruth! Oh, Ruth!" they said, the two men that loved her. In the soft, terrorizing gloom North held the girl to him. He dared not let her go.

Outside, Dinty was sobbing against Judge Whitley's shirt-front. His small, steel nerves had sprung.

The four of them put their heads together. There was no word.

"And then, Doreen," Dinty said, late that night, having finished his graphic tale, "then the Judge took Miss Ruth and Mr. North home and told me to come for supper at six, me an' Chinkie an' Watermillions an' Taki-San, Dorkh's wife; an' we went. The Judge took me in his own room and told me I was either too old-young or too young-old, to know just what I had done. But that he had to tell me I had done the most precious thing in all the world for him, and that I must not exhibit—exhibit is the word he used—a smallness after so fine an exhibition, an' I must go to school, he said; an' you must have a cottage, bungalow he called it, an' a nurse, so that I would be free to come into my great career. He said, I think you ought to know, Doreen, darlin', because it's yourself that gave them to me. He said I had integrity (I memorized 'em 'special and particular to tell you, ochone) an' steel nerves, an' resource, an' sterling worth, an' he could use these qualities, he said, an' it would be very poor business, he said, for him to lose track of this, or for me to, either. An' so, bein' a business man an' a family man, first, last an' all the time, I consented, Doreen. Yes, sir, darlin' mine, I gave my consent."

The wasted woman on the bed sighed. It was a sigh of happiness. Her gentle mind, vague now and then, wandered into the realm wherein it found most peace. She kist the lad's blue eyes. "Danny's eyes," she murmured, "Danny's eyes . . ."

Dinty, holding her hand late into the night, did not undeceive her.

The Movie Encyclopædia

(*Continued from page 90*)

Teddy.—Great guns! Has it come to this? You want to know how I wash my face. I'll tell you a secret, if you wont tell. I never wash it. I let my beard grow on it, and that hides everything. There is no way of telling; you must be tried out before the camera.

McNulty.—All right.

Luzie D. That was a sad case. Nothing makes ladies who have been "attractive" more ridiculous than to forget that they are no longer so. They are coquettes by profession. If they only knew that they are just as attractive in their forties and fifties without trying to appear youthful!

Trixie.—Stuart Holmes has been playing in "But Yet a Woman" with Doraldina in the lead, taken from Carey Wilson's story "The Passion Fruit."

C. E. F.—I advise you not to buy any of that motion picture stock. One touch of avarice makes the whole world skin. Good motion picture stock is seldom hawked about. Niles Welch is about 25 years old. Shoo fly. Did you know that a large nest of wasps will account for at least 24,000 flies a day? Come on in and see me some time. There's no flies on me (this time of the year).

Mildred & Clelia.—Olive Thomas's last picture was "Everybody's Sweetheart." She plays the part of an inmate in the poorhouse. Viola Dana in "Rings and Things."

Natalie.—Lou Tellegen is in New York City now. No indeed. Eugene O'Brien likes the ladies. "Suds" ended with Mary Pickford sitting on the laundry steps. Very well, thanks.

Bobbie.—Your letter was very interesting, but you will find your answers elsewhere.

Mrs. K. H. M. Fargo.—I will have to open a Woman's Department. I cannot tell you why it is that a woman likes to be called a duck or a ducky, but not a goose. And a chick or chickie, but not a hen. A bird vision, but not a ghost; a lamb, but not a sheep. Funny creatures—yes. Eileen Percy in "Beware of the Bride."

Irish Stew; Melikem; Frances:—Your letters were very interesting. Do write to me again.

Blanche R.—I wish I could tell you the life history of Gloria Swanson and Thomas Meighan, but why clutter up this department with biographies? Yes, "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes" should become very popular now.

Madge Kennedy Admirer—Blue Eyes.

W. S.—Write me again, please, and try to draw me out. Sometimes I'm very timid and retiring—particularly late at night.

Greasy Jim.—No, I didn't see that pugilist when he was here. May Allison—I dont know her age. She's not telling. Ferdinand Earle is filming "The Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam in Los Angeles. It is being produced in colors.

Toto Mae.—Dont be a fool! Fashion is a fickle and misleading jade. She is the will-o'-the-wisp that leads us, step by step, to the quicksands of financial ruin. It is nice to be well dressed, but folly to be overdressed. Why dont you learn to save. Charles Meredith is in New York City. Sorry I cant help you. So you didn't care for Carol Dempster in "Scarlet Days." Why?

Marie H.—No, I didn't scratch the hair off of my head by answering questions. Money may be the root of all evil, but I have always said, give us plenty of the root.

E. Corinth Miss.—Why, Edward MacDowell at one time held the chair of music at Columbia University. So you are a wonderful pie baker. You can send me a pumpkin pie any day, and I'll let you know how good you are.

Charity.—So you dont believe in handshaking, but it brings two people closer together. Kissing is shaking hands with the lips, and brings people still closer together. Well, Emerson says nothing is old but the mind, and believe me, mine entertains some pretty young ideas.

Dot-Dash.—Very glad to hear from you.

Ruby T.—Thanks for the fee. Henry G. Sell was Tom in "The Lightning Raider." If you see Hope Hampton in her new picture you will change your mind. They tell me she "has everything."

Major R.—Yes, Ward Crane is the same young man who was Secretary to Gov. Sulzer of New York State.

Dora T.—Your's was a peacherino. Warner Richman was the gypsy in "Sporting Life." Be sure to send on that fudge. You know I am fond of good things to eat. Olive Tell in "Wings of Pride."

Lenore.—Thanks. Write me again.

Gladys T.—Never heard of her. That's it, write me often. I count not among my friends those who come only when they want a favor. Nigel Barrie is playing opposite Pauline Frederick in "Iris."

Babe.—Ship ahoy! So you think Thomas Meighan is a humdinger. Yes, they are both married, but not to each other. Polygamy is the right to have more than one wife. Monogomy, one wife. Where there is only one wife, it is called monotony. That is the reason why there is so much bigamy in the world.

G. G. N.—Get your pictures direct from the players, but be sure you pay for them.

N. W.—Will Rogers latest is "Honest Hutch," adapted from the story "Ol Hutch lives up to it." Glad you are to be married. What is home without another. Shirley Mason is with Fox, Los Angeles, Cal. Pauline Frederick with Robertson-Cole, 1600 Broadway, N. Y. C., and Mae Murray and her husband Robert Leonard are in Europe.

Theda Bara Admirer.—Get out the geography. The chief colonial possessions of Holland are in the East Indies comprising the islands of Java, Sumatra and Celebes. The Ganges is the sacred river of India. Valeska Suratt in the October and November, 1919, "Shadowland." Get a copy, it's a handsome book. Mary McAlister was on the cover of the February, 1918, issue.

Dolly.—*Ars longa, vita brevis*—means Art is long, life is short. H. B. Warner is playing in "Felix O'Day" for Pathe. Goldwyn is producing "It's a Great Life," Mary Roberts Rinehart's famous story. She's a great favorite of mine. Natalie Talmadge is 19. James Regan is Mr. Alice Joyce. Thanks.

Joyce.—Maybe you refer to "Lives of ploughmen all remind us we can make our furrow straight; and, departing, carry with us passports thru the golden gate." Cleo Madison is playing in California. She is the mother of twins. Fannie Ward is in France. But every candidate seems to believe in high wages for the working man and low prices for the consumer, but nobody seems to know how it is to be done.

Arthur S.; Jean D; Gussie; Catherine E. M.; Joe S.; Wm. H.; Benjamin R.; Alice; L. E.; Tip; Ethel; E. M.; Fanchon; L. W. S.; and Elizabeth. Your letters were very interesting, and I'm sorry to not be able to answer you individually.

Tis.—Indeed, there are several players with college educations.

Vamp.—Sorry I am not able to print your kind words about Mary. And you like Bebe Daniels. See the interview with her in Shadowland. Louise Glaum in "The Leopard Woman."

Vera D.—Well, I have often marveled to see what pains women take to catch men and how very little they take to hold on to them. Perhaps it is because our ladies devote more attention to external decorations than to internal improvements. Nothing personal, Vera. Edward Earle is playing with Doraldina in "The Passion Fruit."

Lillian Nerve Truman.—Yes, it will soon be time for turkey and cranberry sauce, hooray! And then we can see some of the good old foot-ball games. Frederic Burton was Horatio in "The Fortune Teller."

May Paine.—Election doesn't bother me much. Your suggestion that the authorities print the pictures of the different candidates on the ballots is very unwise. What chance

(*Continued on page 105*)

The Slave

With all her strength she fought to get away from it all—the vulgar cabaret—the mysterious beauty parlor—the underground drinking hell. Fiercely she had refused every bribe—resisted every temptation. And yet, when there came the chance to escape, she turned her back to it and stayed.

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The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page* 101)

rather forget the hollowness of it all. We think you will like it.

Charlie Ray's final Paramount vehicle, "The Village Sleuth," will not add to his laurels. This, an original story by Agnes C. Johnston, is a trick melodrama. Ray plays a would be detective who, while employed at a sanitarium, attempts to solve what appears to be a murder. Just as he seems to unravel the mystery, the "murdered" one returns. "The Village Sleuth" is an involved thing, told rapidly but loosely. It does not hold our interest in the least, despite Ray's usual byplay as the yokel sleuth. The director, Jerome Storm, too, does not seem to get a definite hold on the story, ridiculous tho it is.

It is our painful duty to record "Little Miss Rebellion," (Paramount), as another failure, despite the spontaneous Dorothy Gish. Harry Carr's original story, the pleasant hocus of a royal princess of some small European principality who falls in love with an American doughboy, is lost in the direction. George Fawcett, the director, seems to have told the story in chunks—and then had considerable difficulty getting the chunks to fit. Result, a comedy which became a melodrama—and an exceedingly lame one at that. Even Miss Gish is lost.

We hand another medal to Harold Lloyd for his "Get Out and Get Under," (Pathé). We thought the humorous possibilities of the Ford car had been exhausted, but now we know better. Lloyd has not equaled his classic "High and Dizzy," (which was the funniest thing since Chaplin's "Shoulder Arms"), but he has succeeded in building a consistently funny farce.

The Talmadges had better look to their scenario departments. For instance, Constance Talmadge has just been miscast in "Good References," (First National), an original story by E. J. Rath, in which she plays a young secretary who gets a position in a wealthy home on fake credentials. Of course, she falls in love with the young man of the household and has to face the terrific emotional problem of confessing the fib.

Here Miss Talmadge is lifted away from her *forte*, light comedy, and dropped into a far-fetched semi-melodrama. R. William Neill, the director, probably did all he could with the story. He gives Miss Talmadge a new leading man, the boyish Vincent Coleman. Young Coleman seems rather artificial as yet and wears a fearfully theatric looking make-up.

THE IMPERISHABLE

By Charlotte Becker

Death may take to him the painter,
But his works to us belong;
He may steal from us the singer,
But he cannot seize the song.

And tho he may take the lives that
Hold our sum of joy, yet he
Cannot rob us of the largess
Of a single memory.

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The Movie Encyclopaedia

(*Continued from page* 103)

would the homely candidate have, now that the women are doing so much voting? I'm glad you think Nell Shipman is 100%.

ALICE M. S.—Write direct to the players.

ZZZ.—; IRENE'S STAUNCH ADMIRER; KITTY KELLY; VEREZY; HOUSE PETERS FAN—See above for your answers.

W. W. G. W.—No I never had corns. I always got the right size shoes. Freezone—you ask is it good—do we advertise it? See for yourself, anything we advertise is O. K. You're right, but when a man is compelled to eat his words, his appetite is quickly satisfied. I didn't call Owen Moore a poor simp—I said he played in "The Poor Simp."

JOYCE.—Jack Keane was Edward in "Black and White."

AL G. B.—There are different kinds of selfishness. In the intercourse of every-day life the friction produced by mere thoughtlessness is far greater than that caused by deliberate selfishness. Sarah Bernhardt was born in Paris in 1845. George Larkin played in "The Trey of Hearts" series. He is in Los Angeles now.

VIRGIL T.—Glad you like them, and hope you always will. You refer to Pope Adrian IV, who was by birth an Englishman, and the only one of that nation who has ever occupied the papal chair. Our editor's new son is named Virgil, and he's a wonder.

SANTA CLAUS.—But dont bristle up so. The country is not run on your opinion; other people have ideas too. When I die who is going to take my place? I dont know—that will be easy to fill. Send the old maid on—I'll get her a job in New York.

INQUISITIVE ED.—But remember, in love, as in everything else, experience is a physician who never comes until after the disorder is cured. Bert Lytell is on the coast, and married.

BO LA B.—Yes. Bill Rogers was on the stage. He was interviewed in Nov., 1918, issue of the CLASSIC.

ROMONA.—Dont believe all the scandal you hear. Those who live good lives are not afraid of the black hand of scandal. Scandal is the sport of its authors, the dread of fools, and the contempt of the wise. Ann Pennington is a brunette. She was born in Wilmington, Del., 1895, and educated there. She is on the stage dancing now.

MYRTA.—You want me to tell you more about myself. I cant tell you any more than that I am 79 years old, long white beard—after I use ivory soap—drink buttermilk, live in a hall room, and well, that's all there is, there is no more. Beatrice Dominquez is with Universal.

I. KNOWITALL.—You're probably the only one who thinks so. Some day run in, and we will go over that ancient history you speak about. I've got letters piled sky high here in front of me to answer.

KATHERINE S.—No, I dont file my letters when I finish with them. You bet, I read every letter I receive. You're very nice to say all those things about me.

ME, MYSELF & I.—You bet 2 cents I am not 79?—make it a nickel; you lose. No, there is no limit to the number of questions you may ask, but be reasonable—that's all I ask. Arline Pretty is five foot five and a half. Yes, William Russell is married to Helen Ferguson. You say if you ever get into pictures, you will take the name of Violet Ray. Here's hoping for Violet Ray.

JESSE FAULKNER.—So you are a lawyer. God bless you, but please keep away from here. I look upon the law as sort of mousetrap—easy to enter but hard to get out of. You say you look a lot like Wallace Reid. Why dont you get into pictures?

J. B.—Cecil de Mille is French.

JANE EYRE.—Richard Barthelmess is 25. Write him.

G. M. B.—Now, that the sweet season of the Sweet Buy and Buy is over, I hope that people will settle down to their normal way of living. Robert Warwick in "Secret Service." Write to the National Motion Picture Institute, 173 Duffield St., Brooklyn.

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Charles Ray
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Lucille Worth	Anetha Getwell	Mrs. Lane's Nurse	Bunty Manly
Mrs. Lane	Katherine Bassett	Bill Sykes	Alfred L. Rigali
Mrs. Worth	Octavia Handworth	Worth's Maid, Marie	Erminie Gagnon
Detective	Wm. R. Tallmadge	Jewelry Clerk	Edward Chalmers
Edwin Markham	Edwin Markham	Doctor White	Charles Hammer
Hudson Maxim	Hudson Maxim	Another Doctor	Wm. White
Richard Worth	Arthur Tuthill	Rent Collector	Norbert Hammer
Mrs. Lane's Maid	Cecile Edwards	Worth's Butler	Carl Chalmers
Officer Kelly	Wm. Castro	Worth's Servant	Doris Doree
Officer Reilly	Ellsworth Jones	Worth's Housekeeper	Mrs. F. Mayer
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The Poet's Little Friend	Ruth Higgins		

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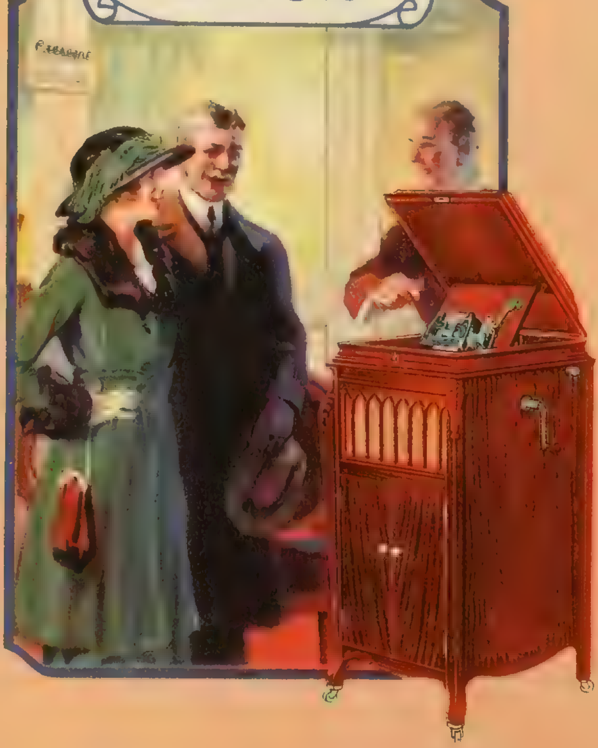

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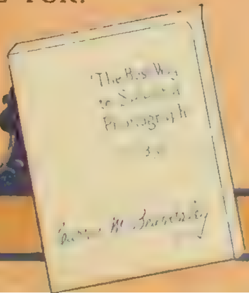

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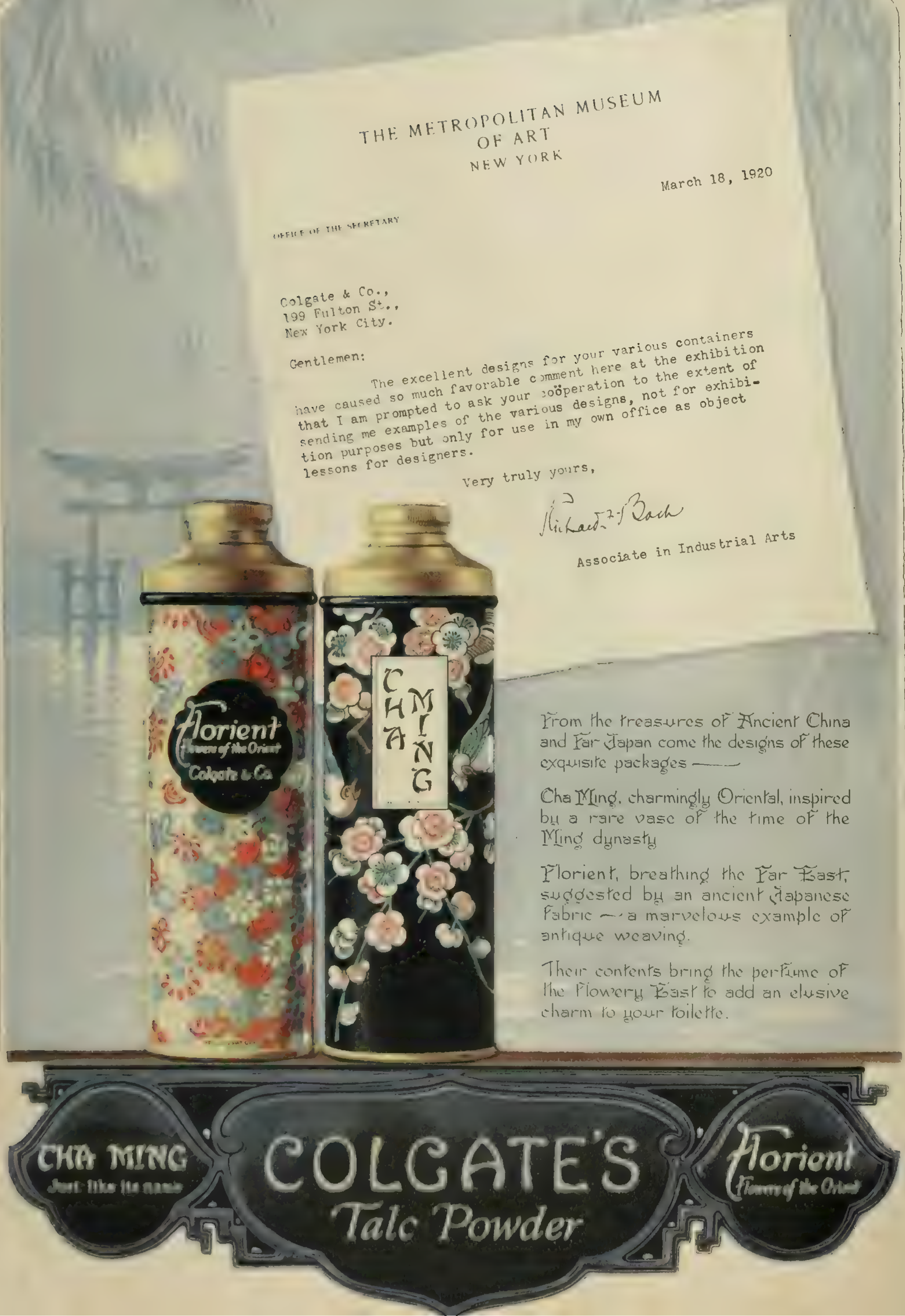

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